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## **CHRIS TO CHRISSIE**

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CHRIS TO CHRISSIE

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# CHRIS TO CHRISSIE

By Jerri and friends.

I couldn't understand why Mother complained so much when I told her what was required of all the freshman boys at our school - namely, that we appear as part of our "initiation" into high school dressed completely in girls clothes. (To make sure that we all understood what that meant, we were each given a photocopy of what we were supposed to wear, when, and for how long ... the latter being the Friday session of classes our first week of school, and again that evening at a school dance party.) I wasn't, you know, particularly thrilled by it all myself, but then, "Everybody else has to do it too," I told her. But, she still thought it was terrible. Perhaps it was her old country upbringing. I love my Mother, you know? But sometimes she didn't understand things because they were so different from what she had known in the "old country".

So anyway, I gave her the list of things I was to wear, and went about my own business, thinking she would help me. I mean, she had to help me, you know? And she did ... I think. I also found out why she was complaining.

"Mother! You didn't buy all this stuff new, did you?" I asked, when she presented me with an armful of bags and boxes.

"Yes," she said, "and it was too expensive ... too expensive, I tell you. I hope this does not happen more ... again. So much money for your ... what you say ... initials?"

"Initiation."

"What I said, but it is yet too much money. We are not rich like some people. Since your poor father is no

more ...” She paused, as she always did in memory of my father, then (as she always did), ploughed ahead, “We do not have much money. I have to work very hard ... and this money was from your school fund ... for the university. There was no other way,” she muttered.

“But Mother ... for gosh sakes, you weren’t supposed to buy all that.”

“Maybe I should steal it? Hah? You get better idea?”

“Well, everybody else is borrowing the stuff, you know, from their sisters ...”

“You got no sisters,” she said, cutting me off.

“I know that, but we could have asked someone. You know, like Mrs. Rosalia ... she’s got three daughters. We could have asked her.”

“Borrow?” Her eyes grew large, and she looked incredulous. “Borrow things like these? It is not proper ... one does not borrow underwear ... brassieres and such. No, it is not done.” That was her ultimate condemnation ... that something was not done.

“Well, I don’t know,” (and I really didn’t ... she might be right). “But, you could have borrowed some of this ... I mean, you didn’t have to buy the dress, too, did you? That would have saved some money ... and the shoes ...”

“Perhaps, but it is still not right ... and, should we let Mrs. Rosalia know we are poor? Your grandfather owned ...”

“Twenty square versts in the Ukraine ... I know, I know ... and everybody was rich and had their own ponies, and so on ... Mama, you don’t understand.”

She didn’t seem to hear me, except for shooting a stern look at me as if I were mocking the memory of her father (I wasn’t, but I heard the story on the average of three times a day ... every day), and she went on grumbling, “Mrs. Rosalia ... pfui! My father would not hire Gypsies.”

"Mrs. Rosalia is not a Gypsy, Mother. In fact, she isn't even Spanish like her husband was, she's Irish."

"So? Same thing."

Wonderful logic, huh? As a matter of fact, Mother and Mrs. Rosalia were the closest of friends ... most of the time. But occasionally, something would happen, and Mother would storm and rage about "the Gypsies" for a while. Fortunately, Mrs. Rosalia was as generous and good natured as they come, and she always made overtures to my mother, which she accepted as due, and which Mrs. Rosalia freely gave, so they would become even closer friends than before. On the average, I would say that these storms occurred about once a week, every week. I had the poor fortune to bring home my list on the same day, and as a result, found myself the owner of a complete ensemble of girl's clothes ... and I do mean complete.

I will quote from the list we were given: "Each freshman boy will appear on Friday, wearing the following items: A suitable dress (or blouse and skirt), flats or baby heels (high heels are not permitted, nor are bobby socks and loafers), nylons (boys with hairy legs will shave them clean before appearing at school ... or else). In addition, each boy will wear the following lingerie (pink is preferred, although either pale yellow or floral print will be accepted), full length slip, panties, panty girdle, and padded brassiere. These items will be worn to and from school, during school, and to and from the initiation party Friday night. Each boy will present himself to the senior girl who has been assigned as his 'big sister' for the day, and she will take care of his makeup."

That's what the instructions said, but there was more to it. This was a very old tradition at this school, and the authorities permitted it, although they supposedly kept an eye on things, to make sure no one was abused in any way. Also, it was widely circulated that any

freshman boy who did not comply with the requirement one hundred percent would be dealt with by the senior boys. No one was sure what this entailed, and no one seemed anxious to find out. Freshmen are still so awed and scared their first week, that they will believe anything.

Oh ... I forgot one other thing ... there was to be a competition for the "prettiest boy" at the initiation party ... both the winning boy and his "big sister" got to have their pictures in the school yearbook. Most of the boys would have just as soon declined the "honor", but the girls were very keen on it.

I thought that once the initiation was over, I would be all done with it. Not that it wasn't enjoyable in a way. I mean, everyone else had to do it, and I had won the contest, which was something to the good, I suppose. (Also something to the bad, as I discovered ... even though all the boys wore dresses, only one distinguished himself. Let's face it, winners are always unpopular, and I had won the dubious distinction of being less of a boy than my classmates).

Still, except for a few snide remarks thrown at me in the halls and in gym class, things calmed down reasonably well at school. From time to time, I would meet my "big sister" in the halls, and she always said something, although I didn't mind it so much from her. She had a kind of *right* to call me "little sister". As I expected, it all calmed down after a while, because there were more important things on everybody's minds ... fall parties, football games, and so on.

My biggest problems came at home. My mother, bless her heart, decided that I should continue wearing the clothes she had bought me, at home. It wasn't because she wanted a daughter (at least, I didn't think so then). Instead, she hated to see money wasted. "You

must get the wear out of those things!” she insisted. “You cannot simply throw away good money like that.”

“Well, I certainly can’t wear dresses!” I replied.

“Why not? Around the house ... who’s to know? So, wear them, like I say. It will save your good clothes for school.”

The argument went on for quite a while, but she won in the end. And as far as it goes, she had a point ... as long as I stayed in the house, who was to know? That was the only thing I had against the clothes, as such. I didn’t want people laughing at me, and to be honest, I really didn’t mind the clothes themselves. Clothes are clothes, right?

They were comfortable for sitting around in, and so on. And, I didn’t have to wear them every day because I only had the one outfit ... the skirt and blouse I had worn to school. The formal my “big sister” had me wear was still hanging in the closet. My mother would not believe that she didn’t want it back, until I told her about the dress shop her mother owned. But, Mother was still impressed by the waste of money (nearly as alarming when it was someone else’s), and she insisted that it be kept.

However, I soon began to suspect a plot. Mother insisted I wear the skirt and blouse, and of course, the undies, every weekend ... all day Saturday and again on Sunday, after church. At first, I was embarrassed and complained. I couldn’t help flinching when she reminded me Saturday morning to go put on my skirt and blouse.

The plot of it was that she made sure I wasn’t going to run off on my own during the day. I would have to stay home where she could keep a reproachful eye on me and make me help around the house. And, it worked! I didn’t think much about this at the time, but there

wasn't much I could do about it. She seemed smug as I winced but obediently went and changed.

Anyway, it didn't make a whole lot of difference, except that she seemed to think that just because I was wearing girl's clothes, I should do girl's work. Not that I did anything much different than I ever did ... cleaning my room, helping her with some things, doing dishes. Most boys do those things. But, my mother seemed to get a kick out of calling my regular chores "girl's work", and she made it worse by insisting that I wear an apron all day long to protect my skirt.

That got to me, because it was that extra something that made it all seem like I was ... well, I don't quite know how to explain it. See, it's like this. As she said, since I had the skirt and blouse, and so on, I should wear them ... "to get the wear out" ... and that didn't particularly change my status. But, wearing an apron was like ... being a sissy; amid a badge of femininity. It changed everything, so that I was very self conscious.

I guess I had a little resentment at the situation. I was angry with myself for being embarrassed and not standing up to her.

And, of course, the idea that as long as I stayed in the house, nobody would see me, was blown out the window the second weekend. You know why ... because Mrs. Rosalia came over, like she usually does on Saturday, to enjoy a morning of telling my mother how sick she was (like a horse, she was sick), and my mother would enjoy herself by alternately telling Mrs. Rosalia that she wasn't half as sick as she herself was ... and furthermore, she was a poor widow with a child to bring up. When mother got through with that, Mrs. Rosalia would start in how lucky my mother was not to have three children like her three daughters who had all gotten married and didn't ever think of their poor old mother ... well, you know how it goes.

It was the bright spot of the week for both of them. Anyway, Mrs. Rosalia was lying, not only about her health, but about her daughters, because they had all married pretty well ... one had even married a doctor ... and they lavished a lot of affection and gifts on their mother. I must say this about Mrs. R., she liked my mother a great deal, and insisted on staying in the neighborhood, when she could have moved out into the suburbs with one of her daughters, just to stay near my mother. And, she never bragged about the things her daughters gave her ... she was embarrassed sometimes (like when she got a big screen color TV), because she didn't want to hurt mother's feelings. Mrs. Rosalia was as fine as they come.

Except, she really fixed me, but good. That second weekend, I was in the living room, running the carpet sweeper back and forth, when I heard the familiar rap on the door. It opened, and in pops Mrs. R.'s head hollering, "Yoo hoo, Maida! It's me." (Maida is, of course, my mother. And, her entrance was what she always did, being a close friend.) She saw me! "What are you doing?" she asked.

Because I was so used to seeing her, I forgot for a second that I was wearing a skirt, and said, "I'm cleaning the floor." Then, her surprised expression reminded me of something, and I groaned, "Oh no!" and literally burst into tears. I was so embarrassed, I wanted to crawl under the rug. Of all the people I would have picked not to find out about this, she headed the list!

With that, Mother came into the room to greet her friend, but seeing me slowly turning into concrete, said, "What's wrong with you?"

"Oh Mama!" was all I could manage, and even then, I squeaked when I said it.

Mrs. Rosalia decided she wanted to get in on this, and asked, "What is he doing wearing a dress?" (It wasn't a

dress! But, I guess that didn't really make much difference, did it?)

"To get the wear out," my mother responded. "Come. I'll make tea and tell you about it. It's because of school ..."

So, she told Mrs. Rosalia why I was wearing girl's clothes. I guess I shouldn't have worried so much because Mrs. Rosalia seemed to understand, and said, "Sure, that makes sense. It's just that I was so surprised at seeing him, standing a-wearing them fine looking clothes. And, I said to myself, Maida has gotten herself a daughter." She laughed at her own joke (she always did), which didn't make me feel much better. At least, she didn't tease me about it.

Well, they had their tea (Mother always had a "glass of tea" ... and Mrs. R. always had a "dish of tea". They both drink out of cups from Woolworth's), and were just starting the weekly medical report (they were on sinus, I think), when I asked, "Mother, may I go change?"

"Why?" she blinked at me.

"Mother!" I said, nodding my head at Mrs. Rosalia.

"Gertrude is a good friend. It's alright she should know. Now go heat some more water."

"Sure," said Mrs. R., "it's alright. Waste not, want not. It would be a shame to ruin your good school clothes when you are just around the house. Besides, you make a fine looking lass ... almost as pretty as my Carmel. Say, I have a few things of her's you could wear."

With my shoulders hunched forward, I slipped out to the kitchen as they chattered about Carmel's lovely clothes.

The next day, Mrs. Rosalia brought over a big box of her daughters old things. Like Christmas, they went through the box, Mrs. Rosalia telling my mother a story about each item.

“They’re lovely,” mother exclaimed. “Why he could even wear some of the sweaters to school. They had me try on almost every thing in the box while they told stories of their youth. Some of the things like jeans, sweaters, t-shirts and shorts were almost uni-sex but many were in feminine pastels and ultra soft fabrics. Then there were the absolutely feminine items: dresses, skirts, frilly blouses, and more.

After that fateful day, I got a lot of clothes that belonged to Mrs. Rosalia’s daughters, and I was appalled! But, I was stuck! Mother insisted that I wear them around the house all the time, and not for the sake of economy this time. The fact that they were given to me by Mrs. Rosalia made it necessary, in order to avoid hurting her feelings. I don’t really understand Mother’s thinking on that issue. I had feelings of my own, too, and I don’t see how I would have hurt hers if I had simply said (very politely), “No thank you. I am a boy, and a boy doesn’t wear girl’s clothes. It just isn’t done!”

Unfortunately, it was done ... by me, at least. I had absolutely no say in the matter, and like I said, I wore the girl’s old things around the house all the time. And, I do mean all the time! As soon as I got home from school, I had to change clothes.

There was one small compensation. Most of the clothes Mrs. Rosalia gave me were, you know, outer wear ... dresses, skirts, blouses, and sweaters. There was no underwear ... or not much anyway. I’d rather not talk about the exceptions, but in a way, they’re responsible for what happened after that.

I already owned one set of girl’s underwear, from the initiation, but I didn’t understand them. If that sounds strange, let me point out that this whole area is pretty mysterious, and from what I knew about the topic already, was filled with taboos, unspoken laws, and insanity. I mean, look at it (if you can ... that’s mystery

number one.) Does it make sense to make, say, a slip that's prettier than a dress, then hide it under the dress? And, if so much as half an inch of lace shows under the hem, then everyone gets excited or embarrassed? Another thing ... why do they make these sets? You know, with the slip, panties, and bra all matching, but then forbid them to be seen ... or even mentioned?

How many girls will, if they're complimented on their dress, say, "But look here, my slip, panties, and bra are all matching, too. See? Like I say, pretty mysterious. And, one never borrows nor uses another girl's underwear. That's maybe not too hard to understand ... but you remember, my mother had made such a fuss about it when she bought me the outfit for the initiation, right? So, why didn't she raise a fuss when Mrs Rosalia included some of Carmel's old lingerie in the assortment?

(I asked her about that, and she answered me directly. "Shut up your face! Do you want to insult Mrs. Rosalia? Maybe you think there's something wrong with her daughter?")

I don't know what that meant, and Mother took everything offered.

I don't know what use I was supposed to give some of the stuff ... and that includes the lingerie I was given. See, it wasn't the ordinary every day kind. Maybe that's why it had been packed and put away. Would it be clearer to you if I described some of it? Very well, there were several petticoats like the girls used to wear, you know, under full skirts?

One of these was something else! It was actually three frilly petticoats in one, made in tiers. The bottom one, the one worn next to the skin, was of pale blue taffeta (if you're wondering about how well I describe these things, with the correct words and so on, I will simply say that I very soon learned all the words. And,

the music, too). The next layer was a series of net ruffles sewed to each other, so that the third layer was held out. The third layer was white. The back, and all the way around to the front was solid fabric, a very thin taffeta. In front, there was an insert of delicate white lace from the hem to the waist, like an apron (but, no apron ever looked like that!). It was, my mother exclaimed, "The most beautiful thing I have ever seen!"

I made one frightful mistake, just then. I thought so, too. (Look, just because I'm a boy doesn't mean that I can't appreciate something that is nice). My tragic mistake was simple. I opened my mouth and said so. I didn't know it then, but that remark nearly cooked the goose! Nearly? Heck, it darn well incinerated it.

Mother looked as if she wanted to cry or something (I don't understand mothers either, but then, who does?), while Mrs. Rosalia seemed to be affected in the head. She trotted over to my side and put her arms around my shoulders. Yecch!

"It is that beautiful, isn't it?" she said. "I used to get a lump that big in my throat when Carmel wore it ... and she only wore it twice. It was her petticoat for the bridesmaid's dress when Glorianna, the oldest, got herself married. Sure, and I'll bet you'd like to see the dress, too, wouldn't you now?"

I would have said not, but Mother said, "Yes!"

The next thing I knew, Mrs. R. had scurried off to another closet and brought back a long dress wrapped in plastic. "Carmel loved this dress so, but she could hardly stand to wear it."

"Why is that," Mother asked.

"The waist ... see how small it is? Ah, she complained about that, did my Carmel. She was always a bit fond of sweets, you know. We had to starve her for a few days, and even then, she had to wear a corset to get it on ... ah, but when she did! Glorianna was furious because her

sister got all the attention. But your chick is so slender, I'm betting he could slip it on like a glove."

She was wrong, as ten minutes of argument, followed by a sullen acceptance of the inevitable proved. Glory be, it was still three inches too small! "Ah," said Mrs. Rosalia and my mother together in a chorus of disappointment.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Rosalia, in a fit of inspiration.

"Ahh!!!" said yours truly in a fit of pain. (There are three puns there! My fit of pain was caused by Mrs. Rosalia's discovery and application of the selfsame corset Carmel had worn. And, let me tell you, it was painful!) The gown, needless to say, fit very well after that. Everyone was impressed! Even me, as the pain in my sides gradually subsided (which it did, much to my surprise ... or else I got used to it).

As a result of all this, I was given not only the petticoats, but the gown (I now had two, neither of which I wanted, nor could use), and the stupid corset. The latter made Mrs. Rosalia think of something else! Her Carmel, apparently a little chubby in the days when girls all had very small waistlines had collected a variety of garments designed to eliminate her large middle. She was eventually rescued by marriage and a change in fashion that allowed women to be less scrupulous about their waists.

Her rescue meant that I was the totally unwilling recipient of a variety of waist-cinchers, long line bras, and even one ugly looking garment built along the lines of a corset, I had already been given. But, where that garment was made of satin and trimmed with lace, and had a certain charm to it (it was made to be pretty, although that was mostly in the eye of the beholder ... not the beholdee, to coin another triple pun), the latter garment was coarse, stiff, and ugly.

"It's like we girls all wore in the old country," said Mrs. Rosalia. "I had Tad's sister's cousin send it to me from Dublin."

"I had one myself," said Mother. "I wore it from the time I was eleven or twelve until I was seventeen. A training corset ... I can remember our governess tightening the laces all the time ..."

"But, it gave us that fine figure, didn't it?" said Mrs. Rosalia.

The orgy of clothes continued. They even discovered that I had a smaller foot than Carmel. That meant that a couple of pairs of new shoes she had been unable to wear fit me perfectly.

In the end, it took us several trips ... spaced over the next few weekends, to get everything home. After just the first trip, I already owned ... or had the mandatory use of ... more girl's clothes than my own boy's clothes. I will say this too, "They were more impressive than my own." Carmel Rosalia had been an attractive girl, with a peculiar dark beauty caused by the mingling of Spanish and Irish. She had set off her beauty with some rather vivid colors, and now my closet seemed filled with an incredible rainbow, rather than the decently sober dark tones I was used to.

Of course, it was not a complete wardrobe, although I was so stunned by what was there, I didn't notice any lack. I had suits, dresses, skirts, and blouses in profusion. I even had two coats, one winter, one lightweight. I had shoes ... and of course, those idiot formals. What didn't I have?

"Since you'll be wearing these things now, I must buy you a few things," Mother said.

"What? My gosh, even if I wore them all the time ...," I groaned.

"You need underthings," she said. And, despite her earlier grumbling when she bought the outfit for initiation, she came home the next night with several bags.

I had a premonition of things to come when Mom gave me that special smile. I had seen it before; that look of happiness, combined with amusement, and embellished by a tear or two. It reminded me of the time I tried on Carmel's petticoat and stupidly said that it was beautiful. And again, when she first tied an apron on me, saying that there was plenty of girl's work to do in the house and that we were going to do it together.

"Come Chris ... look at the things I bought for you."

With a heavy heart, I followed her into my bedroom. As she piled the things on the bed, she was so excited that she almost forgot to take off her coat. Then, like a sales lady in a store, she showed off the items one by one.

"Here are some nice panties ... you need some more ... your underpants are all getting worn. She added that last part because she saw my face drop very low.

"But Mother ... I have plenty yet. You didn't have to get so many of them ... and those horrible colors."

"Now Chris, be reasonable. You're outgrowing your underpants. These have elastic ... see ..." She held up nylon bloomer-style panty in light yellow, with elastic at the legs and waist. "They will last longer."

"Did you get me any undershorts?"

"What for? We now have plenty of these. You can wear a clean pair every day like a proper girl."

Before I could protest further, she showed me two nice slips in pink and blue and a pantyslip combination in soft pure white. Stupidly, I said, "They're pretty." Won't I ever learn to keep my mouth shut? I retreated quickly and said, "I already have several of these ... why more?"

“Not enough ...,” Mother replied. “When I was a young girl in the old country, I had drawers and chests full of nice lingerie, much more than this.”

It sounded like the old story of how many versts grandpa had, and I dismissed that remark. After all, what happened fifty years ago is not relevant now, right? I bet many girls today did not own more than two pairs of panties and some blue jeans. Hopefully I asked, “Didn’t you get anything for me ... for a boy, I mean?” Silly question! I already knew the answer, of course.

Anyway, Mother ignored the question completely. I paled when she opened the next parcel and drew from it some babydoll nightgowns ... and then a slinky long nylon nightgown. I started again, “But Mother ... what about my pajamas? Why did you get that housecoat?” I asked, pointing at the last item she withdrew.

“Do not be so dumb ... you’re wearing nice things in the daytime ... so, why shouldn’t you sleep in them also? You’ll look so ... what do you say, ‘kjoet’ in this.” she smiled holding up a light blue babydoll gown. “They cost nearly thirty dollars.”

That made me swallow my harsh response. I knew how hard it was for her to spend a few dollars, let alone the over one hundred bucks she must have shelled out for all of this. Why, she must have saved every penny for months to do this, so I kept my mouth shut and tried not to look too mad.

Not until it was already too late did I recognize my big mistake. Like the time when I had admired Carmel’s pretty petticoat ... and when I let them lace me into that first corset. Mistakes all. But at the moment, I could think only of her sacrifice. I hugged her and said, “You should have bought a nice dress for yourself.”

“I much rather buy things for you, Lieber,” she said, stroking my longish hair and holding me close to her. “You look so nice now Lieberski.”

When she used that word, the top most word of endearment in our sixteen year relationship, I became emulsified. I really loved my Mom!

When we released each other, I did not have the heart to protest anymore. She was all smiles as she showed me how really extravagant she had been. There were some kinky sculptured pantyhose, nylons, several bras, a miniskirt, some pretty hair ribbons, and a shiny barrette for my hair.

As she held up the short red pleated mini-skirt, she said, "Grandpa would have whacked me in the wood shed, if I had dared to wear such a thing."

I could well imagine. I had seen the photos of this old guy, a dictatorial looking gent sitting contentedly in an armchair, while surrounded by his fawning wife and daughters, all in ankle length skirts and high necked bodices, standing of course.

"Put these things away neatly, Chris ... and we'll make dinner. I wiped my hands carefully on my apron before touching the delicate pretty garments and neatly folded them and put them in my drawer, which bulged more and more.

That night, when I kissed Mother good night, she said, "Put on one of your new sleep things Lieber. I want to see how you look."

Well, I thought, what harm can it do? After all, I do it only to please her. I took my corset off but left my bra on. I got goose flesh as I pulled the short gown over my head and put on the matching panties. Mom came in, and there was that look again, all smiles and a tear or two. She hugged me tight and lovingly. There was such tenderness in her eyes that, at that moment, I would not have cared if they tarred and feathered me.

She led me to the mirror. "It's real nice," she said. "Just like I thought it would ... like it was made for you."

I blushed. Like heck it was! What a thing to say! Made for a boy?? No way! You should have seen me.

She took a hairbrush, pushed me in a chair, and brushed my growing hair. It felt nice ... even nicer than when someone scratches your back. The way she did it ... gently with obvious affection, as if she were proud of my long healthy locks. I saw that she enjoyed our closeness as well, so I let her have her way. She must have done more than the usual hundred strokes. She ended by parting my hair, and to my horror, found that it was long enough to put into two short pigtails, which she tied with a blue ribbon, one on each plait to match the color of my soft nightgown.

I reached to pull on the ribbons, but she playfully slapped my hand away. "Let it sit Chris. This way it does not get fouled up during the night." She admired me, holding me with both her hands at my shoulders. "You look like my younger sister, Schipka, God bless her soul," she said tucking me into bed, a thing she had not done in years.

The next morning, Saturday, I found myself sporting two little girl pigtails, that flopped back and forth every time I turned my head. With my miniskirt and sissy blouse, they did look cute in a juvenile sort of way, but I didn't realize even then how much they feminized my appearance.

Mother went out to do her weekly marketing, and every week she seemed to regard it as more of an insult when I refused to go with her. "You are not getting any use out of these fine coats," she said, shaking her head. "They just hang in the closet for the moths to eat."

As far as I was concerned, they could stay there forever. And, moths sure was a joke. We had more moth balls in that closet than peas in a can. So fat, I had been able to stay safely inside. When she had left, I sighed with relief and started doing the dishes.

Saturday in our house was cleaning day ... with a vengeance! Everything had to be spotless for Sunday. There was no need to argue that no one ever came to visit us on the "Lord's Day" as Mother called it. It just was DONE ... that's all. It all seemed so useless to me, as we were busy keeping it spotless all week. So, wearing a flowered work apron, I was busy polishing the buffet when the doorbell rang. With the cloth in my hand, I answered the door. "She must have forgotten her key again," I muttered. She was always losing her door key. As I opened the door, I froze into a 5' 4" icicle.

There, at the door, was a smiling Mrs. Weingarten, Mother's other good friend who was an Avon sales lady. She regarded me with an uncertain glance, asking, "Missus Unkraitz does live here, yes???"

My mind was anesthetized with shock. I nodded, just standing there like Lot's wife, unable to cope with the calamity of discovery which befell me.

"Is she home, yes? May I come in?"

Still stupefied, I shook NO and then YES, as I stepped aside for her to enter. As she barged in, she took off her coat and studied me.

"And who might you be, young miss?" she asked with her heavy German accent. "Are you a girlfriend of Chris?"

Eagerly, I nodded, and made another fatal mistake. "Yes, Mrs. Weingarten," I said quickly, grasping at anything to prevent her from recognizing me. It sure didn't explain my dusting cloth and apron.

Separating my words, slowly the truth began to dawn on her. "How ... do ... you ... know ... my ... name? Have ... we ... before ... sometime?"

Feverishly, I began to babble lies but was interrupted by her shout, "Himmel ... you're Chris, aren't you? Maida has made a girl out of you, ja? Was ... a gut

Gretchen hairdo doch." She opened her arms and hugged me to her ample bosom.

I broke down then and melted in her embrace. The world seemed at an end for me right then. I cried and cried, while she tried to comfort me. "Liebchen ... Liebchen, do not weep ... it's alright."

I couldn't stop crying ... let alone speak a word. As she held me, I felt the hem of my skirt on my thighs, and became aware of my feminine shoes. My embarrassment knew no end.

Mother chose that moment to return with Mrs. Rosalia. At a glance, she realized what was wrong, but she greeted Mrs. Weingarten as though nothing had happened. Mrs. Rosalia did not help either. She greeted me with a kiss and a pull on my new pigtail, saying, "How pretty your hair looks Dear. Why have you been crying ... what's the matter?"

Lena Weingarten and Mother were finishing with the weather and just about to start on their respective medical conditions, when Mrs. Rosalia happily joined in. She had not expected a reply from me apparently.

I used that opportunity to slink away, still shaking in my shoes. I had almost reached the safety of the hall when Mother called, "Chrissie ..." She always called me that now, every since she had made me wear skirts. "Chrissie will you make us a dish of tea, Dear?"

I stopped in my tracks, nervously turned around, and with great urgency in my voice, asked, "Mother ... please, may I change first?"

"Change to what ...?" she asked, acting surprised. "What for ...? Mrs. Weingarten is a good friend It's alright that she sees how nice you look now. Go ahead and heat the water Dear."

As I left the room, I heard Lena Weingarten ask Mother, "Why is he in dresses? He looks real cute this way ... is he a girl now?"

"It's because of school .....", Mother started her long explanation. Why, in heaven's name did everyone accept this as completely logical? Or, was it???

In the kitchen, I could hear them talk animatedly, sometimes laughing, but most of the time sounding like it was the most logical thing in the world to have a fifteen and a half year old boy dress like a teenage chick, with pigtails yet ... not to mention the obvious bosom.

During the ten minutes it took to boil the water, I sort of regained my composure. Just a little bit, anyway. I just had to accept the fact that now, another neighbor knew me as a girl, and thought nothing of it. Were they crazy? Or, was I soft in the head?

I guess it was partly my fault anyway. I should have realized that this was bound to happen sooner or later. Lena Weingarten came regularly, every week or so. I just had never seen her on a Saturday.

When the tea was ready, I hesitated for a moment, then called Mother. "Mom, the tea is ready."

"Good, Dear," she answered, "bring it in and pour it nicely, like I taught you."

Resentment welled up in me, and I hated the way she pronounced pour like "power". But, I knew protesting would be no use. So, blushing deeply, I took off my apron and carefully carried the tray with the pot, cups, and sugar and a tray with cookies into the living room. With both hands full, I could not even attempt to hide any of my appearance. All three of them stopped talking and smilingly watched my entrance. My walk was slow and careful because I didn't want to spill anything because of my tight skirt and the heels on my shoes.

Mrs. Rosalia broke the silence first. "I always liked those shoes of Carmel's. They make a girl's feet look so dainty. Do you like them, Christine?"

That was one of her jokes on me. She called me Christine all the time now, always laughing like it was

terribly funny. Well, I can assure you it was not funny to me, and certainly not in front of Mrs. Weingarten! However, I should have known, by her attitude up to now, that she too would adopt the new name promptly, as if I had been baptized that way. As I approached the coffee table, I was very conscious of my legs in the white sculptured pantyhose and the slight flare of my swinging little navy blue skirt. As I distributed the cups and saucers, a blush burned my cheeks.

Mrs. Weingarten made matters worse by saying, "Don't the young girls look sweet nowadays in these cute little outfits with the short skirts?"

The other women agreed heartily and, to my undying shame, continued to discuss me as if I were a doll or something.

"We're training Christine's figure ... the old fashioned way, you know," Mrs. Rosalia said.

"You don't say," Lena replied, studying my narrow waist with great interest.

"She wears it night and day," Mother added. "A small waist is so nice for a young girl."

Everybody except me nodded yeses. Their eyes continued to study me, making me feel awfully self-conscious.

"You're old enough now for a little makeup, Christine," Mrs. Weingarten said. "I'll leave you some samples, as Avon has lots of beauty products."

Sure enough, they wouldn't even allow me to take the things back to the kitchen before the lady from Avon had shown me all kinds of strange items, explained their use, and even smeared some of them ... rather lavishly, I thought ... on my face.

The other women watched with interest, with Mrs. Rosalia occasionally nodding her head and making a

comment. "These eyebrows need some attention, Maida. Do you have some tweezers handy?"

"Oh yes ... pincets ... you mean," Mother replied, ignoring my pleading stare. She searched through a buffet drawer, where she kept a collection of the strangest things.

As Lena was doing my lips, I could not protest while Mrs. Rosalia "gave attention" to my eyebrows. I couldn't help saying "ouch" a lot as she continued long after Mrs. Weingarten was finished. When I was finally allowed to look in the mirror, I just could not believe my own reflection. There was nothing of Christian left, not a trace. Only some fresh, pretty ... and yes ... sweet girl stared back. The women tried to keep from laughing at me. I went into shock! It was like seeing a stranger wearing my dress! "I don't believe it," I finally whispered as I pulled on my pigtail to test and remind me that I really was that adorable girl.

The three of them complimented me so, that I almost believed them when they said, "She is a real pretty girl ... ja ... a real pretty girl."

"It's a shame she won't go out of the house," Mrs. Rosalia remarked.

If she weren't so nice, I could have hated that woman.

"She is, without a doubt, the prettiest girl on the block," Mrs. Weingarten added. "You will come and visit me soon, Christine ... yes?"

"Not like this!" I said with real conviction.

"Why not?" she asked, not so innocently. "Just think how much money we can make for your education ... as a baby-sitter ... or a shop girl. Many of my customers keep asking me if I know a reliable girl for babysitting or light house work. I can get you plenty of jobs."

Not one of them would consider that I could make money as a boy, too. Anyway, I said again, "No!!! I absolutely refuse to go out dressed as a girl!

"Not even in a real pretty dress?" Mrs. Rosalia asked with disbelief in her eyes. She acted as though I had just revoked God, Country, and Motherhood in one fell swoop.

"No!!! Not ever!" I said. "Suppose one of my friends recognized me. No ... I would rather DIE!"

Mother frowned disappointedly, but didn't say anything. Finally ... the women departed, but not before smothering me to death with praise and affectionate kisses.

"Aren't they nice friends, Chrissie?" Mother said, and then in her final voice, "They are good people!" That tone always ended any argument with her. It said everything as far as Mother was concerned. Just like, "It's not done. It became a final, unassailable, hard rock fact. So now, two good people knew I was forced to be a girl at home.

After that day, Mrs. Weingarten and Mrs. Rosalia visited with much greater frequency. It appeared to me that they were there almost all of the time. At least one of them would even be there when I returned from school, since Mother would be at work.

While Mother initially had her plot to keep me at home and under her wing by making me wear girl's clothes at home (I had long since gotten used to wearing panties, even to school on the day when I didn't have gym.), the three of them now were hell bent on making me look completely like a girl. I say "look", but I mean ... ACT ... FEEL ... THINK ... even LIVE like a girl.

Mrs. Weingarten was always teaching me how to improve my makeup, and I must admit she was a whiz at it. Mother kept showing me new ways to style my hair. She still brushed it and put it in plaits every night before bedtime. I once suggested a visit to the barber for

a haircut, but Mother reacted as if I was going to have my nose cut off. As a result, I eventually got used to long hair and pigtails.

One day, Mrs. Rosalia insisted that I learn to “use your hands”, as she called it. It began when a little lace had torn from my slip and showed beneath my skirt. “Christine ... you can’t wear a torn slip like that! Didn’t your mother show you how to fix things like that?”

“No, of course not!” I said indignantly.

“That’s terrible,” she replied. “You are old enough now to do those things for yourself. A girl your age should try to help her mother as much as possible. My daughters knew how to do that when they were half your age. Go get a needle and thread!”

I did as I was told. I always seemed to be following orders lately. I guess I had lost most of my will to resist them, as arguing did no good anyway. When I returned with Mother’s sewing basket, she made me take off my dress and slip right then and there. Sitting in my padded bra and panties, she showed me how simple it was to sew the lace back on. Mother, who came in from the kitchen, approved, except she made me get a housecoat because, “as a girl, you had better learn some modesty”.

Once this subject had been broached, I was told that it was absolutely necessary for me to learn to embroider, knit, and crochet.

“It’s a wonderful skill. You should see the beautiful things my daughters made for themselves,” Mrs. Rosalia beamed.

I did not see the necessity at all, but from then on, Mother never let me rest for a moment. As soon as I rested my hands in my skirt to relax or watch television, Mother would put me to work. I know I could kill the culprit who thought up that old Ukrainian proverb; “The

devil loves empty hands.” With a huge sigh, I would get up and get whatever needlework I was doing at the time.

What made it so bad was that Mother always made me wear a fresh white apron when working with a needle. That always made me feel more intimidated. Aprons always made me feel feminine, but those white frilly ruffled pinafores really got to me. She explained that when she was young, she had to wear one at home and at school. It was DONE! Well, you know what that means by now.

The time was rapidly approaching when summer vacation would begin. I was doing quite well in school because Mother insisted that I do my homework, even though I had to wear skirts. She only let me help with the cooking and dishes after my school work was completed. I lost a lot of time washing my makeup off, creaming my face, and sitting while Mother brushed and plaited my hair every night. I would be lying if I said I didn't enjoy our nightly routine. Trying to comb and stick my hair down into a boyish style (I was never very successful), took quite a bit of time each morning as well. The frequent washings Mother insisted upon made my hair springy and gave it a natural healthy sheen.

Soon, exams were over, and the long summer vacation began. I had hopes of getting out a lot during the summer but mother had different plans.

Being home all day dressed as a girl all the time now, was it any wonder that I gradually began to change. To me, the changes were almost imperceptible, and that made them impossible to fight. How can you fight something that you are unaware of, or something that you imagine? With everyone around me thinking there was nothing to fight and acting as if everything was normal, what else could I have done?

The clothes, which were light, colorful, and cut a little differently, were alright, and they were comfortable ...

except for that darn corset. Even that seemed to have loosened as I hardly felt it anymore, even though Mother easily laced it completely closed. Could it have stretched a tad? It never occurred to me that my body had changed that much.

However, those pinafore aprons never ceased to bug me, as they seemed to change my whole role in life. People always look differently at a girl in an ordinary dress, than one wearing an attractive apron. For some reason, it makes you feel more like a girl if you do things in the house while wearing an apron.

After the clothes came the hair bit ... and the makeup. As I became more and more accomplished, I also felt more feminine. The constant remarks from the triumvirate of Mother and her friends did not help either. Nag ... nag ... nag ... all the time! A girl does not do that; a girl does not sit like that; a girl should walk this way; a girl should watch her posture; a girl should always be dainty; a girl should take good care of her clothes; you have pretty legs Dear ... make sure to keep them neatly shaved. Yes, I had started shaving them at Mrs. R.'s insistence that it was the proper thing to do since I was wearing nylons most of the time.

As you can see, constant, everlasting criticism, but never in an annoying way. They were always so friendly and so well meant, that I only became irritated once in a blue moon. Of course, they always added, "It is for your own good, you know."

Like heck, it was! I was engaged in an unequal struggle, if "struggle" it can be called, because I was forgetting how to fight back or to resist their constant demands that required me to adopt the mannerisms of a girl.

I kept asking myself 'why' they were promoting me to dress like a girl. My eyes surely showed the tortured

surprise of disbelief at each added suggestion that I add some new sissish routine to my daily routine.

Just when I was wearing nail polish and long oval talons, Mrs. Rosalia said, "Pretty earrings would look nice on you."

"So might a nose ring ... but I won't wear them," I muttered. I was wrong again! Mrs. Rosalia brought a pair over, and we could not hurt her feelings, could we? So, I found myself wearing them ... every day and getting used to them ... to the point that I felt undressed without them.

As you know, one's actions and movements are, in certain ways, controlled by the clothes one wears, and mine were really influenced by wearing high heels. Carmel had apparently loved high heels so much, she must have slept in them, because of the over supply. I found myself wearing them every day, and they really made me walk differently ... as did some of the tight skirts. That darn corset seemed to do something to my hips as well. Several times, I caught the three women smiling to themselves and nodding with a satisfied expression when I walked by.

To top it all off ... well, that's not right ... they don't go on top. Mrs. Rosalia came up with some awfully realistic falsies, steadfastly refusing to say which of her daughters had needed them. After that, according to the three women, I just couldn't be without them, and from that day, I sported a realistic mature bosom that most sixteen year old girls would envy. I tried to avoid this new humiliation, but Mother insisted, and I had no choice but to comply.

I really noticed how they made me carry myself differently ... my shoulders were back and my arms hung more loosely ... and away from my body. Of course, having no pockets does things to your arms, wrists, and hands as there is no convenient place to put them.

Wearing clanking bracelets, pretty necklaces, and adorable little pins also performed their subtle changes on me. I even picked things up differently because of my longer nails.

Once all of these physical alterations are gradually experienced and reinforced and become part of one, the mental changes cannot be far behind. Can they?

I evolved to the point where I automatically smiled sweetly whenever someone addressed me, and I looked at them. I learned to lower my eyes submissively. No, that's not true! I did not have to learn it. I simply became more obedient and modest. As time passed, and I became more passive, Mother, on the other hand, became more strict with her "daughter". One day, it finally dawned on me that I was being brought up and treated exactly like Mother when she was my age, except my clothes were much prettier.

So tell me ... could I really help it if I gradually adopted the mannerisms of a girl? Just from the long stories of Mrs. Weingarten and Mrs. Rosalia about their daughters, I learned a lot about what a girl is supposed to do and how to act in different circumstances. Yes ... I was carefully being groomed into a demure, good looking, modest young lady, accomplished in all things feminine. It was just a fact of my life that I had to accept, and I had no way to fight it.

On my sixteenth birthday, they gave me a party. Mrs. Weingarten wanted to bring "a couple of young people", I nipped that in the bud very quickly. The three tried to persuade me that i looked wonderful but I guess they knew I wouldn't stand for it.

The party was given, with only my three tutors in attendance, and the gifts were all feminine, without exception. From Mother, I received a beautiful little gold watch. She must have spent her entire dividend on

one of her stocks to afford this little trinket. I had to promise her to wear it always.

Mrs. Rosalia gave me two of the cutest, frilliest pinafore aprons, with lots of ruffles at the hem and at the shoulders, and fine lace inserts. "I made them myself, and I know they'll fit you just right."

Well, you know we don't hurt any feelings in our house (except mine), so I wore one all evening. I must admit that they were beautifully made, but by now, I knew enough not to say so. A couple of times, I had to put up with, "Doesn't she look sweet in it?", but I guess it could have been worse.

Mrs Weingarten saved a pink box for the end of the evening. They all studied my expression as I opened the box. I merely stared into the box, tongue-tied. Inside were a most realistic looking reproductions of actual breasts. The women all giggled as Mrs. Weingarten added, "They are bigger than your other ones. You are not a little *lass* anymore." They were most genuine looking; flesh colored, with large pink nipples. Mrs.

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Weingarten whispered, "Honey, they have the authentic weight and will bounce assuring your proper body carriage. It was obvious they were ignoring the fact that I was a boy.

Lately, Mother became more and more angry, as I still refused to go out in the streets with her or the other two women. I had always managed to escape their schemes. I sure wasn't going to let anyone make a fool out of me in public ... right? Wrong!!!

It happened this way. During my summer in skirts, I made another two friends who knew me only as a girl. Two five year olds from the neighborhood ... a boy, Jimmy, and a girl, Debbie. One could often see them walking hand in hand, open eyed, and taking in all of this big world.

I was washing windows at the time. Yes ... outside and every other Saturday ... and yes ... I had sort of gotten used to this limited exposure in skirts and aprons. I could always quickly scoot in the house if any curiosity seekers (no one seemed to be looking anyway) approached.

So one day a few months before, on a beautiful April day, Jimmy and Debbie stopped by. "What are you doing," Jimmy asked, obviously the leader of the two.

"Cleaning the windows. What are you doing?"

"But you can see through them well enough," he replied, ignoring my counter request as not relevant, apparently.

"Yes," I said, after asking their names, "but sometimes they get a little dirty from the smoke of the cars and the soot in the air."

"I see a smudge right there," said little Debbie, pointing with her rose pink index finger. They stayed and chatted until I had finished. From then on, I saw them

regularly and considered them good friends. We always chatted for a while. It was additional proof of my personality change. Had hiding in the house and talking only to the three older women really caused me to sink that low? Was that why I actually enjoyed talking to the little kids? Was I that starved for companionship?

One day, Mrs. Weingarten brought her daughter in law to the house to show off her latest grandchild. Mother tricked me out of my room where I was hiding. Fortunately, they had not told her about who I was or about their combined efforts to convert me into a girl. At any rate, I thought so, as she treated me like any other young girl, and somehow, I was maneuvered into holding her young baby. I felt funny all over ... like my mother must feel when I hug her or she hugs me, which is the more likely thing. The baby was so soft and cuddly ... so helpless and dependent. A whole new emotion welled up in me, and when I realized what it was, I blushed red like a strawberry.

That darn Mrs. Weingarten noticed it and had to tease, "You would make a good mutterchen some day, ja?"

I turned away to hide my embarrassment, but it was true. I actually enjoyed holding the baby and trying to make it laugh. The thought that I had felt reluctant to hand the baby back to its mother remained with me the whole week. What was happening to me?

But, back to the story. One Saturday morning, Mother was shopping as usual, and I was doing some light dusting on the window sill, wearing a light blue cotton shirt dress and one of Mrs. Rosalia's frilly pinafores. While watering the plants, I looked idly out of the window and saw Jimmy and Debbie approaching on their usual morning stroll. They spotted a stray dog, and Jimmy left the sidewalk to pet it, when from the corner of my eye, I saw a truck backing up. I shouted for Jimmy

to watch out, but because of the truck motor and the closed window, he didn't hear me. I opened the window to try and prevent an accident.

The next thing I know, I was standing outside on the sidewalk holding a bleeding little Jimmy in my arms. Little Debbie was crying loudly and hanging onto the skirt of my pinafore. It's amazing how fast a crowd can congregate. All of the neighbors seemed to be there within minutes. I did not think at first about the fact that here I was in the street in my feminine dress and pinafore exposed to the whole world, as it were. I had attention only for Jimmy, whom I tried to calm and comfort. Someone must have called the police because within minutes, a screaming squad car pulled up. I was just getting Jimmy calmed down enough to tell me where it hurt.

"Who are you, Miss? What happened here?"

I told him the details, and only when I automatically gave him my name as Christine. Did the horrible truth dawn on me. Not only was I standing in the middle of a crowd, dressed as a girl in a domestic white apron, but I had, without thinking, given the police my feminine name, Christine.

I stood there, my face as pale as Jimmy's, still the center of attention. I looked around for help and heard someone say, "I went to tell their mother, and she has fainted."

Someone asked, "Who is the pretty girl ... is she his sister?"

Jimmy opened his eyes, and I forgot all about my predicament when he said, "Christine ... it hurts."

"We had better take him to the hospital for a check up, Miss," the policeman said, leading me to his car. We rode in the squad car to the hospital, but I had no choice but to carry him inside in my arms.

There, I had to register him at the emergency room and again gave my name as Christine. It was becoming a habit already. I noticed some blood stains on my pure white pinafore and was annoyed that I even cared about that. We attracted plenty of attention, of course, and I was getting more and more nervous.

On the treatment table, Jimmy insisted that I keep holding his hand. Trying to console him, I forgot again about being in skirts in full view in a public place. Jimmy refused to let go of my hand, no matter what the doctors said. The nurses were very nice to me, treating me as one of them, and they all liked me ... as a girl.

Fortunately, Jimmy's condition was not serious. He had a few small cuts on his head and leg where the fender had hit him. As he became used to the doctor and the strange new place, he calmed down and answered the nurses' questions, as they tried to divert his attention away from the treating doctor.

Jimmy's mother arrived soon, pale as death and crying with fear. She took over and thanked me for taking care of her boy. "You are one girl in a million," she said, making me blush.

As I left the emergency room for the lounge filled with waiting people, it hit me again ... like a meteor! There I stood, in the middle of a large busy waiting hall, in my house dress and stained apron, completely dressed as a girl with lots of people staring at me. Feeling sorry for myself, I started to cry, and when I shook my head, I could feel my pigtails, with their blue ribbons, brush my cheeks. I must have looked the very picture of misery, but I just could not help myself. The emotion of seeing Jimmy hurt, and the horrible situation I was in ... also, my tears seemed to come much easier lately. Everyone stared at me ... and the whole neighborhood had seen me in skirts. I wished I were dead.

One of the policemen, an older Irishman, came up and put his arm around me. "Come on pretty Lassie, you ain't got no reason to cry. That little one will be alright."

I recoiled at first, then practically collapsed in his arms, crying on his shoulder like a real girl. The realization made me cry even more. "It's alright Christine ... everything is alright ... don't you worry about a thing. A pretty girl like you should smile, not cry. Come on ... give me a wee bit of a smile."

Again, I could not help myself as I responded the way he wished and dried my eyes with that ridiculously small hanky. It was only three square inches of white cloth too small to blow ones' nose in.

"There, that's better now, Lassie. You were very brave, alert, and caring. A girl like you has three gold stars in my book. Do you mind telling me exactly what happened, so I can make out my report?"

My hanky being totally inadequate, he gave me his large one which smelled of cologne, and finally, my face was dry. He smiled at me, as he would a real girl. Suddenly, I knew that I must look a real mess with my makeup all streaked and smudged. What a sight I must be, and I had left my purse that contained my makeup at home. Quickly, I removed my spotted apron, blushing like a rose when he gave my blossoming figure the eye. I grew angry at myself when my only thought was that at least I was wearing a freshly ironed dress that fit well. Imagine a boy having such thoughts! One of the blood spots had soaked through, and I carefully held my folded apron in front to hide the spot on my dress.

The policeman finally drove me home, making complimentary remarks all the way. He had me blushing or even smiling occasionally at this Blarney for the entire trip.

When I entered the house I almost froze, then turned and tried to escape. Mother had a covey of women, all

neighbors apparently, as I vaguely recognized some of the faces. Mrs. Rosalia was among them, also. I was glad that we had always kept pretty well to ourselves. I would have died right there if any of them had recognized me as a boy, being dressed like a girl. Mother saw me come in and called me into the living room, thwarting my escape. She proudly introduced me as her daughter Christine, and the women fawned over me saying how pretty I was and how quickly and nicely I had helped Jimmy. I was so overwhelmed, that I didn't know what to do or say, except for an inane, "It was nothing."

I was sure of one thing! I wanted to get out of there quickly. Pointing to the spot on my dress, I asked to be excused to go change.

Mother agreed, and said to my disgust, "Hurry up Christine. Get into something pretty and help me serve the coffee."

I stared at her, but she was no help at all. I could see that she was all excited. She positively oozed with pride in her daughter and the compliments praising my looks, sweetness, and God knows what else.

In the semi quiet of my room, I had a chance to reflect on the events of the last few hours. It was a real calamitous situation, but at least, not of my own doing. I had spontaneously reacted as a human being to help another. That was not bad! I had not wanted to play girl. It had just happened. I now had no option but to pick a dress that would please my mother. I didn't want to make the wrong expression, so I chose a simple pink sweater and skirt set, which meant that I also had to change the ribbons on my plaits to pink. I was fixing my face ... and yes, admiring myself a little ... the praise had gotten to me, I guess, when Mother came in.

"Christine, can't you hurry up a bit? I need your help to serve," she said nervously, as if the Count of Novgorod

had come to call. I was a bit irritated that she kept calling me Christine.

"I'm not Christine! I'm Chris, your son," I insisted.

"Yes, yes, yes," she answered, leaving in a hurry. She had not heard a word I said. Didn't she ever consider my feelings? Couldn't she just once say, "Yes, I know you're my son, and I love you in pants also."

With a heavy heart, I followed her to the kitchen. Within two minutes, I found myself in a fresh white apron serving coffee to the visitors, none of whom I really knew. Everyone liked the Ukrainian pastry, which Mother always made on Friday night for Sunday.

I must say that all of the women were very nice to me. I almost forgot that I wasn't the girl they thought I was, but they wouldn't let me, showering me with compliments ... saying how pretty I was ... how nicely I helped Mother ... how cute I looked in my pinafore ... and how nice I had been to the little kids.

Two of them asked if I was available for babysitting. Just as I was turning them down, Mother overheard and butted in. "Of course, Christine would be glad to help you out. Just give her a call."

"But what about my homework?" I asked, desperately trying desperately to avoid a definite commitment.

"You can work at our house, after the kids are in bed," one of the ladies said. I liked her. She had an open, pleasant face, and she sure didn't hide the fact that she liked me.

I smiled back at her, but then looked at Mother, trying to hypnotize her to say, "No, no, no." She must have forgotten completely about my masquerading as a girl, because she repeated that anyone needing a babysitter should just call me. "She charges three dollars an hour," my mother added unflinching, as if she had used babysitters all her life. This thing was snowballing out of control. Way out!

Within the week, I had three nights of babysitting lined up. The first one, Mother had accepted without even consulting me. I was real cross at her, but when she argued that we could save money for my college education in this way, I had to yield to her logic. I sure could use the money later, there was no denying that. So as usual, my own wishes and feelings were ignored. Again!!! I should not have given in! I could have earned as much or more money as a boy, right? Right! But as I said before, I had become more pliable, agreeable, and obedient to my mother of late.

The first few times I went out as a girl were hard. Before I knew it, I was walking the streets to the house in question, feeling naked in my short skirts and nylon encased legs, and fearing that I was too conspicuous in my high heels and pigtails. What did I know about diapers, formulas, and little girl's dresses? But, I learned! Oh boy, did I learn ... about pacifiers, dressing little girls and boys, reading bedtime stories, taking toddlers to the john, and once even how to ward off an over eager adolescent.

It follows that I was more and more in the public view now. Lots of people seemed to recognize and know me. At least judging from the greetings, smiles, and looks of approval I noticed almost everywhere. I even went shopping with Mother nowadays and later also alone, without even giving it a second thought.

My troika of fairy godmothers ... better drop that fairy ... I don't like it ... continued active and watchful. I felt as if I had to pass an exam, whenever the three of them were together. They nagged me, criticized me, improved me, and feminized me until I honestly expected my period any day. The funny thing was that they did it in such a nice way that I didn't have the heart to be nasty to them or resist their efforts. Especially so with Mother.

We became so close, that sometimes, I almost understood her. In some ways, at least. I learned that good manners forbade a girl from prancing ... showing too much cleavage ... or being too obvious in displaying her charms.

Mrs. Weingarten said I was such a naturally good looking girl, with a style of my own, that I didn't need to be obvious. "Just be yourself, Christine ... people and the boys can't help liking you."

I blushed uncomfortably when she mentioned the boys, as I knew of what she spoke. I had not had my eyes closed, and I had noticed their hungry, lusting stares all too often.

Mother and I got along fairly well except for an occasional argument about my being forced to wear girl's clothes. But, she always had the last word, by saying something like, "Do you want the neighbors to think you are one of those strange girls?"

I certainly did not! I wanted them to think I was a BOY! It dawned on me; however, that it was much too late for this, FAR too late!

I guess Mother really had wanted a daughter. It must be hard for a widow to bring up a boy, without help, in a strange country. She would never have the faintest idea what kinds of thoughts and turmoil move through a growing young man's head. She seemed to enjoy my situation to my heart's content. She basked in repeating the tale of my heroic ... repeat, "heroic" action when Jimmy was in danger, and she made many new friends and acquaintances because of it. That made her happier than I could ever remember, and she obviously thought every good thing happening was caused by my being a girl.

She still insisted on lacing me in that darn corset every day, and without my knowledge, had gradually made adjustments so the waist was now two inches

smaller than in the beginning. It was rather clear to me what that instrument of torture had done to my figure. The way my pectoral muscles were pushed up and out was practically obscene. The curves of my hips and the way my fanny stuck out was just as bad.

Lately, I found myself thinking about school, and I brought the subject up to Mother several times during the summer. The last time, Mom had replied, "Don't worry about that now, Lieberski ... when the time comes, we will do the right thing."

If I had only known!!!

My trio of supervisors had obviously discussed it amongst themselves. One Sunday morning, two weeks before school would begin, they took me shopping. The presence of the whole committee bothered me more than a little. What were they planning? I soon found out!!!

They herded me into the teenage girl's department of the best women's store in town. In horror, I heard Mother say that we were looking for some nice school dresses for her daughter. I tried to protest, but the store was rather crowded. The last thing I wanted to do was make a scene and call attention to myself. There were many girls with their mothers on the same errand as we.

It was galling that there was no privacy at all, as the "other" girls my age were choosing and trying on their new pretties all around me. My three tormentors were having the time of their lives choosing teenage outfits for me. I could just see all of my babysitting money being spent. That was the money I had earned changing diapers and feeding infants.

As time passed, I could hide my interest in these new clothes only with great difficulty. I wasn't given a choice in what to wear, only between two 'evils'. They'd ask, "Christine, Do you want this dress in green or blue?" Not much of a choice.

In an unguarded moment, I even made some suggestions. Eventually, I left the store with a selection of sweaters, dresses, miniskirts, frilly blouses, lingerie and other things that would last me a long time.

I held my anger until we were outside, then I lowered the boom! I didn't care whether the other ladies heard me or not! "Mother, I am not going back to school as a girl. I absolutely refuse to go in a dress or a skirt! I would rather DIE! What will the boys say?"

"Now ... now," Mrs. Weingarten said. "Don't be so over emotional about this."

Mrs. Rosalia added, "Christine, don't you dare speak to your mother like that. It's not permissible, and it's not polite! Look, you are hurting her feelings. You should apologize to her this minute."

Mother took my side, giving me a glimmer of hope. "Now Lena, don't be so harsh on her. She is a shy girl, and I think I know how she feels."

"Mother!!!! I am NOT a she! I'm your son ... a boy, and I won't go back to school this way. I won't ... so there!!!

None of the women replied and we walked home in silence. I was determined to stick to my resolution, no matter what. At home, Mother acted very cool ... and we did not talk after her friends left.

Mrs. Rosalia left with this admonition, "Girls your age should do as their mothers tell them. Your mother knows what is best for you. You would look silly and out of place gallivanting around in pants."

Mrs. Weingarten added, "Ja, you are too much of a girl now to go back."

Late that afternoon, I saw Mother sink into her favorite chair as if she had a terrible headache and begin to cry. One of my main weaknesses is that I haven't been

able to stand seeing Mother cry since my father's death. Her tears make me all jelly inside. Feeling this sympathy for her, I kneeled at her feet, asking what was the matter.

"You know what's the matter! I was so proud of you, and now, you treat me this way."

"But Mother, I'm the one who has to go to school and face the other kids. What will they say when they see me dressed as a girl? What will they do?"

"You're not going to the same school, remember?" she replied in a hurt voice.

That was true. I had forgotten that due to desegregation and busing, I had been assigned to a different high school.

"At a different school, there will be many young people who don't know you, and the ones who do, won't recognize you." She made a big show of crying again. "You know we don't have the money to buy other clothes. You know we don't have the money to buy other clothes. Why are you now trying to break my heart? my friends too?"

Breaking her heart my eye. Why hadn't she spent the money on boy's clothes to begin with? What about my heart, self respect, and personality? I asked her why she had not bought male clothes for me.

"You look so pretty and natural as my daughter, and I guess we all took it for granted that you realized you wanted to be a girl now. You really are much too pretty to be a mere boy, and you make such a fine daughter ... just like your Aunt Schipka, when she was young."

I continued to argue vehemently, refusing to give in.

Mother came out with another torrent of tears, but this time, I steeled myself. I just could not imagine going to school as a girl and meeting all kinds of kids my own age. Me ... a simpering girl?

Then, Mother changed her tactics. She became angry, and when I explained, for the umpteenth time my reasons, she suddenly shouted, "Christine, shut your mouth! I won't have it! I have taken enough of your lip! What would all of our nice neighbors think if they saw you in boy's clothes? How would you feel if they saw you? Do you want them to think you're one of those strange crazy girls?"

I knew she meant "gay girls" ... but she would never use that term. Of course, what she said was true. Everyone in the neighborhood knew me as a girl, since Jimmy's accident. My question is, why didn't that "queer" business come up when I was forced to change into feminine clothes?

More scared than belligerent at Mother's outburst, I held my tongue. The idea of another school sort of tranquilized me, a little anyway. Then ... as I reflected further ... I was used to skirts now. Rough pants would feel awkward and funny. How stupid can one get?

As the subject was buried for the night, I lay thinking in bed. It had never occurred to me that, in all probability, many of my former classmates would also be transferred to my new school.

So, come September fourth, there I was ... dressed in new lingerie and my recently acquired tartan dress. The one with the crisp white round collar and cuffs. Nylons, two inch heels, perfect makeup, matching red lipstick, and my new hairstyle ... a ponytail, tied with a matching red ribbon completed my look. My skirt fell to just above my knees, and a tightly buckled white patent leather belt accentuated my small waist. I had seen in the mirror that I looked, shall we say ... delectable, but Mother still had to push me out the door. For the last time, I begged her to at least let me wear slacks, but my pleadings fell on deaf ears.

“It’s not proper for a girl to wear slacks to school. Do you want to be like one of those crazy women ... those liberationists? You look very nice now ... so, off with you and behave like a good daughter.”

With butterflies in my stomach and my knees knocking, I approached a group of students waiting for the bus at the street corner. When there was no one from my class, I sighed with relief. Maybe Mother had been right. I saw that the boys were obviously interested, when I nodded a shy hello to their waved greeting. They were too busy watching my figure and legs to do more than stutter a “hi” in return.

Just when I was beginning to feel a little better about all this, the bus arrived. I climbed aboard, fully aware of my exposure in my relatively short skirt. About half way down the aisle, I froze. What a shock! There were five of my former classmates ... three girls and two boys sitting and talking together. I panicked and turned to flee, but my exit was blocked by others behind me. I was close to throwing up and wished I had an honest to goodness car sickness bag with handy.

I had to go by them to find a seat, but they hardly noticed me or my strange fearful reaction. The girls mostly looked at my dress and returned to their conversation. By the time we reached the school, I had calmed down somewhat, even though I now was worried who I might see in my new class.

I was fortunate that I hadn’t devoted much time to developing close friendships. This was partly because Mother had always made me come directly home from school to get dressed as a girl.

Actually, there were seven of my old classmates in my new school, but through a stroke of luck, we did not attend any of the same classes. Boy, was I lucky! When occasionally we would meet in the hall, they never recognized me, although the boys sure looked me over.

Even with the registration, there was no problem. When my homeroom teacher called my name and saw a pretty girl, he shrugged his shoulders and assumed a typographical error had occurred ... changing the M to an F. After lunch, I was called to the administration office. Taking one look at me, they changed my records and apologized for the mistake. So, I was now a girl officially, and that was that. There is no need to tell you that I had been quite nervous about all this, but it seems that fate had destined me to remain in skirts.

The second day, I began to make friends with the girls, or rather, they began to make friends with me. It was funny how friendly they were to me, where as a boy, they had always ignored me ... as if I didn't exist or something. They rattled on about my outfit and I about their's. I had more in common with girls now. Had my personality changed, or were my clothes responsible for their change of attitude? I wondered.

After a few weeks, I could actually be called popular, I guess. It worried me that I was able to fit in so well and naturally with the female half of the class. I was always included in the activities and asked to participate.

Mother still insisted that I come home immediately after school, saying that she was worried about pretty girls walking the streets without an escort.

Carmel's coats got plenty of use now that the weather was turning nippy, and Mother bought me a beautiful raincoat with a cute hood and a tight belt. Another time, she and Mrs. W. made me go to the beauty salon, and for the first time, I had my hair done by a professional.

If you can imagine how I felt. A boy in a male's 'NO MAN's LAND', everywhere I looked I saw the sights of feminizing. Women getting facials, women getting pedicures, women having their hair curled and ME. I had a

knot in my stomach which got worse as I realized what I was going to be subjected to.

That little voice got very loud and repeated over and over, "Chris! You are a boy and boys don't go to beauty shops. Boys don't wear dresses" Yet there I sat in a pretty yellow dress waiting to be feminized.

I wanted to run, to rip off my sissy dress and lingerie I was wearing but I didn't. Were would I go? I was trapped.

My own hair had grown almost to my shoulders, and the attendant Jennifer and Mrs. W. discussed what she was to do with my hair. Jennifer told me what beautiful hair I had. I blushed deeply. Imagine ... a boy having beautiful hair!

Jennifer was a gorgeous, in her early twenties with long blonde hair which added to my discomfort. I was titillated by her, her femininity sparking my male instincts. Most males would be interested in putting the 'make' on her but I had to sit and pretend to be feminine.


As Jennifer worked on my hair, Susan came over to give me a manicure on Mrs. W.'s orders. As Susan finished my fingers, she asked me to stand so that she could undo my garters and take off my nylons. I was also getting a pedicure!

For the brief moment, I had been entertaining male thoughts about these two beautiful women. I had pictured myself holding one then the other preparing to kiss their luscious ruby lips. In these brief daydreams, they were in soft pastel dresses and I was big, strong and masculine. I was in command, deeply staring into their deep blue eyes. . .masterfully taking control as they breathlessly submitted to my explorations. I was jolted to actuality by Susan's voice, "Honey, I need to get your stockings off, so I can work on your toes. Watch your wet nails while I undo your nylons."

My face must have been as red as my nails when I had to stand up and Susan hiked up my skirts and undid my nylons allowing my stockings to drop. I felt so helpless standing there with my hands held out drying as a woman rummaged under my skirts without the slightest hesitation. I was no threat to her ... I was just another girl.

If that wasn't bad enough, Susan had to make a big deal out of the pretty panties I was wearing, insisting on Jennifer taking a peak too. I finally got to sit, Susan elevating my feet onto her pedicure stool, but the conversion went on about my panties. I pulled my skirt down over my knees.

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Jennifer whispered to Susan, "Eric loves it when I wear sexy lingerie. The minute he sees my panties, he won't leave me alone until he's had me."

Susan replied, "I know. I've got one see-through nighty that my boyfriend loves. I wear it and he's 'randy' all night. I can't wear it on a work night or I don't get any sleep."

Jennifer said, "It's terrible that we never get much of a chance to show off our super feminine lingerie." Then she laughed, "I guess we girls would never get any work done." I nervously laughed long with them.

A cold nervous shutter traced the length of my spine. It was obvious that they both thought that the panties were 'perfect' for me.

The girls turned their attention back to me and their work. Jennifer adding, "We are going to make you beautiful. Do you have a boyfriend?"

"No," I whispered shyly.

"Don't worry," Susan said, "You will soon. Keep wearing pretty lingerie and with what we are doing ... you'll have the guys falling all over you."

With that, Jennifer picked up the curling iron saying, "I know how to may the boys feel like real he-men when they see you. You have just the right hair for some, oh so sweet tube curls. You will love them. They always make me feel extra feminine when I put them in my hair."

I could almost picture Jennifer wearing the pretty tube curls. I could feel those male feeling rising again but they didn't last long. Jennifer turned my around towards the mirror so I could see how lovely and sissily feminine the curls looked on me.

"Stunning!" Then Jennifer added, "You are growing into a real lady, honey," then smiled waiting for my

reaction. So much for masculine feelings. I'm sure she wondered why I didn't look real happy.

I'm sure they were watching me closely when I left. They seemed to be discussing me when I left.

I came away with a real pretty hair do, with curls flipping out on both sides of my face giving my hair a thick, healthy appearance and framing my face femininely. In a storm of feelings I went home confused about my encounter with Susan and Jennifer. They were the kind of girl-women that made the boys my age experience tumultuous feelings of maleness.

I took an inventory of myself---long curled tresses, made-up eyes, ruby painted lips, a soft rounded figure that fit perfectly into soft lingerie. My inventory of clothes was now all feminine---dresses, skirts, high heels, night gowns, everything. Where had the 'boy' gone?

Afterward, I spent a lot of time alone in my room, admiring myself in front of my mirror. I was ... I could not be ... annoyed at the pretty girl with the tiny waist, plenty of curves, shapely legs, and soft face that I saw reflected. A soft inner calm came over me that day. Maybe that was when I truly accepted myself ... as a girl ... or as a whatever ... who knows. I do know that I was very confused, uncertain, and in turmoil and did not know what to think anymore. The strange had become my ordinary.

At school, I had already accepted the ogling of the boys as unavoidable, and I giggled with the girls about their sheepy stares, discussing them, and making fun of them. I guess having other girls point out the 'parts' of boys they liked, made me realize how different I'd become.

In December, there was plenty of excitement amongst the girls about the junior prom. I learned first

hand, the schemes and machinations that went into getting a date. I was even annoyed that girls had to wait to be asked. In spite of myself, I got infected with their hopes and worries and found myself wondering whether I would be asked by a boy.

On the way home from school, one day, I found myself blushing as I realized I was hoping to be asked, just like all the others. Why did I want to be asked to attend a formal dance with a BOY? This was my first time on the other side, but I soon understood how important it was to the girls to have a date for the prom. How do you think I felt when I was among the first to be invited? He was a tall boy named Peter, who was one of the best students and terribly good looking. I knew that many of the girls were after him, as he was a good athlete. He was strong and always assumed a position of leadership.

When I realized how pleased I was, having been chosen by him, I blushed like a rose. What in heaven's name was happening to me? Had I been changed that much? Was I actually becoming a girl in my mind?

That evening, Mrs. Weingarten and Mrs. Rosalia were visiting. Mind had must have been so full of the event and with self pride and satisfaction, that before I realized what I was doing, I told them about my upcoming date. They made a real big deal out of it and were as pleased as punch, especially because I had been one of the first "girls" asked. Practically the rest of the evening was devoted to the question of what I should wear and whether Peter was good enough for me.

Mrs. Rosalia went into a long instruction session about what she taught her daughters about their relations with boys. It made me blush when I was told in great detail where I should draw the line. The whole idea of petting with a boy was, of course, farthest from my mind. As her lecture continued, I began to worry about what I had let myself in for.

“Don’t let him paw you, as if he owns you,” Mrs. Weingarten stated. I sat there in my little print dress mesmerized by what they were saying.

Above the knee and anywhere near the bosom was strictly off limits and was to be immediately and firmly discouraged. According to their code, a kiss or two should not be avoided, “if you feel like it”. Imagine ... fat chance ...!

This sort of admonishment and teaching continued for quite some time, leaving me blushing so deeply with mortification, that everyone noticed and smiled. Girls really were taught how to handle boys, keep them interested and within certain vague limitations by flaunting one’s femininity and charms, without being too obvious.

They finally decided that I would wear Carmel’s gown. It was a pink, long formal with spaghetti straps and a low neckline that was pretty obscene to my mind. Under it, would be the lovely petticoat with the lace apron inset. I shivered with the thought that I would be “exposed” to a crowd in that dress. I had not worn it since I had tried it on that fateful Friday. I tried to picture myself floating around on high heels with that very wide skirt flaring about my legs, and rustling with the taffeta petticoat and net ruffles underneath. When I realized how much my bosom would be divulged, I nearly hid my face in shame. I just knew I would never dare. I just could not appear in front of my whole class and friends with bare shoulders and a half nude back.

I would rather be tortured to death, but, as usual, I survived this latest escapade in femininity. Inconceivable as it may have seemed then, the last Saturday before Christmas ... there I was in all my glory! Mother had taken me to the beauty salon that afternoon, where I was given “the works”. My hair had grown enough to style really beautifully. A red bow kept the bangs behind my ears, to show off Mrs. Rosalia’s earrings.

I think Mother was more excited than I was at the prospect of me going to a formal dance. I guess she was reliving her childhood through me, or something. I can assure you that I was as nervous as a cat in a dog house. What really hurt was the fact that I really FELT pretty and yes ... feminine, more than I ever thought possible. How did I ever get into this predicament? How was it possible? Why did I like the smallness of my waist, the delicious rustling of my petticoat, and my tightly drawn stockings? Had I really come this far? The answer was obvious.

Mother had set the stage for Peter. I was to wait in my room until she called me. Peter arrived exactly on time, and after Mother deliberately let him become impatient and anxious, I made my grand entrance. The look on Peter's face made my evening when, dressed in his rented tux, he handed me a lovely, fragrant corsage. I felt my nerves calm as I made a mock curtsy and smilingly thanked him. Calm and collected, I was aware of the situation all too well. Here we were, a boy and a girl, on a date, just as it should be, and I would submit to his demands for the evening. I was expected to be a pretty girl ... and I would be one ... for tonight, anyway.

I will always remember that evening. I actually danced every dance. My cheeks were red with the excitement of it all, and my eyes were shiny with pleasure. Many of the boys waited for a chance to cut in and dance with me, and I had to submit my slender waist to many many eager hands. I had never danced as a girl before, but I managed to follow quite well, as I was wheeled around the dance floor. When Peter managed to get me in his arms again, he pressed me tightly to him in a most possessive manner. Instead of protesting, I found myself giving in to his masterful gestures.

Later, Peter walked me home, together with some of my best girlfriends and their escorts. As we walked,

Peter put his arm around my shoulders and drew me close. I felt my body resounding as if I had no mind of my own. I actually snuggled up to him, which later caused me terrible shame whenever I thought about it.

Near home, in a dark portion of the street, Peter stopped me. He hugged me tight and kissed me. My brain wanted me to struggle, but my throat refused to cry STOP! I just could not resist submitting to his demands. My arms crept around his neck, as if they had no other place to go. We kissed like I had never kissed before. I had never been the kissee ... EVER ... and I almost swooned. Fortunately, some passers by caused Peter to stop, and we rejoined the others. His breath was fast, and I could tell he was very excited.

At our front door, I thanked Peter for the lovely evening, and before he could take the initiative again, I gave him a light peck and went inside. There I stood in the hallway, leaning against the wall ... all confused ... emotionally bankrupt ... ashamed like I had never been before. Peter had treated me as a girl ... and I had acted and reacted like one as well. How could I have ever fallen that far? What had happened to my own will? What had happened to Chris, the boy?

Mother met me and took my hand. She was curious about what I was doing so long in the hall. My triumvirate of godmothers had been waiting up for me, playing dominoes. They were anxious to hear all about my experiences at my first prom. As I was telling them, I forgot all about my earlier reflections and reservations. I became so excited at times, I actually found myself swirling happily on my toes, and told them about my lovely evening. They all smiled gleefully when I told them that I danced with so many partners and had a wonderful evening.

When all had been told, I sat down, suddenly tired out. With my hands in my lap, I looked at the three

women. Mother told the other two how nice Peter looked and what a nice couple we made. For some reason, that made me feel bad all over. From nowhere, my tears started flowing, and the others did not know what had come over me. They were full of concern, asking what was the matter, and if they could do anything to help. I shook my head. They would never understand! NEVER!

As Mother let the other two out the door, each having kissed me good night, I sat in my chair trying to stem the flow of tears. When Mother re-entered the room and smiled at me, I realized the awesome, terrible truth. They had really made a girl out of me! Having risen to this new plateau of complete femininity, I was finally able to face and admit to myself the unadulterated truth. They had made a girl out of me ... irrevocably and permanently!

I knew now that after my experiences of that evening, that Mother would never let me be a boy ever again. I could not ever allow myself to be masculine. Without any hope or any future, and being a son no more, I was doomed to be my mother's daughter.

Once again, it was initiation night. I remembered the last time two years before, when the course of my life had been altered so strangely ... and so pleasantly. But this time, it was my initiation into the sorority I pledged in college. This initiation was popularly known as "Hell Week" ... a name well deserved. Oh ... I really shouldn't condemn it like that. After it was over, you could look back on it with enjoyment and affection. The name was part of the whole process, you see ... to give the newcomer a certain apprehension, and afterward, a sense of "belonging".

As before, I had a "big sister". The simple difference this time was the fact that she thought I was a real girl. Maybe I should put that differently. A real female ... as

far as I was concerned, I was a girl. I lived among them undetected by using a little care and foresight. For example, one can bathe alone in the communal dormitory shower if one is willing to get up an hour earlier than the others ... and so on. Also, I regularly wore a bikini panty of latex that compressed the only visible signs of my masculinity quite effectively.

The last night of our initiation, all of we pledges were to sleep on the floor at the foot of our "big sister's" bed, with only one blanket over our thin pajamas. The floor was hard, but I soon found the real source of discomfort was the cold. My "big sister" had opened a window that let in the cold February air.

Several times, she would ask, calling out in the darkness, "Are you comfortable Little Sister?"

I would answer, as was required, "Yes, thank you. I do so enjoy this."

However, as the hours passed, I grew more and more miserable. When she asked again, for perhaps the fourth or fifth time, I couldn't answer because I was sobbing silently and uncontrollably.

She heard me and got out of bed to close the window. She came back saying, "Hey, the idea was to make you a little uncomfortable, not turn you into an icicle. Now come on and quit trying to set an endurance record. Get yourself in this bed with me and warm up."

I didn't need another invitation. I leaped into her bed, almost crying out for the sheer luxury of the warmth. My "big sister" crawled in beside my shivering body to help me warm up. My teeth were chattering and I couldn't stop shaking. "You'll be lucky not to catch pneumonia," she said.

"And if I did, whose fault would it be?" I asked silently.

She put her hand on my shoulder and said with surprise, "You're absolutely as cold as ice. I'm sorry, I

didn't realize it or I would have gotten you in here sooner. Listen, we've got to get you warmed up. I know, I'll cuddle up right next to you."

She snuggled up to my side, and with her hands, began massaging my arms and shoulders. It worked to some extent, but I was still shivering violently. The next thing I knew, she slid completely under the covers and was massaging the feeling back into my feet and legs. Gradually, I warmed up, and she grew tired of being a masseuse. As it had been a long and exciting day, we both soon drifted off to sleep.

The next day was Saturday, and there was no hurry to get up. We lay in bed, talking about the sorority, the initiation, our mutual plans for the coming year, and so on. Finally, she piled out of bed, stretched her beautiful body, grabbed a towel, and headed for the shower room. I seized the opportunity of her absence to get dressed myself. It was one thing to have your room and merely have to avoid the other girls in the intimacy of the shower, but it was something else to find oneself in the same bedroom with another girl. Both of us would have had to slip out of our pajamas and get into panties, bra, slip, etc. I was relieved when she made her exit and left me to myself.

Well, that's about it for my story. What I've related so far explains how I happened to make the switch from an ordinary, bashful high school boy, to a very attractive and popular college coed. This period of change was rather unusual, and I thought it would be interesting to you.

However, from the time of my sorority initiation on, my life was no longer a period of transition. I started this trip, as I told you, by the initiation in high school, which turned out to be my initiation into feminine life. The sorority initiation marked the culmination of that transition. From that point on, I was just one of the girls.

I shared all the little problems, triumphs, and joys of the others. For in this sorority initiation, I was initiated into womanhood, and that is where I have stayed every since.

Sometimes, I wonder what my life would have been like if I hadn't gone through that high school initiation and if Mother hadn't secretly wanted a daughter so badly that she made much more out of the initiation than necessary. Yes I wonder about it, but I have no regrets about the final outcome. I am a pretty woman, well liked by both men and women, sought after as a companion, and living a full life. I've paid my "dues". I've been initiated and now I belong in the feminine world.

You should have been so lucky!!!!!!

## THE END

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