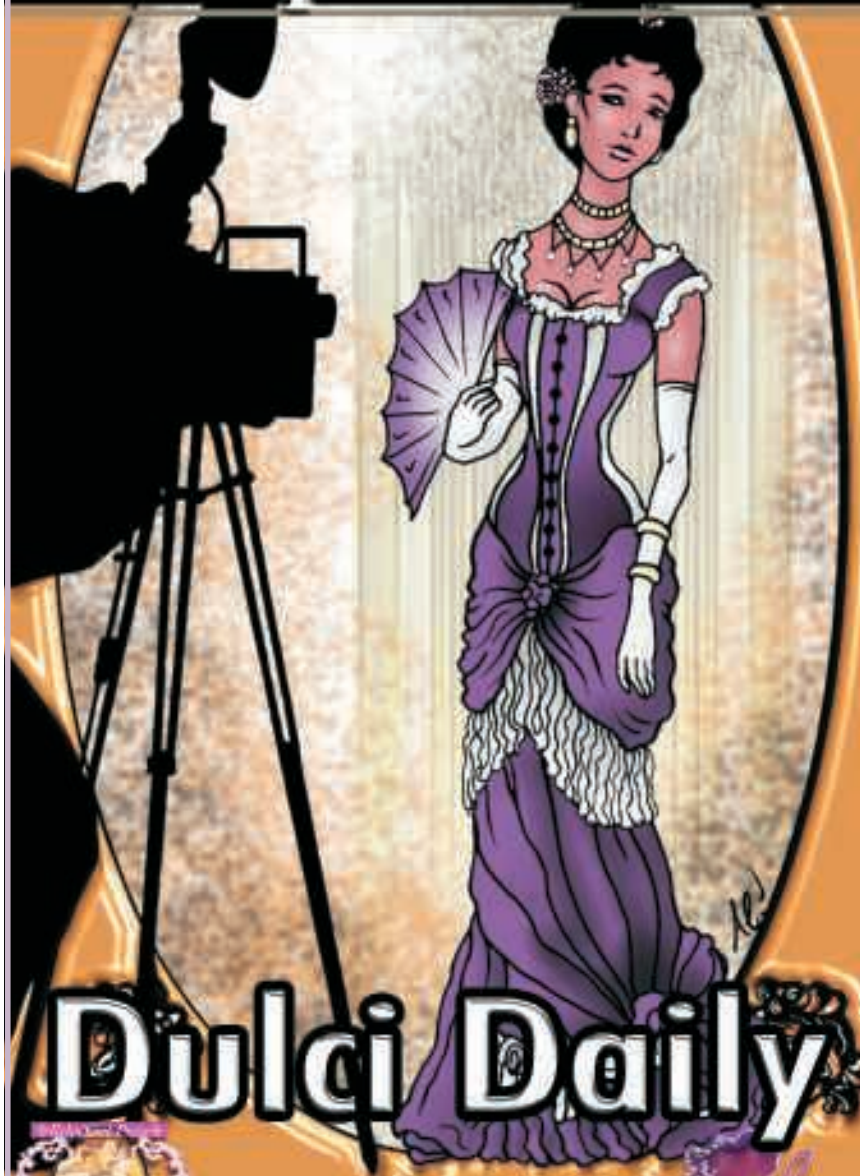


# Great Spirit's Male Girl



# Dulci Daily



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# GREAT SPIRIT'S MALE GIRL

By Dulci Daily

## Chapter 1

White men were few, and my Quoheemish people were many, in our rich land beside the western ocean. I was born way back in 1830 as the White men count years. No White men were present in our longhouse, or anywhere near it, on the summit of what we called the Hill of the Sun. Few Quoheemish remained there either, for it was Spring, and the wide world outside was beckoning.

I knew nothing then. I didn't know what the people meant when they said I was a beautiful baby. I had no idea that, before the end of my life, White men would build the great city of Pacific Heights upon our land, with the Pacificum State Capitol where our longhouse once stood on the Hill of the Sun, now called the Capitoline Hill. I

could not have imagined what marvelous and terrible events the Great Spirit had in store for me.

I was born a male but before many years had passed, everyone could see that I was as sweet and pretty as any girl. I acted like a girl too. People whispered that I might be a male girl. I didn't know what that meant when I was little, but it had a strange and exciting sound even then.

When I was 10, my mother and sister dressed me in girls' clothes, and my father gave me a new name, a girl's name: Illiyalla, meaning "Singing Sparrow." I was "Sparrow" because I was small, and "Singing" because of my beautiful, musical voice. They told me I was being tried out to see if I was really a male girl.

I was sure I was, even then. I enjoyed the girls' games and the women's work, cooking, sewing and all the rest of it. I didn't like the rough boys' games, which sometimes ended in fights, and I didn't want to go out hunting. Above all I didn't think I could ever be a brave, strong young man, ready to defend our tribe with bows and arrows, knives and clubs—much less with the White man's guns, which we still had seldom seen or heard. Our Quoheemish people were peaceful, but some other tribes were not, so our brave young men had to be always ready to fight them if need be. I admired the brave young men and thanked the Great Spirit for them—but as for being one of them myself, I could never imagine it.

When I was 12, my father announced that the Great Spirit had certainly made me a *kabavoomish*, a male girl—a male with a female spirit, or a female with male body parts. Everyone had to believe it, for my dad was well known as the wisest elder in the tribe. White men had already started calling my dad "Chief Semakoboomish" because they thought we must have a chief, just as they had a

president and some other White men had kings or queens. We didn't really have a chief, but my dad didn't tell them that. Quoheemish people didn't mind because they knew my dad was probably the strongest and smartest man in the entire tribe. They called him the "Voice of the Great Spirit" or "Man Who Plants the Seed of the Great Spirit" (that's what "Semakoboomish" means) because he was so much in tune with the spirit world, and he was always saying that all the "little spirits" were like nothing compared to the Great Spirit who made everything. So, when my dad said I was a male girl, that's what I was, no question about it.

My dad and mom were proud of me because male girls were special in the Great Spirit's eyes; He didn't make very many of them, and he gave them special destinies when He made them.

My dad must have planted much seed in my mom. I had four brothers and six sisters, all older than I was. Soon after the announcement that I was a male girl for sure, my oldest sister, Running Deer, took me far into the woods. There she let me view her nudity, and she viewed mine. I was still young and hairless between my legs, and anyway she was not the kind of woman to lie down with her brother or sister. Her aim was simply to instruct me.

"Here is my *umuvu*," she said, pointing to the cut between her legs, with hair above it. "It is where my man, Soaring Hawk, plants his seed with his *mungushumu*, the thing that men have and women do not. Women have only a little *mungushi*, which you can see here if you look closely." I did. It was very little indeed, hardly visible above her *umuvu*.

"You," she said, "being a male girl, have a *mungushi* like a woman, but it is bigger, like a man's *mungushumu*. When

you are older, you will hide your *mungushi* between your legs, and it will shoot seed, but not into a woman. We will take you to Gray Fox when you are older, when your *mungushi* has begun to shoot seed, and you will learn more about being a male girl." Everyone knew that Gray Fox was the tribe's eldest male woman, one of only a few in the entire tribe.

"And here are my breasts," she said. They were big, and her nipples were protruding. "Girls rub berry juice on their breasts, at the right time, to make them grow. You are not ready for your breasts to grow, but you will rub them with juice when you are ready. Sometimes a male girl's breasts grow as big as those of a woman whose breasts are small. Right now, you can get ready by eating plenty and getting plump, so your breasts will begin to stick out."

I eagerly took her advice. I could hardly wait to have breasts like a woman, even if they were smaller. By the time I was 14, I was as plump as a well-fed woman, and my breasts looked like a girl's breasts when they are beginning to grow. My *mungushi* was beginning to have hair above it, and it was giving me new, strange, exciting feelings.

One night I had a dream, the beginning of my grown-up life. A man I did not know was viewing my nudity. Then he stood behind me and rubbed my breasts with juice. I could feel my breasts growing bigger, big like a woman's, and my nipples stuck out like Running Deer's nipples. I could feel his *mungushumu* pressing between my thighs from behind. In the dream I had an *umuvu* like a woman, and it was hot and wet. Then, still gripping my breasts, the man made me bend over on my hands and knees, and he began to press his *mungushumu* up into my *umuvu* from behind me, making me tremble with excitement. Then I could feel an earthquake, and the man shot seed deep into

my *umuvu*. When I awoke, I found that it was only I who had shot seed, for the first time in my young life.

"I have shot seed while dreaming," I said to Running Deer that day. "Is it time for me to go to Gray Fox?"

"Yes, it is time," she said. "We will go."

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Gray Fox sat alone on the far side of the hill we called the Hill of the Ocean, which White men later called Queen's Bluff. She was looking away from us, toward the ocean and the horizon beyond. "Gray Fox," said Running Deer, "I have come with Singing Sparrow."

Gray Fox turned. Her hair and her eyes were as gray as the ocean, reflecting the dull gray sky. Her wrinkled face looked old and tired, and yet she smiled at me when she saw me. "You have come at last, young beauty," she said. "Is it time?"

"Yes, Gray Fox, it is time," I said. My voice was trembling.

"I have hoped to see this day. I have watched over you carefully since I first saw you in girls' clothing. The Great Spirit has given you much beauty, Singing Sparrow—but your destiny is far greater than your beauty."

"Show me my destiny, Gray Fox."

"It will be done. Running Deer, you may leave us. I myself will come back to Semakoboomish with his daughter Singing Sparrow."

“The first step in your journey as a male girl,” Gray Fox told me when Running Deer had gone, “is your binding. I must see your nudity.”

I revealed my nudity to Gray Fox. My *mungushi* was growing. I had not been excited to show my nudity to Running Deer, although I had been excited to see hers. This was much different.

“A girl’s *mungushi*,” Gray Fox said, “does not stick out in front of her. A female girl’s *mungushi* is too small to need binding, but a male girl’s *mungushi* is not. At first your *mungushi* will be only loosely bound, to keep it from rising like a man’s *mungushumu*, but not to hide it between your legs when you are standing up. Later the binding will be tightened, and your *mungushi* will be hidden between your legs even when you are walking, just like a female girl’s *mungushi*.”

My *mungushi* was hard, and did need binding. “Bind me, Gray Fox,” I said. My heart was beating strongly at the thought of my dawning destiny.

“Sit down, Singing Sparrow, and raise your knees,” Gray Fox instructed me. “Then press your *mungushi* down until it sticks out beneath your thighs.” I did as Gray Fox said.

“Here is your binding,” she said, wrapping two long, narrow, soft strips of deerskin over the top of my *mungushi*. “Now you will stand up, and I will stand behind you.”

I stood up. From behind me, Gray Fox gently pulled on the deerskin, keeping my *mungushi* from rising. She then brought the ends of the deerskin strips up around my plump buttocks, crossed them below my navel, wrapped them completely around me, and tied them together in

front. "You see," she said, "Now your *mungushi* will not rise, no matter how hard it may become. Later, when the binding is tighter, you will look exactly like a female girl in front, and your *mungushi* will be fully hidden like hers."

I was shy, but I asked her anyway: "Will my *mungushi* still become hard when it is completely hidden?"

"Yes. Sometimes it will become very hard and shoot seed in back of your thighs. Perhaps it will even do this more often, because you can squeeze it between your thighs whenever you wish."

I felt desire to squeeze my *mungushi* between my thighs and shoot seed, but I did not wish to do this in front of Gray Fox. When I was alone, I would do it—or maybe even when I was not alone.

"What if a man wished to unite with me and plant his seed, as with a female woman?" I dared to ask. "Can this be done?"

"Yes, but not now. You are young. You should live the life of a maiden to the full. Once you have abandoned that life, it is gone forever." Gray Fox sighed, seeming sad that a maiden's life must vanish with youth and never return.

"Later, when you are older," she went on, "you will learn to let men hop on top of you and mate with you. But you must never do this with a man who has a female woman and plants seed in her."

"Why not?"

"It is because of your destiny as a male girl. You can understand both men and women, in a way that male men and female women cannot. Because of this, you can be good friends with both, and help them to understand each

other better. But to take a man's seed, and part of his heart, away from his woman is not the act of a friend. Once, before you were born, there was a male woman who did take a man's seed from his woman, thinking no one would know. But the Great Spirit knows all—and by and by, the Great Spirit brings all evildoers to ruin. That male woman was found out. She was forced to leave Quoheemish people and wander the earth, never to return."

"So I am to take seed only from men who have no woman."

"Yes, and not only that. You must not take seed from young boys who are not yet ripe for a woman—for boyhood is like maidenhood and should be lived to the full, before it is too late. But from men who are ripe and yet have no woman, you may take seed—when *you* are ripe. Do not think much yet of taking men's seed, young maiden; it will do you no good, and it might do you much harm." I tried to accept Gray Fox's advice, but the thoughts were hard to repel.

"Gray Fox," I said, "am I ever to love one man as a female woman does, and stay with him for life?"

Gray Fox sighed deeply and, it seemed to me, very sadly. "That is the hardest question, Singing Sparrow," she said. "Your heart may struggle against your destiny. You have a woman's heart, and a woman's heart is made to love one man for life. For most people, this is how it should be: a woman loves a man, he plants his seed in her, the Great Spirit gives them children, and so they become the newest in the unbroken line of the Ancestors. I do not say that it is never a male woman's destiny to love one man for life—but your destiny may be greater, as mine has been."

Gray Fox looked up to the sky, light gray all over, as it so often was in the land of the Quoheemish, and so often is to this day. "See the sky," she said. "You do not see the sun, but you know it is there, just as you do not see the Great Spirit, but you know the Great Spirit is everywhere. The sun gives light and life to all, but gets nothing in return—except, it may be, the joy of giving light and life to all. The Great Spirit, too, gives light and life to all, but gets nothing in return. And yet the Great Spirit is not lonely or unhappy. Do you begin to see, Singing Sparrow?"

I thought I did, and yet I was afraid. "You mean"—I groped for words—"I am to be like the sun, or even like the Great Spirit, in that way? To give myself to many men, not only to one?"

"It may be so. I do not say it *is* so, for you must discover your own destiny. But it has been so for me, and it may be so for you."

I was silent, for I did not know; I was still too young to know. Gray Fox was right, I thought: I must live the life of maidenhood to the full, and not be too eager to leave it behind forever.

"And now we will leave such thoughts behind until you are older," Gray Fox said, seeming to read my mind. "You must rub your breasts with berry juice to make them grow. After that, I will take you to Semakoboomish."

We looked for ripe berries and soon found some blackberries and raspberries. I wondered if Gray Fox would rub my breasts with juice if I asked her, but I did not dare ask. I took the berries in my hands and crushed them against my breasts, getting juice and seeds all over.

"Now squeeze your breasts and pull them out, gently, to make them grow." I did as she said. My nipples quickly

grew big and hard, and the rest of my breasts began to look and feel more like a woman's breasts when I squeezed them.

"Now press them and rub them around and around with the juice." I did. My *mungushi* was straining against the binding, and my nipples were as hot and hard as my *mungushi*.

"Gray Fox, I am afraid I will shoot seed if I go on," I said, straining for breath.

"Hide your *mungushi* between your legs," Gray Fox advised me. "Then, if you shoot seed, it will be womanly seed."

I pressed my *mungushi* back between my legs and clenched them tight; then I returned to rubbing my breasts. Soon my hips were moving of themselves, faster and faster, like women's hips I had dimly seen in the longhouse when their men were planting seed. I had to open my mouth to breathe deeply, and I imagined a man was planting seed in me. Soon it was I who was shooting seed, back behind my legs. My *mungushi* was short, barely sticking out behind my plump legs, and much seed dripped down the insides of my thighs.

"It is done," said Gray Fox. "Let us return to the longhouse of your family. There you may rest and wait for Semakoboomish to return."

Soon I became tired. By the time we had walked back to the Hill of the Sun, I was exhausted. I lay on the grass, not far from the longhouse, and fell asleep at once.

When I awoke, Semakoboomish stood above me. Near him were brave young men with an elk they had hunted. Gray Fox sat by my side.

“Gray Fox,” said my father, “have you taught my daughter the ways of a male girl?”

“I have, Semakoboomish.”

“It is good. We will feast.” Giving me his hand, he raised me to my feet. “My daughter,” he said, “your destiny is great. May the Great Spirit always be with you, and may you never turn away from your destiny.”

## Chapter 2

The years of my maidenhood passed peacefully, most of the time. Soon I was ready to have my binding pulled tight, to hide my *mungushi* fully between my legs. I felt desires to lie with men, but I resisted.

Some of the other maidens giggled at me because I was a male maiden, but others did not. Among those who did not, my dearest friend was Smiling Willow.

Smiling Willow was the loveliest of maidens in my eyes, and in those of many other Quoheemish. She was tall and slender, with great kind eyes, and almost always a smile that showed her good heart. Her parents had died—her mother from sickness, and her father from defending the Quoheemish against an attack by our warlike northern neighbors, the Haigasha. My family treated her like one of my sisters. My father, Semakoboomish, had promised to give a big potlatch for her when she accepted a man as her own.

Her grown-up name was Smiling Willow because of her willow-like looks, much different from many Quoheemish women’s looks, and because of her smile. She smiled like a sunny day upon children, ancients, and everyone in between. Her words were smiling, too; unlike many of the

people, she did not say cutting words behind other people's backs. Only upon Mighty Bear she did not smile.

Mighty Bear was the biggest and strongest brave young man of the Quoheemish. He had won renown for leading our defense against the Haigasha, in the same battle where Smiling Willow's father was killed. It had given him a big head and made him think he deserved the most beautiful maiden, Smiling Willow, to be his woman.

One day Smiling Willow came to me and spoke of him. "Singing Sparrow," she said, "I would like you to come with me and speak to Mighty Bear. I have told him I will not be his woman, but he does not believe me. You are a male girl and daughter of Semakoboomish; you will speak to him the word of the Great Spirit. If he does not listen, we will tell all Quoheemish people who will listen."

I was frightened. I tried to think straight and speak rightly. "First I must understand why you will not be his woman," I said.

"It is because I have seen his anger. If he ever became angry with me, I am afraid he would treat me as he did the Haigasha." I shuddered. Women and girls had been shown the dead, bloody bodies of the Haigasha, and of the Quoheemish too, after the great battle. I wept to think that Smiling Willow might ever be like them.

"Do not weep, my sister," she said. "Only be strong, and speak the words of the Great Spirit."

I feared that Mighty Bear would become angry with me, and treat *me* as he did the Haigasha. "But there are far greater male women than I," I protested, "and far greater voices of the Great Spirit. Surely Gray Fox would speak to him."

“He would not listen. Gray Fox is an old male woman with little strength, and Mighty Bear respects only strength. But you are a daughter of Semakoboomish, who has great strength.”

“But why do you not ask Semakoboomish himself to speak to Mighty Bear?”

Smiling Willow lowered her eyes. “I have asked. He will not. Semakoboomish has much wisdom about many things, but not about Mighty Bear. Such a great and brave young man, in his eyes, can do little wrong.”

Desperately I tried to think of someone, anyone, other than myself, to talk to Mighty Bear. “Why not Soaring Hawk? He, too, has great strength, and I do not.”

“No. Mighty Bear would take it as a challenge to fight to win me. But you are a small male girl, with little strength to fight. You have only the power of the Great Spirit and—perhaps, in time—of Semakoboomish. Mighty Bear would not imagine that you would try to fight him.”

I saw my doom coming over me, but I could not refuse to help Smiling Willow. “Very well,” I said. “I will go, and I will speak the words of the Great Spirit.”

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“Mighty Bear,” I said, trembling so much I could hardly get the words out, “hear the words of the Great Spirit. You must respect Smiling Willow’s wishes. She will not be your woman.”

Mighty Bear rose up high above me, as if he were a real bear rising up for the kill—and yet he could not say my words were not the words of the Great Spirit. “You have

great courage, little one," he said, "in your own eyes. I warn you, do not try to steal Smiling Willow from me, for she is mine. If you try, you will feel all your courage vanish when I turn against you."

I feared it was true, and yet I must speak. "I will not steal her from you," I said, "for she is not yours. She belongs to the Great Spirit, as do we all. Do not resist the Great Spirit, for you will not prevail."

I felt Mighty Bear's anger through his eyes, seeking to pierce my heart like a spear, and I knew Smiling Willow was right: she must never be his woman. "Little one," he said slowly, "I have never resisted the Great Spirit, nor will I now. But you must know that, if the Great Spirit takes away my woman, he will give me another, for a man must have a woman. *Do you know what I mean?*"

His fists were clenched near his loins. As if to make his meaning unmistakable, he thrust his hips at me like a man planting seed in a woman. I could have no doubt: if he could not have Smiling Willow, he would seek to make me his woman. Then I, not she, would suffer the fate of the Haigasha if he became angry with his woman.

"Yes, Mighty Bear." I took up his challenge, though I could not imagine how it would end. "Yes, I know what you mean."

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I knew more fully what he meant when he took me aside and told me, very soon. "Little one," he said, "since you have stolen my woman, *you* will now be my woman. Lie with me."

I dared not simply tell him “no,” for fear he would kill me like the Haigasha on the spot. I tried to stall for time. “I am still a maiden,” I said. “I am not ready to lie with a man.”

“No, you are fully ripe and ready. Since I cannot have Smiling Willow, I will have you—and *I will shoot my seed into your dung-hole, little one*—unless you will change your mind, admit you lied, and tell Smiling Willow it is the will of the Great Spirit that I shall have her after all.”

I was trembling so hard I could barely get the words out, and yet I told the truth: “I did not lie, and it is not the will of the Great Spirit.”

“Then lie with me.”

My mind was racing faster than the fleetest deer. “I do not yet know the ways of a male woman when she lies with a man. I will ask Gray Fox to teach me. I know she will teach me well, for she has lain with many men. After that—you may ask me to lie with you.” I did not say I would agree.

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Gray Fox looked even older than when she had taught me to bind myself and rub my breasts, more than four years ago now. “Gray Fox,” I said, “it is time for me to learn the ways of a male woman when she mates with a man.”

Gray Fox was not surprised. “Yes, it is time,” she said. She wasted no time. “First, then, you must know what are the ways of a female woman mating with a man. You have seen animals mating.”

“Yes.” I thought she must know I had also seen men and women mating in the dim light of the longhouse, but she did not say so, and neither did I.

“The male mounts the female from behind, and puts his *mungushumu* into the female’s *umuvu*; then they quiver together, and the male shoots seed into the female. Quoheemish people have learned their way of mating from the animals. It is said to be the way of mating that the Great Spirit has taught to all creatures who mate. This is why a woman kneels before a man, facing away from him, and the man enters her from behind. But unlike the animals, the man may reach beneath the woman and grasp her breasts, or touch her *mungushi*, while mating with her.”

My *mungushi* and my nipples were hard at the very thought. I must know, at once, how a male woman would mate with a man. “But a male woman,” I said, “has no *umuvu* such as female women have.”

“Not such as they have,” Gray Fox said. “Your *umuvu* is different. You will kneel before a man as a female woman does, but the man will put his *mungushumu* between your bound *mungushi* and your thigh. Then you will reach back with one hand, supporting yourself on the other, and stroke his *mungushumu* with your hand while squeezing it between your *mungushi* and your thigh. Your thigh, your hand, and your bound *mungushi* together will become your *umuvu*. The man will clasp your breasts, and you will quiver together as the animals do.” My excitement at the thought was making me become hot and sweaty all over. I feared Mighty Bear, and yet I knew I might even do such a thing with *him* if he wished.

“Some female women,” Gray Fox went on, “wish their men to lie facing them. This is not evil, but the animals do not do it, and most men think it is not as good. It is not so

good for a male woman either, for that way you have no tight, strong *umuvu*. All that can happen is that the man shoots seed upon your abdomen. But a male woman can easily receive a man facing him, while standing up. He puts his *mungushumu* between your bound *mungushi* and your thigh. That is a tight, strong *umuvu*. Some strong, agile female women can receive a man standing up, but it is not easy." I wondered whether a male woman could unite with another male woman, but I feared it would be disrespectful to ask.

"Is there more?" I asked instead.

"Some men wish to use a male woman's mouth as her *umuvu*. Male women do not agree with one another about this. Some say it is evil in the sight of the Great Spirit; others say it is not. I did it once when I was young, but I found it disgusting to have a man shoot seed in my mouth, and I did not do it again."

"I do not think I will do it," I said.

"That is good," Gray Fox assured me. "And last," she said, "a few bad men have even imagined that a male woman's dung-hole is her *umuvu*." I was struck with horror. My sweat became cold. I knew Mighty Bear would do it, if he could.

"This is evil in the sight of the Great Spirit," said Gray Fox. "You must never allow a man to do such a thing."

"No!" I assured Gray Fox. "Never!" *Even if Mighty Bear were to kill me like the Haigasha*, I whispered within my heart, *I would never allow him to do that!*

"It is good. Now, have you a man in mind, who will be the first to lie with you?"

I breathed deeply before I spoke. “The man who wishes to lie with me is Mighty Bear.”

Gray Fox frowned. “Everyone knows that Mighty Bear claims Smiling Willow as his own. Why does he wish to lie with *you*?”

“Smiling Willow asked me to speak the word of the Great Spirit to him, to tell him she would never be his woman. I did, and he became angry. He said that, if he could not have her, he would lie with me—and he would shoot seed into my dung-hole.”

“No!” Gray Fox cried. “It is an outrage! A man who would shoot seed into a male girl’s dung-hole would eat dung!” She looked away toward the ocean, and then toward the sky. “And a man who would try to *force* a male girl to receive his seed in her dung-hole,” she added, “must be *forced* to eat dung.”

“I do not wish to force him to eat dung. I wish only that he would leave Smiling Willow, and me, alone.”

“It seems to me that he will leave you alone only if he is far from you—and from the land of the Quoheemish.”

“That will not happen. He is the great defender of the Quoheemish. Even my father Semakoboomish would not tell him to leave Smiling Willow alone.”

Gray Fox was silent. After a long time, with her eyes fixed upon the sky, she spoke again. “Singing Sparrow, if you will be brave, and if you have strong and trustworthy friends, it may be that Mighty Bear will be driven far away. Who are your strongest and most trustworthy friends?”

“My father Semakoboomish, first of all.”

“Yes, and among the brave young men, your friends who might be glad to see Mighty Bear driven away?”

“Well, there is Soaring Hawk, and his good friend Shrieking Gull.”

“Would they wish to protect you against Mighty Bear, and stand for you as witnesses if he attacked you?”

“Yes, I think—I am sure they would.”

“I will tell you a plan. You will need to be as brave as the bravest young man who fights—but, if the plan succeeds, Mighty Bear will no longer strike fear into you, nor into Smiling Willow.”

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“It is good,” said Soaring Hawk when I told him of the plan. “Mighty Bear’s head is too big. He thinks everyone must bow down to him as if he were the Great Spirit, just because he can fight. And a man who would try to force himself into a male girl’s dung-hole has no place among Quoheemish people.”

“He is not the only one who can fight,” said Shrieking Gull. “All Quoheemish people, even women, can fight against a man

who would do such a thing.”

“We will carry out the plan, then,” I said, though I was shivering with fear that the plan might go wrong.

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“Mighty Bear,” I said to him, “it is time. Gray Fox has taught me well. I know the ways of a male woman lying with a man. We will go into the longhouse of my family. It will be dark and hidden. No one will see.”

I had chosen my words well, and Mighty Bear was eager to lie with me. I walked ahead of him to the longhouse, letting my plump hips sway like a female woman’s hips. By the time we entered the longhouse, his mighty *mungushumu* was pressing hard against my back.

“Only do not put it in my dung-hole,” I begged him, letting my voice echo through the dark longhouse.

“Do not be afraid, little one,” he said. “I will be gentle.” He had brought some bear grease. He smeared it all around my dung-hole. Then he pushed his greasy finger deep into my dung-hole, hurting me.

“No, Mighty Bear!” I cried. “Not in my dung-hole!”

“Yes, little one,” he said, gripping me hard and starting to push against my dung-hole with his *mungushumu*. “You have stolen my woman. Now you are my woman, and your dung-hole is your *umuvu*.”

I screamed in pain and fear as he tried to force his huge *mungushumu* into my dung-hole—but I was not the only one who screamed. Shrieking Gull, hidden in the darkness according to the plan, gave out such a shriek as gave him his name and leaped upon Mighty Bear’s back to hold him. Soaring Hawk, also hidden, ran out of the darkness and held a knife to Mighty Bear’s throat.

“Die, thieves of women!” Mighty Bear shouted. He released me and began to fight Soaring Hawk and Shrieking

Gull. I could not see them clearly in the darkness, but I knew Mighty Bear's strength was terrible. I feared he would kill both of the brave young men with his bare hands, or with Soaring Hawk's knife, and then he would tear my dung-hole with his *mungushumu*.

I did the only thing I could think of that might help. From behind Mighty Bear, I reached around him and grabbed his *mungushumu* with both hands. I could barely hold on because he was fighting so hard, but I did hold on. I rubbed his *mungushumu*, trying to make him shoot seed, thinking this would distract and weaken him.

I was right. He tried to throw me off, but he could not resist the urge to shoot seed. He roared like a bear in outrage, but his *mungushumu* got the better of him. After that, Soaring Hawk and Shrieking Gull soon got the better of *him*.

I helped them hold him with my little strength. I grabbed his *mungushumu*, now limp, and said to Soaring Hawk, "Give me the knife." He did, and I held the knife to Mighty Bear's *mungushumu*. "Go quietly," I said, "or I will cut it off at once." He knew I really would dare to cut it off if he resisted. He did not resist.

"We must take him before the council of the elders at once," Soaring Hawk said. "Such a man cannot remain among the Quoheemish, no matter how mightily he has fought for us."

Shrieking Gull shrieked out the call to come to the council. Men came running, and the council drums thundered. Soon the council of the elders assembled.

Soaring Hawk, Shrieking Gull, and I told what happened, and the elders touched and smelled the bear grease around my dung-hole. Then my father Semakoboomish turned to Mighty Bear, who was bound hand and foot, and

said, "Mighty Bear, you have heard what these brave young men and this brave young woman, my daughter, have said against you. What have you to say?"

"They are lying," Mighty Bear lied to the council of the elders in the presence of the Great Spirit. "Singing Sparrow hates me and stole my woman, Smiling Willow, from me. Singing Sparrow made up a plan to trick and trap me with lies, saying I tried to push my *mungushumu* into her dung-hole by force. Soaring Hawk went along with the plan because he hates me too and listens to Singing Sparrow's lies about me. Shrieking Gull went along because he is Soaring Hawk's friend and listens to the same lies."

Semakoboomish frowned. "Many good men and women are lying and believing lies," he said, "or else one man is lying and hoping his lies will be believed. Singing Sparrow has said you smeared bear grease around her dung-hole and pushed your finger into it; then you tried to force your *mungushumu* into her dung-hole. I have touched and smelled the bear grease on Singing Sparrow. Now a man who is not Singing Sparrow's father will smell out the truth."

Semakoboomish pointed to Leaping Cougar, an elder almost as wise as he. "Leaping Cougar," he said, "in the presence of the Great Spirit who knows all truth, tell us: can you smell bear grease on any of Mighty Bear's fingers?"

Leaping Cougar got close to both of Mighty Bear's hands and smelled them. "Yes," he said. "On the middle finger of Mighty Bear's right hand, I smell bear grease—*and dung.*"

"Can you smell bear grease on Mighty Bear's *mungushumu*?"



Leaping Cougar got close to Mighty Bear's limp *mungushumu*. "Yes," he reported.

The elders frowned and said hostile things about Mighty Bear. Then Semakoboomish said, "Mighty Bear, I have admired you as a strong defender of Quoheemish people—but I can admire you no more. A man who would try to put his *mungushumu* in a male woman's dung-hole is a man who would eat dung. A man who would try to do this by force must be forced to eat dung. You will be bound day and night, eating no food, until you have eaten much dung. Then you will be taken out of Quoheemish people's land, and you will be killed if you return, for all the brave young men of the Quoheemish will unite against you."

"I will see Quoheemish no more," said Mighty Bear, "until I return with the Haigasha to kill them—for all Quoheemish are liars and woman-thieves!"

### Chapter 3

Mighty Bear did eat much dung and grew weak and thin, but he did not return with the Haigasha to kill us. Long afterward I learned that the Haigasha rejected him because they did not trust him, for a man who would turn against his own people to kill them would do any evil. For many years, I did not find out what happened to Mighty Bear after that. I knew only that he did not trouble our people again, so long as Semakoboomish lived—and that Soaring Hawk, Shrieking Gull, and I became renowned among Quoheemish people for driving him out.

It was soon after then that I did lie with a man for the first time. Leaping Cougar came to me. He was much older than I, and his woman had died from sickness. "Singing Sparrow," he said, "you are young and lovely; I am old,

lonely, and sad. Will you give me comfort for a little while?"

My heart went out to him. I knew this was my destiny. My nipples and my *mungushi* began to respond.

"Gladly, Leaping Cougar," I said. "You have helped me, and helped all Quoheemish, by finding out the truth about Mighty Bear. I am honored to comfort you."

I did not kiss him, for Quoheemish people then did not kiss as White people did, but I embraced him and caressed his cheeks with mine. He rubbed his chest against my breasts, and squeezed my breasts with his hands. He reached beneath my buttocks and stroked my bound *mungushi*, making me eager to receive him.

"You are good to me, Singing Sparrow," he said. "Be my woman for the day, and mate with me."

"I will!" I told him eagerly.

He turned me around and rubbed my breasts from behind. I pressed his hands against my breasts with mine. Then he made me bend over on my hands and knees. I reached between my bound *mungushi* and my thigh to guide his *mungushumu* into my *umuvu*. His was much smaller than Mighty Bear's, but bigger than my *mungushi*, and it was very hard. He entered me, and I clasped his *mungushumu* as tightly as I could with my thigh, my hand, and my bound *mungushi*, which together made up my male woman's *umuvu*. He grasped my breasts and squeezed them tightly. Then I acted like a bucking horse for him, still clasping him tightly, while he plunged his *mungushumu* deep into my *umuvu* again and again. Before long he was moaning and shooting seed, while my womanly seed was rushing out upon his thighs beneath my buttocks.

“Singing Sparrow,” he said when he could speak, “it is good. It is very good. You have given me great comfort.”

“I am honored, Leaping Cougar,” I said, though I was short of breath. “I will comfort you again, whenever you wish.”

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After that, I did lie more times with Leaping Cougar, and also with other men who did not have female women. I was glad to fulfill my destiny as a male woman with the men, but they did not hold my heart. Only when White Beaver came to live among us did my destiny start to bring me toward fulfilling my heart’s deep desires, though I did not know it then.

White Beaver was the first White man I had ever seen up close. His name in the White men’s language was Andrew MacGillivray, but we called him White Beaver because he was White and he was a builder. He built a house, a strange-looking White man’s house, not far from our family’s longhouse, but far above the White men’s settlement down by the ocean. He learned our language, and taught his own to some of us. I was most eager to learn. Before too long I had started to translate for Quoheemish people who wanted to hear White Beaver’s words.

Before too long, too, we knew why he had come to live among us. “Way out West here,” he said, “there ain’t enough White women to go around, and a lot of ‘em that’s here ain’t no good for nothin’. I reckon, if I’m friendly enough with you Quoheemish, maybe you’ll let me get hitched to one of your squaws.”

White Beaver's talk was strange, but he was kind and helpful, and soon he found his "squaw": Smiling Willow herself. White Beaver could hardly believe his good fortune in finding a woman so lovely and so good-hearted. When he learned that her parents had died and Semakoboomish was like a father to her, he asked Semakoboomish for her "hand" in "marriage"—strange White men's words to us.

"White Beaver, you are a friend to Quoheemish people," Semakoboomish said, "and Smiling Willow is beloved to us. It is good that you do not wish to offend us by taking a woman against our will. Smiling Willow may choose her man for herself—but, if she were mine to give, I would gladly give her to you. As she is like a daughter to me and to my woman, you shall be like a son."

"Yippee!" White Beaver cried. "Now to get us a parson and get hitched!"

I did not know what this meant, so I asked. White Beaver explained that a "parson" was a man who had to say some words before Smiling Willow would become his "wife." When I asked why, he said, "Well, that's just how we believe the Great Spirit wants it."

In due time the parson arrived from the settlement with White Beaver, said some words, and ended by saying, "I now pronounce you man and wife." Then came the promised potlatch, with music, games, and plenty of food for all. After that, Smiling Willow slept in White Beaver's house, and in due time she was big with child.

I did not tell White Beaver that I was a male girl, but someone did tell him. One day he took me aside and spoke to me. "Say there, Singing Swallow," he said, "they say you're somebody special, what they call a male gal. I mean,

you look like a gal and act like one, but you've got what men have got down here, not what the gals have got. Is that true?"

"Yes, it is true."

"There's some of 'em among the White folks too, but the White folks mostly don't treat 'em as good as you get treated here. I know one of 'em myself, and they sure don't treat *her* right. They treat her like nothin' but a—"

White Beaver stopped speaking for a moment. "Well, look here," he then said. "Don't tell this to Smiling Willow, all right? She's so good to me, and she don't need to know I was ever unworthy of her, but I was. Sometimes, before I knew Smiling Willow, I used to get so miserable that I went to a place called Ma Hellfire's House. You know hell's a place where the evil spirits are, right?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was a house run by a gal that was like the mother of the evil spirits, if they *had* a mother. It was where men went to lie down with bad women, and that's where I met this male gal—but I got to know her a little, and she wasn't no bad one like the rest. She was just lost and unhappy where she was. I wondered if she'd like to come up here and live among the Quoheemish."

My heart gave a strange leap, I did not know why, at the thought of a White male girl coming to live among the Quoheemish. "She would be welcome among us," I said, "if she would be as good a friend to us as you."

"I reckon she would," said White Beaver.

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My first sight of the White male girl is almost as fresh in my memory now, when I have lived more than 90 years, as it was when I was young. She looked afraid, but eager to know us and to comply with our ways. Her eyes were as blue as the sky when the sun can be seen; they looked bigger than our eyes, and they were encircled by round things that I learned were called "spectacles." Her hair was long like mine, but much lighter brown; her face seemed almost as white and as round as the moon. Her lips were red like ripe raspberries, and looked bigger than our lips. She was taller and stouter than I; her figure looked more like a woman's figure, but her big breasts seemed hard and unmoving, as if they were made of bone or stone. She wore the strange White women's dress. I wondered how she would look without it.

"Julia," White Beaver said in the White men's language, "this here's Singing Sparrow. She's a real princess, the daughter of Chief Semakoboomish, and she's a male gal like you. They treat their male gals *right* up here, and I reckoned you and her might like to be friends."

Julia, as he called her, looked at me with her big eyes as wide as could be, and my heart went out to her. "Does she understand English?" she asked him.

"Yes, I do," I told her myself.

She kept gazing at me with her great sky-blue eyes, and already I began to love her. "Would your people," she asked me, "let me live here among them, and learn their ways?"

"Yes," I said. "We will call you Moon Owl, because your face is like the moon and your eyes are like an owl's eyes."

She laughed. "Oh, yes!" she cried. "That would be lovely!" She turned to White Beaver. "And I'd never have to go back to Ma Hellfire's again!"

"Hell, no, you wouldn't," he assured her. "We'll see to that, all right."

"You will need to wear Quoheemish women's dress," I said. "I will make it for you myself." *Then I will view her nudity, I was thinking, when she takes off her White women's dress to wear Quoheemish dress.*

"Oh, thank you!" said Moon Owl. "You're so kind!" My heart was hers. I wanted to be more than kind to her.

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I worked hard on Moon Owl's Quoheemish dress, and soon it was ready. "We will go into the woods," I said, "so no one else will see you put it on." My *mungushi* and my nipples were already hard at the thought of viewing Moon Owl's nudity.

"Thank you, Singing Sparrow," she said. "I can still hardly believe my good fortune. My heart was thrilled with rapture when I learned that a male girl would actually be held in *honor* here by the Quoheemish! I could never have imagined!"

"We believe it is the will of the Great Spirit, who creates male girls with special destinies," I said. "I do not know why the White men do not think so."

"I do not know either, but they certainly do not. They think a male girl is good for nothing but to lie down with men."

"You do not like to lie down with men?"

Moon Owl's pale face grew red. "Well, yes, sometimes I do," she said. "I ran away from home because I thought it would make me happy to wear women's clothes in front of everyone, and to lie down with men. It was exciting for a while, but it did not make me happy. I ended up as little better than a slave for the bad woman called Ma Hellfire."

"What is a slave?"

"A slave is a person who has to do the will of another person, no matter how bad or disgusting. If the slave refuses, the slave is punished by being hurt or bound, or even killed."

"That is evil in the sight of the Great Spirit," I said.

"Yes, but many White men do not think so. They call the Great Spirit 'God,' and many of them say it is the will of God that some other people should be slaves—not themselves, of course, but other people. They also say it is not the will of God that anyone should be a male girl."

"That sounds strange and evil to me."

"Well, it does to me too. I'll be very glad to stay here with you, far from those White men—and far from Ma Hellfire's house!"

Soon we were deep in the woods. "Now I will teach you the ways of a male girl among the Quoheemish," I said. It seemed strange to me, being so young, that I should teach Moon Owl as Gray Fox had taught me—but I was eager, most eager, to teach her.

"The first step in your journey as a male girl," I said as Gray Fox had said to me, "is your binding. I must see your nudity."

“Very well,” Moon Owl said solemnly. Her face was red. Slowly, with her eyes cast down, she opened her White woman’s dress. It had more clothing beneath it, white clothing, and also the hard white thing that had made her breasts look big and hard. She struggled to take the hard thing off. When it was off, I saw that her breasts were plump like mine, but no bigger than mine, and her nipples were sticking out as mine were.

Last to come off were long white things that covered her legs, and another white thing that covered her *mungushi* and her buttocks. When she pulled this thing down, I saw that her *mungushi* was not bound; it was hard, sticking out in front of her like a man’s *mungushumu*, and bigger than mine, with its round end as big as a plum.

“You are beautiful, Moon Owl,” I said. Shyly she looked into my eyes. Her face was bright red, and glistening with perspiration.

“This we call your *mungushi*,” I said, pointing to hers. I wished to touch it, but I did not. “It must be bound, so that you will look and feel more like a woman.”

Of course I had brought deerskin binding strips. “Sit down,” I said, “and press your *mungushi* down between your legs.” She complied. I put the strips over her *mungushi*, as Gray Fox had done to mine.

“Now stand up,” I said, “and I will bind you.” She stood up, and I bound her. “At first,” I said as Gray Fox had said, “you will be only loosely bound, with your *mungushi* pressed down by the binding, but still in front of you. Later, the binding will be tightened, and your *mungushi* will be hidden like a female woman’s small *mungushi*, even when you are walking.”

"I want it to be tightened *now*," she said. "I am not walking now. I want to look and feel just like a woman right now. Later the binding can be loosened so I can walk."

"It is good," I said. I pulled the binding tight. As I did, Moon Owl pressed her *mungushi* back between her thighs with her hand. I saw her plum protruding beneath her big buttocks, and my heart beat hard at the sight.

"Now see me from the front," she said. "Do I look like a woman?"

I moved around to see her from the front. One of her legs was crossed over the other, and she was bending over a little from the waist, but she did look like a woman. "Yes," I told her. "You *are* a woman, a male woman, and you look like one."

"I wish to be one always," she said. "I thank you with all my heart, Singing Sparrow. You have shown great kindness to me. I wish to show you some kindness as well."

My heart was racing. "Yes, show me your kindness," I said.

She drew close to me. "I will kiss you," she murmured, "if you will let me."

I did not yet know what kissing was. White Beaver did not kiss Smiling Willow in my sight. "What does it mean to kiss?" I asked. "I do not think Quoheemish people do this."

"It means to put our mouths together. I will show you."

She put her arms around me and pressed her mouth to mine. My lips were closed, but she opened them with her tongue. Between my legs my *mungushi* was throbbing, and I knew hers was too. I knew there must

be a way for two male girls to unite with each other, and I would find it.

“Now I must rub your breasts to make them grow,” I told her when the kiss had ended. I did not think the berry juice would be needed, and she could learn later how to rub her own breasts with it.

“My breasts will grow bigger,” she said, “if I can see and feel yours too.”

I could barely keep myself from starting to shoot seed between my legs. “It is good,” I said, though I had little breath. Quickly I stripped off my dress and stood before her nude.

“It is good,” she echoed me. “You are beautiful too, Singing Sparrow.”

“I am glad. I will rub your breasts now.” I moved behind her, reached around her, and rubbed her breasts. She pressed my hands to her breasts with her own and moved her hips. I pressed my loins against her buttocks, and my leg against her plum.

“Oh, Singing Sparrow!” she cried. “It is good! It is very good! Let me kiss you again!”

She turned me around and kissed me again, with her tongue deep in my mouth. I reached around beneath her big buttocks and clasped her plum in my hand. She shivered with delight, pumped her hips hard, and reached around to touch the tip of my little *mungushi* beneath my smaller buttocks. Soon we were quaking together and shooting womanly seed into each other’s hands behind our hips, while Moon Owl cried out: “Singing Sparrow, I love you! Let us always live together and love each other!”

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That summer was the happiest of my life. My love for Moon Owl, and hers for me, grew greater every day. I learned much English from Moon Owl, wishing to show her my love by speaking with her as much as I could in her own language; she taught me how to speak correct English, unlike White Beaver's slangy dialect. I loved her so much that I even asked White Beaver if the parson would come and say the words to make me and Moon Owl married to each other.

He started to laugh, but then stopped. "I'm right sorry to have to say this, Singing Sparrow," he said, "but no parson would ever do that."

I did not understand. "Why not?" I asked.

"Well, it's because you and Moon Owl are both male gals. The parsons have a book that they say has everything in it that the Great Spirit ever said, and if it ain't in there, the Great Spirit didn't say it. In that book, the way they read it, it says two gals can't get hitched to each other, nor two fellows either. The parsons would call it the sin of Sodom."

"What is that?"

"Well, Sodom was a place where most of the men were mighty evil, and they liked to force other men to get their dung-holes stuffed full of the men's, you know, *mungushumus*—like what Mighty Bear tried to do to you."

I was shocked and struck with horror, not knowing how the parsons could think such a thing. "But that is nothing like my love for Moon Owl, and hers for me!" I protested.

“Well, no, but the parsons think it is. It ain’t fair, maybe, but that’s how they see it. So, sad to say, you and Moon Owl ain’t gettin’ hitched by no parson.”

My heart was hurt by the parsons’ lack of understanding, but I refused to be defeated by it. “I am sorry for the parsons,” I said, “but Moon Owl and I will still be hitched in the eyes of the Great Spirit!”

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But then one day, when the air was cool and the leaves of the trees that were not evergreen began to fall, the great disaster came. White men in dark blue clothes came up the Hill of the Sun, together with a Quoheemish man in White men’s clothes. I did not know him, but I had heard of him; he was Panting Dog, who had gone to live among the White men when there were still very few of them. When Moon Owl saw them from afar, she went to hide in the darkness of our family’s longhouse.

“We must see Chief Semakoboomish,” said the tallest of them, a man with much hair on his upper lip, in English. Panting Dog repeated the same thing in Quoheemish language.

“I will find Semakoboomish,” I said in Quoheemish, not wishing them to see that I understood English.

“What have you to say to him?” Panting Dog said the same thing in English.

“We must find a White person who has run away from our settlement, and bring that person back home.” My heart was stabbed with fear, and I knew my face was showing it. I could hardly pretend that I did not understand, even before Panting Dog translated the words.

I gave up the pretense. "I will find Chief Semakoboomish," I said, this time in English. My heart was pounding like a war drum. *Maybe they will listen to my father, my heart cried out in fear, though my lips were silent. Maybe they will not tear me apart from my beloved Moon Owl!*

I found my father. "Father," I said, "you must come. White men are here. They wish to take Moon Owl away!" I was weeping, and my heart was breaking.

"Do not weep, my daughter," said Semakoboomish. "Moon Owl has become one of us. White men are also sons of the Great Spirit. They will listen to reason." I feared they would not.

Semakoboomish came to the men in blue clothes. He understood little English, so Panting Dog translated everything.

"Greetings, my brothers," said Semakoboomish. "Welcome to our homeland. Do you come in peace?"

"Yes," said the tall one. "But we must bring back a White person who has run away." He frowned. "It is a man who was accustomed to wear, er, women's clothing. Have you seen this person?"

"Yes," Semakoboomish honestly said. "This person is called Moon Owl among us. She is honored as what we call a *kabavoomish*."

Panting Dog translated: "male girl."

The tall man grimaced. "We must return this person to civilization," he said. Panting Dog translated this to mean "white men's way of life."

Semakoboomish stood tall and spoke firmly. “My brothers,” he said, “we wish friendship to be everlasting between white men and Quoheemish people—but Moon Owl is not ours to give, nor yours to take. She may decide for herself where she will live.”

“I’m afraid that’s not correct, Chief,” said the tall man. He showed Semakoboomish pieces of paper, such as I had seen in White Beaver’s house. “I have here an order of the Territorial Court of Pacificum, granting specific performance of a contract for services. I have also an order from the court to the Territorial Police of Pacificum, commanding me to take this person into custody and return her to the place from which she came, in order to render specific performance of the contract. Anyone disobeying these orders will be found in contempt of court and imprisoned.” I took all the words into my mind, although I did not understand them all.

Panting Dog translated as best he could: “No, Moon Owl may not decide for herself. A council of White men has said she must return and do what she has promised to do. These men are here to force her to return and keep her promise. Anyone who interferes with them will be bound and cast into a dark house where he will not be able to get out.”

Words rushed from my heart, in English, like a waterfall. White Beaver and Moon Owl had taught me well. “That is slavery!” I cried. “I know that slavery is forbidden in this land you call Pacificum Territory! You are doing what is forbidden by your own laws—and, what is more, by the law of the Great Spirit!”

The tall man raised his eyebrows and glared at me. “You’re rather good at speaking our words,” he said, “but not nearly so good at understanding our thoughts. This is

nothing like slavery. It's purely a matter of freedom of contract. This person you call Moon Owl has made a promise. The person must keep the promise. It's that simple. Now, do you know where this person is?"

I was silent. I could not lie in the presence of the Great Spirit and of my father Semakoboomish, but neither could I tell the truth and let them tear my heart in two, for Moon Owl's heart had become like half my own.

"Chief Semakoboomish," the tall man said, "we must know where this person is. If you and your people are our friends, you will tell us. You may be assured that, if one of your people ran away from your tribe, we would return that person upon your request. We ask only the same consideration from you."

"But, if one of our people wished to stay with you, as this man Panting Dog has done," Semakoboomish replied, "we would not insist that you return that person to us. Moon Owl wishes to stay with us. Why do you insist that we return her to you?"

"Chief, if the decision were mine to make, I would gladly let Moon Owl stay with you. But I am not the chief of the White men, and the chiefs of the White men have said that she—that Moon Owl must be returned to us, to keep her, her promise. If you will not tell us where Moon Owl is, we will have to conduct a search."

I almost wished that Soaring Hawk, Shrieking Gull, and other brave young men would fight the White men, to keep them from taking Moon Owl away, but I knew they would not. They would listen to Semakoboomish, and he would say we must be friends with the White men, not fight them. At least Semakoboomish did not ask me to

break my own heart by telling the White men where Moon Owl was. "I do not know where Moon Owl is," he said.

"All right, Chief, then we'll have to search." As if an evil spirit were guiding them, the men went straight to the longhouse. One of them made fire, it seemed out of nowhere, and put the fire in a strange-looking thing he held in his hand. Then they entered the longhouse. I could not bear to follow.

"No!" I heard Moon Owl cry out. "Leave me alone! This is my home now! I'm not going back to Ma Hellfire's House!"

The men pulled her out of the longhouse. She was trying to fight them, but they were too strong for her. She was weeping, and her face was twisted in pain.

"Take it easy, now," said the tall man. "This must and will be done. Please come quietly."

"No! Never!" Moon Owl was still trying to fight. I wished to fight too, but I knew Semakoboomish would not approve. Besides, the White men would be too strong for me, and I could not weaken them as I had weakened Mighty Bear.

"Tie the person up," the tall man said. The other men brought out rope and bound Moon Owl tightly.

"We'd never get a wagon up here," he said. "Too steep and rough. Make the person walk." The other men tried to comply. Moon Owl resisted. At last they dragged her along, pretending she was walking. I was weeping as terribly as she. I tried to watch until she was out of sight, but my tears would not allow me.

I turned away. "I am sorry, my daughter," Semakoboomish said to me. "I could do nothing to stop them."

I did not look at him. "I do not blame you, Father," I said. "But I do blame the White men—for they have done evil in the sight of the Great Spirit!"

## Chapter 4

After the White men took Moon Owl away, one year seemed much the same as another to me. It did not seem so to White Beaver and Smiling Willow, for the years brought them more children I loved to see, beautiful growing boys and girls with looks both White and Quoheemish. It did not seem so to the White men, I thought, for they were always building and growing more numerous, with many of them coming to our land in wagons and big boats. White Beaver said the White men far away by the eastern ocean had a terrible fight they called the Civil War, killing many men; I was glad it was far from us. After that, more White men came here, and also some men with darker skin than mine, such as I had never seen before.

But my own life went on as it had done before I knew Moon Owl, only more sadly since I had known her and lost her. I kept myself busy among the women with women's work, and I fulfilled my destiny by letting lonely men hop on top of me, but I was as lonely as they. My heart cried out to the Great Spirit for relief from sorrow, but it did not come.

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I was fully 45 years old, in the year the White men called 1875, when my life was changed again forever. My father

Semakoboomish was dying, and I stayed close to him. One day a White man, a friend of his, came to see him, together with a few of the White men in blue clothes. One of them was the tall man with the hairy upper lip who had taken Moon Owl away. I grimaced and tried not to look at him. If he remembered me, he did not let on.

“My daughter,” said Semakoboomish, “You know my friend Arthur Zebulon Kingsley, called Zeb by his friends. He has been chosen as the chief of all the people in *Pacificum Territory*, what they call their *governor*.” My father still spoke in Quoheemish, but the words “*Pacificum Territory*” and “*governor*” were English.

“That is a great honor,” I said in Quoheemish, not knowing what would follow.

“It is indeed. And it is also a great thing for friendship between White people and Quoheemish people. Zeb will be a mighty friend and protector for us.”

“I am glad.” I still did not know what would follow.

“If you will hear my words, my daughter,” said my father, “you will accept him as a mighty friend and protector for *you*. You see that Quoheemish people seem few and weak to White men, who are many and strong. The time has come for some of us to live among the White men and adopt their ways. Zeb has come to ask you to do this.”

I looked at Zeb. He was as tall and strong-looking as the man who had taken Moon Owl away, but his face had no hair. The hair on top of his head was lighter than dry grass. His eyes were blue and bright, brighter than any other eyes I had ever seen, except Moon Owl’s eyes. He was looking straight at me, as if he had started to desire me the first time he ever saw me, and now desired me more than any of the men I had mated with. I felt myself already begin-



ning to respond to his desire, and more than that: I began to imagine that, if I joined the White people and lived their life, someday I might even see Moon Owl again.

“Father, if it is your will,” I said, still in Quoheemish, “I will go with Zeb, and live as he wishes me to live.” Then I translated the words into English for Zeb’s benefit.

“It is my will, my daughter. Zeb will treat you well.”

“He says you will treat me well,” I said to Zeb in English.

Zeb grinned, as if he were most pleased to hear it. “I’ll treat you as well as I can,” he said, “and that will be mighty well indeed. You’ll be like a daughter to me—or, maybe I should better say, like a niece. You see, I don’t have a wife, so I’m hoping to do as President James Buchanan did less than twenty years ago: he had his niece play the role of First Lady, as hostess on social occasions. I’d be most pleased and honored to have you, a beautiful Quoheemish princess, to serve as my First Lady. It will be a great sign of everlasting friendship between your people and ours. Will you do this for me—and for your father?”

I looked deep into Zeb’s eyes. He did not look old enough to be my father or my uncle; he looked no older than myself. I saw that he was a strong man, at least as strong in will as my father Semakoboomish, a man who could dream great dreams and bring them to fulfillment. I would go with him, I knew—and mate with him too, if he wanted me. After all, he had no wife, and my destiny was to let men without women hop on top of me.

“Yes, I will,” I said to him, and smiled. I saw no need to mention that I was a male woman. Semakoboomish had surely told him, for it was always a matter of pride to my father that his youngest daughter was a male girl. If Zeb

would accept me as I was, I thought, maybe all the other White people would too.

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I learned the ways of White women and wore White women's clothing. The style I selected was called the Princess style, with a tight-fitting bodice and a full, elaborate skirt. Underneath my dress was a hard white thing such as Moon Owl had worn, called a corset, which made my breasts look bigger even though I selected one with the smallest breast size I could find. I thought that, if the White people were going to call me a princess, I should wear the clothing of a White princess, but I did not think it dignified to pretend to have huge breasts.

Zeb gave me a new name, a White lady's name, Jacqueline. Soon I, now known as Princess Jacqueline Semakoboomish, was the hostess at a reception for some of the leading White people in the Territory of Pacificum, and I was introduced as the new First Lady of the territory. I gave the leading citizens my brightest smiles, and said all the right polite things in a soft, low voice, and they seemed to like me well.

Zeb gave a little talk about how his selection of an Indian princess for his First Lady symbolized the peace and friendship between White men and Indians that would reign in Pacificum Territory forever, or at least as long as he was the governor. I did not mind being called an Indian, although I knew we were only so called because a man named Columbus falsely thought he had sailed to India, a land far beyond the eastern ocean. I supposed it was no worse to lump Quoheemish and Haigasha together as "Indians" than to lump many different nations together as "white men" —or "Europeans," as some would call them

even if they did not live beyond the eastern ocean in the land called Europe. I only hoped the warlike Haigasha would not arise and teach the White men how different they were from the peace-loving Quoheemish. Fortunately no Haigasha were attending Zeb's talk, and the leading citizens applauded heartily for both him and me.

It was soon after this that Zeb revealed his secret to me. One night I was surprised to find him entering my bedroom from the closet, shortly before I was going to go to bed. He explained that the house where we lived, the Executive Mansion, had a secret passageway from the Governor's bedroom to the First Lady's bedroom, so their marital intimacies would be undetected even though their bedrooms were separate.

"Singing Sparrow," he still called me that in private, "I need to tell you a secret. You know I'm what we call a bachelor, a man who doesn't have a wife."

"Yes, I know."

"I need you to know why I'm a bachelor. Long ago, I tried to mate with a woman, but it didn't work, because my—my virile member was too big. You know what I mean by my virile member?"

"Yes. It is what Quoheemish people call a *mungushumu*."

"All right, then, my *mungushumu* wouldn't fit inside the woman's you-know-what. What do Quoheemish people call it?"

"Her *umuvu*."

"All right. The only thing I could do with a woman, even close to her *umuvu*, was to rub my *mungushumu* be-

tween her thighs, never putting it inside her *umuvu*—and I knew no woman would be satisfied with that. But you—well, your father Semakoboomish told me you’re a male girl, a male woman, and you’ve mated with men.”

“Yes, it is true.”

“And I, well, I happen to have found out that with your way of mating, it doesn’t matter how big the man’s *mungushumu* is.”

“That is true too.” My *mungushi* and my nipples were hard beneath my nightgown, knowing what was to come.

“Singing Sparrow, it would be a great kindness to me if you would mate with me. Will you do this for me?”

“Yes, Zeb, gladly.” I approached him and kissed him on the mouth as Moon Owl had taught me to do long ago. I felt his *mungushumu* pressing against me through his trousers. It felt big indeed.

He stripped off my nightgown and viewed my nudity. “Loveliest of ladies, my one and only First Lady,” he murmured. Then he quickly stripped off his clothes. I could see that his *mungushumu* was gigantic indeed, longer than the span of my hand—at least three times as long as my little *mungushi*, which I had measured at three inches when it was fully hard, after I first learned to use a ruler. His *mungushumu* was far bigger around than my *mungushi*, too, and the bulb on the end looked almost as big as a ripe apple.

He was caressing my buttocks and my breasts. “Mate with me, Zeb,” I begged him. “Now!”

I turned and faced away from him; then I bent over, grasped his *mungushumu* with my hand, and pulled it into

my *umuvu* between my hidden *mungushi* and my thigh. He pressed me down onto my hands and knees on the floor, gripped my hips, and knelt behind me to mate with me.

Jeb's mating with me was like the mating of a stallion with a mare. His thrusts made my whole *umuvu* tremble in heat, from my hidden *mungushi* and my thigh, claspng the great trunk of his *mungushumu*, to my hand, rubbing his big apple that could never penetrate a female woman's *umuvu*. Only one thing was missing.

"My breasts!" I softly moaned. "Zeb, rub my breasts!"

Zeb reached beneath me and rubbed my breasts, making them grow more than berry juice could ever do. I rewarded him by mating with him even more fervently, clenching him more tightly and moving my hips more wildly.

"Singing Sparrow, are you ready? Are you coming to the climax?" I could tell that Zeb himself was going to come to the climax as soon as I was ready, but he was trying to hold himself back for me.

"Yes, Zeb!" I assured him. "Yes! Now!" My womanly seed was already beginning to shoot out of my *mungushi* beneath my frantically rocking buttocks. Almost at once I felt Zeb's seed flooding out of him into my hand, in many great shots. I had to grasp him as hard as I could, and to rub his seed all over his *mungushumu*, to keep him within my *umuvu*.

For a long time after that we did not speak. At last, still grasping my breasts, Zeb said to me, "Singing Sparrow, you're the most wonderful of women! Will you stay with me and be faithful to me always?"

“Yes, Zeb,” I assured him, still holding his *mungushumu* and his seed within my *umuvu*. “For as long as you need me, even for the rest of our lives!”

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I saw Semakoboomish only once more before he died and went back to the Great Spirit. He was very weak, but he smiled on me when he saw me in my princess dress and my fancy hat. Zeb was with me to pay his respects, and so was the man in blue who had taken Moon Owl away so long ago. I now knew that his name was John Rollo Rollinson, and he was now the Chief of the Pacificum Territorial Police. Also with us was a man who identified himself simply as a reporter for the *Pacific Heights Informer*, a newspaper. I had seen the newspaper, but as yet I knew little about it.

“You have done well, my daughter,” said Semakboomish. I had to listen closely to hear him.

“I am glad, Father,” I said. “It is for you, and for Zeb. People are calling me”—I tried to think how to say “First Lady” in Quoheemish—“the greatest woman in this land. I will try hard not to get a big head, as Mighty Bear did long ago.” I then had to translate it all into English for the reporter, and also to explain who Mighty Bear was and what happened to him—although I already knew enough about newspapers to omit some details that would not be seen as fit to print.

“It is good,” said Semakoboomish. “The time has come for our people to leave this hill. Some, like you, will live among the White people. Others will go to a place that has been prepared for us.”

“What? But why must our people leave? And what will happen to our longhouse?”

“Zeb will explain.” Semakoboomish seemed unable to say more.

I turned to Zeb. “You see, Princess,” Zeb said—for he did not call me Singing Sparrow in public—“the city of Pacific Heights is growing greater all the time. In years to come, it will surround this hill and on the hill itself, right where this longhouse now stands, will be a magnificent building. Before many years have gone by, Pacificum Territory will become a state, and someday it will be one of the greatest states in the Union. The magnificent building on this hill will be called the Pacificum State Capitol.” Zeb’s eyes were almost unbearably bright.

“But must our longhouse be destroyed?” I could hardly believe that this house of so many memories—where I had been born, where I had first dimly seen men planting seed in women, where Mighty Bear had been brought to justice, where Moon Owl had hidden from the police—was to pass away into nothingness.

“I’m afraid so, Princess,” said Zeb. “This is what we call *progress* and *manifest destiny*.” I had heard these words before but I still did not well understand what they meant. “But your people will be well provided for. We have created a great reservation for them, beyond the town of Quoheemish that bears their name, stretching from the fertile valley all the way to the foothills of the snowy mountains. There they will live in peace until the stars and the moon be no more.”

I turned again to Semakoboomish. “Father, is this really your will?” I asked him, hoping he would not die before he could answer.

“It is, my daughter,” he whispered. “And I believe it is the will of the Great Spirit, to whom I will now go home.” These were his last words on Earth.

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Next morning, sitting in the parlor of the Executive Mansion with Zeb, I read the *Informer's* article about our visit. “Governor, First Lady Pay Last Respects to Friendly Chief” was the headline. It reported the words that Semakoboomish said before he died, as well as the words of the “modest and charming First Lady, Princess Jacqueline, youngest daughter of Chief Semakoboomish.” It seemed harmless enough.

What did not seem quite so harmless was an article headlined “Women on Warpath Against Indecency,” which appeared right next to it on the front page. “The ladies, God bless them,” the writer said, “are on the warpath again, seeking to eradicate all faults they ascribe to men, while remaining heedless of their own. This time the chief enemy is indecency, or what passes for indecency in the eyes of the most censorious females in the Territory of Pacificum. Leading the charge of the Ladies’ Christian League for Decency is none other than Miss Ruth L. Hardart, the female formerly known as Ma Hellfire—and *not* formerly known as an advocate for decency, to say the very least.”

The name of Ma Hellfire brought back all my memories of Moon Owl, and much of my yearning for her. “Where is Moon Owl?” I crazily imagined myself asking Miss Hardart. “I am the First Lady of Pacificum Territory! You must tell me where she is!”

It was a foolish thought, I knew. Miss Hardart most likely did not know where Moon Owl was now—if Moon Owl was even still alive and in Pacific Heights. Even if Miss Hardart did know, she would not tell me, for surely she now thought Moon Owl's behavior with men was highly indecent. If I asked her about Moon Owl, nothing would happen except that she would suspect me, too, of indecency.

"I'm honest enough to call a sin a sin," the article quoted her as saying, "and I'm willing to stand up and fight the men who want sin to go on! We need tough laws against indecency in every form, and we're going to get them! Our laws against adultery, prostitution, and especially sodomy are far too weak. We need *all* sins of men with other men to be punishable as sodomy, not only the very nastiest sin known as 'the unspeakable crime against nature.' We need *all* men who commit adultery to be sent to prison. We need *all* men who promote prostitution to be treated as the filthy criminals they are, even if they are of the highest class in society, like the smooth-talking Sir Arnold Bathwright with his thinly disguised house of harlotry, the Victoria and Albert Club!

"I know whereof I speak! I, too, was once involved in that same heartless business—but we know there is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents, than over ninety-nine self-righteous hypocrites who think they need no repentance! And if you think we mere ladies have no power to get new laws made because we can't vote, think again! I tell you, men will soon bow down to do our will when the ladies have called a *general strike*—and I do mean *general*, in the fullest sense of the word!"

“Zeb, this sounds terrible,” I said, drawing close to Zeb. “She would actually want to put us in prison because of our mating! Could that really happen?”

“It could,” Zeb said, putting his arm around me, “but it won’t, if we’re strong and brave, and we stand tall for freedom. Don’t worry, Singing Sparrow,” he said, clasping me tight in both arms. “I’m still the Governor of Pacificum Territory, and I’ll protect you.” He kissed me tenderly on the mouth. I could feel his *mungushumu* pressing against me. I knew we would mate again that very night, if not before.

“And there are many more of us for freedom, too,” Zeb assured me. “Read the rest of the article.”

I read. “There you have it,” the author said. “The ruthless immorality of Miss Hardart’s call for a ‘general strike’ of the ladies must be evident to all. Why, even a Catholic priest, the Reverend Harry O’Toolihan of St. Genesius Church, has this to say: ‘It would be a grave and inexcusable sin for women to deny their husbands the rights of marriage in order to attain a political end.’ And as for the goals of the proposed general strike, listen to Chief John Rollo Rollinson of the Pacificum Territorial Police: ‘It would amount to irresponsibility, bordering on insanity, to divert the scarce resources of our police away from serious crime and toward an effort to crush sin in every form.’”

The author finished up with a rousing call to action. “We know,” he said, “that most men in this territory do not want Miss Hardart and her ilk to rule over them. We know that most women in this territory do not have the hardness of heart, and the implacable hatred of men, that would be needed to carry out Miss Hardart’s general strike. Now we need those men and those women to rise up against this

new tyranny and cry out, 'No, Miss Hardart! No, Ma Hell-fire! You will not dictate terms to us! You will not make this great territory, with a far greater future to come as a fully equal State in the Union, a prison and a laughing-stock! *We will be free!*'"

"We will be free," Zeb echoed, when I looked up at him after finishing the article. He kissed me again on the mouth, more deeply this time. His *mungushumu* was pressing hard against me.

"Singing Sparrow, let's mate," Zeb begged.

"What? Right here? With our clothes on?"

"Yes. The door is locked. No one will know." That was the most important thing, I knew. Here among the White people, no one must ever know that we mated; no one must even know that I was a male woman. I sighed at the memory of the bygone days when almost everyone among Quoheemish people honored me as a male girl, precious in the eyes of the Great Spirit, while knowing that I mated with men.

"Yes," I said to Zeb. Rapidly I tried to think how to keep our seed from defiling our clothes. I was wearing white linen drawers beneath my skirt and petticoat. I would have to keep them on, to let them receive my seed, and take them off afterward. As for Zeb's seed—"Give me some handkerchiefs," I said. "I will need them for your seed."

Zeb gave me handkerchiefs; then he unbuttoned his trousers, revealing his gigantic *mungushumu*. "Sit on my lap," he said, seating himself in his great armchair. I lifted my skirt and petticoat, and sat on his lap, facing away from him, with his *mungushumu* between my linen-clad thighs. Before I let down my clothes, I wrapped his big apple with handkerchiefs, hoping they would contain his seed. Then I

spread my skirt and petticoat over my legs and his, just as if I were a little girl on her father's lap.

Zeb's hips were thrusting hard already. Through my skirt and petticoat, I tried to hold the handkerchiefs steady on his apple, while squeezing the trunk of his *mungushumu* tightly between my thighs. Zeb gripped the hard corset where it covered my breasts, pressed his chest close against my back, and quickened his thrusts. I pressed his *mungushumu* down to clasp more of it with my thighs, and pumped him with my hips. I could feel myself losing hold of the handkerchiefs as he plunged me ever harder and faster. My climax was coming upon me, drenching my drawers with seed beneath my buttocks. Then Zeb's mighty climax came, and it was all I could do to keep pressing his spurting apple with my hands, never mind the handkerchiefs. I felt his seed flooding my petticoat, my drawers, and even my skirt, and I was too wild with desire to care.

Before Zeb's climax ended, I heard a knock at the door, and my heart raced with fear. "Governor Kingsley!" said a voice I recognized as that of Chief John Rollo Rollinson. "I'm here with Sir Arnold Bathwright to discuss what is to be done about Ma Hellfire, in her new incarnation!"

"Just a moment," said Zeb, in a voice that sounded almost normal. "We'll be ready to receive you soon."

"Zeb, what am I going to do?" I whispered frantically. "I've got seed all over me, and my clothes!"

"Just sit in the chair and look dignified," Zeb said. "That will work wonders. And here, read the newspaper some more."

I tried to comply, while Zeb quickly applied the handkerchiefs to wipe off seed from his *mungushumu*. He forced

it back into his trousers, buttoned them, and strode toward the door.

“Good morning, gentlemen,” he said, as if nothing unusual had happened. “Well, how is the Hellfire female to be contained?”

“You’re the governor; we thought we’d ask *you!*” Chief Rollinson laughed. “But there are laws against alienation of affections. If she actually gets any women to go along with her general strike, she can be charged with that offense.”

“Fair enough. What about the larger issues—adultery, prostitution, sodomy, and all that?”

“Well, of course you could veto any bills that came your way, if it came to that. By the next election, all that could peter out. The main thing is to get the real men firmly behind you, and not let the lady-worshippers gain control. You’ve got a long time before the next election; I’m sure you can do it.”

“I certainly hope so,” Zeb said. “What about you, Sir Arnold? Have you got any suggestions for boiling the Hellfire female in oil?”

I looked to Sir Arnold, whom I had never met before. He was a short, red-faced man with a big bald head, muscular shoulders, and a mustache even finer than Chief Rollinson’s. His eyes were shining like Zeb’s eyes at their brightest.

“I have,” said Sir Arnold, “but first things first. I have not, I believe, had the honor of meeting your lovely First Lady.”

I stared at him, but quickly tried to stop. I was going to have to get up and curtsy before him, soaked to the skin with seed. I hoped he would not be able to smell it, or to see it on my skirt.

“Well, that can’t go on,” Zeb said. “Princess, this is Sir Arnold Bathwright, proprietor of the Victoria and Albert Club, the most distinguished gentlemen’s club in the Territory of Pacificum. Sir Arnold, as you know, this is my First Lady, Princess Jacqueline Semakoboomish.”

I arose and curtsied; then I extended my hand and he kissed it. “Princess, I am most honored,” said Sir Arnold, looking at me intently. His nostrils were wide. I feared he could smell the seed.

“I am most pleased to make your acquaintance,” I said to him in the standard manner. “I have been reading, er, Ma Hellfire’s terrible complaints about you and your club, and I would be glad to know the truth.”

He looked at me even more piercingly. I began to fear that he, alone of White men except for Zeb and White Beaver, could somehow tell I was a male woman. If so, though, he did not say so. “Nothing could give me greater pleasure,” he said. It was true, as I soon found out.

“I must begin at the beginning,” he said. “I was born and educated in England, where I attained some distinction in my chosen field of endeavor—enough so that knighthood was conferred upon me at a fairly early age. Still, I grew restless at the, er, restrictive nature of English social life, and I found myself fascinated by tales of your ‘Wild West’ here in America. At last I decided I must see the place for myself, and I set sail. I wanted a rough frontier town, but with the prospect of growing into a great city in future, where I could increase my fortune and—er—pur-

sue my interests in the manner I thought best. Pacific Heights, it seemed to me, perfectly fit the bill."

"Zeb—I mean, Governor Kingsley is always saying it will be a great city one day," I politely murmured.

"I firmly believe it," said Sir Arnold. "And that is where my club, the Victoria and Albert Club, comes in. London, you know, the capital of England, is full of gentlemen's clubs, which the English regard as one of the essentials of civilized life. I'm still enough of an Englishman, steeped in tradition and all that, to regard a fine gentlemen's club as a cornerstone of civilization, and I'm proud to have brought the thing off here at the ends of the earth."

I did not wish to offend Sir Arnold, and yet I must know why Miss Hardart had said her harsh words about his club. "But why," I asked, "did Miss Hardart call the Victoria and Albert Club a thinly disguised house of harlotry?"

Sir Arnold frowned, but his eyes did not stop shining. "Because to her obscenity-laden mind," he said, "there is no difference between the crudest, filthiest harlotry and the most sublime, most elevated, most praiseworthy companionship of the sexes, even if no money is ever exchanged in connection with any, er, carnal aspect of such companionship."

He was very close to me now, gazing deep into my eyes. "Men, you know, Princess," he said, "have needs—*deep* needs. You know this, do you not?"

I was afraid. I thought he was trying to find out if I had ever mated with a man to meet his deep needs—or if I would ever do so "in future." I did not want him to know, and yet I found myself unable to pretend, much less to tell a lie in the presence of the all-seeing Great Spirit. "Yes," I said softly. "Yes, I do know."

“Yes, of course you do know,” he said. “And here in the Far West, where men greatly outnumber women, men’s needs do not diminish; if anything, they become more intense. There is a great need, therefore, for men to have companionship with women who are, er, available to more than one man. You understand this, do you not?”

I swallowed hard, but had to answer. “Yes, I do.” I knew all too well of some lonely men’s needs for this, and I had known from my youth, but I dared not let him know *that*. So far had I come from the lost days of my youth, when every Quoehemish man was welcome to know I was a male woman who mated with lonely men, for this was right in the eyes of the Great Spirit.

“Certainly so. And so the only question remaining is how this companionship is to be arranged. The female known as Ma Hellfire, in her prime, arranged it in the crass and vulgar manner known as *prostitution* or *harlotry*, in which a man pays money for each carnal connection. At the Victoria and Albert Club, men’s needs are met in a far more sublime and dignified manner, the very polar opposite of prostitution. A man simply pays the club’s membership fee, after which he may associate at will with the club’s highly select lady companions, with no exchange of money whatever.”

“I see,” I said. It was the stock all-purpose non-committal response to anything said by anyone. As First Lady, I had already used it many times.

“And the club has many, many functions other than simply the provision of female companionship,” Sir Arnold assured me. “Men of the highest levels of society meet there to try to ensure that society will be governed in accordance with the highest principles of liberty and justice for all. And this brings me to the matter of ‘boiling the Hellfire

female in oil,' as Governor Kingsley so picturesquely puts it. In that regard, I envision the role of the Victoria and Albert Club as highly significant.

"First, of course, the men who favor freedom will meet at the club to discuss the proper long-term strategy for ensuring that Hellfire sympathizers shall never gain control. Second, the club will provide generous funding, at the proper time, for the re-election campaign of our good friend and club member Governor Kingsley. And third, the club will open a new division—entirely separate and distinct, of course, from the high-level gentlemen's club—for men of the humbler orders of society. In this new division, loggers, sailors, mechanics, and other such men may obtain some of the benefits of membership in the club, so far as is suitable to their station in life, and may be educated in their duties as citizens and voters. Among their prime duties, of course, will be to vote for those candidates who favor freedom and oppose the tyranny of the Hellfire female and her ilk."

"Well, that sounds like a pretty fair oil-boiling apparatus," Zeb said with a laugh. "It's a long time until the next election, but it's never too early to start planning for victory. And after that—who knows?" Zeb's eyes were shining like the sun. "Abe Lincoln seemed like a rude western frontiersman when he got his start, but he ended up in the White House. Things are changing fast in this country, *really* fast. Pacificum is sure to become a state within the next few years. After that, the sky's the limit!"

I was silent. I knew that the White House, where the President of the United States lived, was far away toward the eastern ocean. I did not want to go there. I had already been torn up from my roots among the Quoheemish and transplanted to White society. To be torn away entirely from the land of my birth, I feared, would be more than I

could bear. I wanted Zeb to stay here for life, but I could not tell him so. There were now so many things I could not tell people: that I was a male woman, that I mated with Zeb, that I did not want Zeb to become President of the United States. I was sad at being unable to speak, but I suffered in silence.

## Chapter 5

The months went by and turned into years; Zeb and I kept up our secret life as a mating couple, as well as our public life as Governor and First Lady. We had so many social invitations and would-be visitors that we could never have accepted them all. Many of what seemed the less important ones Zeb delegated to other public officials, especially Lieutenant Governor Mark Gaithercrombie, a pleasant, unassuming little man with a plump, ever-smiling wife who had borne him eight children. One visiting couple we always made time for, though, was White Beaver and Smiling Willow.

Zeb welcomed them as eagerly as I did, though for a different reason. I welcomed them because I loved them; Zeb welcomed them because White Beaver was now a wealthy man and a generous contributor to his campaign fund. He was the owner of the White Beaver Construction Company, now the largest home-building company in the Territory of Pacificum—but he had never tried to put on the airs of a wealthy man, nor had he ever yet decided to speak perfectly correct English.

“Well, Zeb,” White Beaver said one evening over dinner, “seein’ as how it’s 1880 at last, you must be thinkin’ a whole lot about the election.” Pacificum Territory then held elections only once every six years, and everyone

seemed to think this one would determine our destiny for many years to come.

"It crosses my mind every now and then," Zeb said with a grin. In fact, he had turned almost his whole attention to campaigning.

"I'll be behind you all the way," White Beaver assured him, "especially if the opposition is who I think it'll be. What do you think: will it be Fortmouth?" He meant Runnion W. Fortmouth, a leading member of the Pacificum Territorial Senate. Senator Fortmouth was trying to appeal to Ma Hellfire's sympathizers, who were growing louder and more numerous as the election approached. He called himself the "pro-decency" candidate, and he dared to call Zeb the "pro-sodomy" candidate.

"None other," said Zeb. "I hardly see that anyone else has any sign of hope for the nomination. I'm grateful for all the support I can get, because I loathe the man, and I'll fight him to the death."

"Zeb, you know that ain't right," Smiling Willow spoke up. When she spoke English, naturally she spoke it as White Beaver did.

"Sweetheart, that's just how people talk in politics," White Beaver assured her with a big smile. "It don't mean *death*, really; it just means *political* death, meanin' Zeb'll fight him in politics until he can't ever win any more elections."

"I don't like it, anyway," Smiling Willow said. "It sounds too much like real death, Zeb. It even sounds almost like *you'd* rather die than lose an election."

White Beaver gave a hearty laugh. "Well, let's hope it won't come to that," Zeb lightly brushed off her worries

with a smile. "I'm only planning to fight Fortmouth to *his* death, not *mine!*"

"He deserves it," White Beaver said. "Anyone who's as much in cahoots with that Hellfire female as he is can't be all good. You know, she went from one extreme to the other, and yet it seems like she didn't really change at all. You know what I mean?"

"I know exactly what you mean," Zeb said. "She was tyrannical when she ran her infamous whorehouse, and she's just as tyrannical now."

They said more, but my mind did not follow. The mention of Ma Hellfire's infamous whorehouse sent my mind leaping yet again to Moon Owl. *Where is she now? my heart begged to know. Has she died? Has she left Pacificum? If not, why hasn't she ever visited me? Surely she knows where I am, and she can't still be Ma Hellfire's slave—can she?*

I did not know, and I was helpless to find her. I pretended to listen to the men's talk about politics, but my heart was far away. I tried hard to force myself not to weep, but I felt sure I would not succeed.

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One morning, when Senator Fortmouth had been nominated and the campaign was growing hot, Zeb showed me an article in the *Informer* with a big headline, "Sodomy Bill Coming Up for Vote." The existing sodomy law, the article explained, said this: "Sodomy, the infamous and detestable crime against nature, man lying with man *per anum*, shall be punishable by twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor, or by death if aggravated by force." Senator Fortmouth and others were sponsoring a bill to take out

the words “*per anum*.” The paper didn’t explain what “*per anum*” meant, but Zeb did: it meant in the dung-hole, like what Mighty Bear had tried to do to me.

“It won’t become law while I’m governor,” Zeb assured me. “Fortmouth just wants to force me to veto it, and he knows he doesn’t have the votes to override the veto. He wants to paint me as pro-sodomy merely because I don’t favor removing almost all limits from the definition of sodomy. It’s a detestable trick to try to trap me—but I’m going to do the right thing, and hope the voters will see it’s the right thing.”

Zeb’s opportunity to do the right thing came all too soon. “Kingsley Vetoes Sodomy Bill,” the headline in the *Informers* screamed not many days later. The author of the article, obviously on Zeb’s side, gave him full room to explain: “The proponents of this ill-considered bill wish to portray me as favoring sodomy. Nothing could be further from the truth. I favor prohibiting sodomy, as traditionally defined, and as defined in our existing law. What I do *not* favor is expanding the definition of sodomy almost without limit, to encompass almost any type of contact between man and man that may be disapproved by the most censorious of female tyrants and the men who abase themselves before them. Mark my words, this is only the first shot in the attack of these tyrants upon all the liberties of man!”

Zeb’s words sounded fine and true to me. I hoped the voters would listen. Little did I know that, on that very day, other newspaper articles were being prepared for printing—ones that would lead to Zeb’s downfall as well as my own.



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"This newspaper is the most contemptible scum-bucket I could ever have imagined," Zeb told me next morning. "Fortmouth planned all this, and the editor of the *Times* swallowed it whole. That man will stop at nothing, not even at purveying the foulest filth imaginable, in order to become governor."

I did not yet know what Zeb meant. He showed me. Two articles appeared side-by-side on the front page of *The Times of Pacific Heights*, an upstart newspaper that supported Fortmouth and Ma Hellfire's other sympathizers. One was headlined, "First Lady Is No Lady, Says Tribesman." The other article's headline stabbed at Zeb: "Is *This* Why Kingsley Vetoed the Sodomy Bill?"

I had to read the one about the First Lady first. When I did, I was terrified. Mighty Bear, after all these years, had returned to haunt me—and to hurt me in the eyes of White people.

"Tongues have wagged," the article began, "ever since our bachelor Governor Kingsley selected a so-called Indian princess, the so-called daughter of Chief Semakoboomish, to be his First Lady. They will wag far harder now—for John Mighty Bear, a Quoheemish brave who grew up with the so-called princess, has revealed that the First Lady is no lady, and the so-called princess is, in reality, a *prince*."

Mighty Bear, the article related, had seen the world as a sailor; nothing was said about why he had left the land of the Quoheemish. "At last I decided to see the old homeland again," he said, "and I was shocked when I saw a picture of the so-called First Lady. She was wearing fancy

White women's clothes, but I recognized her sure enough. Everyone knew she was a male girl when we were growing up—and everyone knew she committed sodomy with men, too. Old Semakoboomish was actually proud of her; he thought it was so wonderful that the Great Spirit gave him a male girl. I couldn't believe the White people would accept her as a real lady."

The article then quoted Roger X. Washburn, professor of ethnology at the College of Pacific Heights. "It may seem unbelievable that effeminate sodomites would be held in honor among the Quoheemish and certain other native peoples of North America," he said, "but, I assure you, it is all too true. The *kabavoomish*, said to be a woman with male body parts, actually has a special place of pre-eminence in the traditional Quoheemish culture. Sodomy with a *kabavoomish* is thought to be a sacred act, even more desirable than the marriage act with a real woman. It is not at all inconceivable that our First Lady might, in reality, be a *kabavoomish*."

Finally, and quite predictably, the article quoted Senator Runnion W. Fortmouth. "Decent people all over the Territory of Pacificum," he said, "are demanding an inquiry. This is no time for prudery. Our so-called First Lady must submit to a medical examination to determine whether these outrageous claims are true. The people must have the truth!"

The other article was even worse. "The recent shocking revelations about the First Lady," it said, "have led to speculations more shocking still. Nothing is known as yet, and it would be quite wrong to indulge in ill-supported surmises—and yet no decent person can keep from wondering: is *this* why Governor Kingsley vetoed the sodomy bill? Does he harbor most secret, intimate, and personal reasons

for wishing the great bulk of sodomitic sins to go unpunished by any tribunal short of the Divine?"

I could not bring myself to read the rest. I turned to Zeb. "Zeb," I said, "I want to do the right thing, but I'm afraid I might harm you if I tell the truth. What shall I do?"

"We've got to ride it out," Zeb said. "Fortmouth and his ilk can't force you to have a medical examination. We've got to express disgust and horror that they would even say such things. I'll get in touch with the editor-in-chief of the *Informer* right away."

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"Well, Governor, I'm thinking you'll wish to take the high road," said the editor-in-chief, Angus MacCraigie, a tall, thin, balding man with sharp eyes behind small spectacles.

"I will indeed," said Zeb. "It would be fatal to descend to their level. We've got to turn this *hard* against them, to make it clear how desperate and vicious this shows they are."

"Desperate and vicious indeed," said Mr. MacCraigie. "Had you ever dreamed they would descend to such depths in trying to befoul your name and that of the Princess?"

"No, never."

"These, you would say, are men who would stoop to the vilest calumnies ever devised by the mind of man, if they thought this would help them gain their ends?"

"Exactly."

“Very well, we’ll get some fine verbiage out of that. And you, Princess: what can you tell me about this man Mighty Bear?”

“Mighty Bear,” I said, “was banished from the land of the Quoheemish for trying to do something unspeakable to me.”

“Now, that’s the thing! That’s quite the thing! To violate your virginity, shall we say?”

I thought about it. “Yes, that will do,” I said.

“By force?”

“Yes, certainly.”

“Was he a man of the worst character, would you say?”

“Yes, I’m afraid he was.”

“And untruthful character?”

“Yes. He lied to try to avoid banishment, but our wise men saw through his lies.”

“Very good. We’ll get what we need out of that. When we get done with them, any decent person will see what kind of men these are.”

Next morning we read his article, containing some embellishments upon what we had actually said. “All decent people have been shocked and grieved,” he wrote, “at the scurrilous attacks recently directed at our Governor and First Lady. Not all, perhaps, are yet aware of the depth of desperate malice and politically motivated wrong-doing that lies behind the attacks—originating with a renegade Indian called Mighty Bear, but seized upon by some of the most prominent men in this territory for their own pur-

poses. When interviewed yesterday, the Governor and the First Lady revealed the true story.

“The First Lady, as feminine as any woman in the world, wiped away a tear before speaking softly. ‘Mighty Bear, when I knew him many years ago, was a man of the worst character,’ she declared. ‘Not only was he a habitual liar, but he was expelled from the land of the Quoheemish for trying to do something I still cannot think of without sorrow and shame—to violate my virginity by force. I am sad to see that he has not changed for the better. I hope the people will see that he has told such evil lies about me only out of hatred.’

“The Governor, quite obviously trying to restrain his outrage, spoke more strongly. ‘I now see,’ he said, ‘that we are dealing with men who would stoop to the vilest calumnies ever devised by the mind of man, if they thought it would help them gain their ends. I had never dreamed that even *they* would descend to such depths in trying to befoul my name—and, far worse, to befoul the innocent name of Princess Jacqueline. These men are true sons of Belial, like those in the Bible, who would even testify falsely against Jesus Christ himself if they thought it would help them win an election. I can only hope and pray that the people will be enlightened about these men’s true character, and will see that such men must never be entrusted with the government of our fair territory, soon to become our fair state.’

“All decent people,” the article concluded, “must see what these attacks mean for the future of our society. If successful, these attacks will mean that *you, too, can be falsely accused of sin*, and there is nothing you can do about it, for your false accusers will be believed and you will not. Let all decent people take note: there is only one way to

deal with these false accusers, and that is to treat them with the contempt, disdain, and utter rejection they deserve."

Zeb pounded the table when he finished reading the article. "Yes!" he cried. "That's exactly right! That should settle them for good!"

I was silent. I had not really wiped away a tear when I spoke of Mighty Bear to Mr. MacCraigie, but now I did. I tried to force my mind away from the bitterness of my sorrow, but I could not. Soon I was weeping, and Zeb saw.

"Singing Sparrow!" he cried, putting his arm around me. "What's wrong?"

"It's so terrible!" I sobbed. "It's so terrible to have to conceal the truth!"

Zeb was taken aback. For a moment he said nothing. "Well, it may be terrible," he then said, "but sometimes it's absolutely necessary. You know what would happen if you told the truth: 'Oh, yes, I'm a male woman all right, and Zeb and I commit what you call sodomy!'"

"You'd lose the election," I said. "Is that really the worst thing in the world?"

"No, it isn't," Zeb had to admit, "but the worst thing in the world would be to lose my honor! In this society, there's nothing but dishonor for male women, and for men who mate with them. I didn't decide that it should be that way, and I can't change it. That being so, concealment is the only option—for to lose my honor would be a fate worse than death."

My heart was chilled. I did not understand. I tried to look at Zeb, but he was looking away from me. I could not imagine that Zeb would wish to die rather than have peo-

ple think ill of him, but I could not think what else his words might mean. I tried to wipe away more tears, but soon there were too many.

## Chapter 6

Not many days later, the fatal papers arrived. I did not understand what they meant at first. When Zeb saw them, he was outraged but I could tell that he was frightened too.

"They can't get away with this," Zeb said. "I'll get Rakestraw to quash this right away. If they think we won't fight this, they're dead wrong. We'll fight it to the death!"

"Zeb, what's wrong? What is it?" I begged to know.

"It's a lawsuit," he said. "Mighty Bear, no doubt at the instigation of Fortmouth's team of slick lawyers, is suing you and the *Informer* for libel. He's saying you falsely called him a liar and harmed his reputation."

"His *reputation*? What about his reputation among the Quoheemish? We *know* him! We know why he was banished! These White men do not know him!"

"True, but they don't really care about his reputation. Here's what they care about." He showed me a paper entitled "Motion to Compel Disclosure of Evidence." His eyes looked as if he were staring death in the face.

"They want to force you to submit to a medical examination," Zeb explained, "to prove Mighty Bear wasn't lying when he said you were a male woman."

"*What*? But you said they could not force me to submit to that!"

"Well, I sure hope they can't. Rakestraw's got the legal know-how to fight them off, if anyone has."

A terrible thought was forcing itself upon me. "But they never could even have *tried* to force me to submit," I cried, "if I hadn't let it be said that Mighty Bear was lying about me being a male woman, when"—I lowered my voice abruptly, to make sure no one could hear—"when he wasn't!"

Zeb clenched his jaw and did not look at me. "Well, there's no need to discuss *that*," he said. "It's too late to do anything about that now, and anyhow it was the only thing that could be done."

I did not believe him. I feared I had gone far from the way of the Great Spirit by concealing the truth. I could not believe that lying was ever the only thing to be done. I could see only one way out without making Zeb hate me.

"What if they do force me to submit?" I asked.

Zeb groaned. "There's no need to discuss that either," he said. "We've just got to fight it to the death, that's all—and I do mean to the *death*."

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"The judge wouldn't let me delay this hearing any longer," said Randolph Rakestraw, a thin bald man with spectacles, Zeb's chief legal counsel. We were in the main courtroom of the Pacificum Territorial Court, awaiting the judge's arrival. "I tried every trick in the book, but he was firm."

“All rise!” a man in a blue police uniform called out. “The Territorial Court of Pacificum is now in session, the Honorable James O. Ilquham presiding!”

A fat man with white hair and thick lips, wearing a long black robe, entered the room. “You may be seated,” he said. “We are here to consider motions in the case of John Mighty Bear, plaintiff, versus Jacqueline Semakoboomish and the *Pacific Heights Informer*, Incorporated, defendants. I’ll note attorney Crillpiston here for the plaintiff, attorney Rakestraw for defendant Jacqueline Semakoboomish, attorney Frick here for defendant *Pacific Heights Informer*. Mr. Rakestraw, we’ll start with your motion to dismiss.” He looked at a paper and frowned. “You are maintaining that this lawsuit must be dismissed because it involves a *non-justiciable political question*? How so?”

“Your Honor, the political nature of the question at issue must be evident to anyone who reads the newspapers,” Mr. Rakestraw said. The judge frowned again. “Sides are being taken in politics, and it is thought that the outcome of the gubernatorial election may well be affected, on the basis of whether the First Lady is or is not a lady. This court must avoid even the semblance of partisanship in politics. It is eminently appropriate, therefore, for this court to abstain from deciding that question, at least until the election is over.”

“Mr. Rakestraw,” the judge shot back, “this court would never have imagined that it needed to decide that question, had not the First Lady herself called Mr. Mighty Bear a liar, as it is alleged, for denying her ladyhood. Had *she* sued *him* for defamation, he would be entitled to raise truth as an absolute defense, if possible, and to obtain disclosure of evidence that might support that defense. Simple fairness would seem to dictate that evidence of truth

should be available to refute a charge of lying, no matter how raised. There is no partisanship in this, whatever may happen to be its incidental effect upon an election. No, Mr. Rakestraw, that is nonsense."

Mr. Rakestraw was sweating and blinking his eyes often when drops of sweat got into them, rather than be seen wiping the sweat from his brow. "Your Honor," he said, "defendant Semakoboomish also maintains, as an issue of first impression, that the gubernatorial immunity from suit extends to the First Lady."

The judge's frown grew into a grimace. "The gubernatorial immunity from suit, during the governor's term of office," he said, "is needed for the purpose of protecting the governor, in the exercise of his executive functions, from politically motivated meddling in the form of lawsuits. The functions of the First Lady are purely social and ceremonial, not executive, and not ordinarily likely to draw down opposition in the form of lawsuits. No immunity from suit is needed to protect the First Lady in the exercise of these functions. Your motion to dismiss is denied. We will now consider the plaintiff's motion to compel disclosure of evidence."

"Your Honor," said Mr. Crillpiston, "Given that this action is to go forward, the plaintiff would maintain that the granting of this motion is a foregone conclusion. The entire matter in dispute is the truth or falsity of Mr. Mighty Bear's allegation, which can most suitably, delicately, and discreetly be discovered by way of a medical examination. As the First Lady has refused to undergo such an examination voluntarily, it must be compelled. Surely that must be self-evident to all who are willing to let the *truth* be known."

Mr. Rakestraw was obviously desperate, knowing he was fighting a losing battle. "Your Honor," he begged, "as we are to speak of *delicacy and discretion* in this proceeding, even if the motion is to be granted and the examination performed, surely delicacy and discretion demand that the results of the examination should be kept strictly confidential."

"At least until after the election?" Judge Ilquham snorted out loud. "Mr. Rakestraw, in this country we are proud to have a free press, and I would be loath to impose needless restrictions on the press in the name of delicacy and discretion. I will not presume that the publishers of our fine newspapers are so lacking in delicacy and discretion as to make any improper use of matters of public record from this court. Plaintiff's motion to compel disclosure of evidence is granted. The commissioner of medicine of the Territory of Pacificum shall perform the requested examination, to determine whether defendant Jacqueline Semakoboomish is a female or a male, and shall present his findings within 30 days in a report that shall become part of the public record of this proceeding."

During the hearing, I had never given Mighty Bear more than a glance. I arose when the judge left the bench, and now I did not look at him at all. I could not endure the sight of him gloating at me, as if he had finished smearing my dung-hole with bear grease and forced his *mungushumu* into it at last.

I looked toward Zeb, but he was not looking at me. His eyes were open, but I did not know if he was looking at anyone or anything on earth. I did not know what he was thinking, I did not know what he would do, and I was afraid.

"Princess!" a voice interrupted my fearful thoughts. I looked. It was Sir Arnold Bathwright.

"Princess, may I have a word with you?" he was asking.

"Yes," I said, not knowing what the word would be.

"It would be preferable," he said, "to speak in the privacy of the club. It is directly across the street from the courthouse."

In silence I followed him out of the courthouse, across the street, and into a three-story brick building. No sign outside gave any hint of what lay within. A uniformed guard nodded, permitting us to pass. Only when I passed beyond the guard could I see a dark, shiny wooden plaque with golden letters, proclaiming this to be the Victoria and Albert Club.

Sir Arnold led me up a wide flight of stairs to a large room with a plaque looking like the other one, but bearing his own name. Once within the room, he bolted the door and asked me to sit down on a large sofa. He sat down next to me, but not touching me.

"Princess," he said, "one hardly knows how to begin discussing a matter of such extreme delicacy—and yet one sees quite well, as one must, that the time has come. The medical examination is to be performed, and soon everyone in the Territory of Pacificum will know the result. You, of course, already know what the result will be—but I do not."

I laughed, despite my sadness. "You want to know what the result will be, but you do not want to give me offense by asking," I said.

He opened his eyes wide and fixed them upon me. "Quite right," he said. "I am most pleased that you grasp my meaning so well, and so promptly."

I gave a great sigh of relief. "There is nothing to hide now. I only ask, for the Governor's sake, that you should not reveal my secret before the medical commissioner does."

"Your *secret!*" he whispered in my ear, knowing well that it would be no secret if I were female, but only if I were male.

"Princess, you have my word of honor!"

"Very well," I said. "I am what Quoheemish people call a *kabavoomish*, a male woman. The examination will reveal that I am a male."

"Most remarkable!" He drew closer to me. His knee touched mine. I did not draw back. The relief, and the excitement, of letting a man know my secret were too great. My nipples and my *mungushi* were starting to share in the excitement.

"This being so," he said, "I trust I may speak frankly, without indulging in any *excesses* of delicacy, such as would be necessary and proper if you were a female. You will understand, of course, that only a select few—myself included—would now be prepared to accept a male woman as their First Lady. Your days as First Lady, therefore, are numbered."

"Yes, I understand."

"You will therefore find it necessary to consider what is to become of you when you are no longer the First Lady."

"Yes, of course."

“Have you any—please forgive me if I speak *too* frankly, Princess—have you any principled opposition to indulging in,er, sexual connections with men?”

My nipples and my *mungushi* were hard. I knew he was going to ask if I wished to be a companion for men at the Victoria and Albert Club. I could feel my excitement carrying me away as I spoke. “I have none at all,” I said. “I have mated with many men in my life.”

“And—dare I ask if you have also mated with the Governor?”

“Yes, many times.”

He put his hand on my thigh. I still did not draw back. Indeed, I put my hand on his, not knowing yet whether I would try to push his hand away or to draw it closer.

“There is a great need here at the club,” he said, stroking my thigh, “for such an extremely unusual and remarkable lady as yourself. Many men—even including myself, I dare say—would be most pleased to have such a companion. You would be richly rewarded, if such a thing were to come about. It is only a suggestion, of course—but one I make most earnestly, the more so in that you have not rejected the thought out of hand. I hope you will give it most serious consideration.”

“I will indeed.” I was losing all self-control. I pulled my skirt and petticoat up; I drew his hand between my linen-clad thighs and up to my hidden *mungushi*. “Here is my answer, Sir Arnold,” I murmured. “I know it is my destiny.”

“Oh, Princess!” Sir Arnold gasped. “Can this be? So ready? So eager? So soon? Dare I ask—may I view you in the nude?”

“You may,” I said. I stood up and stripped off my dress, my petticoat, my corset, my stockings, and my drawers. Standing before him in the nude, with my bound *mungushi* hidden as always, I smiled at him and crossed my arms over my breasts.

He wasted no more time. “May we mate?” he asked. Without waiting for an answer in words, he started to strip. Soon he, too, was in the nude. His *mungushumu* was not as long as Zeb’s, but it was almost as thick, with a bulb almost as big.

“Princess, show me the mating habits of the *kabavoomish*,” he begged me. I eagerly complied. I turned to face away from him; I reached between my legs to grasp his *mungushumu*; I pressed my buttocks tightly against his loins. His hands were clasping my hips; I pulled them up and around to my breasts. While still standing up, I clasped his *mungushumu* hard between my thighs and my hidden *mungushi* and pumped my hips, more and more wildly as his thrusts came harder and faster. My hands were still on his, rubbing my breasts; I could not even reach down to his *mungushumu* before my climax came. All I could do was to squeeze him as tightly with my hot, strong thighs, and to pump him as hard with my quick-bucking hips, as I could have done with my hand.

It was enough; it was more than enough. “Princess! Oh, my beautiful Princess! Yes! Yes! You are the finest!” Sir Arnold moaned. “Oh, I can hardly endure it!” His thrusts had reached maximum speed. I knew he was shooting seed. At last I reached down to catch his seed in my hand.

“Oh, Princess!” he murmured when he could speak again. “This is beyond belief! I can no longer merely suggest; I beg you, I implore you, come to the club and be our

most treasured lady companion, notwithstanding your discreetly hidden maleness!"

"I will, Sir Arnold," I promised him, still in the heat of the moment. "You have shown me even more clearly that it is my destiny."

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By the time I was dressed and walking back up toward the Executive Mansion, my feelings had greatly changed. I was ashamed of myself. I had promised Zeb I would be faithful to him, and yet I had mated with Sir Arnold at the first opportunity. This must not happen again! I tried hard to think what Zeb and I might do, how we might live together, after my secret was known.

I wondered if we might flee to the reservation. Surely Quoheemish people would welcome us both, and it would be far easier to listen to the Great Spirit among my own people. It would matter little that my family's old longhouse had been destroyed, if only we could be at home among the people.

I walked faster. Surely that was the solution. Zeb and I loved each other; that was the most important thing. Wherever we were together would be home for us—and the farther from any temptation to mate again with Sir Arnold, the better!

I had just entered the door of the Executive Mansion when I heard the dreadful sound. I feared it was a gunshot. One of the police officers standing guard at the door entered after me. "That doesn't sound good at all," he said. "I'll make sure the Governor's all right." He sped past me,

but soon returned. "He's not in his office or his bedroom," he said. "Do you know where he might be?"

The most terrible thought was gripping me, the almost unbelievable thought of what Zeb might have done—and of where he might have done it. "I wonder," I felt myself forced to say, "if he might be in my room."

We walked toward my room. I did not quicken my steps to match those of the policeman. Zeb's words were arising in my memory and attacking me with full force: "*To lose my honor would be a fate worse than death.*"

I used my key to unlock the door. I was afraid to look inside, but I looked. When I saw, I cried out in horror.

Zeb's body was on the floor. In his hand was a pistol. His brain was destroyed by the gunshot. When I saw that, I could not look any more.

"Princess, this is no sight for your eyes," the policeman said. "This is the most terrible thing that could have happened. I must stay here to guard the body. Please tell the officers remaining by the front door that the Governor has been shot, and that one of them must notify the medical commissioner."

I fled at once. I told the officers. One of them raced off to notify the medical commissioner. All the while, my mind was crying out in horror: *How could Zeb do this? He didn't even talk to me about what we might have done instead! What was he thinking?*

When I came back to my room, or what had been my room while I was First Lady, I found out what he had been thinking. "Princess," said the officer who had first accompanied me, "here is an envelope, marked for your eyes only. It appears the Governor must have left it for you."

I ripped the envelope open, taking care only to go to a corner of the room in which no one could read over my shoulder. While the medical commissioner entered the room and verified the obvious fact that Zeb was dead, I read what Zeb had written.

“My dearest Singing Sparrow,” the letter read, “I am terribly sorry to think that you will read this only after I have died, but it is the only way out. My honor is utterly destroyed. To live in misery, knowing that the great majority of men will dishonor and loathe me for what they regard as my sodomitic sin, would be more than I could bear. I must allow Lieutenant Governor Gaithercrombie to pick up the torch of government, and to strive to defeat Fortmouth as I could never now have hoped to do, before things have gone further toward disaster. Please go back to your people, to the reservation, and live a quiet life, far from those who will loathe you as they would loathe me.”

I bit my lip in sorrow, and in anger too. I feared that Zeb’s spirit was even now being tormented with anguish for throwing away the Great Spirit’s gift of life. I could hardly believe he would ignore the Great Spirit and listen instead to the hateful thoughts of the great majority of men—of White men—and yet I *must* believe it, for Zeb’s life during the election campaign had been devoted to trying to please the majority of men at all costs. Most bitter to me of all, I cried to think, was Zeb’s failure even to speak to me and listen to me before he did the deadly deed—not that he could have done so while he was writing the letter and preparing to kill himself, for I was mating with Sir Arnold at the time!

I wept. The policemen and the commissioner let me weep in silence. At long last, one of the policemen said to me, “Princess, you will not be able to sleep in this room to-

night. Do you need help in finding other accommodations?"

"No, thank you," I said. "I have other accommodations."

## Chapter 7

I walked out of the Executive Mansion, back toward the Victoria and Albert Club. I tried hard to keep from thinking of Zeb. It would do neither of us any good now, I told myself. I did not succeed.

"Sir Arnold, I believe, is expecting me," I told the guard in the club.

"Yes, Princess," said the guard. "He has said you are welcome here at any time."

I ascended to Sir Arnold's office, where we had mated. "Good day, Sir Arnold," I said.

"Princess!" He gave me a big, welcoming smile. "How lovely to see you again so soon!"

"You will be seeing more of me quite soon, I believe," I said. "May I reside at the club, starting today?"

His eyes bulged. "You may! Yes, of course! But—what about your residence with the Governor?"

I lowered my eyes. "The Governor is dead. He shot himself today."

"Oh, no! That is most dreadful! Princess, for your sake, I am terribly sorry—and for the sake of all the freedom-loving people in Pacificum Territory."

"I am sorry most of all for *his* sake," I said. "I could not have imagined he would do this, and I cannot imagine what sorrow his spirit will now endure forever." I sighed in deepest sadness for Zeb. "But I have wept for him, and now I must live without him, so I must turn my thoughts to the future."

"Yes, indeed," Sir Arnold agreed. "I shall have the servants prepare your room at once, and I shall summon the photographer. Your photograph will be taken for our pictorial directory of lady companions. I expect you will wish to settle into your new lodgings and wash up before being photographed. Our ladies, of course, appear in their Sunday best in our directory, never in anything even remotely suggestive of cheapness, much less of harlotry."

My belongings, even after years of life as the First Lady, were fairly few and light. With the help of a servant, I quickly retrieved them from the Executive Mansion and brought them to my new room at the club. I then washed up, taking care to efface any lingering hints of weeping, and changed into my first princess dress, the one I had worn to see my father Semakoboomish before he died.

"I am ready to be photographed," I then told Sir Arnold.

"You are indeed!" he said, with an admiring look. "Your appearance is most pleasing, Princess! You will be a highly valuable and desirable addition to the club! Only let me show you one of our private conversation rooms, and then we shall go to the photographer."

He escorted me down the hallway and into an empty room. It contained a bed, chairs, and other furniture; I could see that everything in it was pretty and feminine-looking, but I had no time to look much at the details. "The conversation rooms," Sir Arnold informed me, "are

the locations of the most private and intimate *conversations*, in the broadest sense of the word, between our gentlemen members and our lady companions. *Conversations*, in this sense, may include almost every feature of one's way of life, including the most discreet and most respectable of sexual connections, falling only barely short of holy matrimony itself in these respects.

"You will note that the furnishings include an antique oriental gong, known as the *complaint gong*. If ever a gentleman were to become seriously dissatisfied with his lady companion in any way, he could summon assistance from the club management by sounding the gong. *You*, however, I am sure, need not worry that any gentleman will be dissatisfied with you. Our directory will discreetly notify them, in a manner intelligible only to members, that you are a *male\_lady* companion, so that no one who insists upon a female lady will be misled."

I then walked back up the hallway and down the stairs with Sir Arnold, holding his elbow as I had held Zeb's elbow so often on formal occasions. "We have our own photographic studio in the basement of the club," he said, "and the photographer will be awaiting us."

In the basement of the club, the photographer had me strike a dignified, ladylike pose, while displaying an invitingly feminine smile. Hiding under the camera's big black cloak, he took several photographs; then he said, "I'll develop these right away and send them over for inclusion in the directory."

"Very well," Sir Arnold said. "The directory will be greatly improved when they have been added." Turning to me, he said,



“Princess, you may expect our members to begin selecting you for companionship at once when they have seen your photograph—and your name!”

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As it turned out, a club member selected me even without seeing my photograph—but he had often seen me in reality. He was Chief Rollinson, and with him I got off to what Sir Arnold would later call “a bit of a rocky start” as a lady companion at the club.

“Far be it from me to intrude upon your grief,” Chief Rollinson said after Sir Arnold had introduced him as having selected me, “but Sir Arnold has assured me that you are ready to move forward in your new life. If he is mistaken, please forgive me, and I will await a suitable opportunity.” He seemed to be trying to sound like Sir Arnold, except for the British accent.

“He is not mistaken,” I said. “I have wept for the Governor, and now I am facing toward the future.”

“I am delighted to hear it.” He moved toward me, not wearing a police uniform now, but a fine gentleman’s attire such as Sir Arnold wore, and Zeb had worn. “Princess, I have been eagerly awaiting this moment ever since I learned from Sir Arnold that you were joining our lady companions at the club. I would be both honored and delighted to be fellated by a true princess and a former First Lady. I am fully ready. Please kneel for the exquisite act.”

He opened his trousers to reveal his straight, hard *mungushumu*, as long as Sir Arnold’s but thinner. Sir Arnold had instructed me in the meanings of various sexual terms, including “fellatio”—an act greatly desired by

many White men, though few of them wished to perform it on another man. I had agreed that I would fellate men so long as I did not have to swallow their seed. I almost knelt and fellated Chief Rollinson—but I saw a ring on his left ring finger, and I knew it was a wedding ring.

“You are married,” I said, still standing erect.

He stared at me in disbelief. “Well, of course,” he said. “What in the world has *that* got to do with anything?”

“Your seed should be for your wife, not for me.”

“*What?* In this day and age? Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

He snorted and groped for words. “But my *wife*, you see,” he said, “does *not* perform *fellatio!*”

“Neither do I, upon a man who has a woman of his own. From an early age, my destiny has been to mate with men who do not have women, not with those who do.”

“Well, this is an outrage,” Chief Rollinson declared. “Princess, I deeply regret to say I will have to register a complaint.” After buttoning his trousers, he strode to the complaint gong and banged it loudly. Within seconds, Sir Arnold himself appeared.

“Oh, dear, what is this?” he said. “Princess, your very first conversation with a gentleman at the club, and I have heard the gong! What can be the problem?”

“The problem,” said Chief Rollinson, “in one word, is *superstition*. The Princess refused to fellate me because of some primitive Indian superstition about a man’s seed being the property of his wife. I could hardly have imagined

that, after years of modern life as our First Lady, the Princess would still cling to such nonsense."

"Princess, what have you to say?" Sir Arnold asked.

"It is not superstition," I insisted. "It is my life and my destiny. I have always mated with men who had no women, not with those who had. I was taught, and I still believe, it is wrong to take a man's seed from his woman."

"Oh, dear! And this came about because—well, surely Chief Rollinson did not *tell* you, 'Princess, I have a wife, but she will not fellate me, so you must do so.' I must infer that it came about because he simply neglected to remove his wedding ring before requesting the act of fellatio."

"Of course I saw no need!" said Chief Rollinson. "I have been fellated by almost every lady companion here at the club, and not one of them—until now—saw anything amiss with my wedding ring."

"Oh, no, indeed!" said Sir Arnold. "But there must be a means of resolving this matter amicably. Princess, I do not understand you to mean you will go so far as to *ask* gentlemen whether they are married or not. If you see a man with no wedding ring, you will presume that he is a man of honor with no wife, and not a betrayer of the marriage bond. Is not that true?"

Sir Arnold's eyes begged me to agree that it was true. I could not disagree. Life here at the club was so extremely different from life in my old home among the Quoheemish, where everyone knew which men had women and which ones did not!

"Yes, it is true," I said.

“Oh, all right, then,” said Chief Rollinson. “If I choose to seek fellatio from the Princess again, I’ll simply remove my wedding ring first. Fair enough?”

Sir Arnold looked doubtful. “Princess, would that meet your requirements?” he asked.

“No. I am afraid it would not,” I had to say. “I already know he is married.”

“*What?*” Chief Rollinson exploded. “Am I to be punished *forever*, by being barred from receiving fellatio from the Princess, for a momentary oversight in failing to remove my wedding ring?”

“Oh, dear, no!” said Sir Arnold. “There can be no question of *punishment*. But we must acknowledge that our lady companions may have various personal preferences that make them more or less amenable to various gentlemen, just as our gentlemen members may prefer some of our lady companions over others. After all, our lady companions choose to associate with us entirely of their own free will, unlike the slaves of a master of harlotry—or a *mistress* of harlotry, such as the infamous Ma Hellfire once was. The Princess has simply expressed a personal preference for unmarried gentlemen—and you have already observed that the club offers an ample array of other options for a married gentleman such as yourself.”

“Of all the idiotic—” Chief Rollinson began to say, but stopped. He gave me a look of fierce indignation, but silently acknowledged himself beaten.

“Oh, very well,” he said at last. “No doubt I cannot change the Princess’s personal preference on that point—but I cannot help thinking that her preference arises from nothing more than *ignorance and superstition!*”

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That night I lay awake late, feeling pain from Chief Rollinson's harsh words, and more than that. I wondered if I had been wrong to think it was my destiny to become a lady companion at the club; I feared I had. The next day, though, I began again to recognize it as my destiny.

A man came to summon me to the medical commissioner's office for my examination. He asked when would be a convenient time, and I said now would be as good a time as any. I followed him out of the club and up the street to the medical commissioner's office.

"You will step into the examining room, please," the man said when we arrived. He showed me a room in which an elevated couch-like thing was the most prominent feature. "Dr. Ringgold will see you momentarily."

It was true. The doctor arrived almost immediately. He was a short, white-haired gentleman with bright blue eyes that reminded me of Zeb's eyes. They were fixed on me with an expression of what might almost have seemed to be fascination, if not for the strictly medical purpose of the examination.

"All right, now, Princess," said Dr. Ringgold, "you'll need to remove all your clothing for the examination. We'll get it over with as quickly as possible, and then you can get dressed and resume your daily life. I'll just turn around while you undress."

He turned around; I removed my dress, my petticoat, my corset, my stockings, and my drawers. "I'm ready," I said.

He looked at me while I stood before him in the nude. "Very well," he said. "A very fine-looking female, at first glance. You'll understand, however, that I'll also need to see whatever may be hidden between your legs. Please lie down on the examining table."

I did. He looked, and saw my *mungushi*. "Well, well," he said. "This is most remarkable. My report, of course, will have to state that you are male—but is it true that you were held in *honor*, among your native people, for this distinctive combination of maleness and femininity?"

"Yes, it is."

"I can well believe it." He sighed, looking as if he wished he could say more, but he knew it would be improper.

"Well, I won't detain you," he briskly concluded, "but I do happen to note that, since the terrible tragedy at the Executive Mansion, you have resided at the Victoria and Albert Club. I happen to be a member of the club myself. Perhaps I will see you there sometime."

"Perhaps you will." I looked at him and smiled, wondering if he might mean he would see me in the nude and mate with me. He did still seem to be gazing at me with an interest more than merely medical.

"Shall I look for you?" I asked him. Our eyes were fixed upon each other. My smile grew brighter, and his gaze grew more intense. I dared to clasp my bare breasts for a moment with my hands, and his mouth dropped open.

"Yes," he told me, drawing close to me. "Yes, Princess, you shall look for me this very evening."

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He sought me out and asked me to dine with him at the club. "Well, Princess," he said when we were dining, "I would like to learn much more about you, and about your life. Were you regarded as a girl from an early age?"

"Yes. I wore girls' clothes all the time starting when I was 10, and my father declared me a male girl when I was 12. When I was 14, a male woman named Gray Fox taught me some of what I would need to know to become a male woman." I hesitated, but then went on, knowing that the doctor would wish to hear what I had to say. "The rest she taught me when I was 18. Then she taught me how to mate with men. I was a maiden until then. After that, I mated with men, but only with those who had no women. The first man I mated with was a wise old man named Leaping Cougar, whose wife had died."

"I see," said the doctor. "It was very kind of you to mate with men who had no women. I may say that my own wife also died a few years ago."

"I am very sorry for you," I said politely. "Leaping Cougar was very lonely—and very glad to have me mate with him." I looked into Dr. Ringgold's eyes, knowing what he wanted, and knowing that I would give it to him.

"I am very lonely too," he said, "and I dare admit I would be glad if you were to mate with me."

"I will," I said. "It is my destiny, and I love to fulfill it."

Our dinner did not last much longer. We went to a conversation room without delay. "Princess, I am deeply grateful to you," said the doctor. He kissed me on the

mouth. I pressed myself close against him. He caressed my buttocks. Soon he was lifting my skirt and my petticoat.

“Would you like to kiss my breasts?” I asked him.

“Oh, dear, I would indeed!” he said. “It was a thing I often did with my dear wife, and I have missed her so deeply!”

I stripped myself nude and offered him my breasts. He kissed them ardently, making my nipples flare up with desire. “Yes, yes!” I encouraged him, pressing his head firmly against my breasts.

He could hardly wait to remove his clothes. “How do you mate?” he asked me.

“Like this,” I said. I kissed him on the mouth again. Standing up, I opened my thighs just wide enough for him to press his *mungushumu* between them, rubbing my hidden *mungushi*. His *mungushumu* was short but stout, and he gasped with pleasure as I squeezed it in my *umuvu* between my thighs and my *mungushi*.

“Oh, Princess!” he moaned. “Oh, dear, you are so wonderfully good to me! Oh, yes, yes!” He could speak no more. He gripped my buttocks and plunged me until my climax came; he shot seed deep into my *umuvu*, dripping down beneath my buttocks and mingling with my own womanly seed.

“Princess, shall I see you again soon?” he begged me when his climax had ended but he was still gripping my buttocks.

“Yes, very soon, if you wish,” I said.

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Before I could mate again with the doctor or any other men, though, Sir Arnold announced to me the next day that the new photographic directory had been produced, and gave me my copy. I looked at my own picture and then at those of the other lady companions. All but one of them were ladies I had not yet met—but the remaining one set my heart on fire.

“Julia” was her name—Moon Owl’s name—and I was sure she must be Moon Owl as soon as I saw her photograph. She was older and stouter, of course, but her eyes were still the same. I had to see her again, as soon as possible—if she would still see me.

“Sir Arnold!” I cried out. “I know this lady! I have not seen her for many years, and I would like to see her again!” I pointed out Moon Owl in the directory.

“Certainly, Princess,” Sir Arnold said. “Er—may I inquire whether you would like to see her fully dressed, or in her nightgown?”

*In her nightgown!* my heart cried out at once. I knew I would still desire to mate again with Moon Owl, even after all these years, if she would have me—but would she have me? *Why did she never come to see me?* I wondered again, and I had no answer. Still, I answered Sir Arnold with little delay: “In her nightgown, I think, if she will permit me.”

“Very well. If she is not otherwise occupied this evening, I shall introduce you to her then.”

Moon Owl was in my mind every minute of the day until Sir Arnold came. I had put my own nightgown on early, and I was fully ready.

Sir Arnold knocked on her bedroom door. "Julia?" he said. "It is Sir Arnold, and I have a visitor for you—a lady who has not seen you for many years."

Moon Owl shyly opened the door, but not very much. "Who is it?" she asked.

"Moon Owl!" I said. "I am Singing Sparrow!"

Moon Owl gasped, or stifled a shriek, or did something a little like both. "Singing Sparrow!" she cried, opening the door wide. "Is it really you?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Oh, Moon Owl, I was afraid you'd forgotten me!" I rushed into her arms and embraced her, pressing my breasts tight against her. Her breasts were bigger than they had been in our youth, and she pressed them just as close to me.

"I will leave you ladies to each other," Sir Arnold said, discreetly withdrawing and closing the door behind me.

"Singing Sparrow, I could never forget you," Moon Owl assured me.

"Oh, no! But then why did you never come to visit me? Surely you knew where I was, when I was First Lady!"

"Of course I did." Moon Owl released me and sat down on her bed. "But I was afraid it would embarrass you to be seen with me, a former harlot, a male woman, and a lady companion at the club. A great many men in this city know who I am and *what* I am, you know. I didn't want to do anything that might harm you, or harm the Governor."

I breathed a deep sigh. "It doesn't matter," I said, "now that I know." I sat down next to her on the bed and put my arm around her. She seemed to hesitate, and then put hers around me.

"I've wondered so often," she told me, "what I would do if I saw you again. I decided it would be best if we lived a pure and sublime life together, with deep affection, but with no mating. You see, I've mated with so many men for so many years that it would seem to degrade our friendship and our, our love, if we were to indulge in mere mating, as if you were not a far higher and finer being than any mere run-of-the-mill rutting man."

"I see. Yes, I think I understand." I was disappointed, but I decided at once that I would do it for love of Moon Owl.

She sighed and was silent. "But now," she said at last, "now that you're really here—well, I wonder if we might not mate just once more, for old times' sake."

My nipples were already hard from touching her breasts with mine. "I would be very glad to mate with you again, Moon Owl," I said. "Will you kiss me?"

She did kiss me, deeply and ardently. Soon we were stripping. I kissed her nipples and made her moan with pleasure, and she did the same to me. I lay on top of her and entwined my legs with hers. Her big *mungushi* was still bound, and her hips made the old familiar pumping motions when she rubbed it against my thigh. I raised myself up and pressed her breasts; my hips were bucking. She reached beneath my buttocks to touch my *mungushi*; I lay flat on top of her and struggled to press my hand beneath her to touch hers.

"Yes, yes!" she cried when I had done it. "Singing Sparrow, I love you! I will always love you!" We lay together and came to climax together, spurting womanly seed into each other's hands with all our might.

“Oh, yes!” she groaned when we had stopped bucking. “Yes, that will make it far easier to begin our pure and sublime life together—*tomorrow!*”

## Epilogue

It is now 1925, as the White men count years, when I am writing this story of my life. I have lived almost 45 years after my reunion with Moon Owl, but there is little more to say of my life that could not be said equally well of many other people’s lives. Moon Owl and I did live a pure and sublime life together, so long as she lived—except that, on rare occasions, we did mate with each other again. Lieutenant Governor Gaithercrombie emerged from obscurity, proclaimed that Zeb Kingsley’s sins had died with Zeb Kingsley, and proceeded to win the election for governor, to the great displeasure of Senator Fortmouth and Ma Hellfire—I mean, Miss Ruth Hardart too. Mating of men with men (except for the “*per anum*” kind), and of male women with male women, was still permitted by law in Pacificum Territory, as it is to this day in the State of Pacificum.

Moon Owl and I mated with many more men at the club, a great many more times, for it was her destiny as well as mine. At last, when I was almost 70 years old and she was little younger, she became sick and died. I wept for her as I had wept for my father Semakoboomish, but my tears were not bitter, for I hoped and believed that Moon Owl’s spirit had gone home to the Great Spirit as the spirit of Semakoboomish had done.

I then retired from the club and moved to the reservation. I knew hardly anyone there when I arrived, but the more traditional-minded among Quoheemish people welcomed me because I was a male woman and I was wearing

Quoheemish women's dress again, and many of the more modern-minded welcomed me because I was a former First Lady. White Beaver and Smiling Willow often came to visit me with some of their many children and grandchildren. Then, after a few years, White Beaver died and Smiling Willow moved to the reservation, where we were the dearest of friends—as we still are, for Smiling Willow has lived to be as old as I.

Now I can see that, before long, my spirit too will go home to the Great Spirit. I think of my life; I want to make known the good I have seen, along with the evil, and to express shame for the wrong I have done. I fear I have mated with men who were married, but who took their wedding rings off, on Sir Arnold's advice, before they came to mate with me. I fear I did wrong in hating the White men so much for so long, for what they did to Moon Owl. I fear I did wrong to mate with Sir Arnold, when Zeb was preparing to shoot himself, after I had promised to be faithful to Zeb. The greatest wrong I *know* I have done, though, was my wrong against the truth, when I was afraid and I tried to pretend I was not a male woman.

If there is one thing I must say to the generations to come, to any who will listen—and especially to male girls and male women of every people—it is this: remember that it is the Great Spirit who made you as you are, and stand up for the truth, no matter what you are afraid may happen! Never be afraid to live for love of the truth! Never be afraid as the great Governor Zeb Kingsley—my heart still aches to remember, and I weep at the memory—was afraid.

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