



Reluctant Press

Martha Jane

Jane Young



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Martha Jane

By Jane Young

My name is Martha Jane Higgins. I have been wealthy since the death of my parents many, many years ago. I inherited nearly a quarter of a million dollars as a result of the death of my paternal grandfather, my mother and my father all before I was ten years old. Since then strategic investments have made me extremely wealthy. The investment company, I created when I became twenty-one years of age has had the responsibility to look after my financial affairs. The success of the professionals I have employed has made me more money than I can ever use. Therefore, I am in the process of creating a charitable trust. The Investment Company's handling of my financial affairs, has given me the freedom to enjoy myself during my adulthood as a teacher at a school for girls. Financial difficulties however, have forced the school, situated on Long Island to close its doors and sell the facility. I have purchased the facility, through usage of a hidden development company of mine. I intend to convert as many of the existing buildings as possible into apartments. The remainder of the schools acreage will be developed, including much open space for the tenants. Most of the facilities including the stables, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, gymnasiums, etc. will become a club, which will also include a new golf course. Enough of my pontificating, I believe you will be more interested in how I arrived at this stage of my life. What I am about to tell you may be quite a surprise. Remember not to be judgmental, for what you see is not always what it appears to be.

The Beginning

My father was an only child. His parents died before I was born. Dad inherited the money, which was held in trust for me at the local bank, after his death. Dad met Mom after WWII and they were married in 1947. All was not perfect, since my maternal Grandma (my only living grandparent) thought Mom had married beneath her station in life. Mom's family was extremely wealthy at that time. When I became twenty-one years old, I was given access to the papers filed in court, on my behalf by Dad's attorney. I learned by extrapolating grandma's share of my great-grandfather's estate, that Mom's family had about one hundred and ten million dollars.

I was born in 1948 and was named 'George' after my paternal grandfather. My name was changed to Martha Jane years later. Details about that will follow. However to continue, my maternal great-grandfather was so pleased that a boy had been born in my generation, that he added a codicil to his will which gave two percent of his estate to each of his great-grandchildren, two older girls and me. This infuriated Grandma, since none of great-grandfather's grandchildren were named in the will or codicil.

Great-grandfather owned a brewery, which was bought out by a larger brewer in the late 1950's. The brewery had been in the family about eighty-five years. During 'prohibition' the brewery remained intact. A small addition was built nearby which housed mixing tanks, which were used to make 'soda pop'. This was piped into the bottling works of the brewery. Great-grandfather was thus able to keep his people employed and the facility in good repair until the repeal of 'prohibition.' Then another bottling facility was built and both businesses prospered. As I stated earlier, the brewery was sold and also the 'soda pop' factory. These sales made the family mucho dinero.

Shortly after I was born great-grandfather died. His estate was divided with three shares of two percent each and the remaining ninety-four percent divided into five equal shares including one for Grandma.

At this time Dad did not understand Grandma's rage at the settlement of her father's estate.

I was born in Manhattan but my parents soon purchased a home in a commuter town in New Jersey. Dad worked as a junior executive in a Manhattan Insurance Company Office.

When I was two and a half years old my mother and a potential sibling died during the birthing process. With Mom dead, Grandma concocted a scheme to steal my two-percent and my second cousins four-percent share of the brewery. Dad was unaware of the plan since he received checks in my name regularly for my share of the profits. The scheme worked thus. The check that each of us kids received had a note attached which implied this was a share of the profit. However, a small print hidden footnote attached to the company's un-audited state-

ment showed in reality, that a portion of the check was a return of equity. Second, since each of us kids was not contributing to the running of the brewery each of our shares of the profits was charged with the costs of one employee. This was illegal but not noticed by Dad or the other parents since each check arrived on time and seemed to be all the money that was expected.

I grew up in an environment with a neighbor as a baby-sitter five days a week with schoolgirls as sitters at other times when necessary. When I was five years old Dad met my stepmother when she graduated from high school and began working in his office. They soon married and this infuriated Grandma again. Grandma had two nieces who she thought would be better wives for Dad and this would rescue me from my lower class existence and elevate Dad to a marginally acceptable social level. After this second marriage, meetings between Grandma and Dad were few and strained.

Since I had a new mother, still a teenager herself, Dad hired a woman, Mrs. Boll, to come in five days a week to help Mom with me and as a house keeper. Our life continued rather normal 'upper middle class' until I was nearly ten years old. In March of that year after a violent automobile accident I was left as an orphan. Until the funeral was over, Mrs. Boll stayed with me. Then at a meeting in Dad's attorney office, my future was determined until a judge awarded my permanent custody. Dad was an only child and Grandma refused to look after me, thus denying Mom's siblings the ability to accept me into their homes, without gaining her wrath on themselves.

Therefore, with court approval, I and fifty-dollars a week from my inheritance was placed in the care of my stepmother's oldest sister. In addition an added stipend was made available to purchase clothes as needed. Aunt Ellen and Uncle Bill were chosen because they lived not far from our home and therefore, I could continue attending the same school until the end of the current term.

At the time this was going on, a search for a relative to assume my guardianship was undertaken by Dad's attorney under the direction of the court. As a result of this search, Martha Jane Higgins emerged as the leading candidate to raise me. Aunt Martha was my Dad's aunt and my great-aunt. Aunt Martha was only about fifteen years older than Dad was. Although I would not have been placed in the custody of a single woman and a woman of her age, the court determined, that she was an acceptable candidate since she was family and I would be around other young children even though 99 percent would be girls.

I arrived at Aunt Ellen's and was quickly brought down to the reality of middle class life. I had cousins, Janice, age eleven, Billy, age eight, Tommy, age six, Barbara, age four and Anne, age twenty-one months. Most of my clothes were given to Billy and his clothes were passed on to Tommy. Aunt Ellen was granted money to buy new clothes for me. This however turned out not to be in the cards.

Since Billy helped his Dad with the yard chores, I was assigned to help Janice with the inside chores. When I complained the third time that I didn't want girl's chores, I was escorted into Janice and Barbara's room where I was stripped of my clothes and put into one of Janice's outgrown dresses as Aunt Ellen said, now you're a girl, get on with your chores. My chores consisted of watching, bathing, diapering and feeding Anne, in addition some food preparation and general house cleaning. I also slept on a youth mattress lying on the floor in the baby's room.

Aunt Ellen used my clothing stipend to buy 'undies' and other clothes for Janice. Janice's used panties and under-vests were passed to me and my under-clothes were passed to Billy. I was provided one boy's outfit to be used for school. However I was dressed in hand me down girls items at all other times. I was embarrassed when I was sent to the grocery store for milk or bread. I gradually became inured to the teasing I faced whenever I was observed by a non-family member. I was trying to fit in to my temporary family for I didn't have any desire to move to another new home with someone I didn't know after the school year ended. I had no desire to continue my girlish existence but had no alternative at that time. I was extremely uneasy about my impending relocation and a new guardian.

Bradbury Academy

After I was awarded to Aunt Martha for my temporary guardianship, Aunt Martha and Dr. Allen, the headmistress of the Bradbury Academy, had discussions pertaining to my future. My temporary custody was to be for one year unless the judge modified the terms and conditions of the guardianship agreement. Although I was unaware of these discussions until I went away to college.

It was decided after multiple discussions that since they didn't have an accurate read on my academic proficiency, that I should repeat the fourth grade, which I had just completed, when my education continued with the fall term. I was to be a full time day student at 'The Brad.' A full time day student was a pupil who attended all classes and activities of 'The Brad', while living at home. My home was to be in an apartment with Aunt Martha on the school campus. A part time day student was a pupil who only took 1 or 2 classes. These part time students generally attended the public school nearby and came onto the campus for instrument, voice or dance classes at the end of their public school day. All day pupils were required to follow all the rules and regulations of 'The Brad.' Thus I along with the other day pupils was required to wear pleated blue shorts and short sleeve blouse for the summer session and the pleated blue jumper with a long sleeved white blouse for the fall and spring terms. The blouses were trimmed with lace down each side of the button closures, the sleeve cuffs and the soft collar. The collar, when closed as required by school regulations, was dressed with a red ribbon tied in a bow.

I was to have my feminine life begun by Aunt Ellen continued throughout the summer. It was hoped that with the summer under my belt, so to speak, I would

have an easier time accepting the life of a schoolgirl while being accepted by my fellow pupils. To make all this happen without complications the school's faculty and other staff, the doctor as well as shop owners and sales assistants were recruited to help convince me that this was the proper style of life for me.

They all played their parts so that by the time I started summer school, I had accepted that I might in fact become a girl in the future. Therefore I wore all girlish attire while accepting the fact that I was in the least expected to be a sissy. I am not sure how much was told to Jennifer McIntyre, however I believe she was told that I was a tomboy, even though I never got her to admit any knowledge of the plans for my future.

New Home

Time passed and the end of the school year was approaching and I was becoming more nervous about my unknown future. Although I was not treated very nicely, I would have accepted my pseudo 'girlhood' as an alternative to the unknown, which I assumed would be worse than remaining here where I at least had friends in my class at school. I wasn't treated badly; it's just that I was made to wear girl's clothes.

When the school year ended I awaited the impending arrival of Aunt Martha and my departure from New Jersey and subsequent relocation to Long Island where she taught school and was an assistant head-mistress at Bradbury Academy (A School for Girls). Aunt Martha upon her arrival, without looking for explanations of my feminine attire and not waiting for a bag to be packed for me, removed me from the household, which I was becoming accustomed to thinking of as home. After walking and riding public transit, we were standing at the gate of Bradbury Academy, which I learned was to be my new home. I questioned Aunt Martha about my position at a girl's school. I learned that if I wanted to attend 'The Brad' as the girls referred to the school, it could be arranged. However, a nice public school was within an easy walk of 'The Brad'. Aunt Martha's apartment and my new home were located within the campus.

We wended our way along a path to the administration building, which we entered. We went to Aunt Martha's office. The two secretaries in the common area between Aunt Martha's office and Dr. Allen's office paid no attention to me. I wondered if they were used to seeing sissies, or if they were so well trained that they accepted anything that happened at Bradbury Academy. Possibly they didn't see me.

I was curious as to why we were in the office rather than at Aunt Martha's apartment. I was told to sit and wait until summoned. Aunt Martha walked across the common area, knocked on Dr. Allen's door, was bidden to enter and disappeared behind the closing door. I sat twiddling my thumbs wondering what was happening.

After what seemed to be an eternity to me but which was more than likely closer to ten-minutes, one of the secretaries approached me and said "George, you are to go into Dr. Allen's office." She took my trembling hand, led me across the common area, opened the door and told me to enter. She closed the door and disappeared.

Aunt Martha said, "Dr. Catharine Allen, may I present my ward, George Higgins." Dr. Allen beckoned me to her side. We shook hands and Dr. Allen told me to sit in the chair on the opposite side of the desk from where she was sitting. I sat down as directed, but I immediately arose, when I heard "Stand up, Child. Your Aunt Ellen didn't seem to teach you anything while you were in her care. When you sit Dear, take your hands and smooth your skirt and sit down slowly keeping your legs together. You do not plop as you did just now."

"Yes ma'am," I replied.

Aunt Martha and Dr. Allen then began a discussion about my need to learn manners, poise and deportment in general. Finally it was decided I should attend summer school and camp at 'The Brad'. A total of about 90 boys, girls and children would attend. I asked what the difference was between children and boys and girls. I learned that boys and girls were in grades 7 to 12 while children were in grades 1 to 7. The overlap was handled on a case by case basis, which was generally determined by observed maturity and deportment. For the summer school and camp all 13 year olds without a history at 'The Brad' were enrolled as children until they proved by act that they should be treated either as a boy or as a girl. Since I had good grades at my school I was to be enrolled in a spelling class and a physical education class. Each class would meet 6 days a week for a double period with a five-minute break in the middle of the period.

During the eight-week session, which would begin in twelve days, the mornings are devoted to school activities and the afternoons are devoted to camping activities. The spelling class would be composed of pupils of all ages; however, there were only children in my class. We generally had to teach ourselves our assigned words, however the older children had to assist the younger ones. As I wrote my word lists day after day, my penmanship started to improve as a result of an occasional whack of a ruler across my knuckles. I was not singled out for this treatment, since all the children received similar treatment from time to time. We were taught old-fashioned penmanship, which meant to use your entire arm from the elbow to the fingers. I considered our penmanship to be very 'girlish'. However, since I wasn't the only male child being so taught, Aunt Martha would only say to me that is proper penmanship and I must learn it. My other class, physical education, was okay and I liked it except that all children and girls in the class had to wear 'Bloomers.' I was in that class since, the faculty really didn't have a good read on any of my academic needs and PE would fill the remainder of my class time.

To continue my introduction to 'The Brad', Aunt Martha mentioned she wished to take me to our apartment and strip me of my clothes and wash them and try to get them dried and pressed before supper since I possessed no other clothes. Dr. Allen suggested she would check the lost and found department to see if some-

thing I could wear until my clothes could be made presentable. I wanted to complain that I didn't wish to continue wearing girl's clothes, only to be quieted by a stare by Aunt Martha. Although not saying a word, Aunt Martha's expression said, you must wear whatever clothes, I decide you should wear. Dr. Allen's expression echoed Aunt Martha's expression. I knew better than to say anything, so I remained quiet. I slumped in my seat and was brought to a proper position with the admonition, "Sit up straight George. If you persist in slouching, we have remedial methods to teach you proper posture."

I sat quietly while Dr. Allen and Aunt Martha chatted about other matters, which didn't concern me. I mused that I knew my life here would be one of misery with "don't this, do that..." I wished I were back with Aunt Ellen and Uncle Bill. I was aware that this was not about to happen and I must adjust to my new home. Aunt Martha finished her conversation with Dr. Allen and whispered to me to stand and tell Dr. Allen how glad I am to have met her and will see her soon. I was corrected again as I failed to curtsy as we departed. I asked Aunt Martha why I must curtsy only to be informed that, it was a way to show polite approval by a child wearing a dress. When I was wearing trousers, I could bow to show approval.

We walked to my new home. This was the first time I lived in an apartment since I was an infant in Manhattan. My room was not large and was rather feminine and was decorated by 'The Brad' from their storeroom. It contained a small desk, a single bed, a dresser and a vanity. Aunt Martha added the trimmings herself, and they were feminine. When I questioned the décor, I was informed that occasionally when a young child got homesick, the child stayed here until she or he learned that their parents loved them and sent them here to be educated because of that deep abiding love. Aunt Martha told me to get undressed and come to the bathroom.

Aunt Martha told me I should have a long soothing bath while she would wash and hang up to dry, the clothes I arrived in. Since this was all I possessed, I had no alternative and was soon standing in the bathtub. I slowly turned in a complete circle as Aunt Martha informed me this would be a weekly occurrence to check me for bruises, cuts or other marks which might need medical attention. Then I sat down in the warm water to which were added bathing salts which I learned had a lilac scent. It was soothing as I lay there waiting for permission to get out. It seemed like forever, but was probably only ten or fifteen minutes. I stood up and was patted dry by Aunt Martha as the tub drained. Then I stood as I was dusted with a scented talcum powder.

I was soon clad in one of Aunt Martha's nightgowns. It covered my nakedness and felt like no other item of clothing I had ever worn. I learned it was nylon-satin. As Aunt Martha and I walked into the living room, I was informed that I should pick up my skirt so I wouldn't trip over it. Our conversation then returned to the rules and regulations that I must follow in addition to the rules and regulations of 'The Brad', which I was to be enrolled in to begin on the Monday after next Monday. I also learned that I would go shopping in the morning, with Aunt Martha to start the process of replacing my clothes given to my step-cousins by Aunt Ellen.

At this time Dr. Allen entered with a bag containing clothes she had obtained from the supplies of the lost and found goods. The items selected were from the boxes, which were to be donated to 'The Salvation Army' clothing crusade. Dr. Allen began unpacking her tote. I was appalled as she extracted item after item of children's clothing. I looked at each item and identified it as being an item of girl's clothing, which I had hoped to leave behind with my move to Aunt Martha's.

I was presented with 2 pairs of plain cotton panties with matching under-vests, a cotton slip, a petticoat, 2 pairs of white anklets, a short sleeve blouse with ribbon tie and a pair of pleated knee length shorts. The blouse had a lace trimmed ruffle down the front with lace around the collar and sleeves. The shorts had sufficient pleats around each leg that when viewed from over twenty feet it appeared that the wearer was clad in a skirt. I was soon to learn that this was the attire worn by the girls and children of 'The Brad' for the summer school portion of each 'school/camp' day.

Dr. Allen said, "Take your new clothes to your room, George and get out of the gown you are wearing. Put on these clothes, Dear and we can all go to lunch."

I knew better than to say anything. I excused myself and reluctantly went to my room. While I was poking in putting on another outfit of girl's clothes, Aunt Martha and Dr. Allen were discussing me and I was soon to learn of the fate awaiting me. As I was dressing I learned these shorts didn't have any pockets and fastened with a zipper and a single button in the center of the back. The older boys (not all-male children) were allowed to wear this same uniform if their parents wished or they could wear rather plainer shorts and a necktie in lieu of the ribbon tie.

I returned to the living room, my clothes were checked for fit. Dr. Allen asked where my ribbon tie was. I excused myself and reluctantly returned to my room and found the despised girl's blouse trim. I was beckoned by Dr. Allen, who closed the top button of my blouse, lifted the collar, placed the ribbon tie around my neck, folded the collar down again and tied a bow in the ribbon now about my neck.

As Aunt Martha and I walked to the dining hall for breakfast the next day, I was told that after we ate, we would be traveling to Dabner's Department Store, where a start would be undertaken in rebuilding my wardrobe. I was looking forward to getting some boy clothes, which I had been deprived of during the preceding 3 months except for school attendance. We walked down the cafeteria line and selected our food, which was placed on a metal tray. When we walked toward the table's area to enjoy our breakfast, I was told Aunt Martha would dine with the faculty I should join a girl about my age sitting at a table about twenty-five feet away from the faculty area.

I walked up to the table where a young girl my age sat alone. I asked if I might join her for breakfast. Jennifer 'Jenny' McIntyre introduced herself as the daugh-

ter of Marie and William McIntyre. Her father was a lawyer in town and her mother was a history teacher here at 'The Brad.' Since her mother was a teacher here they lived in another apartment building on campus. I introduced myself as 'George', however Jenny called me 'Georgia.' Jenny asked why I was wearing a school uniform when school wasn't in session. I informed her that when I arrived yesterday I had only the clothes on my back and this outfit was borrowed from the 'lost and found' until my clothes could be replaced. I explained the replacement was to begin later this morning. Jenny explained that she and her mother ate breakfast and lunch in the school cafeteria, but her mother generally cooked dinner for them in their apartment about 4 times a week.

I explained that I would be living on campus with Aunt Martha as my guardian since I was an orphan. Jenny who didn't or wouldn't recognize me as a boy insisted that I buy some cute outfits at 'Dabner's' as well as other local stores. She insisted that I purchase a two piece swim suit to wear before summer school began and after it ended because during the organized school swim lessons and play time only one piece swim wear was acceptable for children. Jenny also informed me where they have nice sun-dresses and cute dress-up dresses for girls our age. Jenny said she was glad to have another girl to play with but she had to go to the dentist just now.

After breakfast was completed I was introduced to Miss Edith Primm, who was an English teacher here at 'The Brad'. Miss Primm was going to go to Jones Beach for a day of sunning and working on her tan on Thursday. I was invited to go along, if Aunt Martha agreed. Aunt Martha agreed I could go, if I was willing to do everything Miss Primm requested. I readily agreed without understanding what I was getting myself into.

"George, you will wear a one-piece swimsuit under your slip and dress," Miss Primm stated. "After our day of fun, you will of course put on proper undies, your dress, gloves and a hat. We will plan to be back on campus in time for our evening meal."

I tried to question my clothes, but Aunt Martha informed me, those were the rules that applied to all children, who departed the school for an extended period of time in the company of a school employee not a parent or guardian. I questioned my described girlish attire and I was informed, I would be wearing a proper child's outfit, which would bring honor to our school. I wasn't sure I wanted to go with Miss Primm, however I was informed it was a good idea for me to get out and would allow Aunt Martha to handle the details of my enrollment in 'The Brad' summer school and camp. The others in attendance agreed, it was a good idea and I was destined to spend a day with someone else I don't know and might not really enjoy spending time with, however I was given no choice in the matter.

Later as Aunt Martha and I walked to Dabner's, I began to become apprehensive. I had no desire to be seen in this store, by any of the clerks, in my sissy attire. I wished I were back with Aunt Ellen and Uncle Bill rather than face my impending humiliation. Wearing girl's clothes was bad enough, but to be measured and fitted with such attire in a public place with whoever in attendance would be the worst experience of my life, I was sure. We entered the store and

were soon standing in the department titled 'Children and Girls. A jovial appearing woman soon joined us. "May I assist you, Madam?" The query was directed to Aunt Martha, by Mrs. Lisa Kopper, who introduced herself.

After a bit of friendly chitchat, Aunt Martha and Mrs. Kopper finally got around to me much to my regret. Aunt Martha explained that I had only the clothes on my back and I needed to be outfitted completely from the skin out. The continuing explanation left me flabbergasted. Aunt Martha wanted regular summer school uniforms for The Brad' plus all the sundry items needed to support the proper presentation of the uniforms. Mrs. Kopper was informed I would need 6 pairs of the pleated shorts with matching blouses. Also I would need panties, vests, anklets, shoes, etc. In addition I needed nightgowns, slippers, petticoats, blouses, skirts, dresses, keds, etc. Mrs. Kopper asked what sizes I would require. Aunt Martha answered, she didn't know. Mrs. Kopper escorted Aunt Martha and me into a fitting-room. Mrs. Kopper then directed that the young lady should remove her outer clothes so the measurements would be more accurate. Aunt Martha corrected her that I was a boy named 'George'. I would be wearing the normal school outfit with nice children's clothes during the non-school hours. I was standing in front of these two women I hardly knew clad only in panties and a vest. To say Mrs. Kopper's jaw dropped would be a gross understatement. However she quickly recovered her poise as if this was the most common request in the history of the world. Mrs. Kopper excused herself and departed the room.

Mrs. Kopper returned in a moment with a pink 4" x 6" file card. This was a size chart for a girl to be kept on file in the store. It would contain all my sizes and they should be updated every six months. Mrs. Kopper asked what name should I be registered under. George Higgins was my name and Aunt Martha gave it truthfully, but Mrs. Kopper advised against using my real name since a different clerk might be on duty when you need an article of clothing. It may cause raised eyebrows and lead to the child being embarrassed. It was recommended that for purchases at Dabner's, I should use a girl's name or nickname. Aunt Martha suggested that she was Martha Jane and I could be Martha Jane also. I was to be known as Martha Jane or 'Jane' Higgins when I came to Dabner's to purchase clothing in the future. Mrs. Kopper measured me and recorded the information on the pink card. Later she would record pertinent data onto a blue card for George for use when George would need to buy something. Then Mrs. Kopper asked Aunt Martha what she had in mind for lingerie for Jane. At the present time they had a special sale in progress of boxed sets of 'day-of-the-week' panties and matching vests. They were of nylon as an added bonus; the child's name would be stitched on the front of the opposite thigh from the name of the weekday. I would soon possess this boxed set with 'Jane' emblazoned upon each pair of panties, in the same color as the day designation.

Aunt Martha the suggested I be outfitted with sport's briefs so I would not be embarrassed or embarrass anyone else when wearing my uniform, swimsuit or gym bloomers. Embarrassing article of clothing after article of clothing was purchased for me. It was plain as the nose on my face that my girlish life started by Aunt Ellen was continuing here at 'The Brad' with Aunt Martha. After what

seemed an eternity Aunt Martha said that would be enough for today. Enough items of apparel to wear for the next 2 days was laid aside to be taken with us as we left the store. All the other purchases would be delivered as soon as the embroidery work was completed.

Aunt Martha and Mrs. Kopper were standing aside and talking. I now realize that they were talking about me for my benefit, but at the time I thought I was hearing information that I thought they didn't know I was hearing. Mrs. Kopper told Aunt Martha that all my measurements were within a standard deviation of average for a girl my age. At the time I was unaware that I was also well within a standard deviation for boys my age.

I learned that all my measurements were within normal ranges for girls my age. I was devastated, since I had always thought I was a normal boy and now I was hearing I was physically within all the normal ranges for a girl my age. I thought I understood why Aunt Ellen and now Aunt Martha insisted that I wear a child's, a girl's or a sissy's clothing.

It was now clear to me that if I didn't wish to become a part of the county's adoption and foster care system; I must become a girl. My convoluted logic was based on all the bad things I learned at school after the death of my father and stepmother, from classmates in the 'system.' If I was to remain with Aunt Martha or return to Aunt Ellen, they had each shown their preference, that it would be best for me if I were to be a girl.

We returned to 'The Brad' and Aunt Martha's apartment. We were just in time for lunch. After lunch Jenny returned to our apartment to see my new outfits. Aunt Martha made me hold up each item for Jenny to see.

Jenny asked if that was all I had obtained. I explained that Aunt Martha didn't have any more time today for shopping but we would continue another day. Jenny asked if I got any brassieres. I asked why would I need a bra. Jenny advised me, that she didn't need a brassiere either, but she tried to get some each time she went shopping. In fact she didn't know any girls our age who needed brassieres, but that didn't stop them from trying to obtain them. It is a sign of being grownup when you were allowed to wear a 'trainer.' I explained to Jenny that as a boy I would never need a brassiere.

"Martha Jane Higgins, you may be a hoyden today," Jenny said, "but in about two years you'll start to grow breasts like all girls."

"A 'hoyden?'" I asked.

Jenny explained that 'hoyden' was a fancy name for a tomboy. "Your Aunt told me that if we are to be girlfriends, I must call you Jane and not Georgia."

I just hung my head and sighed to myself 'What is happening to me?'

After I had shown each item to Jenny she asked if I could go swimming with her at the school pool. Aunt Martha asked if any adults would be in attendance. Jenny assured her that she was not allowed to use the pool unless an adult was in attendance. I was allowed to go. Aunt Martha told me I had to wear a sport's brief under my swimsuit. I should go and change while Aunt Martha talked to

Jenny. I never did learn what they talked about, however I'm reasonably certain my name came up in the conversation. Jenny said that the two-piece suit looks better on you than it did when you held it up in front a few minutes ago. We were soon en-route to Jenny's to get her suit.

I was introduced to Mrs. McIntyre as 'Jane' and then Jenny went to change for swimming. Mrs. McIntyre assured me, that she knew I was Aunt Martha's nephew. However it was not all that unusual at 'The Brad' for young people of both sexes to be attired in children's style clothing until it was determined if they were to be girls or boys. She commented that my swimsuit was very nice looking. I blushed, a brighter red than the reddest fire engine. Mrs. McIntyre asked why I was blushing when paid a compliment. I assured her I was very appreciative of the compliment, however I wasn't used to all the girlish rhetoric about me. I was assured I would soon be used to that style of compliment, since most children regardless of their sex were addressed as 'Miss' and treated in a feminine way at the summer school and camp of 'The Brad.' In addition I was not to be treated different from any other pupils my age. When I was older, 'in a few years', if I was to become a boy then I would be addressed as 'Mister', however I would not be treated different from the other pupils in my class. That would not be fair to the other pupils at Bradley Academy.

Mrs. McIntyre picked up a book and accompanied Jenny and I to the outdoor pool. Mrs. McIntyre spoke to one of the adults, sunning nearby. Jenny and I were informed that Miss Gruen would look out for us for the next 2 hours. When Miss Gruen was about to leave the pool area and close the safety gate we must return home. While we played in the pool, Mrs. McIntyre would have read a book, if no other adults were in attendance. She would now return to her office at the school to work on her lesson-plan for the upcoming school term. Jenny and I played for about 2 hours until Miss Gruen informed us it was time for us to leave, because she had an engagement and must go to get ready.

When I returned home I found a note from Aunt Martha. As directed I called her at her office, to report my return. I notified her Miss Gruen was responsible for Jenny and me after Mrs. McIntyre escorted us to the pool to be assured we weren't to be left unsupervised. Before I continue with my life at 'The Brad' I would like to digress and explain how Grandma made me rich.

Grandma

Grandma didn't run the family business because she was a woman and the second eldest child of great-grandfather. This galled Grandma greatly, for she had a vision of herself, as the best qualified among the siblings to be the CEO of their inheritance. The eldest boy was chosen to be successor to 'Dad,' by Dad himself. Grandma's share of the profits was growing and she wished to be in business, any business as opposed to attending teas and other upper crust social do-gooder events reserved for and expected of women of her station.

Her break came on a day she was passing away some idle hours at the local 'Country Club.' A group of men were having cocktails at a nearby table and listening to a young man barely out of college, making a plea for funds to acquire an empty clothing factory in Manhattan. His plan was to rework the building and make it into apartments or condos to help alleviate the housing shortage in New York City.

The men were more interested in their cocktails than the ideas of this young man who obviously was not an established member of their clique. Grandma was intrigued by the arguments the young man presented and when the gentlemen was dismissed by the group of men, she asked him if he had a few minutes time to spend with her. She bought them each a drink and inquired of drawings, costs, schedules, etc. The young man, Robert Howe, said he had all the materials discussed, but they weren't in presentation form yet. He also added, he was only looking for preliminary interest from prospective investors, to whom he could make a formal presentation at a later date. Grandma gave him a business card of her attorney and told him to call in about two weeks. The delay was necessary for her to arrange for the attorney to gather a few investors to determine if enough interest existed to arrange for a formal presentation.

Grandma needed the two weeks to lay out the framework of a Real Estate Company, which she would fund and head herself. Although the company couldn't be incorporated and functioning within 2 weeks, the officers and directors could be selected and a trio of them would listen to the 'Howe Proposal.' Bob Howe made his 'pitch' for funding in a conference room at the attorney's office. Grandma was situated in an adjoining room to the conference room, which was a secretarial station. This arrangement was such that meetings could be recorded with or without the knowledge of the attendees. Grandma was to remain as the anonymous owner of the business, which would allow Bob Howe to believe he was running the show. Grandma also didn't want Bob to know he was working for a woman, which intimidates most men.

After the presentation was completed, the banker, the accountant and the financial advisor of Grandma, treated Bob to lunch. The attorney stayed behind on the pretext of collecting any messages for the meeting participants. He was, however, conferring with Grandma to see if she had any unanswered questions in regard to the 'Condo Conversion Project.' The attorney hurried to the restaurant to join the other conferees at repast. After lunch was completed the group retreated to the conference room where a number of final questions pertaining to the proposal were posed and answered. A second meeting was arranged which would allow these potential investors to decide if the project was to be accepted or rejected. It was recommended to Bob, that he bring an attorney to the next meeting, since the investors didn't want to start talking about any arrangements, financial or otherwise unless he had proper legal advice.

Grandma had decided to go ahead with the project to the extent of 2 million dollars. When all agreements were signed, Grandma Real Estate Investment Properties, 'GRIP' was in business. If one substitutes Grandma's maiden name for the G portion of GRIP, one would come up with the actual name of the business.

Grandma, the silent owner would have 70%, Bob, 20% and five others 2% each as their share of the ownership. Bob also had the option to buy 5% of Grandma's share of the business each year beginning 2 years after the last condo was sold. Grandma had the option to sell a larger portion to any of the other investors, however Bob had the right of first refusal and the additional right to acquire those shares under the terms of the agreement, in lieu of Grandma's shares. The terms of this agreement lasted fifteen years after the sale of the last condo. Bob could therefore eventually control 70% and Grandma 20% over the long term.

After the first property was purchased and construction began a launching party was held for the partners. Grandma was present and was introduced to Bob as the 'silent' partner. As the project progressed Grandma created a Real Estate Management Company, Another Development Company and An Acquisition Company. Therefore, Grandma had multiple projects under development at any one time. Bob was unaware of these other projects by his partners, without his sharing any profits.

When Dad died his attorney discovered the shenanigans Grandma and her siblings were perpetrating on their grandkids with great-grandfather's legacy. We each received a settlement in lieu of a long court trial. Grandma ceded to me enough shares in her enterprises that I became a multi-millionaire before I graduated from 'The Bradbury Academy.'

Pre-School and Pre-Camp

When I asked Aunt Martha why I was required to wear only girls or sissy clothes, it was explained to me for the second time that I must appear to be a member of 'The Bradbury Academy' family from now until Summer School and Camp started and again after Summer School and Camp ends, until the beginning of the Fall School term.

The reasoning was that if I was dressed prettily and addressed as Jane, visitors to 'The Brad' would be impressed by the appearance of Jenny and me playing about the campus. The visitors will notice happy girls about the campus as they are sizing up 'The Brad' as a potential school for their daughters. They would not be considering entry before the fall term since time was too short for entry to the Summer School and Camp.

During my second week living with Aunt Martha I was taken to the school's Medical Clinic where Dr. Mary Tromley examined me. Dr. Tromley was a pediatrician and gynecologist, as I was to learn later. At the time I thought she was a regular MD.

I was told to remove my clothing and to climb up on the examination table by the attending nurse after she had recorded my vital statistics. I complied quickly. I wanted the examination to be completed quickly so I could go find Jenny so we might play together. Dr. Tromley reviewed my record citing my height, weight and age. She listened to my heart, lungs and looked into my eyes, ears and throat. The

Doctor then raised the stirrups and placed my feet therein. I questioned this procedure since I had never been subjected to it in any previous examination. I was told that the results of my examination would be explained to Aunt Martha. Aunt Martha asked the Doctor if it was acceptable for Jane to attend the explanation session since she wanted me to hear the conclusions without losing any meaning by her retelling the Doctor's summation. Dr. Tromley then began feeling and sensing my groin area as well as my nipples. It did not hurt but it sure felt funny.

When I was redressed Aunt Martha and I entered the Doctor's office where we could have privacy.

"Jane," Doctor Tromley began. "That is a very pretty dress you are wearing, isn't it?"

"I guess so, Doctor."

I was informed that if I chose it myself I had good taste. After a little more friendly banter, Doctor Tromley asked me if I knew why she questioned me about my dress? I replied that I didn't know why. Then the Doctor explained that my general health was good, however I must be prepared for a possible girlhood in my future. Before I could ask what she meant by that remark, I was informed that all my vital statistics were within the normal range for a girl my age. Aunt Martha then explained that I had been told essentially the same thing by the saleslady who had outfitted me last week.

The Doctor then asked Aunt Martha if I liked to play with dolls. Aunt Martha told the Doctor I had only been with her one week and she hadn't noticed anything to date.

I was asked if I had played with dolls or if I preferred playing other girlish games. I informed the Doctor and Aunt Martha, that when I was tending my cousin at Aunt Ellen's house, I mostly amused her with dolls and other girlish activities. I further informed the Doctor and Aunt Martha that I generally was treated as a girl and dressed as a girl is dressed. I was assigned girlish chores during my tenure with Aunt Ellen and Uncle Bill. The only exception was one outfit of boy clothes I wore to school, but which was confiscated from me at the end of the school year.

Although Doctor Tromley was not certain how Aunt Ellen recognized my innate femininity, the doctor felt that it was good that the condition came to the forefront and I was started on the road to my future by being prepared to be a girl. In the future I may be a girl or a boy. Since I had lived 9 years as a boy, it would behoove my guardian to see that I should be exposed to a 'girlhood.' Then as I enter puberty I would be prepared, if I enter either girlhood or boyhood.

Dr. Tromley explained to me that when she gave me my examination, she was trying to determine if I was a boy or girl internally. Although I didn't understand most of what was discussed that day, years later Aunt Martha explained that Dr. Tromley was trying to determine if I had ovaries and if my testicles were hollow and if my breasts had the possibility and probability of developing in the future.

When we walked home, Aunt Martha explained to me that I must be prepared to be either a girl or boy in the future. Since I have only experienced girlhood for 4 months I must spend the remainder of the summer being a girl.

I told Aunt Martha that I thought I was a boy. She said she hoped that to be the case, but I must be prepared if it turned out in the future that I grew into girlhood. My best friend ever is Jennifer McIntyre, who has been told she must insist that I answer to a new name, 'Jane,' and I must become comfortable in my girlishness before, during and after 'School and Camp.'

Each day during the week preceding the start of school and camp I played with Jenny. I was closer to her than any friend I had ever had in my lifetime. One day she asked me why I only wore the official school uniform for play. Jenny told me that in hot weather like we were experiencing I should wear a light airy dress or blouse and skirt. I would be much more comfortable. She explained that the pleated shorts that I have been wearing looked like a skirt from 15 feet. I had been wearing dresses to dinner each evening; therefore I should just extend my skirted day for comfort added Jenny. I thought about this for the next few hours. The next day when I awoke and was getting ready for breakfast and play I asked Aunt Martha if to please Jenny, I might wear a sun-dress today. Aunt Martha told me she was about to ask me if I would like to wear dresses more often as they were more comfortable in this weather and I would also blend into campus life better. So for better or worse from that Monday until Sunday when the school students arrived, I was dressed totally in girlish attire.

Jenny was pleased beyond belief. So much so, that on that same afternoon during a rain shower she invited me to her apartment to play. That play was with her dolls. Jenny asked me which was my favorite doll. I pointed to one. Jenny said not one of my dolls silly, which one of your dolls is your favorite, Jane. I was confused was putting it mildly and I replied without thinking, "I don't have a favorite doll." Jennifer said I don't understand why you don't have a favorite doll, Jane, all other girls I know have a favorite doll. Before I could respond, that I didn't have any dolls, Jenny noted the cessation of the rain and therefore suggested we go to the swings until the grassy play areas dried a bit. We quickly put the dolls away and went out.

I got on a swing and began to sway back and forth slowly. Jenny didn't hop on a swing immediately; rather she was deep in thought while observing my movements. Soon we were on adjacent swings with identical arcs while we were swaying side by side. After our swing ride as we walked to the seesaw Jenny said, "I observed you on the swing Jane and I noticed your petticoat and skirt flying with the wind created by your movement. Isn't it a good cool feeling on such a hot day? Just forget being a tomboy and be an average girl. As the weather changes we have many more options of clothing to wear to be comfortable than boys have to wear. I mentioned I was a boy only to be corrected by Jenny who said that it wasn't clear that you are a boy. Therefore you must learn all about your girlhood which I hope is your destiny. I really enjoy having you as my girlfriend added Jenny.

I thought about the things Jenny had said and I realized that during the last week, I had become a friend of Jenny's and possibly to get her to like me I had submitted to all girlish activities. At her suggestion I even ask to wear a dress for play. What was happening to me? What was worse I enjoyed myself more than at anytime I could ever remember. I had been put into girl's clothing after my father and stepmother had died except for my time in school. I learned to accept my enforced girlhood and girlish attire. Since I had come to 'The Brad' I was exposed to all aspects of girlhood including shopping, playing and grooming. I especially enjoyed my bubble baths and dusting with scented talcum powder. I really didn't find anything that I didn't enjoy about girlhood save the threat of exposure as a boy to people who didn't know me. I was apprehensive the first time I went shopping with Aunt Martha, however after I was forced to strip in front of Mrs. Kopper, who knew I was a boy. However she measured me for girls clothing and fit me for those clothing as if it were the most common thing in the world for an apparent boy. She didn't know I could be a girl for at that time, I didn't know it myself. When I first arrived wearing girl's attire and left with a number of additional girl's outfits Mrs. Kopper was glad for the sales no matter the sex of the child. There were additional shopping trips with additional girl's clothing purchases and I was never questioned about my sex. I assumed that it was in the clerk's best interest to accept boys from 'The Brad' as sissies and if the school wanted them femininely attired that was the schools business and not the clerk's affair. Their store should make the sale rather than one of their competitors. I had accumulated a large collection of girl's summer outfits. In fact I possessed more girl's clothes than I ever owned boy's clothes in any two years of my life.

Thursday after breakfast Jenny and I joined Miss Primm and Miss Gruen for a day at the beach. I was clad as directed in 'The Brad' approved 1 piece swim suit, over which I wore a slip and a short sleeved dress. My attire also consisted of anklets, black patent Mary Jane shoes, white gloves, a black purse and a 'Mary Pop-pin's style hat with a ribbon about it. The hat ribbon tied with a bow, in the rear, which had long streamers, which fit through a slit in the brim and hung halfway down my back. I carried a small bag, which contained thongs and a swim cap as well as lace trimmed panties and vest, I was to wear after our day at the beach was completed and we were to travel back to 'The Brad.' Jenny was similarly attired.

After our arrival at the beach, Miss Primm rented lockers for the 4 of us in the ladies changing room. I changed and was sent into one of the toilet stalls to relieve myself before we were allowed to go out onto the beach for play. When Miss Gruen and Miss Primm found a suitable place to see and be seen, they spread a blanket on the sand after whisking away the pebbles and shells. Miss Gruen tightened the chin strap of my swimming cap. Then as Miss Gruen observed Miss Primm put lipstick on Jenny, she had me open my mouth and she then applied lipstick to me also. When I inquired as to why I needed lipstick, I was informed it was for visibility. I learned that many children were at beach but that with our red swim suits, white swim caps and red lipstick we would stand out from the other children our age.

At noon Jenny and I had franks and lemon pop while Miss Primm and Miss Gruen had coffee with their franks. After our repast we returned to the changing room to use the facilities. As we returned to the Beach our lipstick was refreshed. Jenny and I returned to our play as our chaperons resumed their sunning. When the time to go Jenny and I asked to stay later, but the bus schedule would not allow any delays. Miss Primm unzipped my swim suit as I slowly walked to the shower stall as I was directed. After my quick rinse to remove any sand and / or dirt, I was wrapped in a towel as I made my way back to my locker. I pulled on my panties, dropped the towel and put on my vest and slip. I sat down and put on my anklets and shoes. I dropped my dress over my shoulders and it was quickly buttoned in the rear and the material sash was returned to its neat bow just below the buttons. I removed my swim cap and put on my hat and gloves. When the others were changed we returned to 'The Brad.'

Jenny and I played regularly during the time from my arrival until summer school began. During those two weeks my attire and playtime habits were progressively more and more girlish. On Thursday before the start of summer school I got an additional shock as I was escorted to the campus Beauty Shop. I was not privy to Aunt Martha's discussion with my operator Flora. Later I learned that I was to be treated as a normal Bradley Academy schoolgirl. My peach fuzz was to be removed and skin was to be cleansed and treated with a softener. My hair was to be shaped and trimmed over the months until it was long enough to be curled and bobbed in preparation for eventual shoulder length braids or curls depending what was acceptable for girls as they grow up and mature physically.

Flora began by waxing all my exposed skin from my head down to my feet. My hair was shampooed and trimmed, a deep cleansing and moisturizing mask was applied to my face and removed therefrom. My nails were manicured and coated with clear enamel, my brows were shaped and lastly I was instructed on what my beauty ritual was to be each night and morning. I was also informed that I was to have a standing appointment every other Thursday at 3:15 PM.

School and Camp

I moved into the dormitory on Saturday evening preparatory to the arrival of the 90 odd pupils/campers, who would arrive tomorrow before 3 P.M. Although I was unaware of it at the time, my girlhood was about to begin. My roommate was Ned Wilkins. He was a boy who was a 'child' and therefore dressed as a sissy like me.

After breakfast the first day of school I went to my spelling class. I was introduced to the other pupils as Miss Martha Jane Higgins. Although it was constantly preached to me, that I was a child, I knew I was a boy. I also knew I was being sissified. If I failed to sit up straight I was reminded there were remedies to teach children proper posture. When I failed to keep my legs together, I would get a swat with an ever- handy ruler, on my offending leg. The other male children were never corrected as much as I was corrected. I learned later it was because I

was to be remain a resident of 'The Brad,' I needed to learn etiquette, deportment and poise for the benefit of campus visitors during my hours of visibility therein.

I was expected to copy my words over and over until I could recite them without error. I also learned word definitions and my penmanship was closely monitored and also corrected. Occasionally I had to help a younger child (male or female) with her assignment. All children were addressed in a feminine way. I didn't know if this was school policy, teacher's option or parental request. I also learned at a later date that it was school policy during the regular school year and optional during the summer session but never discouraged.

My second class each day was physical education. All pupils except boys over 13 years of age were dressed alike in a one-piece blue bloomer outfit with white socks and low cut keds. This uniform was also acceptable for the older boys, however most of them preferred their option of blue shorts and a white short sleeved shirt or blouse. I was not allowed the harder exercise program the boys experienced, but was expected to master the girls and children option for lighter exercise. My push-ups were limited to the arms and knees style. Also the other exercises were of limited conditioning value, since we were only filling the time vacuum, rather than being in an academic class which might not be needed.

In the afternoons we had hiking, swimming and other play activities. Five days a week from 1 to 1:30 PM I was in a beginner's swim class. When we could successfully kick a board across the pool and back without resting we were taught the Australian Crawl. My summer was filled with spelling, penmanship, PE, swimming and hiking. I also had my regular appointments at the beauty shop, where every third visit I was waxed. My deportment was also being corrected regularly wherever I was about the campus.

A few days after the fourth of July, I went to Aunt Martha's apartment after dinner. It was my birthday and Jenny was invited for Ice Cream. I was presented with an 18" Shirley Temple 'knock-off' doll and a locket which contained pictures of my Dad and Mom and my Dad and Step-mom. The doll was for show and was to be kept on my bed as decoration. Jenny returned home and I returned to my dormitory before lockdown.

I was called into Dr. Allen's office a few weeks later. I was told by Aunt Martha, who also was in attendance, that my spelling and penmanship were satisfactory, but my manners, posture and general deportment were substandard, therefore it has been decided that I was to be enrolled in the fall term at Bradbury Academy. When I remarked that I had been told that I would attend the public school about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the principal entrance to 'The Brad.' I was advised that the areas I needed to improve most were not stressed in the public school system. Therefore, I became a full-time day student for the fall term.

I was also informed that since no boys were in attendance at this session except as part-time day students enrolled in voice, dance or instrumental instruction, I would be enrolled in the children's pre-teen girls program. I would have objected, but to whom should I complain. I had no option but to learn all the girl things taught at 'The Brad.' I was quickly sent back to my camping activities.

As the summer passed I was becoming more and more feminine with each passing day. I didn't realize I was changing, since the only visible indications of the changes were my sissy clothing. However, the other changes were subtle, including Spencer style hand writing, posture, poise and general deportment. This was the most enjoyable summer of my short life. I was having such a good time I forgot I was dressed in such a feminine style.

I resumed my close relationship with Jenny after summer school ended. I was again wearing dresses during all my waking hours except for swim time. Our activities remained girlish. I told Jenny I had been enrolled as a full time day student, the same as her. She told me she knew it for weeks, in fact she knew before I had been told. Mrs. McIntyre learned of it at an early faculty meeting. I was taken to Dabner's where I outfitted with calf length stockings, long sleeved blouses and jumpers. In addition I was outfitted with wool dresses, suits, skirts and 2 skirted coats. One coat was a green colored wool blend with dyed rabbit fur collar and sleeve trim. I was also given a rabbit fur hat and muffler. The summer came to an end, as all things must end.

My education at the Bradbury Academy began.....

The Brad

During the early months of my first year at my new school nothing different occurred. I was just another pupil to my classmates. Of those pupils who attended summer school with me I was considered a sissy and it was all right with them if I attended a 'girl' school since I was not allowed to have or expected to have exceptions to the normal pre-girl children's schedule. Most of my classmates were not summer school attendees. Some were new pupils and others were returning pupils from the prior year.

I was corrected for not acceptable girlish behavior more than most pupils, but I was never singled out. It was that I had to unlearn 9 years of boyishness. I did not mind my treatment since I realized I was learning so much more academically. Not much was expected at public schools and I succeeded to that lower expectation. At 'The Brad,' much more was expected and I rose to that level of achievement. The trade-off of girlishness for education was acceptable to me. I threw myself into my academics and became an above average student. I was below average in the physical acts of deportment. I began to try to meet the schools expectations along those lines. I wanted to climb in class ranking to become an honor student but being a scholar would not suffice. Achieving excellence in the entire school curriculum was deemed necessary to earn 'Honors.' Thus when I finished 6th grade I would need to master dance, deportment and other intangibles. 'Honors' were only presented to pupils who excelled for three years; therefore I could only be eligible at the end of elementary school. I expected that, when I finished

three years at Bradbury Academy, I would be transferred to a boy's school before I entered puberty.

After the school day ended circa 3 PM, I didn't have free time like most pupils. Aunt Martha enrolled me in a beginning dance class with part-time day students. I did not like this arrangement; I would rather have been allowed to play. I gradually accepted the instruction and strove to improve my body movements, posture and general girlish deportment when I began to realize I needed this training if I was ever to gain 'Honors.'

By mid December after I had been an orphan for nine months, my hair had grown to about shoulder-length or a bit less. I got the shock of my life when at my normal trip to the 'Beauty Shop,' I was given a permanent wave in addition to my usual waxing, pedicure, manicure, masque and eyebrow plucking. When I saw myself in a mirror I was shocked at my appearance. I appeared totally to be a young girl and not a sissy. I was disgusted with my appearance, however I was not allowed to decide how I wanted my hair styled. Two days later, dressed in a nice party dress, coat, hat, scarf and gloves, Aunt Martha and I went into Manhattan where we checked into a hotel for the night.

We visited an exclusive 'girls shop' where I was outfitted in a green trimmed in red Christmas outfit. I was humiliated beyond belief, although the saleslady thought I was a girl and not a 'sissy.' Aunt Martha was pleased with my acceptance as a 'child.' That was the most expensive outfit of clothing I possessed in my life up to that time. I was also fitted with a matched set of lace trimmed silk undies consisting of panties vest and slip. After leaving the shop we went to an ex-



clusive shoe salon. I was fitted with new patent leather shoes with elevated heels. These were the first shoes with heels I ever owned or wore.

We returned to our room and hung up our new purchases. We then walked to a small restaurant that Aunt Martha knew served a fine luncheon. After lunch, we window shopped for hour or so and returned to our room for a short rest. We then bathed and got dressed for dinner. I wore all my new things. We dined in one of the hotel's fine dining rooms. After our repast we went by cab to Rockefeller Center where for Christmas I was treated to a performance of 'The Nutcracker.'

The next morning Aunt Martha bought a few things for Christmas display. We gathered our things from the hotel, paid the bill and returned to Bradbury Academy. After our return I sought out Jenny to play. This was the first I had seen her for three days. She was fascinated with my curls. We played regularly until the re-start of our academic year. I settled in my usual rhythm.

The days and weeks passed and soon the school year ended. I got good marks in everything except my dancing and deportment. My summer school classes were to be dancing and grammar. I had barely passed the dancing class during the regular year but I needed to repeat it to get my grade up to a level to achieve 'Honors,' which I desired. Although I didn't know at the time, Aunt Martha planned my schooling carefully. I would take a class, for this year – grammar, of one advanced grade level. Each succeeding year I would add a different advanced subject, thus after 4 years I would make up the entire year I was held back when I first entered Bradbury Academy and I would graduate with my aged peers.

In September, 18 months after I became an orphan, my outlook on life changed. I had not had a boy's style haircut in all that time, so I often wore my hair braided. This one gesture of femininity caused me to feel better about my dancing and physical education. My classmates accepted me as an equal. I responded to their caring, by striving to be their equal in girlishness. I was not aware changes were happening to me and I was happy in my schooling up to that time. I did not know what schooling was in my future, however I found myself hoping Aunt Martha would find a way for me to continue my education at 'The Brad.'

I was not aware that Dr. Allen and Aunt Martha had already mapped out my future. I was to remain at school here. My schooling would consist of the normal program for girls on the road to maturing as young women. Thus I was destined to learn, cooking, sewing and other domestic arts. I was also destined to learn how to be an asset to your husband and his career. I would not require this particular education in my future since I knew I was a boy and not destined for girlhood. However these subjects were required for all Bradley Academy graduates.

During my second Christmas school vacation, Aunt Martha took me to 'The Ballet' again. It was to become my annual seasons treat. For this treat I was again outfitted with good quality girl clothes.

The second event that cemented my acceptance as an average Bradbury Academy pupil was when Aunt Martha took me to Dabner Department Store where Mrs. Kopper fitted me for my first trainer brassiere. When I questioned the need

for a brassiere for a flat-chested child who may be a boy in another year or two. I was told to let those decisions to the adults who were in a position to observe my development independent of my preconceived ideas based on my early life. I was reminded I was still within the normal guidelines of physical development for girls my age and showed none of the characteristics for boys. In a year or two I would know definitively if I were a girl or a boy. It is necessary for you to continue to learn what girlhood will be like for you, if that is to be your future. You have less than two years in dresses since your parents died in that tragic accident and nine years in pants before that date. It is imperative you are as comfortable in a future girlhood as you would be in a boyhood.

The third event, of which I was unaware at the time, was the introduction of female hormones into my childhood. When I was introduced to these hormones, I assumed they were vitamins. This introduction occurred in the year that I turned twelve. When school ended that spring, I had surgery, which made my groin appear girlish. This was in the nature of a tuck rather than an excision. When I questioned the surgery it was explained to me that it was necessary for me to learn to accept a normal childhood prior to becoming a young girl. The explanation continued with me learning I would be required to shower with my classmates after PE, swimming or dance classes. I was again reminded that Aunt Martha and Dr. Allen had come to the conclusion that I would not attend the public school outside the Bradbury campus, but I should continue my education at 'The Brad' since their academic standards were superior to the other educational options available to me.

Junior High School

As I entered the 7th grade in the fall I was unaware that the hormones I was be administered daily would slowly change my profile to that of a young girl starting puberty. I assumed I was taking a multi-vitamin tablet.

At 3:15 p.m. after my first day of classes I went into the classroom in the dance building. Since I was using an extra period to make up a class from the year I was held back when I entered 'The Brad,' I had to take my dance class with the part-time day students enrolled in ballet. I was in a class with 7 additional pupils. We were required to answer a roll call this one time. After the instructress could put names to faces we reported to the practice room in our required dance costume. During roll call the name called immediately after mine was Miss Alice Hill. There was no response and the name was repeated twice more without a response. Miss Barnall, our instructress completed the remainder of the roll call. She counted the names on her class roster and compared it with her check marks after the names and came up one check short.

Miss Barnall asked, "who did I miss during roll-call?" A single hand was raised. The new pupil and I were asked to remain behind as the other pupils were sent to dress for class. Then I was introduced to George Hill who was a promising dance pupil who had outgrown his ballet teacher's level of competence and was therefore

enrolled in 'The Brad' for advanced instruction. Miss Barnall advised George that he had been enrolled using the name Alice Hill to prevent his being labeled as a 'sissy.'

I was glad to have a boy in the class with me since I still believed I would grow from childhood to boyhood in the next years. I was unaware that I was taking hormones, which would prevent this from happening. Additionally I was called 'George' for the first nine plus years of my life. I learned that Alice was really keen to become a professional dancer some day and although he was unhappy about his feminine clothes and uniforms required at 'The Brad,' he was more than willing to acquiesce to them in order to attain his goal. It was easy to see why he wanted to be a dancer because he was recognized as the best in all the moves and exercises during our classes. Alice became my friend and as he learned nobody was allowed to make fun of him he relaxed in non-class situations and was accepted as just another pupil.

As another holiday season approached I was looking forward to my day in Manhattan and a trip to the 'ballet.' After school one day early in December, Aunt Martha informed me, Mrs. Amanda Hill, Alice, Dr. Allen, Miss Barnall and we would be having dinner Saturday evening at 'The Embers' room in Sandy Cove Inn. I was advised that we would invite Alice to join us for our annual visit to the ballet. This would be part of the softening up process, since beginning the next school year Alice would be offered a full scholarship to "Bradbury Academy.' It was obvious to Miss Barnall and the school officials, that Alice would be the best dancer ever associated with 'The Brad' and they hoped some of Alice's accolades would add luster to their persona and the school.

Miss Barnall opened the business part of the conversation after the delicious meal by explaining to Mrs. Hill that Alice was the best ballet pupil her age, she had ever had the pleasure of being associated with in her professional teaching career. It was her opinion and that of a scout of a major ballet company, who had viewed Alice during a recent class, that the child had the potential to be a ballerina. Mrs. Hill said, how can my son be a ballerina when by definition a ballerina is a female. Mrs. Hill was advised that George or 'Alice' had the talent to dance 'en-pointe' with enough practice. Alice could keep a dancer type body by inhibiting his testosterone-induced masculinization. They did not bother to tell Mrs. Hill that part of the waiver she would sign for the testosterone blocking would also allow them to introduce estrogen into his body, which would cause feminine puberty to sculpt Alice. This sculpting and her talent would allow her to become a ballerina.

In anticipation of Alice becoming a ballerina, she would have a full scholarship to Bradbury Academy and live on campus with Aunt Martha. This would allow Alice to develop all the feminine traits and skills associated with the life of a professional dancer and possibly a ballerina. In two years when she became a junior high pupil, she might possibly move into the dormitory with the other pupils her age. Mrs. Hill questioned the need for Alice to learn all these feminine skills. She was advised that if Alice were to become a ballerina, it would be necessary for her to live the life of a ballerina. A twenty-four hour a day life of a young woman was necessary to stop the tongues from wagging. Alice would feel better about herself

as a ballerina, if she appeared to be just the same as the other young dance students and dancers.

Why was all this necessary to be a dancer, if he could just become a male dancer was answered thus. All the ballerinas of the 'Ballet Company' will not allow themselves to be caught in their dance sequence leaps and turns by any male dancer who has not experienced the feeling of dependency and vulnerability when doing a leap themselves.

Aunt Martha asked Mrs. Hill if Alice could join us on our annual trip to the ballet next week. A stipulation was that Alice was invited, not George. It would be a great introduction for Alice to experience pseudo girlhood for her prior to making a decision about her future. It would only be a two-day stay. If she could survive a trial then it should help you and Alice to decide if she has a future at 'The Brad' and then if she can stand the rigors of girlhood and ballet training. Although Mrs. Hill was not in favor of this test, Alice was more than willing to try living a two-day girlhood if it would get her closer to future as a professional dancer. After continued discussions Mrs. Hill reluctantly gave permission for Alice to join Aunt Martha and me for our vacation.

TRIP to MANHATTAN

When the day of our trip arrived, Alice was placed in the care of Aunt Martha by Mrs. Hill who, after the customary amenities departed. Alice was in my room getting undressed while Aunt Martha drew a bath for her. Alice emerged from her bath and dusting smelling sweet. Alice didn't want to get dressed with me in the room thus Aunt Martha invited me to go into the living room. Alice was dressed in my Christmas outfit from my first trip to the ballet, which had been kept in a storage bag.

When we arrived at our hotel in Manhattan and Aunt Martha went to the counter to register us into a suite. Alice and I were standing to the side while the formalities were performed. Alice told me to call him George. I pointed out that I would be punished if I did and anyhow it will be necessary for you to become positively reactive to Alice, since that is how you will be addressed as a pupil at 'Bradbury Academy and later as a professional dancer. When Alice questioned me further I pointed out to her that being a girl or pretending to be a girl is fun. One gets to wear pretty clothes all the time and be told how nice you look in this or that outfit. After you wear lovely clothes for a few weeks you'll love how you look and feel and enjoy the compliments others pay to you. When you become a successful dancer you will be able to resume your existence as a man.

The three of us made the rounds of the shops to buy new outfits for our trip to the opera, I complemented Alice on her total look. She was upset to think people were probably sure that he was a boy wearing a girl's outfit because he was bad. I assured her, she was only casually observed by passers-by, while the actual question any attentive observer's would pose would be why does Aunt Martha let one

girl have short hair? By the way Alice, don't you just feel scrumptious wearing such lovely under clothes rather than heavy cotton boy's under-clothes you normally wear? When Alice commented, she really didn't think of the silks and satins she was wearing since she only felt anything when her leg brushed her leg as she moved about. I informed her that was the general idea of nice clothes.

We wear silks and satins for our pleasure as well as to allow others to occasionally catch a glimpse of our lace trimmed undies. We however, had the knowledge of scrumptious underpinnings at all times we wore them. I also remarked to Alice that this was a special treat for girls and in particular schoolgirls. We normally wear cotton undies, however ours are much more delicate than the heavy cotton used in boy's underwear. How do you know about boys Jane, Alice quizzed me? I informed her that she could ask Aunt Martha, if you don't believe me. I have known boys and children destined to become boys and eventually men. Some of these children and boys attended 'The Brad' summer school and camp each year. I learned from those of them who attended common classes or play events with me, that although they be considered sissies at home if they expressed their preferences for delicate undies. Here at 'The Brad' these special children and boys wore panty and vest sets in lieu of heavier underwear they normally wore during their normal home life.

When you attend 'The Brad' next year you'll be allowed to wear delicate undies all the time, I informed Alice. She was sure that if she wore panties and vests like the other pupils, she would be teased as a sissy. Aunt Martha who had remained quiet during our conversation now observed, that any pupil, who made any disparaging comment about any other pupil's attire would be disciplined by the school authorities. That type of behavior was not condoned. It mattered not if the attire in question was visible or if it was hidden under other attire.

Alice pointed out that he was a boy and would always be a boy and that boy's do not wear panties and vests and other girl targeted undies. Aunt Martha pointed out to Alice that if she were to become a successful dancer or ballerina, it would be necessary for you to train as a female dancer. At the time you grow big enough and strong enough for the other dancers to have faith in your ability to make them look good in their dance numbers, before you will be allowed to develop your skills as a boy dancer. Aunt Martha also told us that many male dancers wear lingerie under their costumes the same as the female dancers, since it fits the body better and doesn't bunch up as men's briefs and boxer shorts tended to do during the quick changes necessary during a performance.

We returned to Bradbury Academy, I complimented Alice on her poise and deportment during our two-day stay in Manhattan. She informed me that she had a good time but was certain that everyone who saw them, from bellboys to waitresses, sales ladies and ushers, etc., was aware I was a boy and therefore a sissy. I assured Alice discovery was only in her mind and not in truth.

During the remainder of the school year I was encouraged to stay close to Alice. It was hoped that I could help influence Alice to enroll as a full time pupil at Bradbury Academy rather than the part-time status she had pursued during this academic year. She was the best dancer I had ever met and I was informed she

was also an excellent pupil in her academics at public school. I was only too glad to comply with Dr. Allen and Aunt Martha's request, since I had become the best friend Alice had in dance class. I could not hold a candle to her dance-wise or academically, however since our trip to the ballet together; she took a liking to me.

I remained a close friend with Jenny as we remain today at the turn of the millennium. We became very close during vacation from school. The hormones I was taking were sculpting my body in a feminine shape. It was another year until I finally understood that I was originally a boy but had been subjected to a girlish upbringing since my parents died. For an unknown reason or reasons, possibly genetic, I did not vigorously resist any attempt to assure I would mature as a girl. When I look back today I know that I was happy in my girlhood, however I also believe I would have been equally happy being raised in a normal fashion for boys.

During my year in ninth grade Alice became a seventh grader at Bradbury Academy. In another two years Alice was accepted as a pupil at the Ballet Theater in Manhattan and therefore she was withdrawn from 'The Brad.'

PRE-ADULTHOOD

I was a better than average pupil however, I was in a college preparatory program during my high school days. I was not a shrinking violet. It seems I had inherited the get-up and go characteristics. Since my grandmother was not interested in bonding with any child of her daughter and an unworthy, she made no attempt to influence my upbringing. I was unaware at the time that I was being raised as a girl. If she had known I do not think it would have made one iota of difference in my girlhood.

In my sixteenth year as I lay in the hospital to have my genital tuck made permanent an opportunity presented itself for which I was unprepared. I had to make a decision within six hours. I was technically a minor and it was Aunt Martha's decision. I was allowed to weigh-in with my two cents. A young girl died in an accident and one of her ovaries, a fallopian tube, the womb and the birth canal were intact and I was a perfect match for a transplant. This would be experimental surgery. The procedure had been tried woman to woman but never woman to man. It was hoped this process would lead to help for infertile couples, including single sex pairs.

If this operation failed I would have only lost recovery time since I could be reconstructed without the transplanted organs. I told Aunt Martha I would agree to the experiment with the understanding that could be no assurance that I would become romantically involved with anyone and therefore, I may or may not want to bear a child. I was aware that I might agree to have a fertilized egg implanted in

my new organs at a later date. Cloning was unknown at the time, however transplanting organs has been an exploding phenomenon.

Aunt Martha after consulting with Dr. Tromley and Dr. Allen agreed that the surgery should go forward until any complications arose at which time the experiment would be terminated. I would be reconfigured into as much of an organ-less female as possible with the hope that I could have as normal a relationship with a husband albeit without the ability of child bearing.

The operation was a physical success but its efficacy would be determined at a later date since I did not have any serious romantic interest at that point in time.

As time went by I became more secure in my femininity and I even attended the junior prom with the brother of one of my classmates. Eventually as I approached graduation I was uncertain of my future as most teens are. I wasn't sure if I a career as a teacher or as a businesswoman should be in my future. I knew I would need to know about business, if I were to handle my own financial future. Therefore, I decided I would find an outstanding business program in which I could major and a program in which I could minor in education. If I decided to teach I would need a masters degree in education and I could locate a great advanced education program.

I decided to see if I could attend the University of Pennsylvania, which has Wharton Business School. This would provide me with a quality business education. I was admitted to the University of Pennsylvania in the fall. I learned that admittance to Wharton was limited to outstanding advanced students as well as graduate students. I had to settle for a BA from Penn with a major in business and a minor in education. I was lucky enough, however, to earn credits from Wharton. I decided not to pursue an MBA from Wharton when I learned they discouraged women from careers in business at this period in history.

I returned to LIU to obtain my masters degree in education, which I obtained in two years. Upon graduation I accepted a position as a 'Dorm Counselor' at Bradbury Academy.' An opening did not exist for a teacher at that time, however this allowed me to spend much of my time off campus at an office I established for the conduct of my business enterprises.

During my third year as a counselor at Bradbury a teaching position opened up and I became a teacher of mathematics additionally at 'The Brad.' Aunt Martha had retired from 'The Brad' and although she could have continued living on campus, she opted for an apartment outside of gate. This allowed Aunt Martha to maintain a two-bedroom flat. She was only entitled to smaller digs since her retirement. I was living in Philadelphia during my tenure at the University of Pennsylvania. During Christmas break my first year back at the Academy as an employee, Aunt Martha and I repaired to Florida where I bought a Condo. The Condo was to provide a nice warm environment for Aunt Martha during the cold months on Long Island. I could also enjoy respites from the cold at Christmas and

quick trips to see Aunt Martha at Thanksgiving and Easter. Aunt Martha could spend the nice months back here at 'The Brad' where she felt in her comfort zone. I would also get to see her more often and we could vacation together.

I had good associates keeping my business interests thriving. I had three Condo conversions under construction most of the time. When one project was finishing I sometimes had a forth project starting. On rare occasion I only had two projects underway, but generally I had three on-going development projects. This was all I felt I could oversee while maintaining my teaching and counseling duties at 'The Brad,' which was my passion. Grandma's lessons had been well received by me. I had a knack for business better than any of my estranged cousins, who were sitting on their settlements from Grandma, awarded to us after her shenanigans. I don't believe any of my kin were aware of my business acumen, since my dealings were handled by blind front organizations with astute leadership, who kept their affiliations quiet as a condition of their employment and profit sharing. I suspect most enjoyed the notoriety of others believing they were business geniuses running successful companies.

YEARS LATER

I will end the epistle of my life here, however I will now tell the story of Mary J. Beverly. As I sit here in my 'Condo' on the campus of the former Bradbury Academy, I am proud of Mary. Like me, she started life as a girl in a masculine shell.

MARTIN JAMES SMITHERS

Betty Beverly returned home from her job as a physical education teacher at Lincoln Junior High School. Lincoln was ten miles from her home which was located just opposite Bradbury Academy, a school for girls and children. She had no need to teach, however she enjoyed the challenge and it helped to divert her attention from the death of her only child, an eleven-year old daughter just over a year ago. Her husband, Steve was the CEO of a successful investment bank in NYC.

Betty noticed the answering machine was blinking as usual with at least one message. She opted to ignore the messages until she changed into something comfortable and pretty which would please Steve when he came home in about two hours. She would also begin supper and set the table before she checked their messages.

About an hour later Betty sat down at the desk to listen the messages in case any were social engagements which she would respond to on behalf of her husband and herself. There were two notes from previous calls, which needed action. She decided to listen to the new messages first in the off chance one was important. After she listened to all the messages, she gasped and went back to message two ready to listen to it again. Before she played it a second time, she got a pad and pencil ready to make notes. Then she listened again to the message. This is that message. "Betty, this is Louisa Pelt. First, I did not call to tell you, you have been approved for an adoption. Your application is still under consideration by the powers that be. I will testify on your behalf next week in front of the review board. If they approve you it may be months or even years until a child, that possesses most of the criteria you requested becomes available. Do not despair and feel you will never get a child. These things take time to develop and resolve themselves. I believe I remember from your application, that you kept foster children years ago. Please give me a call. I have an emergency with a nine-year old child, which must be resolved quickly. The half starved unkempt child lives in a sty with spaced-out foster parents."

Betty sat thinking. She did not want to become involved with a child, if a permanent placement was to become available within the next few months. She would talk to Steve before she called Louisa.

After Betty and Steve had their discussion, Betty rang Louisa's number. She left a message that she would be in her office after school tomorrow and would be home about an hour later, if Louisa desired to talk. Betty sat and thought about what Steve had pointed out to her. She realized that Steve was probably correct in his assessment of the situation, "As they approached their fifties it was becoming increasingly probable that Children's Services would be disinclined to place an adoptable eight to ten year girl in their care." Betty assumed that Louisa, knew their preference for a girl to be adopted by them and that she was keen to give them a girl to observe their behavior and nurturing skill toward the child. This could be an unknown part of the acceptability evaluation. She decided to take a few minutes and pack a change of clothing for the girl if she was as unkempt as Louisa indicated and she decided to bring her home. The items packed away had been her daughter's two years previously before she became sick. Betty decided she wouldn't be bringing the child home, however it might help to be prepared to clean the child in case she looks intelligent enough to meet their adoption criteria. If we get her in the house maybe we can keep her, reasoned Betty.

Martin James Smithers

Hearing the knocking on her office door, Betty made the universal signal to come in with her hand as she laid down her paperwork. She rose as Louisa entered with a scrawny dirty child in-tow. Louisa explained it became necessary to

remove the child from non-caring foster parents. They had been warned on numerous occasions to assume the role of responsible parents, but they were incapable of assuming those duties in their spaced-out state. If you don't take Marty with you Betty, I must take him to the juvenile detention facility. The county home was under orders not to accept any more children since they were at one hundred twenty five percent of capacity. Even the detention facility was near capacity and if he were to be taken there, he would be treated like a delinquent and locked in an isolation cell. His schooling for the year would be wasted, since while a foster home is sought for the child, he will get no schooling and will probably need to repeat this year's classes. If however, Steve and you were to assume temporary guardianship Marty could remain in the same school for the last twenty days of this term. He is a pupil in JFK Elementary School, which is nearby. Betty asked Marti if he would like to go home with her, to which he agreed, so he might finish the school year with his friends. He was directed to go into the shower room remove his clothes and take a shower. Betty and Louisa continued their conversation with the former stating, she assumed the child would be a girl and all she has is a change of girls clothes and he certainly isn't riding in her car in those filthy clothes. Louisa stated she didn't think it would be a problem for Marty to wear an outfit of girl's clothes home. Betty explained it was a one-piece step-into playsuit. The play suit was a print jersey that appeared to be made of hundreds of red, yellow, blue and green triangles with the triangles being not uniform of size or orientation. Louisa left feeling she had accomplished a good day's work knowing Marty was with a responsible family.

Betty walked into the shower room and approached Marti. (Note: His friends addressed him as Martin or Marty. Betty prefers the feminine variant Marti. During his first trip to buy clothing, the saleslady dropped the 't' in Marty and recorded his size requirements under the name Mary Beverly. Thus whenever Martin was wearing girl's outer clothes, Betty decided he should be addressed as Mary). Now close your eyes child, I am going to wash your head with a special soap to prevent lice. Next she shampooed his hair with her own brand of shampoo. She had always kept a supply at school to give her unkempt junior high school girl 'Physical Education.' pupils a proper cleansing occasionally to try to instill good hygiene habits in them. Many of her girls needed this reminder and this boy was no exception.

Marti was then checked if he had cleaned himself properly and completely. This also allowed Betty to examine the child for any signs of abuse or neglect. She made a mental note to have the boy see a beautician and doctor as soon as school year ended. She then patted him dry. Betty noticed his shoulder length hair was still damp so she wrapped a second towel about his head, turban style.

When Betty handed Marti a pair of lace trimmed briefs she explained to him that she had expected a girl and he would be required to wear what she had brought to school, since he could not put on his filthy polo-shirt, shorts and undies. Marti's panties and vest would not be visible to any onlookers under his new playsuit. She then put-on a pair of lace edged white anklets and a pair of black colored Mary Jane shoes. Marti began to object only to be reminded that whether

he liked it or not that was the way he would be dressed until they arrived home. As he stepped into the one-piece jersey playsuit, Marti began to cry. Betty buttoned the front and noted to herself that she had picked the child's outfit properly for size since everything fit perfectly. He was still crying as Betty pulled the child to herself to comfort him. This soothing gesture calmed him quickly. Betty assumed he had not had much, if any comforting from his recent foster parents. Betty asked Marti if he wanted to wear the matching skirt for the trip home.

Betty offered the skirt to Marti. ...He took it, but the redness of his complexion made her remark that he was only to carry the garment. She was using the bag she brought his new outfit it as a laundry bag until they arrived home. Betty picked up her purse and taking Marti by the hand guided him to her auto. Marti looked all around to see if he was being observed in his sissy clothes. However nobody seemed to be in the area and he settled down quickly.

When they arrived at the Beverly residence, Betty directed Marti to the laundry room where she emptied the contents of the bag, which contained the child's filthy clothing. Betty placed the outer short pants and polo shirt into the washing machine and started a small load. She placed the underclothes into the nearby trash can along with his socks and shoes. She explained that he needed the shorts and shirt for school tomorrow.

They entered a femininely appointed bedroom which Marti was informed would be his room during his tenure with the Beverly's. He was informed he could play with any of the toys and dolls in the room except 'Anna,' who only used to dress the canopied bed. The room would not be redecorated until it was clear that a girl child was not to be placed in Betty and Steve's custody.

Marti was informed that he would be expected to address the Beverly's as Aunt Betty and Uncle Steve. Additionally he was told that he would wear some more of the clothes of the deceased daughter Marsha during his non-school hours. Since play clothes were not allowed at the dinner table, he would wear a party dress for the evening repast. Aunt Betty beckoned Marti to the skirted vanity and sat the child down. The towel was removed from his head and Aunt Betty began brushing Marti's hair. His hair was stroked one hundred times with him leaning forward toward the mirror and a like number with him holding his head back. When the brushing was completed, a bright red ribbon was produced and placed under his hair, pulled up over his head and tied in a bow. When Marti looked into the vanity mirror he began to cry again. Aunt Betty held his head in a position that, if he had his eyes open, he would see himself. She explained to Marti that he looked very nice and pretty with his play clothes and the ribbon in his hair. Marti explained that boy's weren't to be pretty to which Aunt Betty replied a to be a pretty child is however, to be expected.

"Now Marti you play for a while, I must start supper. I will come back shortly to get you dressed for your meeting with Uncle Steve and later, dinner."

Later Betty returned to Marti's new room and noticed he was rummaging through the toy box. She opened the closet door and began rummaging for an appropriate party dress, that the child could wear to dinner. She soon realized that the dresses that Marsha had outgrown were all packed away. Everything that was in the closet was too large for Marti. Until she had time after supper to check if any suitable dresses were in boxes in the attic, she would also see what else he could use until she could visit Dabner's. After telling Marti she couldn't find a nice dress in the closet and that he would continue to wear the play clothes with the addition of the matching skirt. Marti protested vehemently but he wasn't given any choice in his attire. If he didn't put the skirt on he could remain in his room during the meal. He wanted the meal since the aroma emanating from the kitchen was surely enticing. He gave in and picked up the skirt, which he had carried home and asked Betty how put it on. Betty mused to herself, she had won the battle and probably the war. She was going to be able to get Marti to wear the clothes she had stored in the attic. Additionally if the child was to be with them for only a few weeks it would not be necessary to buy a boy's wardrobe.

She had the child step into his skirt as she referred to it. She set it in place about his waist and had him pull up the zipper and fasten the single button.

Betty heard the door open and close as Steve entered the residence. Betty called to Steve that they would be down in a minute. Steve assumed Betty had brought a foster child into their home since they had discussed it just yesterday. Steve also assumed the girl would get Betty's mind off the loss of their daughter the year before. Betty knew the child looked cute in his clothes. She did not consider it to be a sissy's outfit, rather it was a child's outfit albeit feminine.

Betty took Marti by the hand as they headed down to the first floor. Again Marti was showing signs of distress, which Betty tried to allay by telling him not to worry, that he was looking fine and Steve would not be upset with him. If Steve were upset with anyone, it would be her she knew. Betty introduced Marti to Uncle Steve. Steve said come here young lady and let me see how pretty you are. As Martin walked toward Steve he remarked "I'm not a young lady sir, I'm a young man." Steve recovered his composure rather quickly, since as an executive not much surprised him anymore. Steve motioned the child to sit on a chair and motioned Betty into the kitchen.

"Why is Marty wearing Marsha's clothes?" Steve asked Betty. He was informed that the child's only clothes were in the washing machine so he could wear them to school tomorrow. He had no other clothes and all Betty had prepared for was the addition of a girl to their family. Once Steve understood the circumstances of Marty's wearing of Marsha's play clothes he understood and was not upset. He returned to living room to get acquainted with the child, while Betty remained in the kitchen, to complete preparing their dinner. He sat on the sofa and said gently to Martin, "Join me here please Marty so I can get to know you. They talked for a while without saying much, however Marty felt better. He had never had an adult

man talk to him and him alone since his father had died when he was five years old.

In a few minutes Betty announced dinner and Steve and Marty arose and walked into the dining room. Betty walked to Marti with a pinafore and slipped the garment on the child and had him turn around while she tied a big bow in the back. Marty didn't want to wear the frilly apron, however the meal did smell so good he sat where directed. When he finished his meal, Marty thanked Betty stating he couldn't remember ever having such a good dinner.

Steve excused himself to go change his clothes. He said to Marty, I have some work to complete this evening, however tomorrow we will talk again. Betty asked Marti to bring the soiled dishes to the kitchen. She had him rinse them and stack them into the automatic dishwasher. When they finished their cleanup, Betty said I forgot to put your clothes into the dryer. She said to him "come along dear." When that chore was completed, Betty took Marti's hand and led him onto the patio at the rear of the house.

She said to Marti, "Come here and please turn your face away Dear." She untied the bow and told him to remove his pinafore. When he completed this task, she bid him to sit by her, which he did without complaint. Betty asked him about his schooling. Which subjects did he enjoy and which ones were difficult. She said to him I noticed when you sat dear, you failed to smooth your skirt. She stood and demonstrated the proper way to sit while preserving the crispness of your skirt's pleats. She had him try it a few times. When Marti had completed his feminine curtsy training, he questioned the need for him to learn such a sissy activity. The explanation was that it would not be possible for him to acquire more boyish styled children's clothes until the end of the school year. Therefore, if he performed feminine deportment, then he was less likely to be discovered to be a boy and therefore teased unmercifully as a sissy. Even if he was not to remain with the Beverly's for an extended period of time it would be necessary to continue to get more usage out of Marsha's clothing until he left. If he were to leave after the end of the school year, he would need to use Marsha's dress-up and play clothing until that time. Marti would need to be polite and courteous. That would require learning basic feminine deportment.

Betty also contacted his teacher to find out the areas of his education, which should be addressed at home until the end of the school year. She learned he needed practice with his reading. However Miss Evers wasn't sure how much progress could be made in less than three weeks. Betty explained that he would have reading practice not only until the end of the school term but until he was removed from their home. Betty also told Miss Evers that Marti would have his school clothes washed each evening since that was all the clothing he had at that time. Betty informed Miss Evers additionally that Marti had no underclothes at all and until she could get to a store, possibly over the coming weekend. He would be wearing hand-me-down undies from her deceased daughter. Miss Evers said she

understood and not to worry, other boys in her class over the years have in similar circumstances have survived quite admirably. This was not all that rare among children who attended Kennedy Elementary. Every teacher at this school has had or known of a youngster in similar circumstances, if they have been here three years or more.

“Also some boys are made to wear panties and vests in hopes of curing their behavior exuberance’s by their being totally or partially sissified,” added Miss Evers. This sissification may be perceived as less than an ideal situation in the eyes of the boys affected, however I am unaware of any boys who have been negatively affected by their sissification. Betty admitted she was well aware of boys in feminine attire, since Bradbury Academy has a few attending dance classes after their regular school day ended as ‘The Brad’ was their neighbor. Even these part-time day students wore normal Bradbury uniforms (blouses and jumpers) during their time on campus. Betty informed Miss Evers that she would attempt to enroll the child in Bradbury Academy’s summer school and camp, if Marti remained with them after the end of the current school term and if it possible to complete an enrollment on such short notice. We have only had the child for a day and one half. We will do our best for Marti as long as he remains in our care. Miss Evers remarked that a positive caring environment might be all Martin requires so he may become positively motivated. “He certainly has not been properly cared for in the last two years. I knew his parents and his sister before they were accidentally killed. They appeared to be a fine family. Since their deaths Martin has been living with two or three non-caring homes and he has become a disciplinary problem.”



“I don’t know for sure what will become of this child without a strong home life even with his feminine underwear.”

“I did hear you correctly didn’t I? Your residence is near Bradbury.”

When Miss Evers was assured that indeed this was the case, she remarked it might be too late to enroll the child in summer school for this coming term however, Marty could use the more personal learning environment provided at Bradbury. He would get individual attention in one or two classes and could have his afternoons for play. Betty explained they were only temporary foster parents and may lose Marti at any time. However Steve and I already discussed the summer program at ‘The Brad’ and we will look into it if Foster Care Services gives us any encouragement.

The next afternoon when Steve returned from work he escorted Marty into their yard. They sat down to have a talk. Steve said, “is they’re anything in particular you would like to talk about, Marty?”

“Nothing much. I guess I really don’t mind wearing the girlish undies and play clothing, but I’m really uncomfortable wearing dresses for supper.”

Steve explained he hoped this was only a temporary arrangement. He explained that until it became clearer that Marty would be spending an extended period of time with Aunt Betty and I, we would only spend limited money to extend his wardrobe, not buy a new one. Since we are only talking about the next few weeks, Marty, Aunt Betty will probably buy you a few additional pretty play and dinner outfits. You can put up with that until your time with us is ended, Steve explained. Then Steve added, “Aunt Betty wants to adopt a little girl to replace the daughter we lost to Leukemia over a year ago. Now if I was you and wanted to find a permanent family, I would cooperate with her as much as possible in the hopes, she will notice how nice you are. Then possibly Aunt Betty might decide a boy could please her as much as the girl she seemed to prefer. She dresses you prettily since those are the clothes she has at the present time that fit you. That is a pretty dress you are wearing now Marty. Does it fit?”

After Marti answered that it fit fine, however he was uncomfortable in anticipation of meeting any of his friends and they tease him as being a sissy.

“I wouldn’t worry about that Marty. Aunt Betty assures me she has no intention of taking you anywhere near JFK Elementary when you are wearing one of your pretty dresses. I am assured your friends live in that vicinity, therefore you have nothing to be nervous about. Now stand up and turn around child. I want to see how pretty you look in that lovely dress. I always liked the way Marsha Jane looked wearing that dress.”

Marty stood and turned around. Marty was directed to turn faster. Steve wanted to see if Marty’s panties were on display. He explained to Marty that something was wrong but he wasn’t sure what it was. Marty said Aunt Betty had re-

marked that he, Marti needed a couple of bouffant petticoats to provide the fullness the dress was designed to provide the wearer. As they were finishing their talk Aunt Betty called them to dinner.

Later when he was in bed with the light out, Marty thought to himself. I've been here less than two days and already been read to more often than during the last three years since the death of my parents. In addition I spent time with Uncle Steve and he practically told me that if I pretend to like being a girl while I'm here, maybe I can win Aunt Betty over to my side and possibly she'll want to adopt me. I would like to stay here until I'm grown up. I'll have to learn to like girl clothes and other things like toys and games if I'm to win over Aunt Betty.

The next day after supper Aunt Betty and Uncle Steve each took hold of one of Marty's hands and walked him into the garage. Standing bright and shiny was a pink bicycle, styled for a girl. Betty asked Marti if she could handle a two-wheeler. Marty said he thought he could but he never rode one before. "Tomorrow after school you can practice in the yard. You may not ride on the highway."

Marty said he knew he would not be allowed to ride in his pretty dinner dress, however he asked to be allowed to sit on the seat. He was assisted up onto the seat and Steve commented that he would lower the seat an inch or two. Marty got down from the seat as Steve retrieved a wrench and made an adjustment and had Marty try it for fit again. Betty said notice the curvature of the frame Marti, that will allow you to ride without having your skirt ride-up to display your panties and slip. Marty got down from the bike and ran to Aunt Betty and Uncle Steve and gave them each a big hug. Betty motioned Marti to herself. She whispered in his ear, I think you should give Uncle Steve another hug and a kiss and the kiss should be on the lips. Marty ran to Steve and gave him another hug this time with a kiss. Steve whispered to Marty, he should give a hug and kiss to Aunt Betty also. Marty repeated his hug and kiss as directed.

When he was lying in bed that night, he resolved to ingratiate (he didn't use that word because he didn't know that word, however he understood its implicit meaning) himself with the Beverly's, since he wanted to remain with them. He realized that he might be required to be girlish until he wins them over, but he could do it and would do it to the best of his ability.

When Marty came home from school the next day, he changed into his jersey playsuit without any argument and asked if he could ride the bicycle in the yard. Upon receiving permission to ride, Marti went to the garage and got out the bike and pushed it into the back yard. He could actually teach himself to ride by straddling the curved frame and while peddling until he lost his balance, then he could drop down onto the grass with his feet and try again. Thus he learned to ride the bicycle and he was doing quite well when Uncle Steve got home from work. Steve complemented him and remarked that he wouldn't need to teach Marty to ride. Soon however they were in the house changing into appropriate dinner clothes.

Marty was complemented on his pretty dress. Rather than being upset by the feminine references on his appearance, Marty thanked Aunt Betty and Uncle Steve each with hugs and kisses. He was aware of the implication of his acceptance of and participation in feminine politeness.

The next day when Marty returned from school it was raining and therefore he couldn't play in the yard. He asked Aunt Betty what he could do to amuse himself. She told him there was an assortment of books in his room. Perhaps he could find one and practice his reading or perhaps he could find something to do with one of the toys in the toy box. He rooted in the box and found multiple dolls, jacks, pick-up-sticks and other games. He decided to please Aunt Betty so he picked a doll and sat in a rocking chair and slowly rocked. When Betty saw this domestic scene she asked Marti if when playing with one of his dolls he wouldn't be more comfortable in a pretty dress rather than her playsuit. She recommended that she should change into her dinner dress. Marty thought about it for a few minutes and decided, this was an opportunity to get Aunt Betty to like him.

He removed his clothes and put on his slip and dinner dress. He asked Aunt Betty to button the back closure and tied a pretty bow with the material sash. Marty returned to the rocker, sat down carefully and picked up the doll and resumed his play. At supper Martin was complimented on his play that day. Marty realized this was another instance of being feminine and gaining acceptance and possibly enhancing his chances of being adopted by the Beverly's. Each night after his bubble bath Marti was put to bed by Aunt Betty who shared the reading of a number of pages of a child's book. The book was oriented toward enhancing feminine values.

Friday night Betty explained to Marti that, in the morning he would be accompanying her to the grocery store to buy groceries for the next week. He was told to wear his multicolored jersey playsuit with its matching skirt. When Marty said he would rather remain at home Aunt Betty told him that was not possible. Marti was also informed he must wear the outfit described since he didn't have any suitable boy clothes. Marty was upset because he knew he couldn't win this argument so he slipped on his 'nightie' and climbed into bed. Aunt Betty sat beside him and they began their reading session until Marty's eyes got heavy then she tucked the child in with a big kiss.

Saturday morning Marty and Betty headed to the supermarket. Marty was wearing his multicolored jersey playsuit, Mary Jane's; lace trimmed anklets with a red ribbon tied into a big bow on the top of his head. Betty told Marti to stop fidgeting since that wasn't nice manners for a polite girl. When Marty pointed out that he wasn't a girl, he was corrected by Betty, who pointed out that since he didn't

have any boy clothes he had to wear dresses. Therefore it would be easier for people to accept him as a feminine child if that were what he appeared to be.

As they pushed a cart around the market, Betty instructed Marti in the proper way to select fresh produce. When Marti didn't pay attention, Betty chided the child in a feminine manner. She told him that next week he would select their produce. Marti paid better attention when he realized, he was being required to be a part of the Beverly family. Silently he remembered that Uncle Steve told him if he was to win Aunt Betty over to possibly want to adopt him instead of the girl she desired, he must appear cooperative and malleable. He thought to himself that if he were to learn a few girl chores that might enhance his stature in Aunt Betty's eyes.

Marti paid better attention during the remainder of their shopping trip. When they returned home, he was shown how to clean the produce, participate in the food preparation and storage. After the food was stored Aunt Betty told Marti he could go play until lunch.

After lunch Betty told Marti to go to his room and remove his playsuit and pick a pretty dress to wear. He was informed they were going to Dabner Department Store to add some clothes to his limited wardrobe. He particularly needed a nice suit for dress-up occasions and additional undies. Marti was upset again. He wanted underwear not undies, however he knew better that to object to Aunt Betty since he needed to win her over to him. If he got a nice sport coat and trouser set he could hide his undies, therefore maybe it wouldn't be too bad. He had been wearing panties, vests, slippers and 'nighties' since his arrival here at the Beverly home and he had not been exposed to ridicule or teasing. Therefore he decided again to cooperate with the program and he ran upstairs to his room and changed his clothes.

Marti and Betty traveled to the children's department of Dabner's whence they were greeted by Mrs. Lisa Kopper. She greeted them and asked what she could do to help. Aunt Betty told her I needed to add some better quality lingerie to my wardrobe. Mrs. Kopper asked our last name, she maintained a size chart for each child customer. Informed our name was Beverly, Mrs. Kopper pulled a size chart from the file and looking at me said Marsha these sizes seem to be too large for you or do you have an older sister named Marsha. I informed her my name was Marti. I was quizzed 'is Marti short for Martina', to which I answered it was short for Martin. Lisa said to Aunt Betty, as she raised her eyebrows and quickly regained her composure, "Did I hear correctly, that your daughter is named Martin?"

She was informed that I was a foster child and I was indeed a male. Mrs. Kopper was also informed I was required to wear the outgrown clothing of her deceased daughter Marsha because the child had no clothing of his own. His rags had been destroyed and until permanent foster care was assigned all she could do

at the current time was to add some necessities to supplement the child's hand me downs. I understand, said Mrs. Kopper. I will maintain a dual registration in my file for the child to allow you to buy either boy or girl clothing from any of my other clerks without exposing the child to snickers or embarrassment.

"What names shall we use on the boy and girl sizing charts," asked Mrs. Kopper? For any boy clothes we can use his actual name and create one using your name for his girl clothes. "What is your name Martin," asked Mrs. Kopper?"

"Martin Smithers, Ma'am."

"That is fine for the boy chart. How does Mary Beverly sound for the girl chart?" Mary can easily be modified to Marty with the addition of a 't'.

"I think Mary J. Beverly is a good choice and in fact I think Uncle Steve will call you by that nickname whenever you are not at school."

"Oh, Aunt Betty can't we continue as we have up to now. I like to be known as Marty?" remarked Martin.

"No, I think I prefer Mary at those times your not at school. You will continue to be known as Marti at school however. Now Mary, you go with Mrs. Kopper and let her measure you for your clothing. I want to look at some suits for you. I'll join you in a few moments," stated Aunt Betty.

As Mrs. Kopper and Marty walked to the lingerie counter she told Marty, "you're a lovely girl Mary and you look so cute in your pretty dress. Do you have pretty 'undies' on underneath? You don't need to answer, Dear. Just hold up your skirt and petticoat, Honey. I'll see for myself when I measure for your panties and sport briefs."

After a short hesitation she finished measuring his waist and requested he turn around that she might open his button back dress to get the size from the label.

"You are such a pretty girl Mary to be wearing such plain panties. You should be wearing lace trimmed silk and satin lingerie, Dear. Let's go look at the nice 'undies' in our collection, shall we."

"But I'm a boy, Ma'am. I shouldn't be wearing girl's underwear!"

"No Honey, you not a boy. When you are wearing a pretty dress, you are a girl and you must do whatever you can to make everyone you meet know you are not a boy wearing girl clothes."

"I'm wearing dresses to please Aunt Betty until such time I'm adopted or assigned a permanent foster family. If I please Aunt Mary and Uncle Steve, I'm hoping they will want to adopt me, Ma'am. I have been told by my social worker that the Beverly's are trying to adopt a girl to replace their dead daughter."

"Mary, If you want to please the Beverly's then you can not be a boy wearing girl clothing you must be a girl in all that you do. If you try to win them over by pretending to be the girl they desire you will lose them Mary. You must become the daughter they desire and they will become attached to you and never want to let you leave them. They will pester the County Social Services and Courts until

they get some official to support your cause just to keep them quiet and get rid of the aggravation they create within the system.”

“What must I do, Ma’am?”

“You must do whatever you can to become the daughter they desire, Mary. You must become Mary in their eyes, not Marty wearing a pretty dress. First you must demand to be as pretty as possible when wearing your dresses. That means you must demand lovely lingerie to set off each dress. The dress you’re wearing is lovely, but it will fit and move better with appropriate lingerie. That includes lace trimmed silk or satin panties, vest and slip as well as at least one bouffant petticoat. This will cause the skirt to flare out from the waist to the hem. That will cause the hem to set about one inch above your knees, which is perfect for a girl your age,” said Mrs. Kopper.

Aunt Betty rejoined the group and remarked “Did you select panties and vests, Mary?” “I’m sorry Betty,” said Mrs. Kopper, “I’m guilty of the delay, it took longer than I expected to measure and record sizes for Mary.”

“May I have nice ‘undies’ to complement my dress, Aunt Mary,” asked Marty?

“Certainly, Dear and nice lingerie for the new suit I picked out for you. Now Lisa, “May we see your better quality underwear for Mary?”

They were shown a selection of silk, satin, nylon and rayon panties, vests, trainers, slips, petticoats and ‘nighties’, most trimmed with lace in various pastels and white. After Mrs. Kopper mentioned that she thought the dress I was wearing needed a bouffant petticoat or two, Aunt Betty looked at Mary and agreed, remarking that she knew something was different about that dress but she hadn’t put her finger on it yet. Of course Mary needs bouffant petticoats. We’ll have two with a three-inch lace trim and two with a six-inch trim. Then Marty was fitted with a skirted suit in pink and a dress in yellow with a white bib like lace trim and a white dress with lilac flowers and sash. Betty thanked Mrs. Kopper and said they must go to the footwear department.

In the footwear department, Mary’s foot was measured and fitted with a pair each of white and black Mary Jane’s and a pair of Keds. The bath department provided a packaged set containing bubble bath and six different flower scented bath oils. It was explained to Mary that after she finished the samples she would be allowed to select three scents she prefers for her future bath fragrances. Mary realized she was being offered a further way to ingratiate herself with the Beverly’s and it wasn’t an imposition since she had been given scented bubble baths during the previous five days and they were rather pleasant. They bought Mary ribbons and bows to match each of her new dresses and a woven fake straw hat to match her new suit. Then they went home. Aunt Betty had not bought Mary any additional boy school clothes. Mary assumed she would continue wearing her shorts and sport shirt for the last two weeks of school.

The next day, Sunday, Mary was arrayed in some of his new lingerie and his new blouse and skirted suit, with two taffeta petticoats flared nicely just above her knees. Mary was a fashion plate with lace-trimmed anklets and new white Mary Jane's. Aunt Betty, Uncle Steve and Mary drove to a nearby lake and selected a nice restaurant. Mary was averse to getting out of the car in feminine attire and to be displayed publicly in the dining room. When ordered out of the car, Mary dejectedly obeyed pointing out that everyone would know she was a he and a big 'sissy'. Each guardian took one of the child's hands and moved into the line waiting to be seated. After being seated and greeted by their waitress, Mary relaxed when she was addressed as a young lady. After their repast they walked along the lake for about an hour before they returned home. When the car was safely in the garage, rather than entering the house the group retreated down the driveway, crossed the road walked along the property of Bradbury Academy to the main entrance, which they entered. Again Mary became agitated as she realized she was going to be observed by children her own age in addition to younger and older kids. As they moved toward the administration building they passed two older girls who greeted them with nothing more than a cursory glance. Again Mary was assured nothing was amiss for the girls saw him and probably assumed he was a girl.

Mary asked why they were entering the administration office and she was told her school marks left a lot to be desired and Bradbury had an eight-week summer school and camp. They wanted to see if it was too late to get you enrolled in the program. Mary again became agitated since he noticed the sign at the gate, which noted this was a school for girls and children. When Mary explained her nervousness she was assured that children includes boys and girls. Mary became calm again when assured that all they wanted to accomplish today was to obtain promotional material for the summer term. If you are to remain with us for the summer, Dear, we must find a way to improve your academic skills so you aren't made to repeat this years classes by being held back a year. We don't know if you can qualify for the program here at Bradbury Academy or if the final registration date has passed. This is a Sunday and we don't believe anyone will be in the offices today, however we hope to find some promotional brochures. These brochures may answer some of our questions until we can schedule a meeting to discuss your needs and determine if this school and camp can provide what you need.

Behind a card table with a big black question mark hanging above it in the hall was a young woman. She wore a big smile when she heard the visitors approach her. She ask the Beverly's how she might assist them and upon learning of the reason for the scouting missing, she directed them to an open door where the assistant principal was on duty. The Beverly's were assured this was always a busy

season, what with graduation approaching and the summer session being filled out. Four other families had visited the campus previously today.

They walked into the open door and were immediately greeted by a tall woman who the Beverly's judged to be near their own ages. Dr. Beth Ring explained to Betty, that they rarely refused a child entry at the summer program level. Every child was placed in a grade level upon the recommendation of the most recent schoolteacher. When assured that would be advanced or retarded by their own record here, at 'The Brad' as the school was referred to traditionally by students. Betty explained that Mary was a chronic underachiever and minor troublemaker in the past. Betty asked Dr. Ring, if Steve might take the child walking about the campus, that they might have a frank talk about the child's needs. When they were alone Betty explained that Mary was in-fact an orphan and farther that Mary was a male. If Dr. Ring was surprised she recovered quickly asking, "What were the circumstances of the feminine attire and name for the child?"

Betty explained that when the child came to them she was filthy and all her clothes save one change of shorts and sport shirt was all that she could salvage. In addition, Betty had cleaned the child and put her in some hand me downs from their deceased daughter. It seemed better to protect Martin, his real name, from teasing by giving him the name Mary to match his attire. If Mary is to be adopted soon then possibly money could be spent to get the child boy clothes for the school year beginning in the fall. Dr. Ring also learned that the clothing stipend for the child had been expended for drugs and alcohol by the prior foster parents.

Beth explained to Betty that over the last one hundred years, Bradbury Academy has educated male girls on a day pupil basis. The boys were required to attend all their classes in the designated school uniform of the time period of their attendance. Generally in the past the school uniform was a gray or blue pleated jumper worn over a lace and ruffle trimmed long sleeve white blouse. Until puberty each child also wears lace-trimmed anklets and Mary Jane shoes. In the colder weather over the calf stockings are substituted for the anklets. After puberty begins the girls substituted oxfords in place of the Mary Jane shoes.

"Today our pupils wear jumpers up to puberty, while after puberty the pupils substitute pleated skirts. We sill require Mary Jane or oxford shoes for the students. All pupils wear lace-trimmed long sleeve blouses from November until April, while short sleeve blouses are acceptable at other times. During summer sessions these same rules apply. During the summer session since the dormitories are generally not full, we accept male girls and boys to room in one wing of C building. Certain male girls and boys may be required to reside in the dormitory. If you decide to enroll Mary here at 'The Brad', her residence requirement will be further clarified for you."

After Dr. Ring and Betty had been chatting in general for some time they had mostly completed their conversation about Mary and her needs and based on academic acceptability of the child's grades, it was agreed that a meeting with Dr. Allen, Aunt Betty and Mary was in order. That further meeting was tentatively scheduled for Tuesday at four P.M.

Tuesday Betty and Mary appeared in the office of Dr. Catherine Allen after the end of the regularly scheduled school day for the child. Betty had in her possession a copy of Martin's last period report card. Dr. Allen proceeded after mentioning that she had a phone chat with Ms. Evers. Betty learned that Mary was showing signs of improvement in her basic grade level skills, however there did not appear to be sufficient enough time this term to improve the child's grades for Mary to advance a grade level for the next school year. "However if Mary is to attend our summer school program and camp, we hope to be able to improve her enough to allow her to remain with her grade level for the next academic school year." Dr. Allen suggested maybe Mary would like to go into the adjoining room where some toys were available for play, while we adults talk about our school program. Reluctantly, Mary departed.

Dr. Allen invited Betty to address her as Catherine as they chatted while observing Mary at play. A picture of Mr. Bradbury who supplied the money, which was used to fund the establishment of this Academy, was folded back on hinges revealing a two-way mirror. Betty explained to Catharine the story of Mary's arrival at the Beverly household and her lack of clothing and the temporary imposition of their deceased daughter's clothes on the child. Betty added she was not prepared to spend an enormous amount of funds on a child who might be removed from their temporary care at any time by the court or social services personnel. Catharine told Betty that the attire worn by the child should not be of concern to her. She further explained to Betty that over the years many boys have attended Bradbury Academy while wearing standard school attire, which is primarily designed for the vast majority of their pupils who are females.

Boys are allowed to reside on campus during the summer session, added Catharine. In fact she added, unless a boy is only enrolled for a single class, which defines him as a part-time day student, he or she if that is your preference are required to reside in the dormitory. All boys in the summer program wear the standard school uniform, which consist of back closing shorts, a lace-trimmed blouse and keds. The underwear is their family's option although many boys wear lingerie. Seldom do other boys tease these 'sissified' boys about their attire, since they know they might end-up wearing lingerie also. Finally we encourage the family of boys with discipline problems to have them wear lingerie at all times and to wear feminine attire at the evening meal. This feminine regimen seems to quell their boisterousness.

Dr. Allen alerted Betty to watch Mary at play. This was one way she determined how much education the child has had in handling her skirts in a normal non-supervised time. Catharine asked how the child had come to be known as Mary. She told Betty that Mary is ideal selection for a male girl. Betty informed Catharine, that the name she had selected was Marti with an 'i' as the ending vowel. However Mrs. Kopper at Dabner Department Store had advised against using a name similar to her real name. Some person or persons who know the child may put two and two together if they would be introduced to Marti and realize

Marti is really Martin. Catharine agreed it is better to avoid any possibility of confusion or recognition by using a different name for the child when femininely attired.

Their conversation continued as Betty was advised Marty / Mary will fit better in to her feminine persona if such persona is entirely independent of his male self. Catharine pointed out to Betty that by observing the child at play she could tell she was not ill at ease wearing a dress, which she noted to herself, was a lovely dress and Mary looked very pretty wearing it. Additionally she noted that whenever Mary picked up a toy from the floor, she bent rather than stooped thus exposing her panties and petticoats to any observer. Betty was told that this lack of proper feminine deportment could not be corrected in an eight-week summer session. Catharine asked Betty what her plans were for Mary when the regular fall school term began.

Betty explained she and Steve were only assured of custody of the child through the end of the summer school. If they were to be given the girl they hoped to adopt then Mary would be placed in another foster home, however if this was not to be the case, then it is quite probable Mary will remain with us for the next school year. Catharine advised Betty they might consider entering Mary in Bradbury Academy as a full-time day student. "Our program is designed to take children and direct them into a proper girlhood and when they reach puberty. We direct their development so they become proper young ladies. Our deportment class will be ideal for Mary since she will be taught all those little things that define a young woman. Mary will not be allowed to attend this class until she is twelve years old, which implies Mary will need to be a Bradbury girl for the next three years."

Catharine replaced the painting over the observation mirror and asked Betty to take a trip to the water fountain or ladies room for five minutes while I convince Mary it is in her best interest to attend 'The Brad' summer program.

After Betty left, Dr. Allen brought Mary back into her office. Catharine said "Mary, I understand you wish to become a young girl."

"Oh no, I want to appear to be a nice young girl, so Aunt Betty and Uncle Steve will want to adopt me, Ma'am! Then after I'm their child, I will find a way to have them like me as Martin so I can resume my normal boy's life."

Catharine said to Mary, "Dear, I'm sure it is in your best interest to become the daughter they desire and not appear to be a sissy trying to make people believe you are their daughter. If you pretend dear, someone is sure to notice and I feel sure you don't want that, do you Mary? Don't answer Dear. You and I both know it is in your best interest to become their daughter even if you'll only admit it to yourself. You have been practicing to be their daughter haven't you Mary?"

"I don't understand what you mean, Dr. Allen."

"I think you know what I mean Mary. You know you like to wear your nice soft panties, vests, slips, petticoats, nightgowns, dresses and other nice things. You enjoy your nice soaking bubble baths. You like it when you're dressed up nicely from hat and gloves to shoes and a lovely dress such as the one you are now

wearing and people tell you how pretty you are. Are you going to deny any of this Mary?”

“I do like all those things you mentioned, Ma’am, but that doesn’t mean I don’t want to be a boy.”

“If you want to win over the Beverly’s you must give up thoughts of boyhood for awhile Mary and learn how to be a proper daughter.” Catharine told Mary if she decided to attend our summer school and camp, I believe you and I may be able to convince your foster family it is in your best interest. Ms. Evers informed me it is in your best interest to learn to wear dresses comfortably so the Beverly’s may decide to adopt you instead of the girl they prefer. I think that is very nice of you to be the daughter they desire.”

Mary explained, “she was willing to be a pseudo daughter until her adoption is completed. She could then convince the Beverly’s that I am really a boy and hopefully I can resume a normal boyhood.”

“Don’t worry about the future Mary, concentrate on becoming the girl your foster parents expect. Now dear, let’s talk about what can be accomplished in a summer school and camp which is only eight weeks in length. First, your academic studies must be our number one priority; therefore you will study reading and arithmetic. To help you become the girl your foster parents want you to become I will assign you as a work in progress for the pupils in our department class.”

“I don’t understand, Ma’am.”

“The department class is designed to teach children how to become young girls as a part of their growth into attractive, poised, well mannered, well dressed and well groomed young women. Instead of you wearing shorts to class, you will wear the regular school year uniform, which consists of a long-sleeve blouse, a jumper and patent leather shoes. I will instruct the pupils in that class to monitor your department training. Be ready Mary, because I feel certain these pupils will insist you look and act in a girlish manner twenty-four hours a day.”

“But I don’t want to be a sissy, Ma’am!”

“If your goal is just to wear dresses until you are adopted I feel certain you will never be their adopted child. The Beverly’s and other people will immediately type cast you as a sissy. Being a sissy can be very trying for a child and I do not think you would enjoy that. I rather think that if you become a girl rather than become a sissy you will be happier.”

“I don’t want to be known as a sissy, however how can I make everyone accept me as a girl?”

“That is what the members of the department class will teach you until you are old enough to attend a department class yourself, Dear. When you run and it is not part of an organized school event, the department girls will remind you its proper for a girl to walk in such circumstances. After a while it will become second nature to you to walk. Likewise they will teach you other things and ways of acting that will tell all people who observe you that they are seeing a girl and not a sissy. The object of this training is to make it possible for you to wear boy desig-

nated clothes and have everyone who sees you say to themselves 'Look at that cute girl' Then hopefully you will be adopted by the Beverly's."

"Then if I'm adopted I can resume my boyhood."

"I would hope you find your happiness, Mary! Now I think if you go to the water fountain and find your Aunt Betty and bring her back here, maybe we can convince her to enroll you in our summer program."

"Yes Ma'am, I believe that since I must attend summer school, I would rather attend here at Bradbury Academy where I'll be close to the Beverly's. Additionally I will have adequate play time and if I learn more femininity I may become more acceptable for adoption."

"Go now, Dear!"

Mary went and found Aunt Betty. He sent her to the office and he went to the play yard to use a swing.

Dr. Allen said to Betty, "I am sure we can do a lot for Mary and she thinks the whole idea is her own. If we play our cards correctly she will ask you to allow her to attend the regular session of school here this fall."

"Mary needs the kind of attention and guidance that 'The Brad' will provide her. I have full confidence in your discretion in this matter, Catharine."

Ten days after school ended wearing a pretty party dress and appropriate delicate undies and her white Mary Jane style shoes, Mary was escorted across the road to Bradbury Academy where he was to attend summer school and camp. Uncle Steve, Aunt Betty and Mary carried Mary's possessions to her assigned room. Then the threesome retreated to the first floor reception room where as directed the Beverly's said their good-byes and soon Mary was alone. As she was now alone Mary became uneasy with her circumstances, but as he looked around the room he saw happy faces, sad faces and tears upon the other children.

After a few minutes, Marty realized he was disguised nicely for he noticed a few boy pupils wearing rather sissy attire. An older student came up to him and introduced herself as the councilor of the table in the dining room for those pupils who will have deportment training as one of their two formal classes. "I am Elizabeth Bocker, Mary and I have been told by Miss Higgins that you wish to become a proper young lady. Miss Higgins is our dormitory mother. She pointed you out to me my Dear. Shall we go up to our room and get you settled in and do your unpacking."

"I have no desire to become a young lady, Miss Bocker."

"Please call me Liz, Mary."

"I'd like that Liz."

"What is that I heard you say, that you didn't want to become a young lady?"

“That’s correct Liz. I don’t want to become a girl. What I want is for everyone I meet to assume I’m a young woman while I remain a boy. I know you must think that is strange, however I need to make my temporary guardians want to adopt me. They prefer a girl, but I will find a way to make them love me as a boy.”

“Why so, Mary?”

“The Beverly’s had a daughter, who died about eighteen months ago and they have been trying to adopt a daughter for some time. If I can become feminine while remaining a boy I hope I can convince them to adopt me and then I can slowly become the boy I want to be.”

“Mary, you are rooming with me and will be dining at the table that I supervise which will contain many of the pupils who are trying either willingly or by dictate, to become proper young ladies by attending deportment class. You will not be enrolled in that deportment class. You will be instructed in proper feminine deportment by the girls of the deportment class, school teachers and staff as well as myself.”

“Why am I in a room with you, Liz?”

“Would you rather be in the boy’s wing of this building? Don’t answer that. If you lived in that building wing everyone will know you are a ‘sissy,’ while if you live in my room everyone will see you as a normal schoolgirl and camper. Which would you rather be know as, a sissy or a girl?”

“I don’t want anyone to view me as a sissy. I would much rather be thought of as a girl while retaining my boyhood.”

“That is why you must live as girl among girls, Mary. Visualize ten years in the future, Dear. It is necessary for you to see the Beverly’s watching their daughter graduate from school, hopefully ‘The Brad’.”

“But I hoped that I would be their child. I need them to adopt me, Liz, its difficult going from home to home where the foster families may or may not care about you, while being mainly interested in the money they receive for your care. I have been in five homes in the last three years and this is the only home where I have felt safe and secure. I believe about half of the foster families are okay, a few are super like the Beverly’s and the rest are no good for unwanted children like me.”

“That is what I am trying to explain to you Mary, you must be the daughter they visualize graduating in ten years. If in six months more or less they adopt you, then you can put your plan in motion to gradually become the boy you want to be. Until you are adopted by the Beverly’s or you are removed from their care it will be necessary for you to be their ideal daughter.”

“Is that the only way I achieve my goal Liz?”

“Yes I believe that is your best plan Mary.”

“What must I do to become their ideal daughter/son?”

“First, I think you should repeat your hopes and dreams to Miss Higgins and see what her recommendations might be to become the Beverly’s adopted child.

Let us see if she is free now, since we have free time until supper. After 6 P.M. the summer school and camp will officially be opened.”

Liz and Mary rapped on Miss Higgins door and were soon admitted into her drawing room. After the introductions were completed Mary explained that regardless of the girlish attire she was wearing she was in reality a boy, who by circumstance beyond his control has had to wear hand-me-down clothes of the Beverly’s deceased daughter.

..... The tale continued with Miss Higgins asking some pointed as well as general questions of Mary, who answered to the best of her ability. (Jane Higgins had been fully briefed on Mary’s background and desires. She did not disclose this knowledge to Mary or Liz.)

When the discussion had elicited all the information Miss Higgins felt would be forthcoming, she began her recap of the position. “I am aware that you are a boy Mary. Dr. Allen told me that you wanted to be adopted by the Beverly’s and as such you needed cut the rough edges away from your manners. I have appreciated your candor, Mary. I would have had this discussion with you within the next few days, Dear, since, I like to meet have a chat with each pupil in my charge. I must meet a few more new pupils now girls therefore, until I have had some time to think about your needs, Mary, I will only make a few recommendations which Liz can implement at once. We will talk again Wednesday after lunch at 1:45 P.M.

“First, Mary is a lovely name for which any girl or girl/boy can be proud to be known by. I believe that it is easily mistaken for Marty and that you should have a nickname different from Martin or Mary or Marty. Additionally I think it will be in Mary’s best interest that a cleanup be undertaken as soon as possible. Lastly and most importantly it is necessary that Mary apply herself diligently to her academic classes. Liz can you help Mary understand what my recommendations mean to her. I am sure other ideas will come to me as the days and weeks pass. Now however girls, I must excuse myself and get on with my duties for the other arriving pupils.”

“Mary let’s go back to our room and see that all your possessions are properly stored. Then we can go to supper, which isn’t much on Sunday evening, after which we can begin to organize a plan in order to implement Miss Higgins recommendations.”

“Okay, Liz.”

At dinnertime Liz led Mary to a table that was to be her charge. The table consisted of eight place settings. Liz explained that a number of the girls in the department class would join them as they entered the dining room. They would all be a few years older than Molly and could possibly be identified by their impeccable manners and poise. They were all a few years older than Molly since that was

one of the requirements for entry into the department class. When all were seated Liz addressed the assembled pupils.

“Now girls, you are all in the department class with the exception of Mary Beverly here who I will address in a few minutes. However first I will list some of the rules that apply to you all including Mary. They are listed in the materials you received concerning your department class. Although most pupils/campers will wear pleated shorts and a lace trimmed short sleeved blouse, you will all wear the regulation school year uniform which consists of a long sleeved lace trimmed blouse and a pleated jumper. This uniform will be worn from the time you rise until the noon meal is completed. Then you can wear appropriate attire for your afternoon camping activities. Then for dinner you will wear a nice party dress with appropriate accessories. In the evening for scheduled activities such as tonight’s campfire and marshmallow roast, you may wear casual attire of your choice.

“The next rule, which is to be observed without exception, requires you to sign out in a book kept by a monitor at door ‘2’. Door ‘2’ will be locked at 10 P.M. and all other doors will be locked at 6 P.M. This is for your protection. I’m sorry but your parents and guardians have insisted on that rule ever since this school was founded. The twenty or so boys who are here this summer must observe this rule also. It is imposed for fairness even though most boy’s schools and camps don’t impose this requirement on their male pupils.

“Now let me address why Mary is with us,” continued Liz. “Mary is with us so she can learn everything you learn in your department class. I know you are all saying to yourselves, why would a young girl need to learn the things you are going to learn in your department class, at her age. This is to be our secret girls. Mary’s birth name was Martin.” After the tittering died down, Liz continued, “Mary is a boy, however she needs to make herself adoptable in the eyes of people who want to adopt a daughter. If they can see the daughter they want in Mary, it’s possible they will select her. After she is adopted, she can slowly make them want Martin in lieu of Mary. This plan has been approved by Dr. Allen, now it is our task to teach Mary all she needs to know about a normal girlhood which she has agreed to try to assume during this summer school and camp.”

“Why not make an age exception and put Mary in the department class where she will learn much of what she needs to know Liz?” asked Jill Brown?

“Of course that would be the logical thing to do Joyce, however, until recently Mary has been in a foster family which did not look after her and she has fallen behind in her academics. Molly, which has been selected as Mary’s nickname, must have her two classes in academics. This is why Dr. Allen selected you, the department class to be her instructors in femininity. We will be responsible for the majority of Mary’s training.”

“What are we to do to implement this plan?” asked Tracy Boll.

“Mary knows what is expected of her, however since it is all new to her, if you notice her doing anything in a non-feminine way, then you should point out her mistake to her. You should do this in private whenever it is possible. Molly will be

dressed as you and I twenty-four hours a day. She must learn to be a proper young lady in all that she does.”

“What do you mean, Mary will be dressed like us?”

“I mean she will wear uniforms like ours from morning until after lunch. In the afternoons she will wear clothing appropriate to the activity in which she is participating. If she goes swimming she will wear a one-piece swimsuit and bathing cap, just the same as every other girl and some of the sissified boys. At dinner she will wear a party dress and on Sunday until dinner is completed a skirted suit. She will need to carry a purse and wear white gloves and a hat when dressed for dinner or for other occasions when it is necessary to appear special. For your edification Mary’s wardrobe consists only of feminine articles of clothing, which includes lingerie. Additionally, Mary is only to use the powder room. If any of you are in the powder room when she enters, keep your eye peeled to be sure she uses the facility in a proper feminine way.”

“Lastly, Mary must be kept busy learning as many feminine skills as possible, therefore on rainy days when it is not fit to be outdoors, I will arrange for her to play games with the other girls her age who are in our wing of the dormitory. I’m sure you will notice things that I haven’t discussed here with you, however that doesn’t mean you should ignore them. If it is a questionable act in your mind, ask a member of the staff, myself or one of the other councilors what course of action is appropriate and then point it out to Mary at a later time. Just use common sense and remember if you walk properly yourself when you accompany Mary it will be a reminder to her what good manners and poise consist of and it will be easier for her to learn what is proper. Liz asked if there were any additional questions and then said she expected everyone here to help Miss Beverly along the road to her adoption.”

“Mary, you must understand all these rules apply to you and we are all here to help you achieve your goal. I know it sounds like a lot to learn in only eight weeks, however if we plant good seeds you can continue to improve after you leave here. Do you understand, Mary?” She was totally confused but nodded her consent, not knowing what to do or think at this time. When the meal was completed all the girls surrounded Molly and tried to assure her they would help her in all ways at their command and thought she/he was brave to undertake this difficult journey which was in her best interest.

“Mary, I noticed when you sat at the beginning of the meal, you failed to smooth your skirt,” said Tracy Boll. “After we are excused from supper, why not try to sit properly a few times,” added Tracy? Liz smiled to herself as she thought these girls like the idea of supervising Mary, which will make my job so much easier. The nine of us will put so much pressure on Mary she will become feminine to get out from under the constant nagging.

Later Liz and Mary had a chat to discuss what could be done to make Mary more suitable for adoption in the eyes of the Beverly's. Liz continued the chat by stating that Dr. Allen placed you with me so that you will be exposed to constant feminine values in all aspects of your training here at 'The Brad.' You have had almost ten years of learning how to be a boy. Now, however it has become necessary for you to learn feminine manners, deportment and grooming in order to impress your guardians. If you had been placed in the boy's wing it would be difficult for you learn girl values, since you would be living among aggressive boys while trying to learn more gentle girl values. It will be easier for your value training, if you live among other pupils who have the values you need to acquire. Dr. Allen said, "You must live among the girls who's values you need to emulate and they can remind you if you try to do something counter to normal girlishness. When it becomes evident that you have swung too far along the feminine arc of a male female pendulum, we can remove you from your feminine training. I don't believe that will be a problem for you in an eight week session, Mary.

"When the Beverly's get permanent guardianship of you or if you are placed into another home, then you can resume the life you desire."

Mary agreed that she would apply herself to her two academic classes. Liz would monitor Mary's progress each evening by reviewing her mathematics homework and by listening to selected reading assignments.

Mary and Liz discussed suitable nicknames and the list was soon whittled down to Minnie, Moll, Molly and Polly. Liz told Mary that if she didn't pick a nickname for herself, she would select one and request the other pupil/campers use the selected nickname when addressing her. Mary did like nor want any feminine nickname and refused to select one for herself. Liz therefore selected Molly as Mary's nom-de-plume.

Liz explained to Molly that she was enrolled in only a single class 'Conversational Russian' and that after it is completed she would make arrangements for Mary to begin her clean-up. She explained to Molly that, what her grooming needs are will be determined by the consultant at the campus beauty shop. Mary became disturbed by the fact that she would be required to go to a beauty shop. Liz added, that if you lived in the boy's wing of the dormitory you and the other boy pupils would have your hair and skin care needs attended to at the campus beauty shop. A barbershop does not exist on campus and pupils/campers are never allowed to leave 'The Brad' campus.

They changed into casual clothes, signed out and repaired to the campfire for the evening's activities. When the marshmallow roast ended they returned to their dormitory and signed back in.

When they had changed into their night clothes Liz directed Molly to brush her hair which she did reluctantly after which Liz grabbed a jar of moisturizing cream and showed Molly how to cleanse and moisturize her skin. Molly, this regimen will

be performed by you each evening before you go to sleep. Therefore if you are becoming tired you must realize that you need to allow time for it.

The next day after lunch Liz had Molly change into casual clothes then walked with her to the campus beauty parlor. Greetings were exchanged at the desk with the shop manager, Rose Quick. Mrs. Quick told Mary and Liz that Sylvia would evaluate her hair and skin needs. "After that you will be assigned an operator who will begin the implementation of those recommendations. Not everything will be begun today. Those recommendations not begun today will be implemented in succeeding visits, which are scheduled at the same time each week. The sessions initially will be of about a two-hour duration. However the duration of each visit may be modified to meet the needs of the regimen that is scheduled for that session. Liz you may want to attend the evaluation process, which will enable you to supervise any home implemented requirements of Sylvia."

"Are you aware that Mary is a boy named Martin?" said Liz.

"I was not aware of that fact, Liz, however Dr. Allen requires us to make any boy specific recommendations. We will not tell Sylvia until her evaluation is completed. We do not want to influence any of her observations," remarked Mrs. Quick. At this time another woman joined the group. She was introduced as Sylvia Black, however professionally she was known as Sylvia.

"Mary, is known as Molly to her friends," stated Liz.

"Mary, er ah, Molly and Liz why don't you join me back there at my work station, where I can do my evaluations. This will only require a few minutes," said Sylvia.

Molly sat in the chair reluctantly after gazing at Liz and receiving a nod to move. Sylvia turned on a powerful light and with a magnification lens began examining Molly's face, chin, cheeks and eyes. Then she turned the light on Mary's hair and with fingers and eyes examined the hair texture and the hairline. Sylvia asked Molly to open her blouse and raise her under-vest after which she examined her body fuzz. Then Sylvia examined the child's arms and legs. Throughout the entire process Sylvia made notes in a book. When she finally completed her evaluation, Sylvia asked Liz and Molly to return to the waiting room. She needed a few minutes to fill out a work sheet on Molly so the assigned operator each week will know what to do on that visit to the shop. Each operator will record what she did that day. "This will afford me and the other operators a complete record and progress report for Molly," said Sylvia.

In a few minutes Sylvia join Molly and Liz in a few minutes. She stated, "Mary with the plan I have outlined for you, you will become a lovely young woman in a

few years. In the interim you will be a maturing girl. You will have clear skin and your hair appears destined to hold a curl nicely. Your cleanup will begin today with electrolysis to get your hairline more like other children your age. Liz, I recommend Molly begin setting her hair each night until we can take charge of it in a few weeks.”

“You do realize Sylvia, that Molly was born as a boy,” said Liz.

“I suspected as much,” said Sylvia, but “that will not alter my recommendations for Molly as long as she remains a girl. I will forward a copy of my evaluation to Dr. Allen. Now Liz I think you are not needed more today. Just let me get you the name of Molly’s operator, so she can begin the initial cleanup, which will require weeks to show positive results. We could have started with a ‘perm’, however we know it will not hold as long as the child swims regularly. I assumed that Molly will like to swim and work on a nice tan like her friends.”

Sylvia returned with another young woman, who was introduced as Joyce McClure. Joyce will be assigned to work with Molly for the summer. “Now Molly, please accompany Joyce to her work area where your long overdue clean-up will begin.” (They departed.), Sylvia continued, “Liz, please be sure bring or send Molly here at the same time next week. I would like her dressed in a nice summer outfit complete from lingerie to hat, gloves, party dress, and anklets and shoes all of a good quality. We want to take a few photos of her before and then later after the clean up is well underway and also next spring after a year’s proper care. This will allow us to show her parents what progress has been accomplished and what we believe is possible to be achieved with continued treatments. The child will be enrolled in ‘The Brad’ this fall, will she not?”

“I believe it is Dr. Allen’s intention to have the child enrolled for the next school year. In case you had forgotten, Molly is an orphan and is hoping to be adopted by her foster parents. This is why she is being relatively docile about her feminine lifestyle. The Beverly’s prefer a female child to replace their deceased daughter.”

“I hadn’t forgotten Liz, I always assume each child’s beautification process is always aimed to make her feminine in her toilette and deportment. We will be advised of changes to our procedures for any one specific child. Do you have any questions, Liz? Otherwise, I have nothing to add at this time. I see your dormitory phone number is listed on Mary’s form. I will contact you if Mary needs extra help or is not taking care of herself as Joyce will recommend,” said Sylvia?

“I’m sure things will work themselves out as the days pass. I do not have any questions or concerns at this time. If I may be excused, I have other responsibilities this afternoon. Mary should be told to report to me when Joyce is finished with her today.” Liz exited the salon and returned to her dorm room.

Joyce ushered Mary into her workstation and said, “Molly please remove your blouse and climb up into the chair. We don’t have time enough to complete a lot today. So I only shampoo and set your hair and begin cleaning your hairline.”

Mary complied with Joyce's wishes and was soon encased in a plastic cape and was leaning back over a sink where her hair and scalp were cleaned thoroughly. Then all the split ends were removed.

"Your not cutting too much off, are you ma'am? I like longish hair."

"When I finish this trimming and conditioning, your hair will become fuller and will grow faster." Then Joyce sectioned Mary's hair and rolled each section onto a curler and pinned it in place. When she finished she put a net over Mary's head and picked up a spray can which she held next to the child's ear and sprayed the skin. It felt cool to Mary. Joyce added, "I have desensitized your skin so I can use this needle to straighten your hairline, so it will look more like your classmates. I and Sylvia don't think you should be different from the other girl's in your dormitory wing."

"Will it hurt me?"

"Of course not Dear, that is why I sprayed Novocain on you. It will only hurt if we work after the effects wear off. I must begin. Hold your head still while I work, Molly."

"I'll try Ma'am."

Then Joyce began sticking the needle into each pore and applied a tiny electrical charge to each hair. She worked slowly but steadily as Mary's hairline retreated up to a position, which resembled a normal woman's hairline. When she completed all she could do on one side without damaging the skin she sprayed the other side and worked to move the hairline on that side to be on the same plane as on the first side.

"Did that hurt much Mary?"

"Just a bit as you were finishing the first side, Ma'am."

"Good, now let's get you under the dryer, so we can finish your hair for today. Come over here and sit on this booster seat on this chair. The dryer will go low enough for you to sit with your head in the proper position. The warm air must circulate for about a half-hour or until your hair is good and dry. (The machine began to make a motor running sound.) I'll then comb and style your hair after which you can return to your dormitory. Next week we will align the hairline on your neck and clean your tummy."

"I must come again next week, Ma'am?"

"You and I will work on you hair and skin each week until the summer session is ended, Molly."

"Must I come every week?"

"Of course. How else are we to continue to make progress. If you are to have beautiful hair and a beautiful complexion you will need to work on it every day of your life."

"But, I intend to return to my former lifestyle after I'm adopted, Ma'am."



“I can not predict when you will be adopted, Molly, therefore both you and I must only look ahead to the plan that Sylvia and Dr. Allen have laid out for you. If some event changes the plan schedule, we will deal with it at that time. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“The air is warming up now. It feels comfortable.”

“Give me your hand Molly. I will work on those bordered nails while your hair dries.”

Mary proffered her hand without thinking and for the first time looked down the row of dryers. She noticed only girls. One she recognized as being in the same reading class. Soon Joyce asked for her Mary’s other hand and began working on that one. When the half-hour was up, Joyce turned off the machine and asked Mary to slip her head out that she might test the dryness of the hair. It was sat-

isfactory to Joyce and she escorted Mary back to her workstation, where she removed the net and curlers. She took a comb and brush and began moving Mary’s hair first one way then another until she was satisfied that each curl was in its best position to provide a well structured and cute style.

“How do you like this Mary? Although its only a beginning it gives us an idea how cute a girl you can become.”

“But Ma’am, I look like a girl.”

“Yes and when you have longer curls you will really see how pretty you are.”

“I don’t want to look like a girl, I only want other people to think I am a girl.”

“The more you look and feel like a girl the easier it will be for others to see you as a girl.”

“I guess so, Ma’am. By the way I haven’t seen any other boy customers.”

“All the boy’s appointments are on Wednesday. We only allow boys with special needs on any other day of the week. We don’t take as much time with them and we don’t want them to tease you girl’s if they may accidentally see your pretty undies.” Joyce asked Mary for her left hand. She applied a clear polish to it and repeated the process with the right hand. After a second coat was applied, Joyce excused Mary for the day reminding her to come at the same time next week. Mary nodded handed an envelop to Joyce which contained a tip which Betty Beverly had agreed was appropriate each week.

Mary was conscious of her bouncing curls as she wended her way back to her dormitory. She didn’t meet anyone along the way. When she returned to her room Liz said, “You really going to be a good looking young lady in a few years. You look so much better after just a single trip to the beauty salon.”

“Don’t say that Liz, I’m a boy and I’m not going to be a good looking young lady in a few years.”

“I believe you are destined to be a good looking girl. Just look in a mirror and see what a single trip to the beauty salon has done to improve your appearance. By the end of this summer your regular trips to the salon and your nightly beauty ritual will make you as attractive as any other girl here.”

“But I’m not a girl, Liz!”

“Okay be a pretty sissy then.”

“I don’t want to be a sissy. People tease sissies.”

“I am under the impression that you wanted to be or rather needed to become a girl in order to be adopted by the Beverly’s, Molly.”

“I need the Beverly’s to think of me as a girl until they adopt me. I don’t want to be a girl.”

“The only way people will accept you as a girl is for you to be a girl at all times and in all your thoughts and deeds. Otherwise they will assume you are a sissy in a dress. Which is it to be, are you going to be a sissy or a girl? There is no other way, Honey. I thought this had been decided between Dr. Allen and you before you were enrolled here.”

“I did agree to cooperate as agreed to with Dr. Allen, but look what they did to me today. With these curls and my polished nails I am already of the opinion that my consent to any such plan was a mistake on my part.”

“You weren’t given a permanent wave, but just a hair set. In a few days the curl and bounce will be gone and you will only have well manicured finger nails to remember of your trip to the beauty salon.”

“Do you mean that what was done today will disappear in a few days.”

“The only thing done today and the only thing to be done over the next eight weeks that may be permanent is the new hairline you are acquiring. Everything else will vanish with time.”

“Maybe it wont be too bad then, Liz? I guess I can live with being a girl rather than a sissy for the remainder of the summer.”

“What happens after that time, I’m afraid to say, I don’t know, however do you honestly believe that any member of the staff or the Beverly” would knowingly do anything which will harm you?”

“I guess not.”

“That’s right and you know it. I don’t want to hear again, that you are not a girl. There are two reasons for you to apply yourself to becoming a proper young lady. First, the Beverly’s prefer to adopt a girl and you want to be that girl. Second, you were a wild unmannered child and girls manors and decorum are more in tune with the normal teaching at this institution its better for you to become a girl to learn proper manners. Thirdly, I almost forgot, since you need to rely on your classmates to help you become a proper young lady, the more you are like them the easier it will be for them to assist your feminine decorum. Therefore the more you have in common with them in dress and manner the easier it will be for you to be like them and it will be easier for them to accept you as one of them in word and deed.”

“I think I understand Liz, however I am afraid I will make mistakes and held up to ridicule and considered to be a sissy.”

“Don’t you worry your pretty little head about that, Molly. The faculty and staff will punish those fellow pupils of yours that don’t treat you as the girl you are to learn to be this summer. Enough of that for now Molly, if you are going to go swimming or sunning for an hour before you need to get dressed for dinner, I will help you put your new curls in your swim cap.”

“I think I’ll read my lesson for tomorrow, Liz.”

“That will be okay just this once, however you must begin swim lessons tomorrow. All campers must show a proficiency in swimming or take swim lessons. Your records indicate you do not swim.”

“I will be glad to learn to swim, however I would like to get off to a good start in reading. I am at least two grade levels behind my age group and I would like to show improvement in that subject since the Beverly’s read regularly.”

Jill Brown, Tracy Boll and the other girls gathered around Mary when she sat down to dinner. Jill said, “Now I understand why you are to become a girl. Those curls and glistening nails differentiate you from the boys. I am ashamed to say you will be as lovely as most girls your age.”

“Thank you all,” said Molly, who continued, “I’m not sure that is a complement since I would rather be a boy.”

“A tomboy is more like it however from what I understand, you must become girlish so even becoming hoyden like is not acceptable.”

“That is exactly as it is to be Tracy,” said Liz who continued, “We all hope Molly continues to become more and more feminine as the weeks roll along. She must be indistinguishable from her peers so she is the girl the Beverly’s try to adopt.”

Molly attended her classes each day and began her swim lessons on the second day of camp. The following Monday when Molly returned from lunch helped her dress in nice lingerie and a white summer weight party dress which was trimmed with yellow flowers and a fabric tie that closed in a big butterfly bow in the center of the waist at the rear. The sleeves and square cut neckline were trimmed with a half inch white trim that was lace edged. The hem was similarly trimmed but the trim was a full inch. She was also a anklet that were turned down an inch and had a lace trim. Her shoes were patent leather without straps. Molly wore a white hat with a yellow bow ribbon, which hung down her back and white cotton gloves. Mary didn't understand why she had to dress up like it was a Sunday just to go to the beauty salon. Liz explained the reason would become clear when you arrive at the salon.

When Mary had been photographed from each side, front and rear, close-up photographs were taken again from the same four angles. Then Joyce McClure led Mary to her workstation and asked her to remove all clothes except for her panties. Joyce went on to explain that she would continue cleaning the hairline and then would use a faster method of cleanup on your tummy. This faster method is called waxing as it was explained to Mary. "First, however we must set your curls again, Molly. Your curls will be set each time you visit us Molly. Molly is a pretty name. I hope you are proud to carry it."

"I guess it is a nice name for a girl, Ma'am, however if I can't be called Marty I think I prefer to be known as Mary."

"Okay, Dear. I'll call you Mary if you call me Joyce. Ma'am reminds me of my grandmother and I'm not inclined to be matronly at my age."

"It's a deal Joyce."

After Joyce worked on Mary's hair for a few minutes Mary asked, "Why didn't you trim my hair like last week?"

"It is only necessary to cut off split ends every few weeks since your hair doesn't obtain much damage in only one week."

"I glad you told me."

"Since, I don't have a need to trim your hair today, that allows me time to clean you tummy today."

"Yes."

Joyce continued working on Mary's hair and had soon completed her task. Then she ushered Mary into a small room at the rear of the shop. Mary was lying on a table like in the doctor's office. Joyce went to a burner and got a pan, which contained a milky yellow liquid, which was applied to Mary, from neck to waist after her panties were lowered to her knees. In a minute the liquid became crusty and Joyce began to peel it off bit by bit. She told Mary the next time it will not be

as uncomfortable as this time and the time after that it will be less uncomfortable again.

When the peeling was completed, Joyce used a cold cream to remove any bits of wax that were missed as well as any oil in the pores. A moisturizing cream was rubbed into Mary's tender skin. Mary had only screamed a few times and was complimented by Joyce at the completion of the waxing session. Mary was escorted to a dryer and when her head was within its confines, the air circulation was begun. Then Mary was given a pedicure. When this process was completed and her hair proved to be dry, the styling was undertaken. When finished Mary's toenails and fingernails were coated with two applications of pink tinted clear enamel. Joyce then said to Mary "now when you put on your clothing you will feel delicious."

"Delicious."

"Absolutely. You will never have felt anything that makes tingle with glee, like this sensation which is reserved for women and girls. It will make you feel so good you will never want to do anything, which will interfere with the pleasure you experience. That means for you dear, after your adoption you will want to continue your feminine grooming and you will insist on wearing luscious lingerie even if you return to trousers and shirts."

"I'm sure that that will not be the case with me Joyce."

"Then get dressed Mary and tell me again that it will never apply to you."

When Mary lowered camisole down over her torso she got a feeling like none she had ever experienced...

"Mary, I noticed you opened your mouth a couple of times while you were dressing, but no sounds were heard by me. As I told you this is delicious feeling only reserved for we girls."

During the first month of camp Mary was introduced to craft of sewing whenever rain prevented the regularly scheduled outdoor activities. Her learning experience in sewing was targeted in learning to operate an old singer machine. Mary used this knowledge and the guidance of her department friends to create day-of-the-week panties. Her neck cleaning was continuing as was her other beautification processes performed during weekly visits to the beauty salon.

The same time period showed Mary making slow steady progress in her academic endeavors. Mary's teachers had noticed steady improvement in her deportment. At the start of the summer school session Mary had been corrected almost daily with varying degrees of swats with an 18-inch ruler on her calves, which made her keep her legs together. Mary's hands came in for stinging correction if she slumped in her seat or misplaced her hands. Occasionally her knuckles were rapped if she failed to write using a flowing feminine script. However by the time Aunt Betty arrived for her mid-term grade review Mary had improved in her femi-

nine deportment to the extent that, she was not corrected by the staff in the last three days. She was not an outstanding academic student however, her talents showed that she would be an average pupil and could possibly become a Bradbury Academy girl if her guardians so desire that to be in her future.

All that had happened to Mary during the month was explained to Betty Beverly during a phone conversation between her and Dr. Catharine Allen.

The next Wednesday after lunch Liz told Mary to keep her school uniform on and report to Dr. Allen at 2 P.M. Mary asked, "Did I do something wrong? Am I in trouble?"

"No, you are not in trouble Mary. Your progress is to be reported to your guardians."

"Aunt Betty and Uncle Steve are to be there?"

"Yes. Don't forget to curtsy to Dr. Allen and your guardians. Sit nicely with your hands in your lap and keep your undies private by the proper positioning of your legs."

When Mary was ushered into Dr. Allen's office by a secretary, she performed her curtsies without being prompted. Betty called Mary to herself and gave her a big hug and kiss from herself and from Uncle Steve. When her greetings were completed Betty said to Mary, "Please turn around Dear, that I may see your uniform from all angles."

"Yes, Aunt Betty." Mary completed the maneuver as had been requested. When Betty told her to sit, Mary sat in the chair indicated while smoothing her skirt, keeping her legs together and folding her hands neatly in her lap. Dr. Allen and Betty began a conversation discussing Mary's progress in reading, arithmetic and deportment. They did not include Mary in the conversation but rather talked about her. After a while Dr. Allen told Betty that although Mary was improving in her academics, she would require more instruction in eight year-old disciplines in order to improve to a nine year-old level. It would require Mary to have at least two years of intense schooling, such as that provided by a private school a la Bradbury Academy, to get her to normal achievement for her age level.

"I am aware of Mary's needs," Betty said. "However I have been reluctant to commit for her due to the circumstances of her prior guardianship. I have been informed that I will have Mary during the next school year. I think I probably have Bradbury to thank for the recommendation, which shows improvement in her academics as well as deportment. Those are the skills that social services wanted us to provide our ward. I heartily approve everything you are doing for the child

and hope you and your staff will continue whatever you have been doing for the child.”

“We are delighted when we have a pupil starts at Bradbury with a low base It makes the comparisons so much easier for the child with our ministrations. I wish we could take all the credit, however the twelve year-old girls in the department class have assumed responsibility to tutor Mary in department and academics. She owes much of her improvement to their diligence. This diligence also helps them in their own department training.”

“In a few days I will have a letter in my possession a letter which authorizes me enter Mary into any school of my choice at my expense or in the closest public school at the taxpayers expense.”

“I would encourage you to consider Bradbury Academy for Mary’s continuing education. We will not be in a position to allow her to stay in a campus dormitory until she enters the school year in which she becomes twelve years of age. She will be a full time day student and although living at home, she will be expected to conform to all the rules and regulations that apply to the on campus pupils.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Good. I’m glad we agree on that. Now for the good news, if you enroll Mary at ‘The Brad’, scholarship money is available for girls with one or both parents deceased as well as for pupils who by birth are male girls.”

“I hope we can come to a satisfactory financial arrangement and that Mary can continue her education here where she is improving in all ways, every day.”

“I agree. In fact I hope Mary may finish her secondary education here with us as a part of the Bradbury family. I believe she will grow into a young woman with all the required skills necessary to have a productive future life.”

After a few minutes of meaningless banter Betty and Mary exited Dr. Allen’s office. They made their way to the sitting in the child’s dormitory where they sat on a sofa. Betty began their conversation, “Are you enjoying your camping time Mary?”

“I guess, Aunt Betty.”

“What do you mean you guess, Dear?”

“I’m a boy and everyone treats me like I am a girl.”

“Why is that so bad. Your academic skills are advancing and you are learning good manners, poise grooming. I look at you and everything I see about you is improved.”

“Just look at me. I have curls. I am only allowed to wear clothing suitable for girls. Look at my skin, it’s as smooth as the silk that I sometimes wear.”

“I still haven’t heard anything which is not designed to make you a better person. All the things that seem to disturb you are things that are designed to make you a better girl. Don’t say you’re not a girl. That doesn’t matter. The things you are learning are condensed into a single word ‘deportment’, which includes manners, poise and grooming. You don’t want this training because you think it is designed for girls and not for boys. Isn’t that correct Mary?”

“I believe that is true, Aunt Betty.”

“Well you are wrong, Dear. 90 percent of grooming, manners, poise, etc. is appropriate for girls and boys both.”

“You mean boys curtsy.”

“No. Boys bow however, the circumstances of when to curtsy or bow apply equally to boys or girls. I think it is appropriate for you to continue your feminine deportment training. It is easier for you to get the appropriate training from the girls who are coaching you now. I don’t want to hear any objections from you. I expect you to curtsy properly when you come home. I expect your grooming to continue to improve daily. By doing this deportment learning you are helping yourself and the girls and staff who are teaching you daily. Each girl who shows you how to walk or hold your hands is reinforcing their own learning. Therefore as you are learning your feminine deportment you are also teaching your friends their deportment.”

“Are you saying that as I am learning feminine skills, I am teaching those skills to my friends?”

“That is correct Mary or do you prefer Molly.”

“I am Marty.”

“I’m sorry Dear, but you must continue to be Mary Beverly while you attend Bradbury Academy. That is the name under which you are enrolled here. Now let me see your improvement close-up. Stand up and face me Mary.” Mary stood and faced Aunt Betty as directed.

“Your skin is becoming nice and clear and it has a glow which is quite becoming. Your eyes are clear with a glint in them. Your hairline is becoming and sets off your beautiful curls.”

“Would you like to see my panties?”

“Is there a reason I should need to see your panties, Dear?”

“Well, I guess so, Aunt Mary.”

“Be discreet, Dear.”

Mary lifted her skirt, slip and petticoats and quickly showed Betty his Wednesday panties.

“They’re lovely, Dear. Who made them for you?”

“I made them Aunt Betty.”

“You made them?”

“Yes Aunt Betty. Mary Toffler taught me to use a sewing machine and helped me write the names of the days of the week on the panties. Also opposite each weekday I was instructed to place the name Mary. Each day was sewn with a different colored thread. I used red, pink, gold, yellow, blue and violet.”

“That is the same scheme on the panties I bought for my daughter five years ago. Now let’s see your hair Mary.”

“I’m so ashamed of my hair Aunt Betty. I look like I have a girl’s hair style.”

“Your curls are cute and they match the shape of your face. I certainly wish my hair held a set so nicely, Dear. I always have to be so careful to preserve my sets. I have been led to believe that, if you fluff your curls and shake your head gently, your curls fall back into a nice arrangement.”

“But I’m not a girl and I shouldn’t have pretty curls.”

“For these next three weeks you are enrolled here as Mary, therefore curls are appropriate for your circumstances. I also like the nice crisp hairline you are sporting. Your skin appears well cared for and you have a nice healthy skin tone and tan.”

“I like the way my skin feels and looks, but I don’t think I should feel this way about myself.”

“Skin is supposed to be smooth and have a healthy glow whether you are a girl or you are a boy.”

“ I think I like feelings I get when I pull my panties up my smooth legs and when my under-vest or slip slides down my body.”

“Yes that is a delicious feeling. Now I must go Mary. I hope to have a letter in my possession which will authorize me to enroll you in school for the upcoming school year.”

“Will I attend J. F. Kennedy again?”

“No. If I can not come to an agreement with Bradbury Academy, then you will attend Dolly Madison Elementary which is the closest primary school to our house.”

“But I’ll lose all my friends Aunt Mary.”

“We don’t have any reason of necessity for the school rules to be waived. Therefore you must attend the school which is closest to your home. As long as you live with us Mary, you will be assigned to Madison.”

Mary made her way back to her room where she changed into her swimsuit and began her normal afternoon activities. She had much to think about. First, she was facing the remainder of the summer continuing to be femininely treated and further if financial arrangements were agreed upon another full school year of the same treatment. Later she repeated her tale of woe to Liz.

“Why are you upset about continuing with what has been happening to you up to this time. It is in your best interests to accept this as a further way to ingratiate yourself with the Beverly’s, to enhance your chances of adoption.”

As Mary continued her summer, her dormitory and dinner-mates coached her on deportment. She was also being femininely trained in her grooming. Mary was being taught and tutored in reading and arithmetic. In all areas Mary made steady progress and soon the summer session came to a successful termination. When Mary arrived home she had resolved to try to be everything the Bradley's wanted their child to be. She was more than ever convinced it was in her best interests to become the pseudo daughter they hoped to adopt. Aunt Betty explained that she had received written permission to enroll her in school for the coming year. Betty had concluded an aid agreement with Dr. Allen and Mary had been entered the student body as a member of the class with the eight year old pupils. This was on recommendation of teachers who had instructed Mary during the summer. Their reasoning was that Mary behind in all the areas of required academics for a ten-year old, which is what Mary, would become in a few weeks.

The logic behind the reasoning showed that as soon as Mary improved in the academic areas where she was deficient, she could be advanced a grade level. Then with summer school for one or two additional years Mary should be prepared to join her twelve year-old fiends in junior high school (now middle school). With the adoption of new federal guidelines for financial aid, boys were now accepted at Bradbury Academy. Mary was entered into the program for girls rather than boys program. Aunt Betty insisted that Mary's entry into the school as a member of the normal girl's program since she had thrived under that program during the summer session.

Dr. Allen explained that Mary could be admitted to the boy's program and could even be a resident in the boy's wing of the 'C' dormitory. Betty insisted the girl's program was more in-tune with the child's needs. Dr. Allen explained to Betty what would be required of Mary if she entered the normal program for prospective young ladies at 'The Brad'. First since Mary could not live in any of the girl's dormitory areas, she would have to live at home. We would require you to maintain a sign-out book for the child. She must learn poise, posture and movement etc., which is considered normal feminine deportment.

A few weeks later Mary traveled to 'The Brad' for the first day of classes in the new school term. All the returning pupils gave a round of applause to the new and transferring pupils. After some normal school announcements the returning pupils were dismissed to their homerooms. The new pupils were given further instructions and each was assigned a guide to them to their homerooms where they would be given their individual schedules. Her guide escorted Mary to Dr. Allen's office. Once Mary and Barbara Chriswell were seated Dr. Allen directed her comments to Mary. She began by stating, "You are now a Bradbury Academy girl. As such you will observe all the rules and regulations which every girl experiences here at Bradbury."

"But I'm a boy, why can't I use the rules for boys?"

“Your guardians enrolled you in the girl’s program.”

“But why am I in the girl’s program, Ma’am?”

“Your needs are more closely aligned with the program for girl pupils than the program for boys. We are not here to discuss your wants Molly, were here so I can tell you generally the scope of your program. Miss Myles, your homeroom teacher, will give you your schedule after we have finished here. First, you will comply with the dress code, which is a pleated jumper over a long sleeved blouse with patent leather shoes and proper accessories as described in the school handbook. You are expected to deport yourself properly as every other pupil in your classes. Lastly, you are assigned to Physical Education twice a week, beginning ballet twice a week and health and hygiene once a week.”

“I will enjoy gym class if we play ball Ma’am, however I don’t want to learn ballet. That is for girls and sissies.”

“You will be in ballet class to learn poise and movement Molly. Don’t waste my time trying to talk your way out of dance class. The program laid out for you addresses your specific needs, Dear, and has been approved by the Beverly’s.”

It was explained to Mary that her gym class would be with the younger girls. You will be with nine year-old boys and girls for reading and mathematics and with eight year-olds for your other classes.

“As your performance improves above that grade level for any course you are assigned to you will be advanced to the next class level. Then with summer school next year and another year here we expect you to have advanced in all your school activities and classes, so that you will be in ninth grade with other children your age either here at Bradbury Academy or at another institution of your guardians choice.”

“Do you mean that I may return to public school, Ma’am?”

“Possibly Mary, or a boy’s school if that is the desire of your guardians.”

“I advise you to fully cooperate with the program each of your teachers asks of you. They know your unique circumstances and are directed to assure your conformance to the program established for girls who are about to enter their maidenhood. Some of your teachers have been educating girls for thirty-five years or more and they know what is expected of a girl your age. More than one of them may use rulers or willow sticks to keep children focused on proper poise, manners and general comportment. If you fail to do as instructed you should expect to receive a swat as an attention getter to remind you of your misdeed. The swat you earn is not punitive but corrective. Do you understand Molly?”

“If I do something in class that a teacher thinks I am doing in direct conflict to my training, I might be reminded of my obligation to perform properly.”

“That is generally what I mean, Dear. Now Babs will you please escort Miss Beverly to her homeroom where her Bradbury education can begin.” Barbara stood and curtsied and nudged Mary to do the same. Dr. Allen nodded her approval and the girls departed.

Mary thought to herself, if I cooperate with 'The Brad's' plan for the next two years I can return to a normal boy's life. In the interim I can possibly get adopted by the Beverly's if I cooperate with the program designed for me. That means I may need to learn how to be a girl until I get out of this situation.

Babs said to Mary, "Do you prefer to be called Mary or Molly?"

"I don't like either name, Barbara. During summer school most of my friends called me Molly and since some of them are schoolmates now, they will continue to address me as Molly. I'll answer to either however I would like to be called Marty if it is all the same to you."

"I will do no such thing. You want me to be punished do you? If I were to address you with an obvious boy's nickname, I will be paddled in front of the entire student body. I am a few years older than you and I must know better, therefore I will be punished not corrected."

"Then, please call me Molly, Babs. I don't want to cause you any punishment."

"Remember your curtsies and modesty. Keep your legs together whenever you sit and if you are not using your hands to get the attention of the teacher, writing or other acceptable uses, keep them neatly folded on your desk. Observe the other girls and imitate them whenever possible."

Mary and Babs entered the school building and went directly to room 105, which was the homeroom for the eight year-olds. Babs told Miss Myles that Miss Beverly had just come from Dr. Allen's office where Mary's position within the student body was explained to her.

"Miss Beverly please sit in the empty seat in the third row. That will be your seat whenever you are here homeroom. If you are here for grammar lessons you may be assigned to a different seat. Do you understand young lady?"

"Yes, Miss Myles," Mary replied while performing a curtsy.

"I see you know the proper rules of etiquette. Be sure to remember the rules. Now sit down Miss Beverly."

"Why are you addressing that boy as Miss, Miss Myles and why is he dressed as a girl?"

"Well Sally, I will not punish you this time for your rudeness or the tittering of you or your classmates. However rudeness henceforth will not be tolerated. Do you all understand?"

"Yes, Miss Myles," was repeated in unison by the class.

"As Sally pointed out, Miss Beverly had the misfortune to lose her parents in an accident a few years ago. As a result she was placed into a series of foster homes. She was treated badly until a few months ago when she became the ward of the Beverly family. During the years leading up to her present foster parents,

she got in with the wrong crowd and developed bad habits, bad manners and ignored authority. He was a bad child and after his placement with the Beverly's, it was determined he needed loving care at home and education in a dedicated learning environment. Because of Bradbury Academy's reputation of teaching children manners, poise and academics, he was enrolled in our summer program. Our objective was to determine if our controlled environment with high teacher to pupil ratio could get this child back on the road to success. As was pointed out to me, this boy is dressed as a girl. Can any of you give me a reason that this is in the child's best interest that he be thusly attired?"

"He's a sissy."

"Is that the only reason anyone can put forward?" After a pause while Miss Myles scanned the room to see if there is any other response. When she was satisfied she would not get any other ideas from her pupils she continued. "No he is not a sissy. The reason he is dressed the same as each of you, was the need for the child to learn manners and poise as well as other inter-personal skills. If I were to ask each of you who had better manners and poise, I feel certain you all will agree that the all these social skills are better developed in girls. The school administration determined it would be better for the child to learn feminine social skills until he attains a level of improvement that will allow his return to the world of normal social and academic for boys his age and grade level. Since he needs to learn the skills you have been learning all your life, it was agreed that if he were to be dressed like a girl and exposed to the rules of deportment the same as all of you, it will help him feel like a girl. He then will be more inclined to accept the feminine manners, etc. he needs to learn. It will be your job to help him to learn what he can and can not do to fit the mold of a proper polite girl. When he returns to boyhood he will only need to learn a few things that separate girls and boys socially. Do each of you think you can help him to become the polite girl which is in his best interest?"

"Yes Miss Myles," was the response of the entire class.

"Good, I knew I could count on you to make a proper young girl out of Mary. I think it is fitting and proper that we refer to him only as a girl until his stay at 'The Brad' comes to an end. It will be necessary for each of you to call him Miss Mary Beverly when you introduce her to strangers. Familiarly she may answer to the name Molly. You girls can work that out among yourselves. Finally most of you will be in class with Mary most of the school day, however she will be with nine year-olds for reading and arithmetic which she successfully completed at the eight year-old level during summer school. Are there any questions at this time?"

"I can see he is dressed like I am said Louisa Jenkins, however just because she or he looks like a girl, doesn't mean she is a girl. Will Mary be required to do everything we do," Miss Myles?

"Of course Louisa, Mary will be required to sit modestly with her legs together the same as is required of you. When she uses the bathroom she will wash her hands; she will curtsy as required to show politeness and deference to her elders

and all school staff. There are no rules, which apply to you that do not equally apply to her. Is that understood by all of you?”

“Yes Miss Myles,” was responded in unison.

“What if Mary has to go potty Miss Myles?”

“Why, she will go to the bathroom. Oh, I think I understand your question Louisa. Mary is for all practical reasons a girl and will use the girl’s bathroom. Since all the toilets are in private stalls, I don’t think that should pose a problem to you. That isn’t a problem is it Louisa? Is it a problem for any of you?”

Again the response was “No Miss Myles.”

“Mary, I assume you understand that proper polite young ladies attend to their needs in the private stall and immediately return to the communal lounge portion of the bathroom to wash their hands and faces and the older girls refresh their makeup and quickly leave the facility.”

“I understand Miss Myles, I enter, use the facility and leave quickly,” said Mary.

“Good.”

After the question and answer session, which lasted about fifteen minutes, Miss Myles handed out individual schedules to each pupil. Mary looked at her schedule and was appalled to see she was scheduled to attend a gym class as well as beginning ballet class. The look on her face told the others that she did not like what she saw on her schedule. When class was dismissed to go to the first scheduled period of the day Mary was surrounded by girls asking all sorts of questions. What is your first class? Do you mind being a girl? You can be my friend and I’ll be your friend Mary.

Mary explained her first class is reading for nine year-old students followed by arithmetic for nine year-old students. Then I will have the remainder of my school day in class with you girls from my homeroom. Sara Byerts mentioned that they would be having the same two classes, however the ordering is reversed. Sara mentioned her next two classes were beginning ballet and history. When Mary looked back to her schedule she noticed that she had the same two classes, which rounded out her schedule. Sara commented, “she was glad to have Mary as a classmate. When they reviewed their schedules Mary and Sara realized their school week was identical except for the first two periods each day. After the first two periods were completed Mary made her way to the music and dance building where Sara was waiting for her. Sara led Mary by the hand into the girls changing room. Mary mentioned she thought she should use the small changing room set up for full or part time boys. Sara would have none of that. She pointed out to Mary what Miss Myles had made clear to them in homeroom earlier that day, that Mary for the duration of her tenure at ‘The Brad’ was to be considered a girl, the same as those pupils lucky enough to be born as females.

Mary pointed out the other girls will probably consider me to be the biggest sissy in the world once they see her girlish undies. Sara answered Mary's concern pointing out that what else would any girl wear other than panties, vests and slippers. Mary told Sara she could live with those items, however she also had to wear a sports brief similar to those girls use under their swimsuits. Again Sara pointed to the fact that girls wear girdles some of the time and a few wear them all the time. She added she couldn't wait until she was old enough to be allowed to wear a girdle even when she wasn't swimming or participating in other sports activities. Aunt Betty doesn't want me to participate in any activities not approved by the staff of Bradbury Academy, which are designed to advance my femininity until I finish my tenure here.

Sara picked two adjoining lockers and urged Mary to get into her tights and leotard as quickly as possible. We don't want to be late our first day and I heard from my cousin that Miss Beggin is a stickler for all the activities of her pupils. As Mary shrugged out of her jumper and began unbuttoning her blouse Sara asked her where she got her cute panties. Mary remarked that she had done the needlework herself with a Singer at camp on rainy days as a part of a craft learning program. Sara said she didn't want to wait until she had sewing class in a few years to have panties just as pretty as Mary's. She therefore asked Mary to stay late at school some day and they could use a Singer in the sewing-room to teach her to make a set of day-of-the-week panties for herself. Sara pointed out to Mary in all probability they would learn to hand needlework when they had sewing class in a few years.

Mary pointed out she was uncomfortable in tights and leotards. They made her look like she had the beginnings of budding breasts. Sara said she wished she had breasts. She wanted to grow so she would need to wear brassieres even if they were trainers for a while. Sara also wondered if Mary was bugging her mother 'oops' what I meant, was Guardian to be allowed to wear trainers. Sara thought Mary big enough to wear trainers or brassieres now. This discomposd Mary again, she told Sara she was a girl in name only until she could return to boyhood in the future. Sara reminded her that Miss Myles told us that we must treat you the same as we are treated, since you are a girl at least for the next few years. And what is more she added, if I had smooth clear skin like you have I would be the happiest girl in the world. You have a lot to look forward to Mary she added. With a complexion like yours in a few years when your breasts grow you will have to push the boys away. They will swarm over you like flies in a dung heap.

"But Sara I will not grow breasts, I am a boy."

Sara said to Mary remember what Miss Myles told us. "Until something changes you are a girl and girls grow breasts," commented Sara. "You will grow cute titties too." Sara then added further said "I understand that if boys are properly corseted into a feminine figure with proper exercise and diet they mature into women just the same as girls. I even understand that when all else fails that drugs are available to speedup their feminization. However Mary, with your complexion I feel sure you will become a very pretty girl in a few years without drugs. You just have too much femininity oozing out of every fiber of your body to be

anything but a lovely girl. Why not stop trying to fight it and accept the inevitable, you are destined to become a pretty girl and I'm glad to have you as a friend."

Mary noted that that was not her intention to become a girl permanently. After the Beverly's adopt her she hopes to be allowed to go to a boys school to continue her education.

They walked out into the practice room where Miss Beggin awaited their arrival as well as other beginning students. When all the pupils had arrived, Miss Beggin explained her rules. She was aware that two of the pupils were boys, however that fact would not excuse them from wearing the standard class uniform and performing the required moves and exercises. She said, "Do you understand boys?" to which Mary answered yes.

"I was not referring to you Miss Beverly but rather to Messieurs Groff and Todd."

"Do you two understand?" she asked, looking down the line to two very embarrassed looking pupils.

They nodded their dumbfounded agreement. Mary looked where Miss Beggin was looking where she saw the two discombobulated boys. She guessed they were six or seven years of age.

Miss Beggin then addressed Mary as she brought a switch across her rump. "I did not tell you to gaze at your classmates young lady, I thought you as the eldest pupil in this beginning class, would show proper manners and leadership. At your age it will be impossible for you to become a ballerina, however that will not excuse you from becoming an accomplished dancer. Now all of you pay attention to this, first I expect each of you to exert yourselves to the best of your ability. I will be fair to those of you who try to the best of their ability. I don't have patience for anyone not trying to follow my directions. They may expect to feel my willow switch and not with a slight love tap such as the one I gave Miss Beverly. Second, I don't distinguish between boys and girls in beginning ballet. You will all be dressed and addressed identically. I don't have time to teach boys and girls differently in a short class period. I will address each of you in the feminine at times not because I don't know the difference but because I will not have time to look at you to determine who you are. It is easier for me to see only a form that is in the proper position or moving as I expect. Since there are more females than males in this class I will address you all as 'Miss' at times. You two boys should not think you are less than other boys if addressed femininely since girls have been addressed as guys or boys whenever they participate in activities whose participants are mostly masculine."

Their class then began for the day. First day activities consisted of stretching exercises and proper placement of the arms and legs for each exercise. Mary and the other girls each received one or more strikes with the willow switch on their rump, calves or arms to remind them what they were trying to accomplish. After

forty-five minutes they were sent back to the dressing room to change back into their school uniforms after showering.

Sara stated it is not only the academic education you are here to receive but the deportment also. If they only wanted to get a good education you could have attended Ames Military School which is only about twenty-five miles from here. I know that since, I have a brother who is a cadet there and a younger brother who will go there some day also. You were sent here to learn good manners and deportment, which is not available at boy's schools. For you to get the well-rounded education you need, it is necessary for you to attend a school whose purpose is to train and educate girls. It is for you benefit that you are not to be one of the sissies that attend the Bradbury program for boys but the school program that teaches feminine values. You will advance in comportment as well as your academics. Therefore, you must become a girl at Bradbury since it is easier for your teachers and classmates to help you to learn the desired feminine traits. It will also be easier for you to picture yourself as feminine if you think of yourself as a girl twenty-four hours a day.

Thus began Mary's life as a Bradbury girl. As the weeks passed she noticed she and the other new pupils were corrected more often by a swat with a ruler or willow switch on the calf or hand than had been the practice at summer school. She was assured that as she became more naturally feminine the need for correction would taper off. In the interim Mary was assured her education is to be the primary mission of her tenure at Bradbury.

Mary was on a once every two-week schedule at the school's beauty parlor to continue her beautification and skin cleansing process begun with the commencement of summer school. During her first visit to the salon during the fall school term, Mary was given her first ever-permanent wave. Up to that time she had been receiving sets and conditionings. Now her feminine training was to be accelerated. The school was on a schedule to have Mary's actions spontaneously feminine rather than learned feminine. They were aware that if they didn't have her acting completely as a young woman by the end of her primary school years, she would probably never become the daughter the Beverly's desired. She could be forced to be the daughter they desired until she became twenty-one years of age, however she might then revert to boyhood.

Mary was making slow but steady progress in her agility and movement training, which she didn't even know was occurring. She was still smacked occasionally on her derriere, calves and hands with a switch or ruler. She was admonished with 'sit up straight Dear,' 'keep your legs together' and 'walk gracefully, child.' Sara was a constant motivating force to Mary. She constantly praised Mary whenever she moved properly, whenever she was femininely polite or whenever she referred to herself in the feminine.

With the constant pressure to be feminine from teachers, classmates and friends it is easy to see why Mary was losing the last vestiges of her masculinity. Dr. Allen and Betty Beverly were both aware of the changes occurring in Mary and both were pleased. When Easter vacation rolled around Dr. Allen and Betty agreed Mary should attend summer school again this year if she was going to continue to improve scholastically so that in a few years she could be merged back into her age group class level. They both wanted Mary to become a Beverly family member and further a Bradbury Academy graduate. The Beverly's preferred a daughter and the program designed by Dr. Allen was expected to lead Mary to permanent girlhood by the time she became an adult.

Sara and Mary had an ongoing conversation over the weeks and became the best of friends. During the last two weeks of the current school year they had a conversation which raised and answered many questions.

Sara said, "Mary are you going to attend 'The Brad' next year?"

"I believe that is what the Beverly's have in mind for me."

"Good, I would surely miss you if you weren't here. Have you minded attending a school which is primarily designed to teach femininity and feminine values?"

"I have not had a problem with the curriculum since the teasing stopped. I realize by constant reminders from staff and classmates that it is in my interest to appear feminine rather than a sissy."

"You certainly seem to have enjoyed yourself despite of all that has happened."

"What do you mean all that has happened?"

"First of all, I have never seen you wearing any article of boy's clothing."

"When I arrived at the Beverly's I didn't have any boy clothing except for one pair of shorts and a sport shirt which I wore to school daily and was washed each evening. They had a daughter who died a year or so before I arrived. Until it was decided that I would remain with them more than a few days, they decided not to spend any money to clothe me and I was relegated to wearing hand-me-downs from the daughter for play and for dress-up."

"What happened to your boy clothing you had before you arrived at your foster family?"

"The family I lived with before the Beverly's only had me live with them so they could spend my clothing allotment on beer and drugs. Therefore I had few clothes and they were mostly dirty rags, which were not washed often. When I first arrived at the Beverly's I was made to wear a multi-colored one-piece girl's playsuit. For dinner each evening I was put into a party dress with matching sets of vests and

panties and slips and petticoats. I did not object too much since I was treated better than at any time since the death of my parents five years previously.”

“I think that was a super thing you did in accepting your forced feminization,” said Sara.

“I don’t consider it forced as I was rewarded with love. Aunt Betty read to me each night, I got hugs and kisses from both Uncle Steve and Aunt Betty and I had toys to play with to my hearts content. I was never exposed to ridicule or exposure. Then when they gained temporary custody of me to attend summer school I was enrolled here at ‘The Brad’. I was made to wear standard Bradbury Academy uniforms since and I readily agree with the popular assessment, that I was a wild brat without discipline and feminine manners and deportment would be best to tame me. I had to endure much harassment since it was known that I was a boy wearing girl’s uniforms rather than the shirt, tie and shorts worn by the boy’s. I was assessed as being two grades behind my age level. Therefore I was enrolled in eight-year olds classes. The constant attention and occasional well-placed swats by my teacher’s got my attention and I started to improve in my studies. I now enjoy school.”

“I’m glad you came to school here after summer school.”

“This is all part of my plan to get the Beverly’s to adopt me. I hated all the things that they made me do when I first came here. I didn’t like trips to the beauty parlor. I hated the waxing, the sets and the manicures. However I have grown accustomed to those two-hour sessions and I like the way I feel and the way I look after I am dismissed. I love the feel of my panties gliding up my soft smooth legs. I also love the feel of my vests, slips and petticoats as they caress my body with each movement I make.”

“You don’t seem to object to your feminine training in ballet class and physical education.”

“It is easier for me to try to be feminine like the other girls in our class than to feel the cane or switch on my rump or calf. If and when I’m adopted by the Beverly’s I expect to return to boyhood and I can revert to the more casual movement and manners of boyhood.”

“Why do you want to revert to boyhood when you have the opportunity to continue in the better life style of girlhood?”

“I’m a boy and I lived as one for almost ten years. I guess it feels more natural to me.”

“Are you telling me you want to give up all the nice things of girlhood to return to a life where you had no direction and no one cared if you lived or died. Didn’t you just state you enjoy the feel of your lingerie and you would not just stop the enjoyment of wearing soft silky undies.”

“I will probably continue some of the beauty treatments on my body then I can continue to wear nice soft underclothes and sleep-wear.”

“I doubt the Beverly’s will allow you to live a half and half life. I thought you told me they wanted to adopt a girl.”

“They do prefer girls to boys however I believe I can change their minds after I’m adopted.”

“I doubt that Mary. There are many girls waiting for homes. If you don’t remain the girl they want why should they keep you?”

“You made some good points Sara, however I think I must keep my options open until I’m adopted. Maybe at that time I’ll have a clear picture of the best course for me to steer.”

Their conversation continued for a few more minutes as they discussed summer plans. Mary said she knew she was enrolled in summer school again. She didn’t mind this however since outside the Bradbury fences there were few children her age play with, be they boys or girls. Sara said she thought their family would be in Europe most of the summer. They would be home in time for her to attend ‘The Brad’ for the following school year. Mary and Sara agreed in their hope that they would have some classes together. The school year ended and soon the summer session was completed as well.

After their first class together in the new school year Mary and Sara made their way across the campus to the dining hall for lunch. The conversation between them was general but was mainly one of ‘I glad to have you here again, I sure missed you during the last three months.’ A comparison of schedules showed they not only had the grammar class they just completed but the would have history, ballet, PE, art and music together. The conversation soon turned to Sara and her European vacation. Later as they were changing for ballet Sara was quizzing Mary about her future plans. The conversation continued,

“Mary have you had any progress on your adoption?”

“Nothing has changed Sara. I’m still in limbo.”

“That is a ‘bummer’, I was sure you would have some progress to report in respect to your status.”

“I suspect the problem is me. I was a bad kid before I became a ward of the Beverly’s. I think it is possible that children’s social services may be afraid to place me permanently. They may think I will revert to being rowdy if I am adopted.”

“You seem to be a well adjusted girl. I know many children who are not as well mannered and compliant with society’s rules. I’m glad to have you as a girlfriend.”

“Thank you Sara. I’ve reverted to the type of person I was when my parents were alive since I’ve been with the Beverly’s. They treat me nicely even though they treat me as a girl.”

“But you are a girl Mary.”

“That is a problem for me, Sara. I’m beginning to accept femininity as my destiny.”

“Why should that be a problem. If everyone wants you to be a girl and you don’t really mind being a girl, why is that a concern?”

“I feel I’m letting down my parents.”

“Letting your parents down. You have got it wrong Mary. Your parents are dead and I think they would be very happy that you have found a nice family to complete your childhood even if you are becoming a young woman. Being a woman is a good thing. Over half the people in the world are female and we would not have it any other way. We females get to direct the development of the next generation of leaders, since we are the primary care givers for children. We have the right to wear the prettiest clothes. We are allowed to be pampered and to pamper ourselves.”

“What?”

“Our clothing can be colorful and soft, our skin can be soft and silky and we define what our families are and where we live. We also have men who are naturally aggressive and gruff treat us as queens. They open doors, carry heavy parcels for us and whenever possible they want us to be prettily dressed and groomed so they can brag to their friends that their wives are lovely assets to their egos and careers. We also have the option to have a career if that is our desire or be stay at home wives and mothers. The choices are all in our favor while a man is required by law to provide for you and your children.”

“I’ll admit that women seem to have many of the advantages of life in their favor, I can never become a wife and mother. As a woman the most I could hope for is a career. For a career men have the advantages and therefore I think that is to be my destiny.”

“Don’t feel that way Mary. You can easily become everything you want to be, as the woman you must become to have a nice family. Haven’t you heard of people getting kidney transplants?”

“I have heard of transplants of kidneys and even hearts. But what does that prove?”

“In the future I think you will be able to receive a set of female reproductive organs, therefore you will be able to become a mother. If you are a mother you will also be a wife.”

“What?”

“I just said I think you can become a mother in the future.”

“Huh?”

“By the way Mary or do you prefer Molly, after another summer school session?”

“I like Mary better than Molly however most of the other pupils call me Molly and I’m becoming used to it. I don’t resent it anymore. From a special friend like you I think Mary is preferable.”

“Okay. I continue to call you Mary. By the way Mary I like you in pigtails now that your hair is long enough to have attractive plaits.”

As the weeks passed Mary enjoyed herself at school and at home as she was still a day student. She was taught all the things taught to the girls and in a few cases the boys who were her classmates. To prevent the occasional smarting of the correcting cane and whip Mary had learned to be vigilant about her studies and deportment. She had accepted the fact that it was in her best interests to cooperate with the intense pressure of the school staff and others to make her a complete girl. This realization had taken more than a year but now Mary did as she was told without referring to her former boyhood. Since she had turned eleven years old shortly after the beginning of the current school term she was taken for an examination by the Bradbury Academy’s resident Pediatric Gynecologist. After school one day Aunt Betty and Mary were ushered into an examining room in the medical suite where Mary stripped to her panties and climbed onto the paper covered adjustable table.

Dr. Mary Tromley entered the room and after greetings were exchanged, the examination began. All the usual checks were quickly completed. Then the doctor told Mary to remove her panties and lay down on the examination table. Mary was soon on her back with her legs in the stirrups. Dr. Tromley began lightly pinching the skin of Mary’s nipples and surrounding skin. Then she began examining Mary’s genitals. When the examination was completed and they were sitting in Dr. Tromley’s office Mary asked why this examination had been different from all her other examinations. It was explained to her that at her age of eleven it is usual for girls to begin their sexual maturation process and they were just making sure that Mary was otherwise healthy. Mary was excused to return to her normal activities.

Dr. Tromley and Betty continued their conversation. When Mary starts to mature into an adult everything could proceed normally without unforeseen problems. Dr. Tromley then told Betty she should consider getting Mary started on ‘trainers’ and other adult clothing like other children her age. She mentioned that boy’s normally began that maturation process about eighteen months after girls and it took longer for them to feel the full effects of their testosterone but they became randy shortly after the juices began to flow. Girls however, started earlier and completed their changes at a steady rate. Some secondary characteristics for women such as breast growth continued well into middle age when gravity took over and they began to lose their firmness and sagging caused them grief.

“If Mary is to begin her normal feminine physical development then she should begin within a few months to take small doses of a testosterone blocking agent as

well as estrogen to begin acceptable girlish growth. You can expect her to go through a growth spurt after which the bones will 'round-over' and their expansion will cease. Then her growth will consist of a tilting of the pelvic bones to give a better path for normal baby passage through the birth canal. Her waist will narrow and breast development will begin. Her body will begin to soften and round. In addition she will begin to have romantic thoughts of boys even though boys her age have not begun to mature. Therefore, she will become interested in boys a few years older than she is and this interest in boys and men older than herself will continue for herself and most females throughout their lifetime. Most girls and women do not realize this is a hormone problem of which she has no control and not a father complex."

Betty questioned if Dr. Tromley was saying Mary was going to become a young woman and not a young boy. "We have been preparing Mary for female development and we want you to be prepared to face that fact. Of course we hope she develop into a healthy woman rather than that of a sissified man. We have been preparing her for a female body and roll in life. You wanted to remove all her bad masculine habits. The girl's PE class and ballet training will give the proper poise and agility of a girl her age. We have had experience with boys with discipline problems in the past and this is a proven method to tame them. Since you prefer a girl for adoption, we think that you might stand a better chance with Children Social Service rules and personnel, if you request Mary to be your adopted daughter. Betty explained she and Steve were approaching fifty years of age and Social Services are uneasy placing children permanently with people our age. Dr. Tromley added, I am sure you are aware of the child's checkered past but if she has reformed under your tutelage, your position is enhanced for the Court processes you face during the adoption."

As Betty meandered across the campus on her way home she started to think of the things she would need to accomplish before Martin was due in court to see if there was any the adoption process could proceed in spite of the foot dragging of Children Social Service bureaucracy. "First the child has outgrown his delinquency as a result of a stable home environment and the enforced feminization. His education is advancing in the academic area as a result of his attendance at Bradbury Academy. He is learning poise and manners and is becoming an overall better person. However, is this enough to convince a judge to let us adopt the child even if we continue to educate him in a girlish manner since this method seems to have been successful until this date"

"We can not do anything about our ages however if we are doing a good job with Martin in the present time should we not be assumed to be able to do a good job with the child in the future. It is possible we will get help in this aspect by the school and the doctors who have evaluated him to assess his progress and assimilation into the Bradbury family. They have seen the child's progress during the last fifteen months. I think generally, we have done a good job with the child. Albeit we used the extreme measure of forced feminization to suppress his bad habits.

“Now we come to the current problem, which is Dr. Tromley believes it best for the child to start the pre-puberty training of girlhood by dressing him in intimate feminine garments. This will allow him total acceptance by his female friends who have accepted him as an equal and they prefer him as the girl they have gotten to know as a classmate. What will the judge think of all this training for the child, if we continue educate him femininely? Betty knew she was going to follow Dr. Tromley advice and have Mary dressed in intimate lingerie as soon as she found a good corset maker and fitter, who will understand all the changes required creating a feminine body. All this for a body, which is not destined to that future without the proper body contouring, created with undergarments and chemicals.”

A few days later Betty heard from Dr. Allen the name of a corset shop in Manhattan that has fitted boys with proper shaping foundation garments. The owner was discreet and was appreciative of any business directed to her shop. Betty phoned the shop and spoke to the owner and made arrangements to take Mary to the establishment one hour before closing the following Saturday. Business was usually slow at that time of day and her staff would only consist of a daughter who would lock-up and leave on the hour. They would then have the privacy allowing for a personal fitting. After lunch on Saturday when all classes had been completed Mary was dressed in nice lingerie, a pretty party dress and accessories. Betty and Mary traveled to Manhattan by subway and soon entered Clara Rowe's Corset Shop.

A woman who introduced herself as Clara Rowe greeted them. She said to Betty, “Is this the child to be fitted?”

“Yes,” said Betty adding, “This is Molly, my ward.”

“My daughter can handle any last minute casual shoppers and lock-up at closing time. If you will join me in my office we can discuss your needs.” Clara led them into a small cubicle in a corner of the work area. Molly turn around slowly, Dear.” Mary slowly turned in a circle while Clara observed. Clara then bid Betty and Mary to sit. She then spoke. “Mary, you have the beginnings of a nice figure and with your peaches and cream complexion, you will become an attractive young woman. Now Mary tell me about yourself.”

“I don't understand, Ma'am.”

“I need to know about you and your lifestyle, Molly. How old are you? How tall were your father and mother? What do you most like about school? I need to know about you Molly. If I am to help your femininity exert itself. How feminine you become is a combination of your family, friends and teachers influences as well as your own determination to become as accomplished a young woman as you desire.”

Mary then talked for a few minutes discussing her life mostly during the last few years since she was too young to remember much of her early life without the necessary reinforcement of her parent's memories.

“Now Dear tell me your hopes and dreams.”

“I hope I am allowed to grow up to adulthood with the Beverly’s.”

“No Molly, I mean what do you want to become, a nurse, a teacher, a business-woman. I have already assumed you will remain with the Beverly’s until you become an adult and strike out on your own?”

“I don’t know, Ma’am.”

“Well you have time to make those decisions before you become an adult. Now, Dear, get undressed for me. I need to see your body shape and then I will take your measurements which will determine what sizes of lingerie are needed to help your exercises, diet and supplements sculpt your body.” Molly looked to Aunt Betty who motioned the child to come to her side. She untied the bow and unfastened the buttons in the back of Molly’s pretty dress. Betty said, “hold up your arms so I can lift off your dress.” After the dress and lovely slip was removed Betty asked Mary to raise her foot so she could unbuckle her shoe? When both shoes were under the chair Mary was directed to remove her panties and under vest. When Mary was down to her anklets Mrs. Rowe said, “You can leave your anklets on Dear. Now turn around again for me, like you did before, Dear. I need to see what we have to work with.” When Mary completed the maneuver, she was directed to put on her panties and then beckoned to Clara who picked up a strange looking device. She gathered the numerous straps into her hands and asked Mary, “Put your left leg in here,” and when completed she added “now put your other leg in here by my right hand Dear.” Clara then eased some tapes up the side of the child’s body until she could ease each arm into the measuring device.

Mary asked inquiringly, “What is this thing I’m trapped in?”

“That is a tape measuring device. When I adjust each of the tapes I will be able to determine what size panties you wear? What size slip? Let me finish the adjustments I’ll explain each tape measurement’s use.” Clara began taking in each tape sequentially, then she readjusted them again beginning with the first one again, the she checked another, then another. Finally she was satisfied and she picked up a pad and starting at the bottom with the first measurement and explained to Molly. This measure is the total inches around your legs where long line girdles and foundations normally should end. This measure in your thigh size. This next tape measures the broadest part of your hips. This is your waist size in inches. The next tape measures the length of your body from the waist to the bottom of long line garments. This goes from the bottom tape to your waist over the fullness of your hip. This tape measures your rise Dear, which is the distance from the center of your waist in front through your crotch and up to the smallest measure of your waist in the rear. The next measures are your chest near the bottom, the measure at the top of your chest and between these last two measures is the measure which determines your cup size for brassieres, corsets and all-in-ones, etc.”

“You can tell all the sizes I require for underwear just from these tape measures?”

“Certainly, Dear. This is my business and I know everything about your proper lingerie sizes today. However in six months as you continue to grow, I will need to repeat all these measures.”

“Wow.”

“Today our objective is to fit you with your first brassieres. This a special time for a young girl.”

“But I’m not going to grow to be a woman.”

“You will be a girl and young woman for the remainder of your stay at Bradbury Academy and as such you will not be allowed to embarrass your friends by being different from them. Is that clear Molly,” interjected Betty?

“Yes, Aunt Betty.”

“Now let’s get on with fitting so we can get some supper and go to see a play on Broadway. Uncle Steve will join us after we finish our woman shopping.”

“Okay.” Mrs. Rowe arrived with a number of samples in Mary’s size. She helped the child into the trainer and fastened the hook and eye and slid the shoulder strap adjustment until it fit snugly but not tight. After Aunt Betty decided which styles she wanted the sales transaction was quickly completed. Mary was dressed again but with her new brassiere in place of her under vest. Betty bought herself some pantyhose and they picked up their parcels and departed. As they walked to Grand Central Station Betty addressed Mary, “From now on Honey you may not appear outside your bedroom without your bra.”

“But, I don’t need a bra, Aunt Betty.”

“Well then just humor me, Molly.”

“Okay.” They entered the terminal and found a locker into which they placed their parcels. Then they went to the entrance to wait for Uncle Steve.

After their evening out in Manhattan they returned home. On Monday when Mary made her way into the changing room to prepare for ballet she met Sara and they greeted. Mary stripped to her undies Sara noticed her trainer. She remarked, “Mary, when did you start wearing brassieres?”

“Aunt Betty took me shopping for them last Saturday afternoon and she told me I may never appear outside my bedroom without wearing a brassiere again. I hate being made to wear this intimate feminine clothing.”

“Why do you hate wearing a trainer when I would give my eye tooth to wear one. It’s a sign of growing-up. I think if I were you I would be turning cartwheels. Don’t you feel lucky, Mary?”

“No, I don’t feel lucky. I am embarrassed to think I must pretend to be a girl. I hope I can be adopted soon. Then I will find a way to return to my proper boyhood.”

“What would you be willing to give up from your girlhood. How about your trips to the beauty parlor, I don’t like that so I assume you don’t like it either. However, like me you probably can not give them up as I can not give them up since I feel so good when I am finished.”

“I don’t think I could give up the beauty parlor because like you said I feel so good when they finish my treatments.”

“Likewise I don’t think you can give up the luxurious feeling as you put on soft silky smooth lingerie and enjoy its caress with every step you take. In fact I can’t think of one aspect of girlhood I would be willing to give up therefore I doubt there is any aspect of girlhood you can give up.”

“How could you know that Sara. As I think about each act of feminism I have been instructed in I think I would have trouble giving up any of them. They all seem so natural, so good to me now.”

“That is because you are a girl now Molly and you will just have to find a way to reconcile your mind with the visible you. We better hurry to class or we will be punished.”

“But I always thought of myself as a boy, Sara.”

“Yes and now the time has come that you consider yourself a girl. Your guardians want a girl and the school thinks you should be a girl and your classmates think of you as a girl. So can you give me one good reason why you can not become what everyone visualizes for you? You seem to be the only one not totally in tune with your girlhood. Why is that?”

“I don’t know.”

As the weeks passed Mary was just another girl at ‘The Brad’. She even improved in poise, posture and agility. She was swatted as much with the switch or cane, however when she was struck the intensity had increased. It seemed the more feminine Mary became the more feminine they expected her to become. When early spring rolled around Mary was told they had been summoned to Judge Malvern’s Court. Betty noticed a cringe but didn’t say a word. Mary requested to wear trousers and a sport shirt. This request was denied and she was told she would appear in front of Judge Malvern in a nice skirted suit, a pretty blouse, anklets, Mary-Jane shoes with a hat, gloves, and appropriate lingerie. Again Mary appeared agitated but she didn’t make a sound.

When they arrived at the judge’s courtroom a few days later they were as a group Aunt Betty, Uncle Steve, Louisa the social services worker and Mary. The clerk informed them Judge Malvern would see them individually and then as a group. Louisa was the first person shown into the judge’s chambers. After greetings they got down to discussing the case of adoption of Martin J. Smithers by the Beverly’s. Louisa Pelt explained to the judge the status of the child during the last two years with the Beverly’s. This included the feminization of Molly. The judge

commented she knew something must have changed with the child since this is the longest period of time the child has not appeared before her for juvenile delinquency. After Louisa exited the judge's chambers, Molly was ushered into the chambers next. The judge addressed the child. "Molly or do you prefer Martin, child?"

"I'm sort of used to being called Molly or Mary, Ma'am. Any name including Martin is acceptable."

"I'll use Molly then. Now, Molly I am happy to see that you have not thrown a brick through a window or stolen any food in the last few years."

"Yes, Ma'am I'm well cared for and happy to be with the Beverly's. It is nicer than any place I've been since my parents died."

"That is the issue we are here to discuss. Do you enjoy your life at school and with the Beverly's or would you prefer I withdraw you from their care and have you assigned a new guardian?"

"I prefer to remain with the Beverly's. In fact I hope they will adopt me."

"You would rather remain with the Beverly's rather than go to another home where you could resume your boyhood?"

"Yes, Your Honor. I would like to remain where I am if that is all right with you."

"You do know, if I grant them this adoption, which I am inclined to do, that the Beverly's desire that you remain in dresses. They will have that right if this adoption is granted to keep you in dresses until you reach the age of your maturity. That age is normally twenty-one years of age unless they grant you the right to marry after you are eighteen years old at which time you become an adult. If you are still in school or college after your twenty-first birthday, you will remain a technical minor until you leave school."

"I understand, Ma'am."

"You may go now Molly, but please send in the Beverly's in here. OK?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Mary curtsied and departed. The Beverly's entered the chambers of Judge Malvern. After some informal chit-chat the judge began the business by asking, "How did Martin become Molly and why? It is not that I have any objections to what you have done to Martin, it is obvious you have had success in making a child out of a wild animal."

"I'll answer for the both of us since I am the person most responsible for Martin wearing dresses. If you want any clarifications, please interrupt me Your Honor. A couple of years ago I ask Louisa Pelt for a young girl for us to adopt as a child to share the love we had for our daughter who had died within the year. A few months later I found a message on my answering machine stating a child need a home quickly or would be sent to the state reformatory. She would bring the child to me at my school office the next day if that was okay."

"Go on, please."

“Steve and I discussed this and decided that if we were to get this girl and keep her for a few days or weeks it might enhance our chance at adoption since we were rapidly approaching the age limit at which Children Services use as a cut-off for eligibility. I knew the child was unkempt and a hand full from my later chat with Louisa, therefore I rooted quickly among some boxes and found a playsuit and underwear which, although outgrown by our daughter was still serviceable. I took a bag with this entire girl’s outfit to school with me the next day in anticipation of the arrival of the child with Ms. Pelt. I guess you could have stated that my surprise was complete and utter from my expression when I met the child. I was about to refuse to accept the boy even on a temporary basis when I was overcome by the total disgusting dirty disheveled appearance of the child. I explained to Louisa that I had come prepared to take a girl home and that I could not possibly allow anyone with those filthy clothes and person either in my home or car. Louisa assured me I would not be the only prospective guardian who had been ill prepared for a child not of the sex they sought and were totally unprepared for. I was assured it would be okay if I had to dress the child in feminine clothes for the trip home.”

“Continue please, Mrs. Beverly.”

“I gave the child a shower in my office and shampooed his matted hair. I explained to him I only had brought a playsuit and other clothing suitable for girls or younger children and he would have to wear them if he were going to go with me to my home. I soon had a crying eight year-old boy in my daughter’s femininely appointed room. He actually looked rather nice even though he was unhappy with his clothing. I allowed him to play with the contents of a toy chest while I got busy preparing supper. His playsuit had a matching skirt, which I made Molly wear to the supper table since it was our habit not to dress down too much for our evening meal. After the child was put to bed wearing one of my daughters nightgown’s, Steve and I decided we would keep the child until the end of the school year. However we decided that we would only by a few clothes for the child to fill-in what we could scavenge from our daughter’s closets and storage boxes.”

“I understand now how the child got into dresses better now. I have been apprised of the child’s education, from being way behind his peers to the improvements while at Bradbury, which allows the child to join his age group for the 7th grade next year. You have done a good job straightening out a directionless child. I was surprised the child told me, that he prefers to remain with you albeit in dresses rather than have me direct his placement into another home where he might resume his boyhood. Therefore since he prefers to remain with you and since he has prospered under your tutelage, I am going to grant you request for adoption. You will be allowed to keep the child in skirts and refer to him as Mary if you so desire. I will not grant a name change from Martin to Mary until he reaches his maturity. In lieu of the name change I have signed an alias form which allows you to use the name of Mary Cecilia Beverly on all legal documents for the child.”

After a short period of time the Beverly's exited the judges chambers. The clerk announced, "The Judge will see you all here in chambers in 15 minutes."

After the recess, all the participants gathered in chambers. Judge Malvern spoke, "I have reviewed all the documents submitted by each of you as well as reports from JFK Elementary School and Bradbury Academy. Regardless of ages of Stephen and Elizabeth Beverly I am going to grant the adoption. I based my decision on the fact that Martin has prospered under the Beverly guardianship. I have granted an alias in the name of Mary Cecilia Beverly which should ameliorate any name concerns you may have for the child being a member of your family."

When they arrived home Betty said to Mary, "Now that you are our child, we hope you will now address us as mother and father or Mom and Dad, since aunt and uncle are inappropriate."

"Okay, Mom, Dad. I am proud to have you as my parents in lieu of my original parents. I hope I live up to your expectations."

"I'm sure you will, Honey," replied Steve.

"Now go up and take off your suit and put on something pretty. We are going to go out to dinner at a nice restaurant to celebrate today's events." Mary excused herself with a curtsy and went to her room. She thought of what to wear and decided to wear the dress she hated but which, her new mother and father loved to see her in. Mary was aware the dress was more suitable for a five or six year-old girl than for one who would be twelve in the fall. She also knew she could not button the rear closure without help. The dress was her size although very juvenile. It was made of cotton and polyester blend and the hem didn't even reach her knees. It was white trimmed with eyelet lace over pink satin trimming at the bodice, sleeves and hem. The dress also required two or three petticoats to show its fullness to best advantage. She returned to the living room holding the satin waist sash. Betty buttoned up the tiny shell buttons and tied a big bow with the sash. They got their coats gloves and purses and went out to celebrate.

When spring recess was over, Mary returned to school. She was soon greeted by Sara and then related the events of last week which made her officially the child of the Beverly's. "I am a girl until I become an adult," said Mary. "I believe it best that I now try to learn voluntarily what I was taught at the end of a switch or cane in the past."

"I told you all along that you were a girl destined to become a proper young lady, didn't I," commented Sara.

"You and everyone else has been telling me, I'm the one out of step with reality."



“What are you going to do next, Mary?”

“I am not sure Sara, I think I’ll just play it by ear until I get some ideas.”

“Why not ask your girlfriends at lunch?”

“Most of them I am a girl, only weird. I don’t want to tell anyone, who doesn’t already know that I am a boy, about my background.”

“You don’t need to tell anyone who asks more than you are a ‘Tomboy’ and want to become a regular girl. I am sure most of them will be glad to help you, since most of them have gone through the same uncertainty or would face it themselves, in the near future.”

“That is a good idea Sara. I’ll think about it.”

“Good, now we better get to class,” said Sara.

Mary was soon given advice by girlfriends. She wondered how they knew about his concerns since he had

not revealed her and Sara’s plan to anyone. He eventually realized Sara must have spoken to the girls at an evening meal or dormitory gab session. Mary was still a day-pupil living at home and therefore was unaware of their knowledge of his and Sara’s chat shortly after the adoption was finalized. Some of the ideas presented to Mary included, join the Girl Scout, move into the dormitory among classmates, subscribe to girl magazines and read them, get her ears pierced, etc.

The following Saturday Betty took Mary to visit Clara Rowe’s Corset Shop where she explained that now that Mary is my daughter until she reaches her majority, I want her to have a feminine figure to match her other girlish attributes. We can accomplish miracles with Mary’s figure just using some control garments

made from synthetic fibers. These corsets support and define a female shape without the old-fashioned models with bone stays and laces. Over a period of months or years you will notice gradual improvement in Mary as the series of all in ones progressively shaped to cause the body to become more feminine and accept its hourglass ideal. A perfectly shaped woman has a waist that measures about seven-tenths of her largest hip size. "Of course you realize that at Mary's age if she begins chemical castration and positive female hormone therapy soon, before testosterone begins its male making, it will enhance her ability to appear as a normal young woman. She will develop all the normal curves of a girl experiencing puberty. This process must be done with prescription drugs under the care of a physician after extensive psychological evaluation. Due to Mary's age which is approaching the normal for girls to enter puberty, it is in her and your best interest to consult a doctor ASAP."

"We have an appointment with Dr. Tromley next week," responded Betty.

Mary was fitted with her new garments, which soon seem to her to crush her sides. Mrs. Rowe assured Mary that the intense discomfort she was experiencing at the present time would fade with time. Carrying a tote containing more garments of torture, Betty and Mary wended their way home.

The next week Mary visited Dr. Tromley and began her hormone therapy. Soon the school year and the ensuing summer session were completed and it would soon be time for school to begin again.

Betty told Mary that for the next school year she would be staying in a dormitory on campus. Mary was told that Steve and she had decided it would be in her best interest to get involved in all the normal girl things that occur in a communal environment. It was explained to Mary that Sara requested you as a roommate.

When that thought buried itself in Mary's mind, Betty continued by telling her since she was two years older than Sara it would be imperative that you be a positive role model. Betty asked with heart in hand, "Mary do you think you can become a role model for Sara and the other young girls, who will be dormitory mates? Otherwise I will insist you be placed in with the other boys." After a short pause Mary responded, "I will try my best to be a positive role model to the girls I will associate with. I am happy that Sara thinks enough of me to want to share a room with me. I will be happy to reside with her, if you think it is best for me?"

Assured that was exactly what her new parents desired, Mary beamed with delight.

Mary began the new school year with the knowledge that she had better be as feminine as feminine can be. She needed to assure her new Mother and Father that they made a good choice in adopting her which allow them to be lulled to sleep, which will allow her more leeway as she planned how to get them to accept her as the boy she desires to become. Then Mary gave pause and reflected that she certainly had it good with the Beverly's and quite possibly she should remain as a daughter since she really didn't mind being a girl. She reasoned most of what she had experienced in learning to be a girl and daughter, particularly the end result, was quite satisfactory. A girl having long hair, even in pigtails, flowing about

her body is soothing. A girl having soft smooth silky skin was a reward in itself, however the enhanced feeling nice lingerie creates by caressing your body with each and every movement provides ecstasy beyond mortal belief.

Mary came to realize her plan to return to boyhood would not be implemented by her. She had no desire to return to the streets in rags scavenging for food. Yes life as a girl could be rewarding if one continues to grow and grow and grow in femininity. Mary sat down weak kneed knowing she had made a lifetime commitment to girlhood and womanhood.

Mary returned to 'The Brad' full of enthusiasm for her commitment to the program which would whittle away any last vestiges of her former life. Her program contained activities and studies to, which no red-blooded boy would willingly allow himself to be associated. Included in her program were cooking, sewing, deportment as well as continuing dance participation.

As the weeks came and went Mary was adapting to her total commitment to womanhood unaware that her daily hormone treatments and corsets were sculpting her body and mind femininely. She didn't mind the changes since she didn't realize they were happening. Mary was a very happy girl. Would she face the surgeon's knife? How would life develop for Mary? Would she find happiness as a woman? Would a developing desire for intimacy be fulfilled? Only time could answer these questions.

However as we wait for Mary's future to arrive let's visit the Beverly residence once again. Betty returned home from her teaching job one day to pick her messages. The first message sounded familiar. "Betty this is Louisa Pelt. Judge Malvern has asked me to contact you to see if you can help tame a wild young boy not unlike Mary was when you met her.

She and I agree that possibly your special type of love might save this child. I asked her what she meant and she suggested possibly you might pack a one-piece play outfit and undies in your tote and I bring the lad to your office next Tuesday afternoon."

Betty thought for a moment, now how might I broach the subject of a sister for Mary with Steve? Betty thought to herself, "I wonder how Mary will like having a sister and what about Dr. Allen?"

IT BEGINS ANEW ...