

# MRS. BAKER'S SCHOOLS

*By Elizabeth Anne Nelson*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BAL*

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A 'YOUNG ADULT' NOVEL

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## **A SCHOOL FOR CAROL**

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by **Elizabeth Anne Nelson**

It was late afternoon. The early summer sun was already quite low over Lake Michigan coloring blue-green waters with a hint of magenta. The scent of flowers mingled with the bloom of the lake. Soon Pointer Island would be blanketed with the loneliness of cold night skies sprinkled with crystal stars. For some strange reason I had never thought of Pointer Island as being a lonely place until this moment. For the first time in life I was really alone, and the growing shadows of the great Sims House, where once I lived as a happy bride, seemed to reach out as if searching for my late beloved

Ah, John, how I miss your laughter and strong hands holding me close. Not even two years in Europe could dim my memories of our happy days. So how could this old house ever forget the years you have spent here?

And then I knew how those elderly matrons dressed in black lace and smelling from lilac sachet must feel looking for their lost husbands in the darkness of shadowed houses. With a sigh, I arose from the living room chair and gazed from the bay window at the beauty of the sunset. I was still too young for black lace mingled with faint memories. Perhaps it would be better to close the old house and return to Rose Oak to teach. After all there was a serious need for experienced teachers. And in teaching I could lose myself. to be doing something

Yes, I shall leave the island. It would be good to be doing something worthwhile. I shall apply for a head mistress position where I can teach young girls. It would be nice to earn my own living. It was not that I needed money. I was now very rich. John had left me enough to buy a dozen Rose Oaks. But it would be good to be busy teaching young girls how to become young ladies. This was not a simple matter of growing up, as many of them discovered. It required an understanding heart and a firm hand to shape their minds and bodies into womanhood...

The noisy sound of a motor launch disturbed my dreaming thoughts causing my eyes to search the lake. To the Southwest I saw Mr. Riley's gray boat racing across the waves towards the estate boat house. Obviously I was not to be alone long.

At his side sat a young boy of about twelve, if he was even that old. In moments the boat landed and left, leaving the boy alone on the boat house dock with his small metal suitcase. He picked the suitcase up and gazed at the great house and shook his head as if rejecting what he saw. Slowly he trudged up the boat house stairs evidently destined for my home.

He was a petite youth dressed in tan slacks with a white sports shirt which only highlighted the fact that he had not yet allowed his ivory skin to tan. As he came

closer to the house I noted that his eyes were very blue-green like the lake waters themselves and that his longish hair was swept back in the pony tail knot fashion of today's youth with a blond pompadour to crown his still all too youthful features.

Seeing that he was close to the kitchen door I hurried to meet him quite curious as to why he should come uninvited to the Baker Estate. The back buzzer greeted me as I swung open the door to face my strange guest, whose eyes were now fixed on me with open anger.

"You are Aunt Baker," he stated briskly before pulling open the screen door and brushing past me. "Quite a lay out. A regular haunted castle. Where is Norman?"

"I am Mrs. Baker," I replied trying to place the name 'Norman' in my thoughts while they also searched for who the child might be. *Ah, yes, the poor soul in Psycho.* "Suppose you tell me what you are doing here, and why you have the impertinence to call me your aunt?"

"Okay," he replied with a shrug setting the suitcase down. "Have it your way. I'm Carol Baker. My aunt, Mrs. Cobb told me that you knew I was being exiled to this creep pad."

"You are John's sister's boy?" I asked remembering having placed a letter from Mrs. Cobb by my night stand, feeling at the time that it was just a note from her welcoming me back home from Europe. She had been entrusted with her sister's boy when his parents were killed in an accident. "Why you don't look fifteen."

"You an expert on men's ages or something," he challenged, his eyes betraying all too well his obvious approval of my still slender form as they quickly surveyed me from my black patent leather french heeled shoes to my black silk suit. "Not bad for an old lady."

"Perhaps I had better read your aunt's letter," I replied crisply before turning briskly away from him and going to my room leaving him alone in the kitchen. Finding the letter I returned down the great spiral staircase to see that he had now moved to the living room where he was busy looking over John's jade collection. "You should not touch things which do not belong to you," I suggested walking into the room causing him to turn and face me.

"You shouldn't surprise people, lady" he warned with a slight smile as his fingers released a figurine dropping it! "They might break something."

The figurine fell into the cushion of the pile rug as my poor heart almost stopped to the tones of his taunting laughter.

Recovering my composure I picked up the piece from the floor to place it back in the glass cupboard, locking the doors and slipping the key into my pocket. I could not believe that he could have known that the figurine would not have broken. So I knew that he wanted to break it before my startled eyes in hopes of showing me how tough he thought he was.

Evidently he was satisfied with this scare, for he now sat in an overstuffed chair watching my concern with amusement.

Taking this moment of peace, I quickly sat down at the desk to read Mrs. Cobb's letter hoping to understand why she had sent this rude child to my house!

*Dearest Judith,*

*I am so very happy to hear that you have decided to return home. Your return is a God send. I do so need your help.*

*My problem has to do with Carol, my late sister's boy. I guess I should have known that I wasn't prepared to raise a boy without a man around the house. I am afraid that Carol has become quite spoiled.*

*Last week I was astonished to discover that he had quit school and was spending his time with a gang of roughnecks, who used his money and car for wild parties. Due to complaints from neighbors, about these parties, the police picked them all up in an apartment.*

*The judge was good to poor Carol and let him go free on my word that I would watch over the boy more carefully. Now, I find that I must move to Detroit to take over the management of a new fashion shop there.*

*Frankly, I have enough problems without taking Carol along.*

*So as a favor to the family, would you please take him under your wing. With your experience with older children I am certain that you are better able to handle him than I have been. I leave him in your complete control in the hope that you may find a way of making him behave.*

*I may be up to see you this fall. Thank you ever so much.*

*Love and Luck,*

*Lucy*

“Well warden, what pad is my cell, ” he asked enjoying his humor.

Looking up from the letter I studied him closer to ask, “Why did you quit school and cause your poor aunt so much trouble?”

“Listen lady,” he began. “Just because I got sent out to your crazy island; don't get any ideas that you can run my life, or ask me a lot of silly questions. I ain't one of those stupid skirts you used to teach.”

“That, my crude young friend, is all too obvious,” I replied folding the letter before placing it in a desk drawer. *What could I ever do to make him behave. He certainly was vicious, for a child who looked like a lovely twelve year old. No doubt his delicate looks made him feel a need to prove how tough he was... And he used the same beauty as a tool to obtain mercy when he was in trouble. I had seen the pattern before.*

“Well, we have exchanged our mutual dislike, now where is my pad?” he repeated before going to the kitchen to fetch his suitcase.

“You may use the bedroom at the top of the stairs,” I replied opening the desk drawer to find a scratch pad. I began to devise a wonderfully novel plan for this brash young man that would require Mrs. Riley's aid in making a few purchases before the stores closed tonight so that her husband could bring them to the island by early to-

morrow morning. As I began to list the things I would need I could hear that he was helping himself to some food in the kitchen.

“If you wish you may take your supper to your room. There is a TV set up there. And I am certain you would find it better company than I.”

“Well civilization in the backwoods,” he muttered carrying a tray full of sandwiches he had thrown together into the living room towards the staircase. In his other hand he carried his suitcase. “I thought that this old place might entertain me with a few ghosts and such,”

Ignoring his remark I returned to my writing, allowing him to go to his room.

Perhaps he was right, the old house was well on its way to become haunted before he came. But, now the Sims House and I had no longer fear lonely nights. We both had a new purpose...and tomorrow there would be others to share in Carol's new life.

But, for tonight, there was a great deal to do. Lists to prepare, and phone calls to be made, so that I could give my pretty little house guest as much a shock, as he had given me when he dropped that pretty jade figurine. Perhaps, a still greater shock?

Morning scattered the coastal stars by tearing away the veil of night to reveal the glow of a newborn sun. The sunlight filled his bedroom chasing away shadows to shine on his small angel like form. An angel sleeping with a switch blade knife!

Entering the room I placed my package on a bedside chair seeing how sweetly he now smiled in his sleep. With an amused smile I saw the knife, knowing all too well that he was still like a child afraid of the shadows of night clutching onto his knife for protection against the ghosts he had so bravely scoffed at.

Silently, I picked up his clothes to pack his little suitcase before leaving him still sleeping, wrapped up in the heavy satin comforter dressed in but his shorts. Returning in a moment I unpacked the package and placed its contents over the chair. Satisfied that Mrs. Riley had done quite well in her shopping I went to the door locking it.

“What...,” he stammered, rubbing his sleep filled eyes awake stretching out in the great four-poster delighting in the fresh coolness of the sheets. Suddenly he came awake staring in utter amazement at what was hung over the back of the chair in place of his slacks and shirt. And then he saw me!

“Time to arise, child,” I suggested. “I think that it is time that you start school.”

Fear filled his eyes with disbelief. His gaze transferred from me to the chair and then back to me beginning to understand that he was not in a dream when his eyes fell on what I held in my right hand. Suddenly he leaped from the bed to assume a half crouching stance. The sun gleamed off of the knife blade!

“You ain't got me yet!” he shouted angrily.

“Don't be foolish,” I warned shifting the cane I held into an *engarde* position, as if it were a fencing foil.

“Come and get me, granny,” he taunted cutting at the air as he dashed to my right trying to get to the door. His knife hand received the full blow of my *parry*. In awe, he

fell back as the cane leaped like a thing alive under his guard to run its tip to strike him in a body blow that all but knocked him off balance.

“The fencing foil should be held lightly in the hand, but with a firm grip. Like holding a bird,” I repeated, as if instructing my girls in the art.

His fears now grew, as my *feint* forced him into a corner, before the cane again struck his knife hand, sending the knife flying across the room. When I lowered my guard he saw his chance lunging after the knife only to be brought up short when the cane deftly slipped between his legs throwing him against a low foot stool. Frantically he tried to arise, but now the cane was no longer a foil. ..

SWISH, SWACK! SWISH, SWACK!

It sung pinning him to the stool, coming alive at each stroke across his squirming rear. His screams filled the room without results.

Again and again I counted off the blows, as his screams were reduced to childish repentant sobbing. How well I knew that sound! The crying of a little child promising without words to be ever so good.

Despite what you may think, I did not cane a child for pleasure like some. I feel that resorting to the cane, is to admit that you have failed to establish your authority. Like war is to the State, caning is to the teacher, a failure of less physical diplomatic means to communicate. In fact I am well aware of the fact that physical punishment too often applied can turn a child sullen and brutish. But, in certain instances of last resort, such as when a student resorts to physical violence, it is instructive to a willful child, like certain militant minded states, to establish your authority. Once the child knows that you can inflict severe pain for misbehavior, there are nonphysical ways to maintain your authority. Usually I needed to spank a child only once. And, if done publicly to one pupil, as an example, I usually do not need to apply the cane to most of my other pupils.

Soon, I felt that my cane had broken his will to resist as he lay still and only cried, choking tears of pain mingled with the shame of being spanked like a naughty child....

“You may stand up now, child,” I ordered after removing his shorts to stand back, knowing that his spirit had been taught its first lesson in discipline.

Shakily, he crawled to his feet, already feeling the stiffness of his sore backside. Childlike he dabbed at his eyes with his hands to remove his tears, no longer conscious of his nakedness.

“You may dress, now, Carol,” I began, balancing the cane in my hand. “A child should never run around naked like an infant.”

He swallowed hard against his swelling tears of humiliation. Meekly he went to his knees before me taking my skirt hem into his trembling hands, fearing his new clothes more than a spanking. “Oh, Please! I will be good!”

“Then show your happiness by putting on your new clothes, darling,” I suggested sternly. Tenderly I took his hands from my skirt folds and placed into their gentle care

a pair of skin tight flesh toned nylon and spandex rubber panties of the type worn by girls under their swim suits. "These first so that they will cover your nakedness."

With bowed head he turned his back to me and struggled into the tight girdle-like panty, wincing with pain as he pulled it up over his childish hips to his waist.

"You may turn around now," I urged delighting in how the panty blended in with his natural skin so that he looked like a child's dolly. The playful sun shimmered over the now smooth sexless loins while I handed to Carol a girl's lace-trimmed, pink undervest.

Meekly, he accepted the white vest, pulling it over his head, wondering at how soft and silky the nylon was as it flowed in place. Tenderly, he allowed his fingers to touch the pink lace trim before he looked up at me in growing fear and shame to see his real white nylon panties with a pink rhapsody of ruffles, in the dainty infantile rumba style, graced at either hip with saucy pink bows.

Next, after the panties, Carol slipped on a white slip. Silently Carol's hands explored the rich pink lace of the slip bodice, that all but covered the undervest. They lowered to fondle the very short, bouffant, pink ruffled, skirt, as he realized in shame that the wide flounce, all but revealed and blended with the rumba panties.

"Ah, I see you are beginning to love your pretty things," I noted, helping Carol into a beautifully dainty white velveteen dress, with its wide circle skirt that rested gently upon the billowy pink ruffles of his slip. The waist was held tightly by a wide pink satin sash that ended in the back into a large butterfly bow. The smooth velveteen bodice came up to a Peter Pan collar and rose-shaped, bell sleeves.

The shoes were little single strap. black, patent leather, baby dolls to match childish white anklets.

"I hate you," he muttered, as I took his hand and led him to the bath room.

I smiled knowing that in time I would change that hatred. He was still too proud. A few more lessons would remove his foolish pride and thus his ability to hate. I had taught enough girls to know this.

"Of course, dear, " I murmured as if soothing a child. Finding a plastic make-up cape I placed it about Carol's shoulders. "I understand."

Selecting from the cabinet a French curling iron, I soon reduced the now unruly hair into a sweet feminine style; one that would be easy for Carol to prepare. Satisfied with this I plucked a few stray hairs from Carol's eyebrows, before I carefully applied Vaseline to those long lashes and curled them into a girlish upsweep. A few dabs of rose perfume finished the beautification, after the application of pale pink, clear, nail polish.

"Now to go to the full mirror in the foyer," I ordered again taking his now dainty hand to lead Carol out of the bathroom and down the spiral stairs, realizing that soon the others would come. Much needed to be done to little Carol.

Carol's hand was released when the child stood before the full mirror to see my handiwork. Suddenly the child burst into tears, while those delicate hands tried to

hide from lovely eyes the image of a little girl, whose mimicking gestures seemed to tease poor Carol even more.

Turning Carol to face me, I waited until he lowered his hands, so like a sweet child caught being naughty. In those few minutes I had turned a rough fifteen year old boy into the reflection of an eleven year old girl.

“Are you finished, child?”

Sullenly he nodded, folding his hands into his soft velveteen skirts.

“A girl doesn't fold her hands like that,” I observed with obvious disapproval to order, “place your hands at your side and leave your skirts alone, girl.”

He was obedient seeing that I still carried the cane.

“You will address me as Mrs. Baker, or ma'am,” I began. “From now on you shall be a very polite child.”

Lifting my skirts slightly I performed a curtsy.

“You will curtsy, now.”

Holding the front of the skirt Carol curtsied rather nicely.

“You will practice that curtsy until I am satisfied. Face the mirror and bow your lovely head with each curtsy, like a polite little girl.”

As the minutes passed, he continued to curtsy until I was pleased to see that he could do this action quite easily. Soon it would be automatic. Again, he was directed to face me.

“Since you curtsy so prettily,” I instructed, feeling the power I held over this dainty child. “You should know a few rules. You will curtsy when an adult enters a room, and you are not in charge of another adult present. You will curtsy when you are given an order, to show your willing obedience. You will speak only when spoken to, and then you will curtsy before speaking, so that you will be reminded of your age and the fact that little girls require permission to speak, since they are to be seen and not heard. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mrs. Baker,” he murmured, with a charming curtsy, and by the tone of his voice I was delighted to hear the growing rebellion he nurtured.

The door bell caused poor Carol to grow deathly pale, too frightened by the new fear of others seeing him, so that he froze like a figurine.

“Go answer the door, girl,” I ordered, with a smile, hoping that he would rebel at this moment.

Carol looked at me pleadingly, for a moment, but seeing that I was not going to change my mind, he curtsied and slowly walked to the door trembling as his hand opened it.

Mrs. Norris looked down at Carol from her commanding height with a pleased smile, before turning to the other two women. “This must be the lovely child we are to tutor.”

“Yes, Susan,” I greeted Mrs. Norris with a gentle kiss. “And Nancy, darling.”

Nancy accepted my kiss with a hug. "It is so good to see you, Judith."

"Oh, what a wonderful house you have," Joan exclaimed taking my hand with her usual reserve. "And the child is every bit as adorable as you said she would be." She smiled over the use of the word 'she'.

"Oh, yes, I forgot, our lovely pupil," I remarked turning to Carol, whose eyes were fixed on the great size of Mrs. Norris. "She is very shy. I think that you ladies had better introduce yourselves and tell her who you are."

"I am Mrs. Norris, darling," she began noting with a frown the fact that the child had not accepted her introduction with a curtsy. She had much to teach this little one. "My duties are very simple. I am to be your formal school teacher. Mrs. Baker has instructed me to allow you to take a series of tests developed at Rose Oak for each school grade. I shall start by testing you for the first grade and then for each successive grade until you fail to make a perfect score in one of these grades. At this grade your total class instruction shall proceed until you are able to pass the test into your next grade. Do you understand, dearest?"

Carol looked at me questioningly before curtsying. "Yes, Mrs. Norris."

"Delightful," Nancy observed. "I am Mrs. Bates, child. My duties are much more delightful than school, Although I am certain that you will love to attend school. All little girls adore school. I will teach you how to play the piano, how to dance prettily, and how to speak French."

Joan Clanton smiled towards Carol taking his hand in hers as if to look more carefully at the lovely dress.

"A girl with such pretty clothes has much to learn. She must know how to care for her clothes and herself. I am to teach you home economics and personal beauty care. Every girl should know these arts, shouldn't they child?"

"Yes, ma'am," Carol replied with a curtsy beginning to understand all too well what I had planned for him.

Seeing the rebellion fading in his feminine eyes I knew that in a few months I would be ready to call Mrs. Cobb and tell her that I had a very special surprise for her.

A surprise that little Carol could not even guess. My plans for this child did not end in mere education and feminine training. *No, little Carol, you are going to make up for many injuries to your poor aunt before I am done with you....*

"Oh come now darling," she protested mildly, as if to brush aside my solicitations concerning how the city was. "You know very well that I did not come all this way to talk about the weather or fashions. You are just trying to hide your promised surprise away from me. I hate to be teased, darling. You know that."

Mrs. Cobb sat down across from me on a soft chair straightening her blue, wool, suit skirt before crossing her trim legs. "How is Carol?"

"Carol?" I asked, with a trace of a smile. "Perhaps you would like some tea."

Seeing that I was not about to be rushed into revealing my secret, she graciously nodded her approval. "Of course. I am famished. The trip out here was very rough. Although I did notice that you have your own launch now."

"It belongs to the school," I replied, picking up a tiny bell from the coffee table. "Since Pointer Island School is to open next fall, I will need the launch to carry all the supplies."

"A school here," she asked in wonder. "But the island is so isolated?"

"This isolation is perfect, for the school I have in mind," I announced turning to face the door from the dining room following Lucy's eyes with amusement, seeing her surprise change to an amusement far surpassing my own. "Come in, child."

"Charming," Mrs. Cobb sighed in disbelief.

"How nice of you to bring the tea, Caroline, dearest," I introduced. "Mrs. Cobb, this is Caroline. My first pupil."

"Mrs. Cobb," Caroline repeated, with a pretty curtsy before placing the tray gently upon the coffee table.

Standing, Caroline self consciously brushed the back of her short black velveteen jumper skirt, attempting to hide from amused eyes, the shame of childish petticoats. Her long blonde hair was held back from her face by a white satin band, that matched the white satin and lace blouse she wore.

"How simply marvelous," Lucy exclaimed, arising to approach Caroline. "May I look at your pretty clothes?"

"If you wish, ma'am," Caroline replied, trying to hide her tears of humiliation, as Lucy accepted her curtsy by taking her hand and turning her slowly around, delighting in seeing how the child's dress skirt flowed as she turned.

Looking down Lucy noticed that Caroline wore black patent leather baby dolls, obviously styled for her little feet. With a smile of matronly delight she reached out her hand to lift the fluffy petticoats to see better the lovely underthings the child wore. The petticoats were slip styled, while the child wore a AAA cup, training bra styled, bodice vest that was tucked into the waist band of satin panties. "How you must love it here."

"Oh, she adores pretty clothes, like most girls her age," I assured Lucy, gaining pleasure from the little tears that came to Caroline's eyes. "And I let her wear the very prettiest, because I think that is the only way to prevent little girls from behaving like tomboys."

I paused as Lucy released the child's skirts allowing the petticoats to flow in place before patting the lacy rear.

"I think you should play for us?"

"Yes, ma'am," Caroline sighed, almost happily, as she backed away from Lucy's taunting hands. With a curtsy she retreated to the piano, seating herself in a cascade of saucy lace, which she nervously tried to cover with her childish short skirt.

Soon she began to play a Chopin *etude*.

"Oh, I have so many questions?" Lucy exclaimed softly, in respect for the delicate music.

"One or two lumps?" I asked, turning my attention to the tea set, as if to dismiss little Caroline, whose fingers played lovely music, while her ears politely tried to close off our words; yet, could not, even if we did talk as if she was no longer with us.

"Oh, one, darling," Lucy replied, returning to her chair and accepting her cup of tea, her face filled with the excitement of unasked questions.

"Judith," she suddenly exclaimed, placing the cup aside to take my hands in her's. "What have you done to lovely Carol? I never dreamed that he could be so docile and sweet."

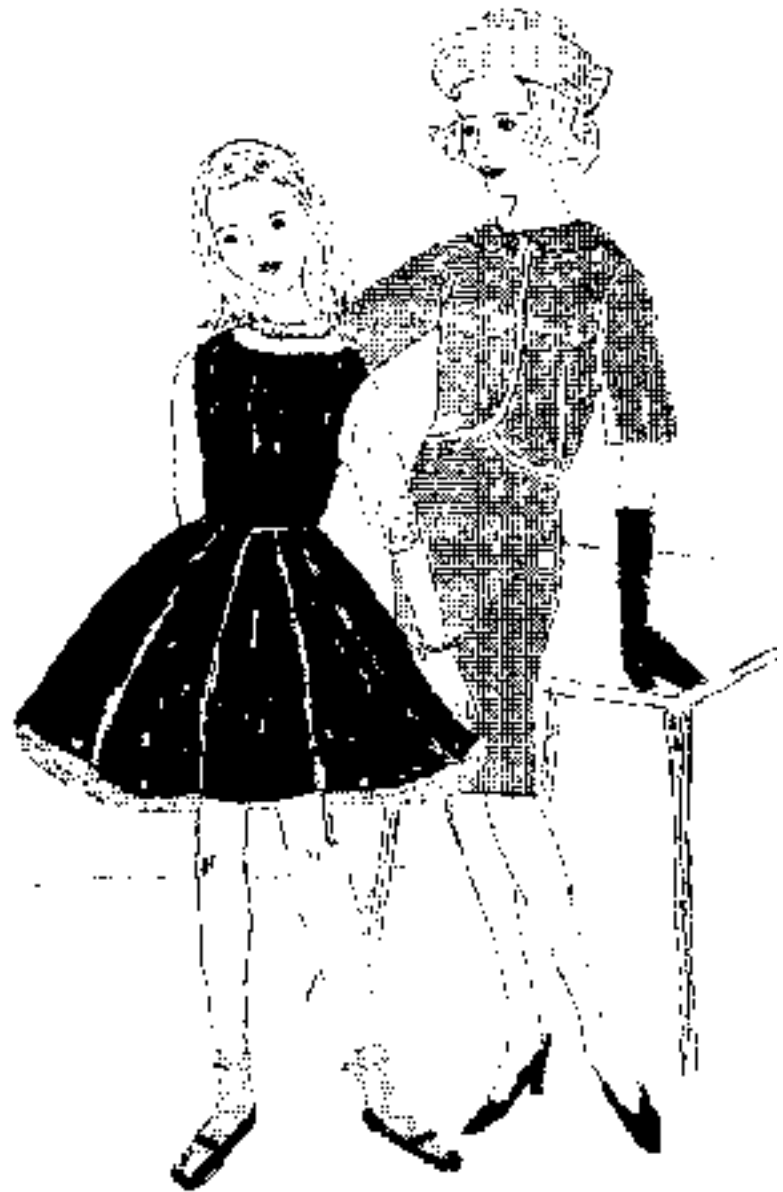
Caroline's fingers paused, for but a moment, as her eyes lowered to hide a moment of pain. But, she soon resumed her playing softly, knowing the price of being naughty.

"Your first letter suggested that I might be able to handle the child, because of the fact that I had once been a headmistress," I began speaking of Caroline as if she was no longer present, yet knowing she heard every word of her shame.

"Frankly, I was at a loss, as to what to do, for the child. But, it was not until the child suggested that he was not a girl, that I began to realize I had never had boys under my care. It was then, that I knew that the child must be a girl, before I could properly train her." I sighed. "So the child became Caroline, and from then on it was easy."

"Easy? Only for you darling. She is so lovely."

"Caroline has had fine care. After all, she was our first pupil," I commented, looking at the child in question, who had completed the piece to our polite applause.



"Oh, she adores pretty clothes, like most girls her age."

She dabbed at her lovely eyes with a hanky as if to hide her tear's with a quick motion before curtsying to our applause.

“Smile, child. You play quite well. Please play another selection, Caroline.”

“Yes, please do, child,” Lucy urged, causing the child to again curtsy her charming, “Thank you, ma'am,” before she returned to the piano bench to play. “You mentioned your school?”

“Yes. I have plans to care for many little girls, who require special attention. Among them shall be our special students, like Caroline. Some, we shall just treat as little girls, until they understand how to be obedient. Others, like Caroline, shall become completely domesticated.”

“Caroline?” Lucy half asked, seeing the dainty child shiver, as if in answer to my pun. “How quaint. A perfectly charming way to tame my little pet.”

Caroline stopped playing, burying her face in the skirts of her dress, to hide flowing tears. She had never felt so helpless except for that morning, when she discovered that she could never be Carol again...

Lucy picked up her tea cup and slowly sipped from its contents watching Caroline with amused distress.

“Perhaps the child has been not getting the right amount of rest?”

“Perhaps,” I commented, refilling Lucy's cup, before returning my attention towards the sobbing child, who looked up from her crying, trying to compose herself, knowing of our growing displeasure over her emotionalism. “Girls her age are very excitable, my dear. Occasionally, however, their tantrums verge on the impolite.”

Meekly Caroline returned to her music.

“As I was saying,” I continued, with pleased satisfaction, “Caroline is usually a delightful child, and she is almost ready to go home.”

“Home?” Lucy asked, to the pause in the music. “Do you mean she is to become my little girl?”

“Well, my dear, you would love to have a girl about the house,” I suggested. “That is, of course, if you are able to handle a girl?”

“Isn't that wonderful, Caroline? You're to come home with me!”

“If you are able to control her,” I added uncertainly, as the child again began to cry.

Lucy placed her cup aside.

“Come here, girl.”

Caroline arose from the piano bench and came to stand meekly before her with bowed head. Holding back her tears she curtsied, spreading her stained skirt.

“Stop crying this instant!” Lucy ordered briskly with an icy edge to her voice, a command that she could not have used on willful Carol. But, a disobedient girl was a different matter. “Aren't you happy to be going home?”

Caroline lifted her skirt to wipe her tears away only to feel the skirt pulled from her trembling hands.

“I told you to stop crying,” Lucy demanded. “And how dare you stain your beautiful skirts like a baby. Are you wetting your panties, too?”

“Nooo, ma 'am,” Caroline stammered, in fearful shame.

“Ungrateful child! You aren't happy to come home with me?” was the counter, causing Caroline to look to me for help. “Answer me by keeping your eyes towards me. Well?”

“I...,” she protested uncertainly, renewing her sobs.

“I asked you a question,” her aunt insisted,

“Yes, ma'am,” she tried.

“You are ungrateful then?” Lucy challenged.

“No, ma'am,” Caroline sobbed.

“You are contradicting me.”

“I'm sorry, ma'am.” Caroline continued to cry, clasping her hands in despair, looking at me for help, but seeing none.

Lucy seemed to feel the fullness of her power over this child. A power she had once longed to exercise over the stronger Carol. In her anger over having failed to tame one child, she swore to completely tame the other. Eagerly her fingers reached out and curled around a heavy ruler on the nearby desk.

“I ordered you to stop crying,” she stated evenly, from a sudden calm, slapping the ruler against the smooth wood of the desk top causing the child to wince. “Lean over that coffee table and prepare yourself for a real cry.”

Caroline knew that her cause was hopeless. Meekly she placed the tea set aside, and pulling her skirts up she rested face down on the table.

Lucy nodded her approval of the obedience. With a knowing smile she arose. She approached the prostrate child and pulled down the panties, pausing long enough in her intended punishment, to confirm that her terrified and totally humiliated Caroline was indeed domesticated.

Removing her hand from the trembling child's form, she commented, “Judith, why not even a doctor could guess.”

I nodded silently, saying softly, “Caroline knows.”

Ignoring the child's shudder of chagrin, Lucy swung her arm and the ruler resounded against the unprotected target with a solid, swack.

SWACK! SWACK! SWACK!

In time, she paused, seeing that Caroline no longer could cry.

“Get up child,” Lucy ordered. “And replace your panty.”

Weakly Caroline arose very slowly to obey. Her shaking form responding to the pain of the soft satin against her tenderness. Taking a hanky she wiped her tears before curtsying towards Lucy.

“Thank you, ma'am, I have been a very bad girl and I deserved to be spanked.”

Pleased by this result from my training, Lucy turned to me to smile in pleased satisfaction before turning her attention towards the child. “You will smile, girl.”

Caroline smiled pleasingly, in curtsied obedience.

“I think you shall do well,” I commented. “Be a doll, Caroline, and kiss your aunty goodnight. Then you may go to your room and pack your things. In the morning you shall go home.”

“You would love to go home?” Lucy asked with a smile.

“Oh, yes, Aunt Lucy,” Caroline cried happily, knowing now what was expected. Without pause she placed her trembling arms about Lucy and kissed her like a good child.

When Lucy released her she backed away and curtsied towards us, saying her goodnight. Then she left the room in a cloud of lace petticoats.

Lucy sat down and looked at me for a long moment.

“Thank you, Judith.”

“She is a lovely child,” I remarked, with a knowing nod, understanding how happy Lucy had become over her new powers. “If you keep her under a firm hand, she will understand what you expect of her. And in time she will grow to love you, if she knows that you are firm because you love her.”

Lucy nodded her understanding. “I shall try.”

“Of course,” I replied.

“She is now thirteen years old and in the seventh grade,” I continued, as if to change the subject. “I have taken the liberty to have enrolled her in a fashionable girl's day school, in Detroit, where she will be kept in hand. They have boarding facilities, in case you feel that she deserves prolonged retraining. It is run by Mrs. Blye, who is quite familiar with my teaching methods. Otherwise, I am certain Caroline will love to live with you.”

“Oh thank you, Judith! I think she will adore her new home. I have so wanted a daughter of my own. She shall have the prettiest things to wear...”

“You may spoil her in clothes,” I cautioned. “But she must learn that the price of her lovelies is her dutiful attendance to your wishes.”

“I will remember that,” Lucy replied seriously, looking at the ruler.

*Yes, Lucy, you will make Caroline behave, like a good child. That I could see. You will extract measure for measure her obedience and love. Vowing never to make the mistakes you had made with Carol,*

*And I knew that Caroline would soon grow to love her new home. Because she had grown quickly to love my school.*

Thus, a school for Carol had prepared a home for Caroline.  
*And, soon there will be others to attend my lovely school.*

## FRANCIS

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson

“Mrs. Baker, my dearest friend, a Mrs. Taylor, told me of your lovely school,” Mrs. Terrel began, placing her tea cup aside as Mrs. Baker refilled it. “Her daughter,” a faint smile, “is such a sweet child. So well trained. I just had to send my Francis here.”

Mrs. Baker set down the tea pot with a nod. Her black eyes knowing all too well the secrets that her mind held. Calmly she smoothed the black wool skirt of her smartly tailored business suit before she picked up her cup.

“You realize, of course, that my school is quite expensive. And also that I never accept a child, unless both parents consent to his education as being my absolute right.”

“I am all that poor Francis has left,” Mrs. Terrel remarked. “And I have complete confidence in your school. Mrs. Taylor told me of the costs, and I have taken the liberty of writing a cashier's check.”

She opened her purse removing a check which she handed to Mrs. Baker.

“I do hope this shall be satisfactory, Mrs. Baker.”

Mrs. Baker placed the check on the coffee table between them after glancing at it. “You do have a medical report? I must have one for the staff doctor?”

“Yes, he is quite a frail child,” Mrs. Terrel answered producing the needed report. “He is only fifteen, and in the tenth grade. But, he is a quite small for his age. Both his father and I are fairly small in stature.”

“So the report says. He is a healthy child?”

Mrs. Terrel nodded, taking from her purse a large folded packet of papers. “Mrs. Taylor told me about these papers you need. They are complete, and if you wish more, I shall be all too happy to obtain them.”

“Ah yes,” Mrs. Baker agreed, unfolding the packet. “Birth certificate; evaluation of his personality by his teachers and a psychologist; a personal list, by you, of his likes and dislikes in food, games, toys, and dress; a complete historical sketch of his childhood from infancy on, with special attention to his pattern of habit growth. Very nicely done. These are always handy.”

“Mrs. Baker?” Mrs. Taylor took the hand of her son's futures teacher. “I so want him to be your pupil. You can accept him for your school, like you did Mrs. Taylor's child?”

“Of course.”

“Then I shall be so happy. I will have a new home for him, when he graduates.”

Mrs. Baker couldn't help but smile at her use of the word *graduates*.

Francis Terrel was small for his age. His somewhat long blond hair was combed back, yet its semi-curliness made it appear unruly. With two pale blue eyes he studied the living room of Mrs. Baker's home while his mind wondered about a school hidden on an island which had no play ground, unless the small walled courtyard behind the house held the playground.

All he knew was that it must be a very small school because, so far, he had seen no other children. Of course, he was aware of the fact that he had not seen the whole of Pointer Island. But, he had seen, in uncertainty, the sign on the launch:

### **MRS. BAKER'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**

Uncomfortably, he dangled his feet from the chair waiting while his fingers played with the rough creases of his corduroy coveralls, resenting the fact that his mother had insisted on buying his clothes from the children's department instead of boys' wear. Suddenly he jumped from the chair standing awkwardly before Mrs. Baker, who towered over him.

"Hello."

"How do you do, Master Francis," she replied. Sizing the boy up with her black eyes, she saw that he will need much training, of that she was certain.

"The gang in high school calls me Tiger," he explained hopefully. "Because of my hair. It has brown stripes."

"I shall call you Master Francis. Unless, you prefer that I call you by your mother's favorite nickname for you."

"I prefer Master Francis," he murmured, not wanting to be called Francis, or by his mother's nickname for him, *Fanny*. It would be awful. He wondered how this tall woman dressed in black satin had heard his mother's pet name. And to be called, Master Francis, as if he were a small child. Why did she call him that?

For some strange reason he also wondered how she was able to stand on such high heeled black leather shoes.

"And you shall address me as ma'am, or as Mrs. Baker. Do you understand?"

"Yes ma'am," he murmured half heartedly. "Are there any other boys here?"

"Mrs. Baker," she corrected.

"Are there any other boy's here, Mrs. Baker?" he re-asked hopefully.

"Good child," she commented, taking his hand in her's. "There are no other boys here. Currently, you are my only male student. All the others are little girls."

"But..," he paused, not liking being led around by the hand. After all he was fifteen years old. But, he didn't dare protest as she led him up the stairs into a long hall. Pausing at a door she unlocked it leading him in. The room was large like the living room. It had bookcases filled with children's books. When she released him he went to look at the books.

"Miss. Carol, who lived here before you, didn't read boy's books."

Francis saw how right she was and turned away from the girl's books in disappointment, noting that Mrs. Baker had pushed a button on the child's desk.

"Why did my mother send me here, Mrs. Baker? The sign on the boat said that this is a girl's school?" he asked plaintively.

"I shouldn't worry about such things. We have had other little boys here. Besides, unless you wish to, you shall not be required to attend school along with our little girls, Master Francis. Do you want to go to school with our other students?"

"Oh, noo, ma'am," he protested almost fearfully.

"Oh, well, we shall see," Mrs. Baker observed with a slight smile of amusement over her fears as she led the way towards the rear of the room with Francis close behind. "I have rung for Louise, my maid. You must meet her, now. Meanwhile, you may look at your new suite."

He liked this exploration of his new home. The next room was a small dining room, which adjoined a kitchenette built for a large child rather than an adult.

"Carol loved her little kitchen. Of course you, as a boy, don't care for such things."

"I helped mother in the kitchen," he mused thoughtfully. "But, I think kitchens are for girls, ma'am."

She smiled opening the door to his bedroom, which was very plain, almost Spartan. Crossing the room she opened a side door. "This is your bathroom. It is quite feminine, I am afraid. But you see it was Carol's also. Because your room is really a guest room.

He nodded, noting another door in the hallway before his bedroom. Trying the handle he found that it was locked. "What is this room, ma'am?"

"That is the other part of your suite," she replied as the outside door opened. "We are in here, Louise."

Louise entered causing Francis to forget about the locked rooms. She was a large woman with lovely black hair that flowed to her shoulders. She was dressed in a tight, black satin, maid's uniform, with a French sheath skirt, the slit of which revealed a wisp of lace. About her incredibly narrow waist she wore a lacy apron and on her head a lace maid's cap.

He noticed, with masculine interest, that her long slender legs were encased in soft black toned, nylons, while her feet were enhanced by a pair of high heeled, pointed, black, smooth, patent leather shoes.

"You rang, ma'am?"

"Yes, Louise, this is Master Francis, our new pupil."

"How nice to meet you, Master Francis." She glanced at his hair and seemed amused as she ran her fingers through it causing the youth to blush and draw away in masculine protest over such feminine attentions. "Such unruliness, and yet very pretty."

“You should thank, Louise for her compliment, Master Francis,” Mrs. Baker suggested rather firmly causing him to blush and half whisper his, “Thank you, Louise,” to the maid's delighted half curtsy.

“Louise, is Carol's room cleaned,' Mrs. Baker asked, knowing the answer, yet trying to ease Francis' embarrassment.

“Yes ma'am. She was a very neat girl.'

“Now, you asked me about the rest of your suite,” Mrs. Baker commented, taking a key to open the door he had tried.

The open door revealed a bed room. The walls were pale pink trimmed with delicate roses. A white, satin, bed spread trimmed with pink lace, adorned the center of the room. A lovely satin skirted vanity sat before high, lace curtained and satin draped windows.

A girl's room.

“Let me show it all to you. I know how very curious boys can be. You see, Carol slept here.”

Timidness stole over him as he entered the delicate room. He felt like he was being caught in a lady's room. Ever so delicately a faint rose perfume filled the air .

“This is her dressing room. Most of her clothes are still here. After all, she did grow out of her clothes while here.”

Louise giggled slightly causing Francis to stare at her in surprise.

“You may go, Louise.”

“Yes ma'am.”

“Now, Master Francis,” Mrs. Baker observed turning towards a closet. “If I catch you in these rooms I will make you wear Carol's clothes. Do you understand?”

“Yes ma'am!” he exclaimed. “You won't find me in any old girl's room,” he promised seeing her remove from the closet a pink satin party dress.

“I know you won't,” she laughed replacing the dress. “And now you go run off and wash for dinner.”

He sat at the table trying to mind his manners, but he spilled a bit here and there as boys will.

Mrs. Baker noted his manners with mild shock. “Louise, fetch a bib for Master Francis.”

He looked up in surprise. “But, babies wear bibs?”

“Mrs. Baker,” she corrected with a frown. “You will ruin my table cloth and your clothes. When you don't spill, I will do away with the bib.”

“But, Mrs. Baker,” he protested seeing that the bib was in reality a small pinafore top of pink ruffled nylon. “I won't wear that.”

“Louise.” In a moment Francis found himself wearing the bib as Louise released him from her powerful arms.

“I am sorry that we don't have a more masculine bib,” she continued, noting his discomfort. “Carol wore it until she did not spill like a baby. Because it embarrasses you, I think you should wear it. Perhaps a masculine bib wouldn't spur you on to better manners.”

Louise cleared the dishes after he had sullenly finished eating. Then she removed the bib.

“If the bib is spotless for two weeks, you will not need to wear it unless you become careless again. You will, of course, put it on yourself, dear.”

Francis did not like Mrs. Baker's School. As the days passed he could not see why his mother had sent him there.

He also did not know why she had repacked his bags so that his cherished high school jacket and other masculine belongings had been exchanged for new clothes obviously bought from the children's department. There was nothing to wear that didn't make him look like a primary school boy. She had replaced his baseball and glove with a rubber toss ball and jump rope. His skate board had become a pair of skates. Sex books were now a collection of childish cartoon land comic books. And his well hidden cigarettes were now made of candy...

His classroom studies were controlled by a Mrs. Susan Norris, a giantess of a woman, who seemed determined to treat Francis as if he were much younger than he was. Although he was in the tenth grade, she had him do the lessons of a first grader!

At first he thought that his school work would be too simple. Yet it was impossible to be as perfect as Mrs. Norris demanded!

Each lesson had to be perfect. He had to learn how to write all over again, during hours of penmanship, until each letter had the gracefully feminine perfection of the Spencer practice book. With equally meticulous care she made him spell every word in his primer by rote. Each spelling quiz was rapid fire, with each mistaken word carefully written out over a hundred times. She also did this with the simple mathematics of the first grade. Despite his efforts to respond quickly to the mathematics flash cards, she was determined to break him of the mental habit of *counting* the numbers and forcing him to memorize their values..

Mrs. Norris was never stern in class, yet strangely he never dared to disobey her wishes, or those of his other teachers, because they punished him in strange ways..

For instance.

Once, he was doing very badly playing the piano for Mrs. Nancy Bates, who also taught him French and conducted his evening exercise classes.

To his mind music was for girls, and since this was the only really feminine thing they made him do. he really didn't try to learn.

As a result she became quite impatient.

Ringling for Louise. she issued brief orders to her, as he continued to practice.

“Keep playing, dear,” Mrs. Bates murmured. “You will learn that lesson today.”

“But, ma'am I can play it,” he complained, remembering how three years before his mother had began his piano lessons, and of how this simple numbers exercise was one of the first he had to learn. “I was on Book Six, when I left home. This beginners' book is an insult, ma'am.”

“My dear, you are my pupil. You play very poorly because you have learned poorly. I think the reason for that is that you have not learned to obey your teachers. Now play your lesson, like a good child.”

“I'm not a child,” he protested angrily, but seeing the anger in her eyes, he returned unhappily to his playing. “I am sorry, ma'am.”

She smiled as the door opened.

Louise entered with a tray and Carol's bib.

“Put your bib on, it is time for lunch.”

Almost happy for the chance to break away from the demanding piano he unprotestingly put on the silly bib. Sitting at the table before the tray, he saw that she had covered the food. Gingerly he removed the cover to see his snack.

“Thank Louise for your meal, Master Francis,” Mrs. Bates requested, enjoying her polite sadism. Because, on the tray was a large plate of mashed sweet potatoes, which he detested. By the bowl was a tall glass of warm water.

“I won't eat it,” he shouted angrily.

“Of course you will,” Louise offered, picking up a spoon full to his lips.

“I won't I won't,” he cried, as she set aside the spoon, as if amused.

“You will feed him, Louise,” Mrs. Bates ordered simply. “He is too headstrong for his own good. Perhaps, he will take music lessons more seriously after this?”

He was about to arise, but Louise quickly removed her apron, and in a moment had used the strong nylon to tie his hands behind the chair, entwining the strings into the rungs of the chair.

“Let me go!” He fought the tight bonds trying to kick her.

“Darling, baby,” she laughed, fluffing the sleeves of the pinafore. “Be a good child.”

With this said, she scooped up a heaping spoon full of the steaming sweet potatoes. Placing one hand over his nose she twisted it deftly until he opened his mouth to breathe, and then she forced him to accept the food. Satisfied with his accepting the first spoon full, she forced him to drink some of the warm water.

“Please,” he gasped, as she pressed another spoon full to his protesting lips. “I promise to behave.”

“But, babykins,” she taunted. “Please eat your vegetables.”

With this she forced the spoonful into his mouth. Playfully she continued to feed him until the last spoonful was down. Placing the glass of warm water to his lips she made him finish it before she wiped his lips with a napkin, like an attentive nurse maid might clean up the mess caused by a cranky baby.

“There, there, that is a good baby.”

He was sick.

His whole being was sick as she untied the apron strings that held his hands. Weakly he climbed down from the chair and headed for the bathroom with sudden sickening urgency to hear their feminine laughter taunting his misery.

By such means they made him obey.

One morning he was awakened by a noise in Carol's room.

Uncertainly he crawled out of bed. Walking across his bedroom he heard the living room door close. Shrugging, now that the strange noises had ended, he walked to Carol's door finding it open. To his surprise he saw an erector set on the satin bed. The large erector set he had always wanted his mother to give him. The one you could build a lift bridge out of.

It could only be for him.

Forgetting Mrs. Baker's dire warning, he entered Carol's room to happily open the large box. Without a care, he sat on the white pile rug in his pajamas, eagerly unpacking the many parts.

“Master Francis!”

Louise towered in the darkened doorway over him, her black satin uniform glistening in the pink shaded vanity lamp he had used for light. “Mrs. Baker has warned you about this room.”

“But, Louise,” he protested and then he remembered Mrs. Baker's threat. “Please don't tell her?”

“You must learn to obey her,” Louise warned, entering the room. “She is our mistress.”

“Please, Louise, I want to go to my room.”

Louise ignored his plea, locking the door behind her. Without a word she crossed the room to enter the bathroom.

Soon he heard the sound of the tub being filled. The sweet smell of roses filled his lungs from the closed room. A cold chill stole up his back as he remembered the dainty pink dress that Mrs. Baker had shown him.

Fearfully he picked up a child's broom that must have been Carol's. He resolved to defend himself from this new terror.

Louise returned to the bedroom to see him standing defiantly in the middle of the room, armed with the broom. Smiling, she went to the bath room again to emerge with something held behind her back.

“Come now, darling,” she urged. “Undress and take your lesson like a good little girl.”

He winced at her calling him a *girl*. “You're not going to dress me up!”

“Of course I am,” Louise promised, moving towards him. “You mustn't be bad, or the punishment will be far worse.”

Undaunted, he swung the broom striking her in the shins.

She jumped back in painful surprise, bringing her hand out in front to ward off his broom. In one hand she held a damp bath towel.

In a lightening gesture the towel snapped out at him catching the broom out of his hand. In tears he ran to recover his broom, only to feel the sting of the towel as it lashed between his ankles, tripping him to the floor. On hands and knees he tried to arise, but the weight of the towel lashed across his back tearing the top of his pajamas half way off.

In her hands the towel no longer snapped like it might in a towel fight in boys gym. Instead it unfurled in a soggy mass to hit him like a great wet pillow.

Because of the humiliating results her aim and his helplessness to defend himself he found little real pain, but considerable shame. Fearfully he rolled over, only to feel the pajama tops being torn completely off, by her splashing slap of the towel across his belly, forcing him to double up.

Before he could recover, her deft hand guided the slashing towel between his legs! She laughed at this new insult, as the weight of the towel ripped the thoroughly wet pants from him, leaving him bare!

In disbelief he rolled over on his stomach to protect himself. Again and again she struck him across the rear trying to get him to spread his legs. At last he gave in from the choking sobs and relaxed his legs to feel the full vent of her unbounded fury. The wet towel unfurled with each stroke to first slap his loins with a distressingly soggy blow before it flowed over them like a giant rough tongue!

Suddenly she grasped his head by the hair pulling it back until his tear filled eyes looked pleadingly at her.

“You will obey?”

His lungs gasped for breath in a mighty tearful sigh.

“Yes!”

“I'm sure you will,” she laughed, helping him to arise.

“Clean up this baby mess,” she ordered, pushing him again to the floor.

Tearfully he submitted to her as he set about to wipe up the floor with his wet pajamas. He then followed her into the bathroom.

“Ah, how meek you are now, little baby. First we shall dispose of your diapers and then we shall give you a lovely bath,” she taunted, opening the trash can and disposing of the wet pajamas.

“Into the bath, girl,” she ordered, slapping his behind sharply with her hand causing him to virtually leap into the steaming hot tub filled with sweet smelling bubbles.

After the shock of the hot water he realized his helplessness before this sadistic woman. With a sigh he accepted the pink bar of soap and began to wash himself as she busied herself by the vanity sink.

After the bath she had him sit on a tall stool. Taking a heavy towel she covered his body so that he could not move. With a child's home permanent wave kit she set his hair. Satisfied, she covered the curlers with a hair net as he realized, in growing shame, that she was transforming him into a girl.

Removing the towel she wiped his tears away.

She then sat Francis by the vanity in Carol's bedroom. With a pair of tweezers she carefully thinned and shaped his unruly eyebrows, before she applied lash cream to his eyelashes so that with a lash curler she could shape his lashes to a feminine lift.

Poor Francis saw that face staring out from the vanity mirror at him, with her hair done up in pink curlers, as her delicately thin eyebrows raised quizzically to look at him in wonderment while her pretty lashes fluttered in distress as tiny tears touched her plump cheeks.

An amused Louise noted the lovely image in the mirror as if she could read poor Francis' mind by saying, "Yes, she is quite pretty, dearest."

Louise turned her attention to delicate finger and toenails to very carefully manicure and pedicure Francis before finishing up with a clear, pale, pink polish.

"They are wet, so don't move," she ordered, going into the dressing room to return in a minute.

Placing her selection of clothes on the bed, she motioned the now docile Francis to her side. Picking up a bottle of rose cologne she tenderly sprinkled it on the now thoroughly timid child before her.

"A girl should know her wardrobe," Louise commented with amusement. "I will name each article and you will describe it to me so that, as a girl, you will know what you are wearing." Then in after-thought she added, "I want you to dress yourself to show me how eager you are for your new clothes. You are happy to be a girl?"

"Yes, Louise," was the submissive reply.

"Good. These are anklets."

"My anklets are of pink nylon trimmed with white lace." Francis began, swallowing hard against the chagrin he felt by slipping them on.

"Panties," she continued enjoying the humiliation of the child before her.

"My panties..." A choke of embarrassment. "My panties are of pink satin with elastic waist band. They are ruffled with white lace in layers in the back to match the lace ruffles at the leg openings." With trembling submission two delicate hands pulled on the soft, glossy, smooth, satin panties that felt delightfully cool on his loins, and ever so emasculating in their overwhelming femininity.

"The style of your lace panties is rumba, my dearest," she taunted, seeing his blushing helplessness.

"Petticoat." Louise brushed the layers of ruffled net lace. "A half slip doesn't have the bouffant style," she explained amused at the confusion that appeared in the child's feminine looking eyes. "Your petticoat is designed to lift up your pretty skirts like a dainty cloud of lace."

“My petticoat is of white lace in many layers of ruffled skirts.”

“Here is a lovely slip.”

“My slip is of pink nylon satin with lace shoulders and tiers of lace ruffles along the skirt which just covers my panties.” The shortness of the now very bouffant slip skirt over his petticoat bothered Francis strangely.

“Dress. Isn't it a lovely dress, darling. Carol loved it very much.”

“My dress is of pink nylon,” Francis murmured recognizing the dress as the one Mrs. Baker had once promised as punishment.

“Oh, my, my, such a brief description will never do. The collar of your dress is a Peter Pan collar. The skirt is quite bouffant over your lovely lingerie. Bouffant skirts, you know, are flounced out to accent a girl's narrow waist and wide hips,” she explained as she wiped away a tear of shame from those lovely eyes.

“My pink nylon dress has a Peter Pan collar and a bouffant skirt which flounces out to reveal the edges of my lace petticoats. About my waist is fastened a white satin sash. The sleeves of my lovely dress are....”

“Bell shaped...” she hinted. “And the lovely white satin bow is called a butterfly bow. It is perched just above your dainty derriere as if to fly away.

“My sleeves are bell shaped and trimmed with white lace,” he noted meekly as she tied the large butterfly bow in back before he gained the courage to describe it.

“Your shoes are baby dolls. The glossy finish on them is referred to as patent leather,” she added straightening the back of the dress and fluffing the skirt. “I think that little girls should always be dressed in layers of lace, so they won't be like dirty little boys.”

“My white patent leather shoes are baby dolls.” Francis sighed bending over to tie the straps and noticed in the mirror how the rumba panties peeped beneath layers of satin and lace as the lovely skirts flared out behind.

“How sweet you look there. Just like a little toddler girl about to go to her birthday party.”

Louise removed the hair net. Taking a brush from the vanity, she quickly brushed the curls in place, fashioning a lovely pompadour in front, to complete the illusion. Turning Francis to the wall mirror she placed a lovely locket necklace about the child's neck.

“Tell me what you see, Frances?”

“I see a girl,” was the heartbroken answer as the child wondered at how dainty the image was and knowing that Mrs. Baker had kept her promise.

“Yes, my darling, a girl,” Louise murmured taking a delicate hand into hers. “All day today you shall be a girl. You shall walk, talk, eat, and sleep as a girl. Each time you fail to be a girl you must live one more day as a girl. Do you understand?”

“Oh, no,” Francis gasped looking down at the beautiful dress in terror. “But, I will make mistakes. I'm not a girl. I don't know what a girl does. Please, don't punish me so, I won't come here again.”

“You will live here until you have completed your punishment. You entered Carol's room to be a girl. Now you must be one until you have learned your lesson.”

“Yes, Louise.”

“Now the first thing you must learn is how to curtsy. Mrs. Baker likes to have her girls curtsy before they speak to her. And of course you will always say, ma'am, to her.”

Louise paused to do a curtsy.

Francis, in a swirl of lace and satin, curtsied again and again until Louise was pleased.

“Now you walk by placing one foot in front of the other,” she demonstrated the heel and toe walk of a fashion model. “Women walk this way.”

Francis walked as she did with a feminine sway.

“And you sit down by brushing your skirts from behind and bending the knee close to the chair,” Louise explained, carefully sitting down, and Francis noted how her satin skirt seemed to follow the flow of her body when she sat down this way. “And a young girl wears short skirts so that she must learn to cover her knees with the skirt to hide her panties. To show your panties is very naughty.”

Francis practiced to sit and rise from a chair. The frothy skirts saucily refused to obey and it was some time before these simple movements were done without embarrassment.

“Lovely,” Louise observed. “Now be a dear and go to the mirror. Now turn your back to it.” With an amused gleam in her eyes Louise dropped a hanky before Francis. “Pick it up.”

Francis bending from the waist as a boy would do took the hanky.

“Freeze,” she ordered before Francis straightened up. “Now look in the mirror behind you without moving your body.”

Obedying her commands Francis saw reflected in the mirror layers of petticoat and the smooth satin of his rumba panties. “Oh, no!”

“You see, now, my dear, why we women never bend over at the waist to pick things up off the floor,” she laughed spanking the panties with her hand smartly.

Tenderly Francis felt the soreness of her first sadism, but the child stayed in the position until she asked Francis to stand up.

“A woman bends her knees to pick things up.” Quickly she demonstrated.

Nodding knowingly, Francis dropped the hanky and practiced picking it up.

A sudden fear struck Francis, who noticed that Louise was unlocking the bedroom door.

“We must show you to Mrs. Baker,” she urged, taking Francis' hand in her's and leading the timid child down the hall and stairway to the living room where Mrs. Baker sat reading the paper.

Mrs. Baker looked up from her paper to inspect Louise's lovely charge. "How pretty you are, Mistress Francisca, or should we call you Fanny? I think that Fanny will be more suitable, for you."

"Curtsy girl," Louise ordered the dazed child, swatting Francis smartly across the rear. "Do remember to thank her for her compliment, and tell her how much you adore being called Fanny, or I will warm yours right here."

In single motion Francis curtsied. He had never really liked his real name, and oh how he dreaded this nick name that his mother had often teased him with when he was home. In fact, he remembered the fights he had gotten into when some of his playmates had seized upon calling him by that awful name. And now, *She*, planned to call him by that sissy name! "Thank you, Mrs. Baker. I think that Fanny is a lovely name, for a girl."

"Such a charming curtsy. You will be delightful, I see. You will like to be a girl. To be dressed in such feminine clothes, won't you. Mistress Fanny?"

"Answer, Mrs. Baker, girl!" Louise prompted.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Of course."

Mrs. Baker arose from her reading chair. She was dressed in a tight sheath dress that emphasized her every movement as her high heels gave her a provocative walk. Opening a drawer in a nearby desk she handed a package to Francis.

"My dear, you must have suitable toys. A girl must be trained properly by her toys towards her role as a mother." She paused to let her words sink in. "Open the box and put your apron on, Mistress Fanny."

Francis obeyed and put on the pinafore apron that was in the box. It was of white starched cotton and ruffled lace. So dainty.

"Curtsy and thank her, girl!"

Numbly Francis did as told.

"Now, be a sweet girl and follow Louise, who will show you your new toys. You may go, Mistress Fanny."

"Thank you, ma'am," Francis sighed with a curtsy before following Louise from the room.

"You did very well," Louise observed, once they were out of the living room. "But, I counted three mistakes."

Francis looked down at the lovely dress and shivered in anticipation of the meaning of her words.

"Why, are you doing this to me?"

Louise seemingly ignored this question as they entered Carol's kitchen. Setting aside an array of cooking utensils she asked, "Fanny, how would you like a cake. You love angel food, I am told."

Forgetting the unanswered question he felt a burst of enthusiasm for his favorite desert.

“You mean I can have cake?” Francis remembered how up to this moment not a single pastry had been allowed him. As a matter of fact they seemed to favor the foods he liked least. They seemed to gain pleasure out of his being made to eat such foods.

“Why of course, darling,” Louise laughed liking the sudden interest. “But, you are going to make it with your own dainty hands. Won't that be fun?”

Before he realized it, his hands began to prepare the cake mix under her instructions and in minutes he poured the batter into a cake pan. He then placed the pan in the oven before he cleaned up the dirty utensils.

“Now you can come with me to Carol's, I mean, your playroom.”

The playroom was really a nursery. In the far corner was a large crib. In the center of the room was a child's playpen. A baby carriage was behind the door. A baby bath and table was near the crib.

Francis noted that everything was to real size, not toys.

“And here is Anna,” Louise commented, bending over the crib to lift from it a doll dressed in baby night clothes.

Anna was a doll almost as large as Francis. Carefully she showed Francis how to hold Anna and then how to place the doll in the crib by dropping the railing.

“Today you will learn how to carry a baby and how to pick it up and put it down. Tomorrow you will see how to make up a crib. Also you will dress Anna for bed.”

Satisfied after a while with Francis' play, Louise told him to put Anna to bed. They then returned to the kitchen. With further assistance he made up some light cake frosting, which he used to decorate the cake.

“Now to make tea.”

Louise brought out a tea pot. Once Francis had prepared the tea he was shown how to set a tea tray. She then taught him how to serve.

“Mistress Fanny has prepared tea, ma'am,” Louise announced as they entered the living room.

Mrs. Baker turned from the records on her desk to note how beautifully Francis curtsied as *she* stood by the tea cart.

“How quickly you learn, little miss.” She quickly moved to the coffee table to wait as Francis carefully served tea as Louise had instructed. “You may join me, my darling. Your cake looks perfectly divine.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Baker,” Francis murmured with a dutiful curtsy before spreading the lovely skirts of the girl's dress to sit down. Once seated lovely hands carefully spread the skirts to cover childish knees with soft satin and lace of skirts and petticoats.

“You have done beautifully,” Mrs. Baker commented setting the slice of cake aside noting how carefully he copied her every gesture. “Did you play with Anna, Mistress Fanny?”

“Yes, ma'am.” A slight blush.

“Little girls must play with dolls.” Mrs. Baker picked up her tea cup. “But, this afternoon you will learn how to clean your room. How to make a bed. How to clean a bathroom. And how to use a bathroom as a girl.” She smiled over the last task as did Louise.

“Mrs. Baker,” he asked looking down at the tea tray. “Why must I learn these things?”

“Because, you must learn to obey me. I warned you not to enter Carol's room, or I would have you dressed as a girl.”

Mrs. Baker took one of the child's hands into hers' noticing the nail polish as she pulled Francis to her side. With tender hands she fluffed out the skirts of the girl's dress and patted the lovely hair.

“You will obey me, darling. I promise you, that if you behave I will let you dress again as a boy. But, now, you are Mistress Fanny. Do you understand?”

“Yes ma'am.”

It was two weeks before Francis was released from his feminine bondage. During these weeks he had learned how to do many things. And he was glad that Mrs. Norris had demanded such perfection from his memory, or he knew that he would have never been free from making mistakes. But, he was so happy, to be free from the feminine skirts and the hundreds of things he had to do as a girl.

In order to avoid this ordeal again he vowed to never visit Carol's room!

There were, however, many things he liked about being a girl. He was never made to eat things he didn't like. As a matter of fact, he was quite pleased to see that his favorite foods were always served. He did not have to study so hard. All his teachers seemed so kind. In fact, even their taunts, seemed motivated more from their desire that he not make mistakes, rather than to humiliate him as in the past.

It was Louise that pleased him the most. She gradually changed from her sadistic pleasures in hurting him to become a mother-like teacher. Every effort he made to be a good girl met her full approval and help. She took care not to embarrass him when she taught him how to do what a girl was supposed to do, as if she realized how embarrassed he did feel. She would even help, when Mrs. Baker felt that he should do a task alone. With Louise about, it was almost fun being a girl...

Now, that he was a boy again, the two women withdrew. He returned to his little boy clothes, which were almost as embarrassing as Fanny's skirts. His knees and legs were just as bare in short pants as they were in skirts. His lessons in school resumed as he progressed into the second grade. Mrs. Norris still would not tolerate a single mistake in these lessons. At times he would cry from sheer frustration over these demands. Then he would be punished for crying like a girl.

It was the exercises he grew to hate the most. Even more than his piano lessons.

Each night, before bed, Mrs. Bates would have him dress in a pair of athletic shorts and then go through a series of exhaustive exercises. Without rest he would be forced to work out until his whole body almost fainted in pain.

Mrs. Bates seemed most concerned that the muscles between his legs be built up. Perhaps, it was not the exercise, but her renewed sadism. One of her cruelest games, that he dreaded the most, she called; "*Baby*".

Mrs. Bates would lock all the bathrooms from him, if he made some simple error in his music lessons or school work. She then would make him drink warm water and take laxatives.

In desperation he would try to hold out until she would let him in the bathroom.

Each time she seemed to wait a little longer!

At first he just made it in time.

Then she would extend her sadism into the night. Fitfully he tried to stay awake knowing all too well what would happen if he relaxed even for a moment. Carefully she would judge his strength so that, just when he was about to quit, she would rescue him. He knew that, only because of his exercises, was he able to keep control as long as he did. Thus in fear, of one fate worse, he really put his heart into those exercises that built up the muscles of control.

If he failed in his control, (and once he totally did it in front of a shocked Mrs. Baker), Mrs. Bates had Louise put him into diapers to wear under his clothes!

This humiliated him and elated Louise - who delighted in joining Mrs. Bates to get him to repeat such mistakes. When he soiled himself he was forced to undress, take a bath, put on a disposable diaper, and don a pinafore so that looking like a baby he carefully washed and ironed the things he soiled.

It was not until later that he guessed the reason for this strange sadism.

Perhaps the greatest mystery about Mrs. Baker's School was the courtyard that was walled off behind the house. Francis would often look at the wall in wonder, trying to think of what could be behind it.

He had already walked to the edge of the main house's property line to the hedge row that separated it from the actual school grounds. Crawling through the tall hedge he had seen the side gate and road about a quarter of a mile away that entered the school grounds. Nearby there were other houses, no doubt belonging to the faculty and staff. And beyond them was the playground, large classroom building, and what must have been a dormitory for the girls.

Since he had no desire to explore the girls school further his mind focused upon the secret courtyard with its high walls. Then one day he discovered that, if he climbed an old elm by the wall, he might be able to get onto the wall.

While out to play he waited until Mrs. Baker left the island with Louise to go to the market in town leaving him alone to play. Satisfied that his explorations would not be observed, he quickly climbed the elm and soon was on the wall itself.

Below him, about fifteen feet down, was a lovely little garden and in one corner of the area was a cottage. In a few minutes he managed to crawl unto the cottage roof. Sliding along the roof, he soon came to a drainpipe, which he used as a ladder to reach the ground.

The cottage door was unlocked. Squaring his shoulders he entered.

The front room was not very large, but after all the cottage itself was quite small. Four rooms and a bath, besides the front room greeted his explorations. One room was a rather large nursery with oversized furnishings. The next room was a simple bedroom. Then there was a simple kitchenette. And the last room was the dining room.

Eagerly he opened a closet door in the bedroom, in hopes of finding some treasure. But the closet was filled with women's clothes. All but a girl's dress, which hung on the back of the closet door.

Taking it down he saw that it was his size. With a shrug he returned it to the hook. It was made of pale blue silk taffeta with a full pleated skirt and a V neckline.

The nursery room was very similar to the one he found in Carol's suite, for little Anna.

And to his disappointment, the livingroom, kitchenette, and dining room were without any real interest to an exploring boy. It was just a little cottage. From what he could tell, the cottage was very clean, but not really in use. The kitchenette was not stocked with food; nor, from the things in the drawer could he find any real indication as to who might live there.

Satisfied with his explorations, he climbed the drainpipe and soon was on the outside of the courtyard, which now held no mystery for him.

Morning came suddenly to Francis. He stretched in the comfort of his bed to stare at the ceiling tracing the morning shadows. Covering his head he burrowed deep into the bed clothes to recover his pajama bottoms. And then he remembered that he went to bed naked. Coming up for air he sat up pushing aside the covers in a sweeping gesture. The streaming sun poured its torrents of light into his room causing his eyes to blink in its ceaseless light. With unexpected laughter he tumbled from his bed to reach for his socks which would warm his feet from the cold morning floor.

Then his laughter froze in shocked surprise!

For, by his bedside was not his socks and shoes, but a pair of white stockings of the type worn by girls and a pair of pale blue satin ballet slippers.

He quickly sat up in bed to look where his clothes were thrown over the chair the night before. As if thrown by a careless girl there rested on the chair a pair of white satin panties, a nylon lace slip, and a pale blue silk taffeta dress.

It was the dress he had seen in the cottage!

In disbelief he walked from bed and touched the dress. He then went to try his closet door. It was locked as was his bureau drawers.

"I see you are awake, Mistress Fanny," Louise announced entering the room, causing him to cover himself, in shame. "You should take better care of you dainty things, dearest. You do know better than to throw your pretty clothes about, like a careless boy."

Louise lifted the dress and hung it up by the door on a hanger. She smiled at his embarrassment. "It is a pretty dress. Perhaps you should wear it again today."

"Again?" he asked. "I never wore it."

"Ah, too bad," she murmured as if disappointed. "Mrs. Baker thought you might try it on. That was why it was left in the cottage. Nevertheless, you did enter a girl's room, so back into dresses you go."

"I won't," he cried out in anger, running towards the door, only to be caught in her strong hands. In a single motion she lifted him bodily from the floor to carry him to the bathroom. "Let go, let me go!"

His terror reached out to her ears in his screams, but she ignored them. Taking a hand towel she secured his wrists to the towel bar in the shower stall which was opposite of the shower head. With a quick turn of the shower handle she turned on the cold water before closing out the sound of his fear chilled screams by shutting the door. Francis struggled to break loose but the wet towel held him fast as the bitter cold water in torrential force chilled his body into throbbing pain. His voice grew weak from screaming as he slowly fainted from the cold which robbed his will to resist.

Dimly he heard the shower door open. In the cold silence he awaited further punishment. Too weak to resist, as two powerful hands pulled him out into the bathroom, he stood silently while a heavy towel roughly wiped him dry. His teeth chattered in the numbing cold as he was ushered to a chair. Here his hair was quickly set into feminine curls.

Weakly he accepted the white nylon panties, slipping them on as the warmth slowly returned to his body. Without a murmur he covered his nakedness with the white nylon slip shivering as the cool fabric caressed him. At her bidding he sat on the vanity stool and helped her put on the long white silken stockings which snugly clung above his calves. She then placed on his feet the small pale blue satin ballet slippers strapping them in place.

"Now, Fanny, dearest," she sighed, motioning him to in front of the wall mirror. Taking the dress from a hanger she placed it over his head and soon she was zipping up the back.

He was again a girl!

"Ah, so very pretty," Louise laughed picking him up in her strong arms and kissing him. "You are truly my loveliest girl."

Francis trembled from weakness mingled with defeat.

First, he was assigned the task of preparing Carol's suite for his return into feminine bondage. After cleaning the rooms and remaking the bed he went to the nursery where he carefully dressed Anna and put the doll in a baby carriage.

Putting on a light blue wool cape, he took the carriage out for a stroll while a delighted Louise watched from a kitchen window as she completed her normal housework. When Francis returned he fed the doll after returning Anna to her crib for her morning nap. For some strange reason he had come to think of Anna as a real baby. Perhaps all girls believe this of their favorite dolls?

Before lunch he helped Louise prepare the noon meal. He learned that Mrs. Baker would not eat with them. But that she would be back for tea, and that he would bake a cake for the tea.

At lunch he served Louise while she explained the proper way a maid served meals, having him go through the procedure from setting the table to clearing it. After washing the dishes he prepared the cake without Louise's help and placed it in the oven.

Remembering Anna he returned to tend her needs, while Louise watched in fascination the precision of his efforts, half suspecting his resolve not to make a mistake.

"You will make a dutiful mother," she taunted. "But, today, you need not do more than put Anna to bed."

"I am to serve tea?"

"Oh, no. Today you are to be Mrs. Baker's guest. And for that you are to be dressed in a pretty party dress."

He looked at the dress he wore thoughtfully.

"That dress was just to remind you of why you are being dressed as a girl."

Louise led him to Carol's dressing room.

"How did you know I visited the cottage?"

"Why, darling, many things."

She opened a bureau drawer.

"First, your clothes were stained from the red brick of the courtyard wall. It is the only brick wall for miles. Two, you walked across the mud puddle by the cottage door before you entered the house. Only you, and the fairies, have such small feet around here."

She smiled at the comparison.

"Thirdly, you left most of the doors open. A bad habit. And lastly, I noticed that your lovely dress was not hanging up as I had placed it. A maid remembers such things, my dear."

"I didn't wear it," he murmured.

"Do you think Mrs. Baker approves of your sneaking over a wall high enough, that if you fell, you might have been killed? Or, that she wants you to climb on roofs? Or, that she wants you to break into rooms meant for girls?"

"I didn't know about the rooms."

"Well, you know now," she laughed. "So take off your pretty clothes, Mistress Fanny!"

“Yes Louise,” Francis replied, unzipping the dress. Stepping from the dress and pretty underthings, he carefully put them away, knowing that he would have to clean them before he went to bed. Selecting a cotton dressing gown, he put it on to cover his nakedness.

Louise had in the meantime drawn his bath.

When he entered the bathroom she was arranging an array of toilet articles on the bathroom vanity sink.

Removing the gown, he quickly stepped into the hot water feeling the sting as his body sank beneath the luxurious bubbles. This was one treat he loved so dearly when being a girl. The lovely soft bubbles were fun to play with.

“That will cost you one day, Mistress Frances,” Louise commented coldly, running her fingers through the water tangled curls. “A girl is more careful with her hair. you should have worn a cap.”

Francis touched his hair in shock, remembering that once before she had punished him for this same mistake.

After bathing Francis arose from the tub as she wiped him dry. Within a few moments he had cleaned the tub. Finished with this task he reached for the dressing gown, but Louise stayed his hand.

“I think you may never be a boy again,” she laughed. “A girl dusts herself with bath powder and colognes herself. But, today I have a treat.”

She led Frances naked into the dressing room. Here she unfolded a long table which she made the child get up on. “Rest on your tummy, little one.”

Taking a bottle of oil she spread it over the soft body as the warm liquid opening tiny pores and relaxed every muscle. “Roll over.” Carefully she covered every inch of the child's body. Satisfied, she selected a jar of cream.

“What are estrogen hormones,” he asked reading the label on the jar of cream as she began to rub the cream into his soft creamy skin.

“They are chemicals that make little girls feel happy,” she laughed, spreading his legs so that she could work the cream in between them.

“Will I like it?” he asked suspiciously, as she completed the rubdown. His body gleamed in smoothness and he was surprised to see that the oil of the cream had quickly vanished. “Will it make me happy?”

“I don't know,” she answered seriously. “Now grit your teeth, for this will sting.”

Taking a bottle of astringent she doused him with it from head to foot, the sudden sting causing him to wince. Yet, its coolness pleased him as it quickly evaporated, closing the pores. “Now dear, you may powder yourself. And remember to use lots of cologne, for little girls must smell sweet like little flowers. Then you may set your hair.”

“Will I have to wear nail polish?” he asked seeing that the bottle was sitting on the vanity with the other cosmetics.

“Why yes, dear. And you will do your own make-up today.”

Francis deftly applied the rose scented powder and cologne. After this delight, careful little hands rolled each curl and set the lovely golden brown hair to cover it with a fine silken hair net. With painstaking care Francis finished the manicure with a pale shade of clear, pink polish. Then the brief wait while the polish dried.

Picking up a jar of Vaseline Francis gently dampened an eyelash brush with its contents. With great care long eyelashes were brushed into a feminine shape and then just a touch of the oil was used to highlight the eyelids to add brightness and the illusion of greater femininity to those lovely eyes. Francis then used an eyelash curler to complete the beauty ritual. Satisfied the child went to where Louise was preparing the clothes.

“Ah, every minute you grow more feminine,” she said presenting Francis with a pair of white bobbysox which were quickly slipped on.

The panties were of smooth tight silk without a trace of lace to adorn them as they slipped almost girdle like on the childish figure. Francis pulled a slipper satin chemise over the head and noticed that it too was devoid of lace and that the shoulder straps were thin bands rather than the wide bands of lace usually found on Carol's slips. Carefully nimble fingers buttoned the three tiny buttons that held the chemise skirt between the legs to form a panty like covering of slipper satin.

The next item Francis had never seen before. They were pettipants which slipped on like panties, yet reached almost to the knees. From their very bottom, to the hips, tier upon tier of frothy lace ruffles surrounded the pink satin. The very richness of the pettipants caused the child to shiver from the soft caresses of silken lace.

“They are perfect,” Louise whispered having Francis put on the half slip. The half slip was quickly slipped to Francis' waist. It flounced out to touch the child's wrists in cascades of matching lace like a ballet skirt. Francis wondered at how it stood out so wide about the hips as a circular sea of pink lace almost like cotton candy, so soft to the touch.

“There now,” she sighed. “Now a slip.”

The slip was of sheer, pink lace with only its bodice of satin. It drifted unto the child's body gently until its skirt edge reached to the last frill of the half slip and pettipants to mingle lace with lace.

Next was a sheer white nylon blouse, which had a ruffled lace bodice and jabot. Louise buttoned the back. The separate skirt was of full circle swirl design with a bouffant skirt and wide waist band. Putting it on Francis she buttoned the side. The jacket was in bolero style of matching pink satin with bell sleeves. She buttoned the high waist to reveal the ruffled bodice below while she fluffed out the jabot lace ruffles of the blouse.

She then took a wide sash of pink tinted white satin which she wrapped about the child's waist tying a large bow in the back allowing the bow ends to drift to the tip of the skirt edge.

Francis was astonished at the beautiful image in the mirror as Louise tucked a lace hanky into one of the dress' bell sleeves out of sight.

"I'm very pretty as a girl," was the child's murmur as Francis noticed how daintily the lace peeped beneath the pink satin skirt.

"You are like a fairy princess," she answered strapping the smooth black leather baby doll pumps in place, careful not to touch the shiny leather. Without the child's help she finished the hair styling and placed amidst the lovely curls a perky little pink silk hat. She then handed Francis a pair of fine white silk gloves which the child quickly slipped on.

Louise opened one of the closet doors to fetch a girl's coat of soft white cashmere. Satisfied when the child had donned this, she handed Francis a white envelope purse of smooth leather.

"Now, you go out the back door. Walk to the front door and ring the buzzer." Louise suddenly kissed Francis and then turning the child towards the door patted the lacy behind. "Now, remember you are her guest."

Francis had not played this game before, therefore the child had doubts, especially since Louise seemed to be hiding a secret.

But, Francis knew better than to disobey.

In a minute a dainty finger pushed the front door bell.

Louise dressed in her black satin maid's uniform opened the door.

"Hello, darling," she greeted. "Who are you?"

"Miss. Fanny Terrel," was the brief reply followed by a half curtsy. "I have come to call on Mrs. Baker for tea."

"Please come in Mistress Fanny." Louise stepped aside to allow the child to enter. "May I take your wrap and bag?"

Francis allowed her to remove the wrap and take his hand bag after the gloves had been placed inside of the bag.

Smiling Francis stood in front of the hall mirror to brush the pink satin skirt. With feminine gesture a tiny curl was quickly damped and set in place.

"You will please follow me?" She led Francis to the living room where the tea set was not yet present since Mrs. Baker was not there herself. "You will please sit down. Mrs. Baker is busy right now."

"Thank you," was the polite reply as Francis again curtsied before sitting in a straight back chair where carefully the satin skirts were arranged to cover childish knees.

In a moment Mrs. Baker's voice drifted into the room followed by the laughter of another woman!

The child's whole being froze with the realization that he would be displayed in feminine clothes before more than one strange woman, for Mrs. Baker had two women guests. In fear the child arose to see Louise standing in the doorway blocking all means of escape.

“Careful, dear,” she warned softly, causing Francis to feel a shiver of terror mingled with helplessness.

Then the women entered.

“A Miss. Fanny Terrel to see you,” Louise announced as Mrs. Baker clapped her hands in amused interest over the skirt of her wine colored silk dress.

“Well, hello Miss. Fanny Terrel,” Mrs. Baker began as the child did a deep curtsy amidst a flurry of lace and satin, causing the other women to smile over the daintiness before them. “Dr. Clayton, may I present to you Miss. Fanny Terrel?”

“I am pleased to meet you, doctor,” Francis said repeating the curtsy, pleasing the doctor, who was dressed in a simple pale blue wool business suit.

“And Mrs. Clanton, Mistress Fanny.”

“How do you do, ma'am?” Again the dainty curtsy.

“Charmed,” Mrs. Clanton replied with a twinkle in her eyes as she studied the child closely, causing Francis to blush. “Ah, so pretty she blushes.”

“Mistress Fanny is my newest charge,” Mrs. Baker said completing the introduction. “Show the ladies your sweet clothes?”

Francis turned and walked in the way Louise had instructed as the way a girl modeled her clothes, ending the fashion show with a curtsy causing the women to clap.

“Just like a little model,” Mrs. Joan Clanton observed. “How old is she?”

“Seven going on eight,” was Mrs. Baker's surprising answer causing Francis to turn and stare at her in disbelief, for she had simply cut his real age in half! “She is in the second grade. A perfect student. But she is shy about her age.”

“Girls are at any age,” Dr. Clayton remarked.

“Come here child,” Mrs. Clanton ordered.

Francis walked to the side, and before the child knew she had lifted Francis into her arms like a baby.

“She is little more than a baby. Why she looks to be only five.”

Francis trembled.

“And so fragile,” Mrs. Clanton laughed, moving Francis to her lap. “She must love it here, Mrs. Baker. You do dress your girls so beautifully, like little princess dolls.”

She laughed again as she tenderly brushed the pink skirt aside to explore the ruffles below, leaving the frustrated child with no modesty. “My, and such pretty underthings.”

“Please,” Francis protested, trying to cover the pettipants, remembering how Louise had promised dire punishment if panties were revealed.

“But, my darling, we are all girls,” she chuckled.

With a simple gesture she lifted her skirt high enough to reveal her slip. “If you wish I will show you my lingerie. But they are not so lovely as yours.”

The women laughed teasingly as she released her skirt and removed Francis' protecting hand to lift again the pink skirt, causing the child to tremble in shameful embarrassment.

"Layers and layers of ruffled silk." Then she lifted his slip and half slip to see the pettipants causing; Francis to hide lovely feminine eyes behind two soft hands, and the women to see all too clearly the child's sense of modesty.

"And such pretty pettipants," she continued brushing the silk and lace with her hands. "You will be spoiled before you are ten."

The women laughed, as she released Francis, who half ran to a chair fearing to flee, yet wanting to get away from such humiliations.

"She is very shy," Dr. Clayton commented, with a nod as Francis sat down where Mrs. Baker had indicated. "Girls her age tend to be shy. I think that is what makes them so very charming."

"Ah, the tea."

Louise set the tray on the table before pouring a cup for each of the ladies. She gave Francis a tall glass of warm milk. "The cake is very special. Mistress Fanny made it all by herself before she went for her afternoon walk."

"And a little homemaker, too," Mrs. Clanton chuckled accepting a slice. "Ah, wonderful. You are a good baker."

"Thank you, ma'am," Francis quickly answered, trying to drink the milk which tasted strangely sweet.

"Now, be a good girl and drink all your milk," Louise ordered, seeing the child's reluctance. "A little girl must drink her milk if she hopes to become a big girl."

"Yes, Louise," Francis sighed finishing the glass.

It seemed to Francis to be hours, before Mrs. Baker allowed him to be excused like a small child for her afternoon nap. Although she had never had Francis take such a nap, the child had become increasingly more sleepy before the amused ladies, who commented on how very much like a baby Francis still was.

"But, I don't take baby naps," Francis complained, as Louise began to undress him and set the lovely hair in a sleeping net. Satisfied with the hair she handed Francis a shorty nighty of pink ruffled cotton.

"Are you tired?"

"Yes," he sighed, fighting back a yawn before crawling into Carol's bed.

"Then off to sleep you go," she urged, covering Francis with the covers.

In a moment Francis was sound asleep amidst the soft pink sheets like some earth bound angel.

A strange dream fled through the child's mind. Dr. Clanton was hovering over Carol's bed. Her long fingers carefully drew back the covers that covered Francis and then she pushed up the skirt of the nighty. Very gently she turned the child over on the back spreading the small legs apart.

Dr. Clayton, satisfied with the child's position, spread a small rubber sheet beneath his soft body. She then unpacked several medical instruments which she used to probe the soft skin. So vivid was the dream, that Francis could even feel the cold metal touch against warm flesh. It seemed like seconds before the doctor repacked her instruments to open a small box. From the box she selected a syringe, which she deftly filled. In a single deft motion she stuck the needle deep into the flesh between the legs.

Francis could feel nothing as the needle entered, or withdrew.

"Fanny will make a perfect girl. A wide pelvic always makes such thing easier." A voice drifted into the child's dream. "I have the transplants. And the hormones should prepare the way."

*Make a perfect girl!*

In terror Francis awoke to see the door close.

The room was pitch black and the child knew that it was late at night already. By Carol's bed the small night light glowed its eerie shadows on the wall.

Francis intertwined lovely arms about Carol's huge sleeping teddybear uncertain as to what to do. With deep interest the child released the stuffed animal and explored where the dream needle had penetrated. The soft skin was normal except for a slight tenderness. With a sigh the child recovered the area with the nighty and snuggled into the bed covers with the teddybear discounting the strange dream.

The weeks of femininity passed by quickly, if not almost pleasantly for Francis. His fear of punishment diminished as he played the game of being a girl. Each day he continued to learn some new task of domestic skill. He could now sew quite well, embroider, wash and iron his own clothes, set and serve a table, and dance a waltz since Mrs. Bates had insisted on dancing lessons.

But, now he was a boy. The hard school lessons returned as the little school boy clothes replaced the caress of satin and lace.

As he walked by Carol's room a strange tinge of apprehension touched him. Inside the forbidden doorway he saw on the soft bed a nylon voile nightgown with matching white peignoir that he was to wear if he had made another mistake. Fanny had seen the pretty gown with its lovely peignoir in a Little Miss Magazine and had shown it to Louise. After all, it was very grown up and pretty...

But, he didn't make a mistake. Or did he?

Shrugging, he walked down the hallway deep in thought. Looking down the stairs he paused before slowly descending past the stairway mirror where he saw the pretty little boy with his tousled curly hair, wearing a white short pants sailor suit complete with a little brass whistle on a red satin braided cord. Uncomfortably he thought about Fanny's pretty little sailor suit that looked just like his, except for its pleated skirt. He hastily turned away from the mirror to look down the stairs to his classroom set up in Mrs. Baker's library.

He could see Mrs. Norris waiting in the classroom. She wore her usual black dress. This one was in sheath style of wool with a deep V neckline.

“Good morning, Master Francis,” she acknowledged his greeting. Then she noticed his listlessness. “What is wrong with you, child?”

Francis sat down behind the single desk and placed his reading book on it. uncertainly he looked at his third grade reader: Here We Go, Again. It was so very frustrating to be treated like a little boy again.

“I asked you a question, Master Francis,” she demanded causing him to look up. “What is the matter with you? You look ill. Do you want some castor oil?”

“Oh, no, Mrs. Norris,” he protested in distress, only to look back towards his text book to ask thoughtfully, “Can I ask you an important question?”

“Why certainly.”

“Can a boy become a girl?” He stared at her in such earnestness that she could not afford the smile that tempted her lips. “I mean, well...”

“Of course, dear,” she assured him. “Dr. Clayton is capable of making a boy into a girl. But only certain boys can become girls, and it is very painful.” she paused. “They never can become boys again.”

Francis thought over these words trying to find the right words. “I...I would like to be a girl all the time. But...”

“My child, you need only to enter Carol's room and you will be dressed as a girl,” she laughed. “I never heard such a silly boy.”

“What if I want to be a girl?”

Mrs. Norris' laughter grew as he cringed in tears over the desk. Suddenly she stopped taking his hand into hers' to look into his eyes.

“Please, let Dr. Clayton make me a girl?”

“You foolish little boy. If you really want to be a girl so bad, crawl into Anna's crib tonight and maybe the good fairy will grant you your babyish wish.”

She turned as if to leave.

“Go play. There will be no school for you today, child.”

“Yes, ma'am,” he answered leaving her alone in the classroom.

It was late at night. Francis crawled from his bed to go to the window where he gazed at the moon which lighted his room with its strange shadows. “Babyish wish,” he murmured aloud in wonder. Perhaps...

“Could it be more painful than Louise's spankings?” he asked himself, remembering Mrs. Norris' promise of pain. “And never be a boy again.”

The words thrilled him.

In a half trance he walked into Carol's room. Removing his pajamas he slipped on the nylon voile nightgown and peignoir. Tremblingly, he walked along the hall to the nursery in the darkness. He opened the door and entered the moon lighted room. Walking to the crib he released the crib latch allowing it to slide the rail down.

“Good evening, little Anna,” he sighed to the lovely doll, who had been his companion these many weeks.

Almost sleepily he removed the peignoir before crawling into the crib. Kneeling he raised the railing locking it in place. Satisfied he snuggled up to Anna, covering both the doll and himself.

As if by magic he fell to sleep with a deep sigh.

In the morning Frances awoke to the sound of rustling starched skirts. The child opened drugged eyes to see the crib bars, it was Anna's crib. Or was it? Frances tried to move but a sharp pain between the legs hurt the child. Gradually baby blue eyes began to see the pink nursery and recognized it as the large nursery of the secret cottage. The coverlets of the crib were pinned beneath the arms so that Frances, like a baby, could not roll over. High above the crib on the ceiling was a large mirror. In it the child could see the crib and the top of the cuddly blue wool sleeping bag covered by soft coverlets. From inside of the sleeping bag Frances could feel the comforting warmth of thick cotton diapers sealed with waterproof panties.

“Ah, baby is awake. Here is your breakfast little baby.”

Before Frances could speak a baby bottle was placed to the mouth and warm milk began to flow causing eager lips to suck the nipple for more.

“My, you were hungry,” she laughed bending over to check the coverlets revealing that the speaker was Mrs. Clanton. Waiting until the bottle was finished she removed it.

“Aggh,” Frances tried to speak but the child's throat refused to form the words amidst sudden pains.

“Don't try to talk, babykins,” she warned unpinning the coverlets. “Your throat is still healing. Until your throat heals you will find it very sore and the most you will be able to say is baby talk and cries.”

With a smile she lifted Frances from the crib placing the child over her shoulder. A few soft pats on the small back brought out a burp. “Ah, that is a good girl.”

With this said she returned Frances to the crib where she unzipped the sleeping bag to check the diapers. In a moment Francis was again pinned in place under the covers of the crib.

“Now be a good baby and try to sleep,” she said placing in the child's hands a teething ring rattle and a small rubber doll. Amused by her taunt of Frances' helplessness she laughed. “If you need anything just cry.”

With this she left.

Tears came to Frances' eyes from his sheer helplessness. In disgust the child tossed the baby rattle against the bars. But time flowed so slowly, that before long the baby rattle again was in the child's hand as Frances used it to sound the rhythm of an unsung song.

The feeling was slow, relaxing, at first. Frances became soon uneasy as tiny muscles released to cause a gentle flow of warm liquid. It was so simple that the child

couldn't believe it as the diapers absorbed their burden. In a few short seconds it was all over and now Frances knew why Louise had been so concerned with building these muscles. Even now they could not prevent it.

“Aggh!” Frances tried to call for help, but the tender throat failed to obey. Feeling the slow smarting of the wetness Francis began to cry in short squalls of wailing realizing the hopelessness of this baby like existence.

Hearing the child's first abortive scream, Mrs. Clanton entered the nursery quickly, moving to the side of the crib.

“What is the matter, little babykins,” she asked half suspecting the reason for tears. Unpinning the covers, she quickly unzipped the sleeping bag. Lifting Frances, very carefully from the sleeping bag she carried the child to a dressing table.

“Now it's not that bad,” she comforted. “Babykins just can't help herself.”

Removing the outer panty she soon undid the diaper as Frances stared helplessly up at her. She finished the task of changing with trained skill, cooing to the child about how in time she will begin to train Frances as a good baby. Satisfied, she slipped a pram bag on the child and zipped up the front. “We are going for a ride, babykins. The fresh air will do you good.”

Lifting Frances up she placed the child in an oversized baby carriage to cover the pram bag of pink nylon and wool with the carriage coverlets. Tenderly she placed the pram bag hood over Frances' head. “Oh, so very sweet a baby you are.”

The healing between the legs was very slow. It was two weeks before Frances was allowed to crawl in the large playpen. As of yet, the child could barely form words and Mrs. Clanton refused even this, because she wanted the tender vocal cords to rest.

At the end of the third week Frances was examined by Dr. Clayton, who was the only other person the child saw besides Mrs. Clanton during the weeks of infancy. Dr. Clayton had Mrs. Clanton undress the child upon the dressing table and then the doctor removed the bandages.

“Ah, she is healed eternally.”

Mrs. Clanton bent over running her fingers over the smooth scarless skin in admiration of Dr. Clayton's unsurpassed skill. “I would never guess,” she murmured fascinated by the perfect feminine form beneath her fingers.

“We won't know for sure until perhaps seven years,” the doctor murmured, utilizing her instruments to see between the serrated lips of femaleness. “After all the giver was only seven years old when she died. At about fourteen Frances should begin to show real femininity.”

With this comment she withdrew the instruments.

“But, I would say that Frances will have babies if her future husband is virile; for Frances has near perfect structure.”

Packing her instruments the doctor watched while Mrs. Clanton replaced a diaper, covering it with a pair of pink waterproof panties in the rumba style. “Have her use the large stroller so that those legs may become used to walking again. I would say

that bottle feeding can be stopped and some solid food will be of advantage. However, a night bottle might be helpful.”

“Yes, doctor.” Mrs Clanton selected a pink nylon baby slip putting it on the child to then put over this a short pink baby dress that barely reached the panties.

“In one week I will check back.”

“How about her toilet training,” she asked strapping a pair of white baby shoes over the pink socks.

“When she can walk unaided. By then the muscles of control will be strong enough to regulate. Until then she should be helpless.”

Francis watched the doctor leave feeling strangely angered over how they spoke about the baby that Frances felt, as if it did not matter what Francis wanted. Perhaps like all adults they knew how fruitless it was to talk to a baby and how much easier it is to talk about a baby.

Mrs. Clanton lifted Frances into her arms.

“Now that baby has gotten rid of those nasty bandages we are going to see Mrs. Baker.” she announced carrying her burden from the nursery into the cottage livingroom.

“Oh, isn't she a darling,” Louise exclaimed as she entered the livingroom. “And so big a girl.”

Mrs. Baker laughed as Mrs. Clanton cradled Frances in her arms, placing a nursing bottle to the child's embarrassed lips. The warm milk flowed and in a moment hunger drove Frances to suck the nipple.

“And so hungry,” Louise laughed.

“What did Dr. Clayton say about her?”

“She is perfect,” Mrs. Clanton observed in answer. “Like a seven year old girl.”

“She looks like about a year old,” Louise suggested. “I want to see her.”

“That is why I brought her here.” Mrs. Clanton placed Frances on the edge of a table and to the child's humiliation quickly removed the panty with the diaper.

“My and not a scar,” Louise mused tenderly replacing the diaper. “I fear we have embarrassed poor Frances enough.”

Frances removed childlike hands from baby blue eyes in relief.

It seemed like weeks for the child's confinement to a baby like existence. Each day had the same routine. The morning pram ride, the meal in a high chair, the hours in the playpen or pushing the stroller, then the naps, and then the night nursing bottle. By the end of two weeks Frances could walk with the aid of some support and by the fourth week the child could walk alone. Much was made of this, for at this point Francis could begin toilet training meaning all was well.

One day Louise entered the nursery to open the drapes allowing the morning sun to flood the room in light. Smiling she then lowered the crib rail.

“Today, my darling, you are old enough to live in Carol's room.”

Frances crawled eagerly from the crib and wrapped two childish arms about Louise's hips in sheer happiness. "Oh, thank you, thank you!"

"If you wet your bed, or panties; back to the crib," she promised in scolding tones, letting the child know she meant it. "A girl must learn to control herself. She wears such dainty things."

Happily Frances followed her to Carol's room after she had helped put on the baby shoes so that the rough courtyard outside of the cottage would not cut tiny feet.

In Carol's room she removed the baby gown, water proof panties, and diaper.

"You may take your own bath."

In wonder over the new freedom the child drew a bath and was about to step into it when Frances paused to look up at her in apprehension.

"Well?"

"Can I set my own hair?"

"If you didn't I would return you to your crib," she answered with a smile. "Your mistakes will be punished by infancy from now on."

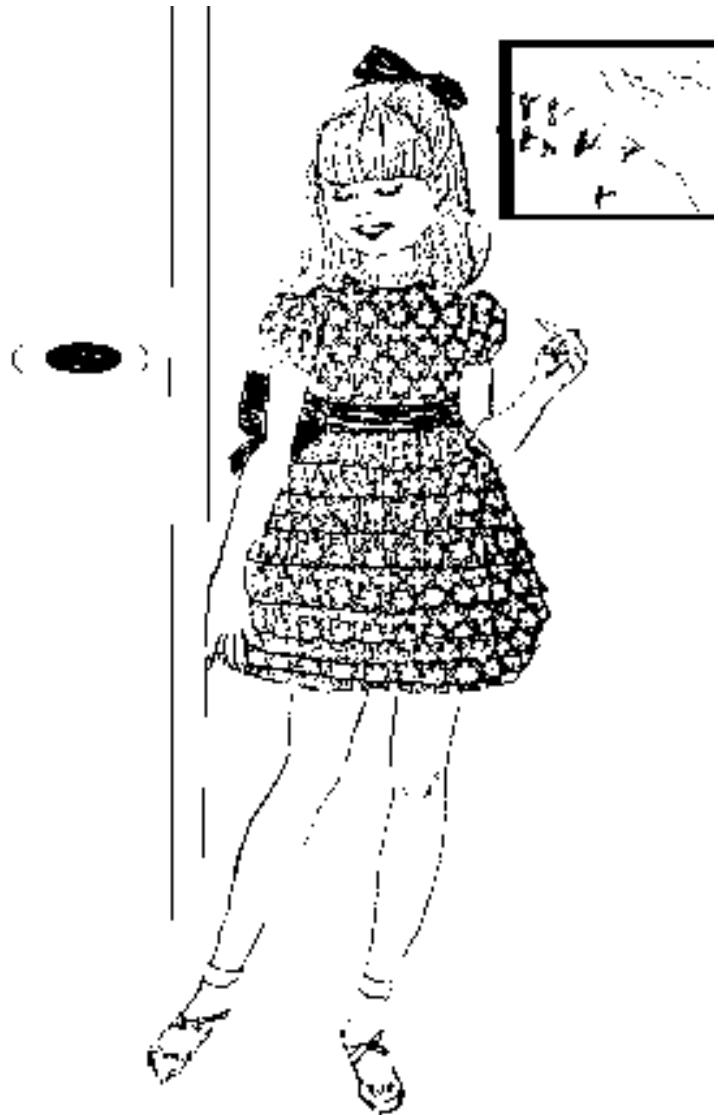
"Oh, isn't she an absolutely adorable little girl?"

Frances with bowed head entered the tub completely vowing never to return to the crib again.

But, Frances did. For days, efforts to be a girl were almost perfect. Occasionally though Frances would slip and be placed into the total dependency of an infant.

However, even the infancy was gradually moderated to mean only the use of a high chair at meals or the wearing of baby clothes.

Days faded into weeks and then months. It was not long before the infancy punishment was hardly needed so good a girl had Frances become. Every feminine skill was learned, as if they were all part of some game, yet little Frances knew that his game was one in which the stakes were happiness.



Frances slowly dressed thinking of the past months.

Today was to be the child's ninth birthday. Taking a deep breath Frances slipped on a pair of white panty hose, before stepping into white nylon panties trimmed with pink lace.

It was so good to be a girl, to know what to do. The soft, white, slipper satin, full length, skirted, slip went over Frances' head causing a shiver of delight to thrill the lovely body as the cool satin flowed into place. The slip's bodice was shaped for the illusion of a feminine contour. In a few years Frances knew that real breasts would replace this feminine illusion. Happily Frances put on a pair of red smooth satin dancing slippers.

The party dress was of red satin decorated with a shimmering pattern of squares. The skirt was almost floor length, for Frances was a big girl now. The waist was held by a simple red satin sash belt. The collar was circular trimmed in lace like the short sleeves.

Removing the hair net Frances brushed out his long hair which flowed to the shoulders while held by a red satin band to match his lovely gown belt. Pretty little white gloves completed the party image. Satisfied, Frances stepped back to view the reflection in a mirror. With a pivot on one heel Frances was delighted to see how the skirt swirled out so delicately.

"Charming," Louise murmured entering the dressing room.

"Oh, I am so happy." Frances laughingly rushed to her accepting her hand. "Such a beautiful life."

Louise nodded knowingly. "We must go to your party. The women are waiting."

Eagerly Frances followed her to the living room, where Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Clanton, and Dr. Clayton awaited.

"Oh, isn't she an absolutely adorable little girl?" Mrs. Norris announced as Frances was introduced to each of the matrons.

The brief greetings were affectionate and soon Frances was placed in the center of attention by the matrons, who were very happy about their lovely pupil. Louise served the tea and cakes. After the tea she brought in a tray of gifts.

"Oh," Frances sighed looking at the mountain of gifts. "May I open them?"

"I think if you promise to curtsy and thank each one of us with a hug and kiss after each gift," Mrs. Clanton answered, causing the other women to approve her suggestion.

Louise handed the child a package almost half as big as Frances. With enthusiasm befitting a nine year old girl Frances opened the great box to find inside a beautiful French bride doll from Dr. Clayton.

"Thank you, ever so much," Frances sighed curtsying and rushing into the doctor's arms to kiss her. "I always wanted such a lovely doll."

“As a mother you may pass it on to your own daughter,” Dr. Clayton promised, brushing aside a curl to kiss Frances on the forehead. “Always be sweet and gentle, my darling.”

“I promise.”

Louise handed the child the next package which was also quite large. Opening it Frances discovered a large wetsy doll with a complete layette from Mrs. Clanton.

“How wonderful,” Frances laughed happily carrying out the brief ceremony.

“You made a pretty baby, Frances,” Mrs. Clanton reminded. “Remember how it was to be a baby, so that from those lessons you will take good care of your own babies.”

“Yes, oh yes.”

“This is from me,” Louise commented, handing over a small box.

The opened box revealed a complete vanity set with brushes, mirror, combs, and jeweled powder box.

“Thank you, Louise, I will cherish this.”

“Remember that before you can be married or have children you must be beautiful enough to attract a man,” Louise teased holding Frances in her strong hands for a hug. “And a truly beautiful woman must give her soul to her lover.”

“I will,” the child promised, as she tenderly accepted the kiss.

Mrs. Baker picked up her package, handing it to Frances.

Accepting it, the child spread the tissue to find inside a jewel box. Snapping back the lid Frances stared in wonder at the lovely watch inside. Setting it aside the child rushed in a flurry of satin into her arms, pausing for a brief curtsy before kissing her. “Oh such a pretty watch. So wonderful.”

“I'm glad you like it, darling.” Mrs. Baker held fast to the little figure looking at the child almost sadly. Her long graceful fingers brushed the child's face tenderly in a caress as the dark eyes looked deeply into the child's. “Frances, I have done much to hurt you since you first came here.”

She paused in search of the right words. “As you grow older you may find times when being a girl is not easy. Many times we women do. You are really too young to know that the choice you have made, means more than pretty dresses and lovely toys. In time you shall find the pain of love, childbirth, and old age; each in its own way a thing of beauty. Your rebirth was painful, but you now have beauty. So it is with these parts of a woman's life. Do you understand me?”

“I...think so.”

“Yes, I am sure you do,” Mrs. Baker murmured hopefully. “At times when you are very angry at your choice to be a girl, remember what I have said about pain and beauty. These pains of regret are passing, for you cannot be anything but a girl, or a woman.” She took the child's wrist and put the tiny watch on it. “My darling, you will forgive my little pains against you, and seek to be my friend, won't you?”

“I love you,” Frances cried, kissing Mrs. Baker with the love of a child.

“Thank you, dearest.” Mrs. Baker released the child picking up the last package to hand it to Frances. “A very special gift.”

Placing the box upon the tea table, Frances removed the pink satin ribbons and lifted the cover off. Parting the tissue baby blue eyes lit up in joy.

“Oh, who,” Frances sighed questioningly. “Such lovely things.”

The first item was a pair of golden slippers with transparent tops.

“Just like Cinderella's glass slippers.” Tenderly Frances unfolded the tissue from the next item. It was a night gown, but what a beautiful gown! It was of golden satin with rich lace, so very adult like a woman's. Frances held the smooth material to a cheek visibly sighing. Setting the gown aside the child removed from the box a perfectly divine matching peignoir of golden satin and lace. “Who?” Frances asked looking at the matrons, before opening the note which was inside the box.

TO MY DARLING DAUGHTER LOVE MOTHER

“Mother.” Frances' heart paused as two lovely hands covered the child's eyes from behind. “Is that you, mother?”

“Yes, darling.”

Trembling Frances turned wondering how she felt about her new daughter, yet she knew?

“You are indeed beautiful, as Mrs. Baker promised,” Mrs. Terrel said going to her knees before the child to have a closer look as her hands reached out. “Come kiss you mother, Fanny, darling.”

Suddenly Frances knew she was a girl. Her laughing body flew into her mother's arms in a flurry of skirts. She threw her arms about her mother's neck and kissed her again and again. “Mommy, mommy, mommy!”

“Yes, darling I know,” was the murmured reply as Mrs. Terrel accepted her daughter's adoration lovingly. “It has been so long,” she whispered. “So very long for you to be away from me.” She brushed her daughter's lovely hair back with a caressing hand as Frances clung to her neck breathlessly happy.

Mrs. Baker and the other women looked on the mother and daughter feeling their joy fill the room. Mrs. Baker knew that her very special school had created another lovely daughter to please a mother so wanting a girl. They knew that Frances was their creation, and that she like the others she would be happy.

Mrs. Terrel looked at her little daughter happily. “I have wonderful news for you. I have decided to renew my teaching certification so that I can be a school teacher again. Mrs. Baker, has hired me.” She patted her daughter's lovely head with delight looking into her thoughtful blue eyes. “In fact, you will be in my third grade class along with the other little girls here at Mrs. Baker's school. Won't that be wonderful?”

Poor little Frances, looked at her mother, a bit uncertainly knowing that her world of sugar and spice had just begun. “Yes, mommy, it sounds just wonderful.”

The matrons smiled at each other knowingly...

“Mrs. Baker, I just had to bring my boy here,” Mrs. Roberts began placing her tea cup aside as Mrs. Baker refilled it. “He is such a sweet child, but you see I have always wanted a girl.”

She paused to open her purse from which she brought the required papers, “I was told by Mrs. Lyle, whose daughter went here, that.....”

SO THE STORY BEGINS AGAIN....

## MY LITTLE DARLING GIRL

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson

I hadn't the slightest idea why my wife had insisted that we visit a Mrs. Baker, on Pointer Island. Although I had never heard her speak of the matron she claimed that she had known Mrs. Baker for years. It appeared that this Mrs. Baker had once been Janet's teacher, years before. And, now, for some strange reason, she had suddenly decided to visit her new island school tucked in the northern regions of Lake Michigan, at least twenty miles across the lake waters from the nearest village.

Now, if circumstances had been different, I probably would not have accompanied her there. But, I must confess that I was on my best behavior, since she caught us in the motel room: My now former secretary and I.

Surprising enough, Janet was very civilized about the whole affair. It was almost as if she had half expected me to stray from our marriage, and she had felt sorry for me. Of course, her mature attitude may be due to the fact that she was five years older than I.

You may not understand; but, when I married Janet, I had just left the army and she was a very rich woman. She was the daughter of the late J.B. Vandervain, the once king of modern plumbing. I became the president of J.B.V. Plumbing, while she retained control as Chairperson of the Board. You may think that I was rather weak to remain under my wife's thumb; but, men do strange things for a six figure annual salary. In fact, among other things, I accepted my wife's family name to preserve it. After all, there are quite a few Jone's in the world. It was the least I could do...

I might even go visit some little old lady living on the edge of the civilized world somewhere at the end of Lake Michigan.

As the pure white launch's bow pushed aside the spindrift from the dark blue lake waves, I thoughtfully read the pink lettered sign spelled out on its cabin:

### **MRS. BAKER'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.**

Perhaps there was more to this trip than to just meet old friends and teachers. I knew that Janet dreamed of having a child of her own. But, the doctors had told us that it was not possible unless we planned to adopt a child. Had Janet's old teacher found a child for us to adopt? A little girl, maybe?

Looking up from the sign I scanned the horizon to see in the distance the gray shape of an island. It shouldn't be too long now.

"Why we have a lovely cottage behind the house, Janet," Mrs. Baker suggested as she offered a cup of tea to me from the tea cart, left for us by a rather sexy looking

statuesque maid dressed in a classic black taffeta French maid's uniform, who Mrs. Baker referred to as Louise. Mrs. Baker seemed quite amused by my own reaction to the fact that Louise was just as tall as I was, but Louise merely smiled with a polite curtsy and withdrew. "I am certain that Louise has it ready for you both."

"How very nice. A little honeymoon cottage," my wife noted with satisfaction as she took a sip of tea while her bright brown eyes gazed at the women about me in the room with a rather strange smile.

Ignoring Janet, for the moment, I accepted from Mrs. Baker the tea cup and saucer, and tried to balance them in my small hands wondering why Nature had made me so very tall and thin with such little hands and feet. Hearing my wife's little giggle over my awkwardness I glanced at her in disapproval, as if that would silence her rudeness...

To her left sat her dear old teacher, Mrs. Baker, who was about fifty years old from what Janet had told me; but, like many well cared for women with wealth, she looked much younger. Sitting next to Mrs. Baker was her assistant, Mrs. Norris, a rather tall, Amazonian proportioned woman dressed in a black wool suit. Across from me sat the school's doctor, a Dr. Clanton, dressed in a tailored, wine colored, corduroy, suit dress. By her side, sipping a cup of coffee instead of tea like the other ladies, was a Mrs. Clanton, the school's nurse.

"Oh, it would be perfect as a honeymoon cottage," a Mrs. Bates agreed, setting her tea cup within its saucer to brush a cake crumb from her brown wool skirt before she looked up at me to smile. From what I had heard during the introductions, Mrs. Bates taught music, and was the school's *Games Mistress*, sort of a physical fitness instructor, I suppose. "I'm certain that your husband will love our little cottage."

"And in the morning you both might take a tour of our fine school," Mrs. Baker suggested offering to pour me another cup of tea. "You might find our school very interesting, Mr. Vandervain."

"Allen," I urged seeing her polite nod. Perhaps, during this tour, Mrs. Baker might introduce us to the child that she planned to have us adopt. Maybe this was the real reason we were here. Otherwise, why should she think that I might be interested in seeing the school. While I wondered why I should be interested in touring a girls' school, of all places, I considered the fact that despite the fact that I was about six feet tall, and weighed close to 160 pounds, I felt strangely like a child in this circle of matrons.

It reminded me of the times, as a child, I had stumbled upon one of my mother's little coffee parties, and I was required to display my 'party manners'.

The room seemed warm, heavy with the scent of several women wearing musk-like perfumes, as their matronly voices talked on about the school. I could see their amused eyes on me as their reddened lips moved to what seemed like a silent lip synch, and then....

I felt terribly silly, if not totally bewildered!

I was almost totally naked except for a woman's very tightly back-laced, heavy, old fashioned, pink, polyester-cotton, coil-wire stayed, thigh length, body corset. Someone had amused themselves by stuffing its D cup bra line with tissue paper.

In addition to wearing this bizarre costume, I was on a rather odd rubber, balloon ring-seated potty attached to a high tech bicycle and body exercise machine: which automatically bent me at the waist in a continuous bow, as it spun my exercise-booted feet through peddling movements. At the same time my gloved hands mindlessly followed suit, as they clung to similar peddles on the handlebar.

In my mouth there was rubber gag-like protector that contained a hose from which I could suck in fresh cold water, while I was forced to breath through my nose.

Somewhere, there was a sound system which was playing a popular collection of primary school children's songs, with children now singing happily, *The Farmer In The Dell*. Nearby the speaker was a video camera which swept the room with its ever watchful eye.

I could see my weird image and strange puppet like movements reflected in the window panes of a pink, plastic, ruffled curtained, window at one end of what once must have been a nursery room, judging by the Mother Goose characters that colorfully decorated the otherwise bare pink walls about me. My exercise machine was on a padded, plastic pink floor rug, and by moving my head I could see three, white framed doors, with one that no doubt led outside to the world of reality.

But, for now, this was my reality as I bobbed slowly and my arms and legs continued endlessly in their peddling circles to the current song, *Three Blind Mice*.

The white door opposite of my window opened and Dr. Clanton entered carrying a clip board to observe my exercise with a wry smile on her lips.

"Now, dearest, we mean you no real harm," she noted as her eyes scanned some gauges on the exercise machine which must have picked up my quickening heart beat.

"Janet feels that you have gained a little too much weight, so you will undergo a complete fast," she began with a little chuckle of self satisfaction that told me she had no intention of telling me the whole truth. "A total fast should require about twenty three days without food, and as much water as you wish. By the end of your fast you should lose about one fifth of your present weight. Ordinarily a fast focuses upon fat, but the passive exercises should help to reduce your rather masculine muscle mass quite nicely."

She jotted down some figures upon her clip board and left me to my thoughts as I mentally calculated that if she was right I would weigh only 128 pounds after the fast!

As I silently continued to respond to the exercise machine I began to reconsider her words to the sound of little girls singing, *On Top Of Old Smokey*. It gradually dawned to me that as I exercised I would actually become physically weaker, rather than stronger, as my muscle mass decreased.

I had no idea why they were doing this to me. To reduce a six foot male from a fairly normal 160 pounds to a mere 128 pounds would leave me looking almost like a skeleton!

I must have fallen asleep...

For some strange reason, after three days I had lost all real hunger. According to Mrs. Clanton, as she firmly took in the laces of my bizarre corset, I had only lost a couple of pounds. But, when I tried to ask her to remove my mouth gag so that I could talk to her she merely observed that she understood how very boring it must be in the old nursery room.

Without further comment she brought a twenty six inch television set into the room and the children's songs were replaced by continuous preschool programming like *Sesame Street*, obviously transmitted by cable to the set from a remote VCR.

"There now, you won't be bothered by the stresses of the outside world, dearest. And I am certain that your Janet feels that this is quite appropriate for your intellectual interests," she noted with a taunting grin, leaving me to Big Bird and the Cookie Monster...

I awoke to the fact that the exercise machine was no longer bending me at the waist.

I had dreamed that in the middle of the night Dr. Clanton had entered the nursery and I was taken from the exercise machine.

She took me on a gurney to a small surgi-center.

As I drifted in this dream world she injected a dye into my spine and using a scanner of some sort she very carefully inserted a needle into one of my discs and I could see on the scanner screen the spinal disc as it actually dissolved to be sucked away by the needle!

They gave me a bath and resecured the corset.

And then she led me back to my nursery.

I looked about the room, perched upon my special potty, and realized a certain numbness in my back, which was so firmly supported by the corset. My arms and legs were responding to the exercise machine. The soft sounds of a child's nursery record was playing a lullaby for me.

Had I dreamed it? Why would she do such a thing?

The fast had entered its second week. Although I urinated regularly, I had not passed my bowels in over a week. There was simply no solid wastes to pass. My body stank of coking coal as my cellular wastes were being passed out through my pores. I was no longer hungry.

Nor, was I attached to the exercise machine. For now, I rested on a rather large water bed with a built in massage machine that really felt quite good despite the confines of my heavy corset. By my bed there was a children's bookcase filled with picture illustrated nursery readers ranging from several Mother Goose stories to such modern classics as The Cat In The Hat.

The children's programming could not be turned off on my private TV set, any more than I could turn off the similar music late at night. I probably had the strength to break the set, but I had the intelligence to realize that they would simply replace it. So my days were limited to listen to the kiddy programs, drinking water, and going to pee pee.

Once each day, usually while I was half asleep, Dr. Clanton would enter the nursery to check my vital signs and give me one or more injections, or take a blood sample.

And once a week Mrs. Clanton would enter my little nursery with Louise. While Mrs. Clanton supervised my bath and afterwards gave me a complete body massage sans my corset, Louise went about cleaning my rooms and changing the bed.

To my added chagrin their conversation was limited to observations about my television viewing and terms of endearment and instruction for their little darling as they attended to my needs.

Any questions or attempts to discuss my existence in an adult fashion was dismissed by them through the simple expedient of talking to each other of unrelated matters as if I was not there.

When I attempted to impose my demands upon them, Mrs. Clanton watched while Louise took me physically in charge and actually spanked me before she actually washed out my mouth because I had used, "nasty swear words!"

Now, you may think that I am a coward. But, the spanking and awfully sickening, soapy, mouthwash was enough to end my arrogance.

It was simply too humiliating.

And besides, in the struggle with Louise I noted two very disturbing facts. One, it was childishy easy for her to subdue me! And, two, she was actually taller than I was!

How was that possible?

After the third week, the strange dream about being in Dr. Clanton's surgi-center was repeated. But, this time I awoke to major pain in my rib cage. What had they done to me?

I knew that it had been days before I could crawl out of bed. And during that time Mrs. Clanton and Louise had taken turns being my nurse. Or was it nursemaid, considering the fact that they amused themselves by reading to me from the nursery books, and actually humiliating me by putting me in diapers and feeding me water from a nursing bottle!

Their treating me like a baby certainly motivated me to get out and about as quickly as possible. Crawling from the water bed I arose to stand by it. I knew from past efforts that I did not have the strength to remove the heavily boned corset that was so tightly and securely laced behind my back.

Looking about the room I found that someone had left a note book on top of the TV set. In the top drawer of my night stand by the bed there was a little pocket sewing kit, and a ball point pen. Turning my back to the video camera I picked up a small

spool of thread and tucked it into my diaper. I then took the pen and went over to the TV set to pick up in turn the ruled tablet.

From there I retreated to the relative privacy of the bathroom, feeling with each step the relative pain of breathing. Once in the bathroom, I closed the door and I placed the spool of thread on the edge of the sink bowl.

As I removed the humiliating diaper, I noted in the full length mirror hung on the back of the bathroom door how greatly I had changed. Or was it, had been changed?

Using the eight and a half inch by eleven inch ruled pad as a guide, and the thread to measure myself I was absolutely stunned by my findings! My trunk was considerably shorter than my long thin arms and legs! I was no longer six foot tall. It was closer to five foot six! After quite painful efforts to measure my chest, under the mocking tissue filled D cups, I discovered that it had shrunk from thirty five inches to about twenty nine inches...

Uncertainly I sat on the toilet seat to realize that they had actually been dissolving discs in my spine to shorten my stature. And then I remembered hearing about the women, who at the turn of the century had ribs removed so that they could wear wasp waisted corsets.

My, God, they had done something like that to me. Leaving me to look like some weird human chimpanzee with gangling arms and legs!

Suddenly the bathroom door swung open to reveal Mrs. Clanton!

I must have fainted.

Because, I was back in bed again.

I could feel by the soginess of my soaking diapers that I had been diapered again. I could hear the television set running a cartoon version of the classic, *Winnie The Pooh*. Yet, the sound seemed so very far away to my groggy mind, and my arms and legs seemed to be totally numb leaving my fingers and toes to endure the prickling of thousands of little poking needles. I could not move and there was a simply awful numbness between my legs.

And for some strange reason I felt like I was wearing a heavy helmet of some sort that totally covered my head except for eye holes, and tubes to breathe through and suck in liquid.

I have no idea how long I lived in that strange never-never land between pain and blissfully drugged dreams...

When I awoke, I managed to crawl from bed to walk uncertainly to the bathroom. My arms and legs were no longer in heavy casts, and I no longer was wearing that awful pink cotton-polyester corset. In fact I was wearing a one piece, woolly, blue, flannel Dr. Denton styled pajama with a flyless front and a drop seat flap in back!

Everything was distorted in size. The door knob to the bathroom was higher and bigger. I felt like little Alice in Wonderland, as she seemed to grow smaller and

smaller... The door knob turned in my hand and I entered the room with the strange thought that my once all-too-small hands and feet were now just a little bit big, like the paws of a growing puppy.

Taking a deep breath I closed the bathroom door and braced myself for the shock of seeing that awful *chimpanzee man* again!

But, the face that stared at me in wide eyed curiosity was undoubtedly that of a child. Like any little boy, more like a girl than a man. There was no sign of any secondary male characteristics, no beard, no Adam's apple, nothing. His light brown, nearly blond hair was long and a bit curly almost to his shoulders, and there was no sign of a wrinkle in his smooth forehead. In fact his nose seemed upturned, between plump cheeks, and above almost all too feminine rose bud lips. He was all of nine or ten. But, it wasn't me, as I remembered. He was softer looking, far too feminine looking for my taste...

*Why had they done this to me? Was this Janet's cruel punishment for my cheating on her?*

Uncertainly I turned my attention to my bodily needs as I approached the toilet and undid the flap of my Dr. Denton's to struggle with the insulting disposable diapers I wore underneath. It was then that I realized that it would be quite impossible for me to ever cheat on Janet again!

I must have fainted...

"Do you feel better, Janet, sweetheart," Louise asked bending over my bed to move a cool, damp, washcloth over my forehead. "You shouldn't try to be so very naughty and foolish. You really aren't all that well yet. You gave us a terrible shock, and I do declare that if you do such a thing again, sick or well, I shall give you a spanking that you will never forget! Understand, child?"

"I'm sorry," I half muttered in anger and half in protest, hearing the childish clear soprano of my voice. But, the memory of a past spanking held my courage in check leaving me quite docile to her scolding. "Am I really a girl?"

"My, what a silly question. Of course you are," she chided with a concerned sadness. "The blow to your head must have been much worse than we thought. Perhaps, after you have had a chance to sleep, and when the sedative wears off, you may remember. Otherwise, Dr. Clanton will have to see if you have somehow damaged your frontal lobe."

With this she arose and kissed my forehead.

As she left I slowly began to realize that her statement, about Dr. Clanton operating on my brain to cure my headache, was not from any concern on Louise's part. It was a warning of things to come. I tried to arise from my bed, but the sedative began to take hold and in sheer terror, I knew that when Dr. Clanton finished with me I would have the mental capacity of a child!

I dreamed that I was a little child again, living in a swirling misty world somewhere between reality and a distant faintly remembered past.

I am ten years old, going on a relatively grown-up eleven. I'll be going to the fifth grade next year. I'm a grade behind because I have been very ill.

I know that because my mother had told me. And Mommy knows about such things. She knows everything.

She told me that I was silly to worry about wild animals, especially snakes, coming into my bedroom at night. She may be right, but I looked under my bed and behind my closet and bathroom doors to see if there were any bad robbers hiding there. Just in case.

I wasn't really afraid of the dark anymore, especially when I had my night light on. And I know that mommy will protect me from fires, strange dogs, and high places. (Even if I can fly in my dreams, high over everything. Like I can jump whole stairways at a time.)

Did, you know that in my dreams I had been sick a long time? That is why I had been kept back a year in school. I had hurt my head by falling in the bathroom. And, they had to operate because I had terrible dreams about an awful boogie man that mommy says was very very naughty...

Mommy says I had a prefrontal lobotomy, so that I wouldn't need to worry about things so much and have such awful thoughts and dreams. But, I do worry about measles, and such, because I don't want to miss any more school. That would be just awful, wouldn't it?

And I do have nightmares, sometimes, about a frightened little man with real funny long arms and legs like a silly monkey. But, I am not afraid of him because whenever he sees me he runs away crying like a real sissy.

Can you imagine that?

We now can watch Saturday morning cartoons on the television set that mommy gave me for my eleventh birthday. I had to put it in the dorm lounge on our floor, because Mrs. Blair, our house mother doesn't permit us to have TV sets in our rooms. She says that it interferes with our doing homework. But, the girls know that it is my television set, even if I try to be a good girl and share it with them.

It was a lovely party. My mommy had come all the way to Pointer Island to join my classmates and I for the party. They were all jealous about my getting a TV set, but we had lots of fun eating my big pink frosted cake, with the *Happy Birthday Janet* upon it surrounded by eleven candles.

Do, you know, I have an awful time remembering last year's birthday party when I became ten. But, mommy says that all little girls and boys, as they grow older, have a harder and harder time to remember what it was like when they were little. She says that it is all a part of growing up. And it is better for me not to remember the past, too well,

In fact she told me a secret, a real secret. Have you ever heard of Never Never Land, and Peter Pan? Well, its a land where little boys and girls never grow up...Yes, it's really true. Mommy says that she wished on a star for a very special little girl like me that will never grow older. In fact, she says that I will be a very good little girl for years and years. As long as she wants me to....Isn't that wonderful. Just think, I will be a perfect little girl for my mommy forever, because she loves me, now that I am better... And she knows that I love her and would do anything to be her, "Little Darling Girl." Isn't that a pretty pet name? She knows that I love to be her little darling girl...

Did I tell you that mommy knows everything? Well, it's true.....

