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The Past is a Very Uncertain Place: **A Love Story**



Dee Dee Perri

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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The Past Is A Very Uncertain Place:

A Love Story

By Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1: Edward

It was a thing of beauty. The trunk was made of aged oak, of that I was certain. Bands of tarnished brass with a curious floral design ran along each edge and, apparently for added strength, an additional wide, plain brass strip followed the center line of the 'traveling' chest all the way around from back to front. It was clearly from an earlier age when long distance travel was either by rail or ship. It was impossible to imagine dragging such a contrivance into say, well, an airplane. The fact was, it was too big to fit into the trunk of my car and said vehicle was a antique '57 Lincoln Conti-

mental. Trust me, all the years I'd driven that mammoth beast, this had been the first time I'd found its trunk wanting in capacity.

By the time I had removed the rope that had held the car trunk lid down, my son came into the garage. "Just in time," I said. Robert was a big boy or rather, a well built young man. In a week he'd be going to his senior prom and then, in a few months, Brown University. Time sure flies. Bobby hadn't fully filled out yet but he was physically more mature than most boys his age. Men in my family were powerfully built and the next generation, my son Robert, would be no exception. "Grab the handle on the side and when I say lift, we'll lift together, ok? And don't ding the trunk. Ready Bobby?" I looked at him, his face was blank. "What?"

"Pop, what is it?"

"A traveling chest." His face remained blank. "I picked it up at auction."

"Cool," he said but there wasn't any real emotion in his voice as he reached inside the trunk and found the handle.

"On the count of three we'll lift and..."

"Oh-My-God!"

I jerked around, my wife Wendy had just enter the garage from the pantry way. "Hey Hon," I said. "I got a heck of a deal on this..." She was standing between me and Bobby, hands on her hips. After forty-five years of marriage I was an expert on reading her body language and what I read bode nothing good. "It's a traveling chest," I added lamely.

"Edward, I'm not blind," she said as she scrunched up her face and bit her lower lip.

“Ah- once I get it cleaned up,” I paused hopefully, the fact that she hadn’t interrupted me was at least a positive signal. “I think it would go great at the foot of our bed.” I threw out my most winning boyish smile.

She looked like she was going to cry. That wasn’t as strange as it sounds, ever since she started menopause, a decade earlier, the least little thing could and often did set her off. “Wendy?” She just slowly shook her head and went back into the house.

This wasn’t the first time I’d brought something like this trunk home. To be entirely honest, there was a lot of stuff I’d picked up over the years at auctions that had, well, filled the shed and even the barn at the back of our property.

I looked at my son fondly. Both he and my daughter Molly had come to us very late in our marriage, they were special gifts. Wendy was forty when Molly was born and forty-five when she carried Robert. Wendy hadn’t been too keen on making babies but apparently she’d finally heard her biological clock ticking. “She’s in one of those moods, Son.”

Bobby understood. “To the shed, Pop?”

I looked at the trunk again, it was damn big. “The barn.”

The trunk was heavy and I was glad to have my son helping me. Apparently the weight of the chest had drawn Bobby’s attention as well. “What’s in it?”

“I have no idea. It’s locked.”

“Cool.”

We set the trunk against the far wall of the barn and Bobby disappeared from view for a few moments. He returned from the nearby shed carrying a hammer and

a chisel. "Whoa!" I said holding out my hands like a pair of stop signs. "What precisely are your intentions young man?" I knew of course what his intentions were. I snatched away his tools. I wasn't about to destroy the chest just to find what was inside it.

"Pop?"

"I can pick the lock, ok?" I wiped my hand across the wood. A little sanding and fresh varnish would bring out the marvelous oak wood grain and with a little elbow grease, that brass would shine like gold.

"Cool." He looked delighted.

"What, Bobby?"

"You can pick locks, Pop?"

"Yeah." His face said it all, I guess I'd gone up a notch or two in my son's eyes.

He stood there looking even more expectant for a few seconds and then he grew noticeably impatient. "So do it already."

"Whoa. First I have to clean up the mechanism and then..." Already his eyes were glassing over. "You see how discolored that brass is, well the lock is probably just as screwed up. Oxidation, ok? I'll work on it tonight and maybe..." Sometimes Bobby had the attention span of a flea. If the trunk wasn't going to be opened right now, he'd lost interest. As I watched him leave the barn I muttered something like, "Kids." For his generation, everything had to happen at the press of a button or a flick of a finger; his generation had no capacity to delay gratification, none what so ever. I watched him cross the yard and then enter the kitchen door before I turned back to examine my latest treasure.

To be sure, I was just as eager to see what was inside as my son was. All the weight could just be the box itself if the oak planks were say, an inch thick? I hefted one end of the trunk and gave it a good shake. Nothing or at least nothing obvious happened. No clanking, no detectable shift in the trunk's center of gravity. Like a Christmas gift that sat for weeks under the tree, the unknown was often far more pleasant to contemplate than the 'actual' shirt or 'Christmas' tie inside. I have found that mysteries are usually sweeter than naked reality. I patted my newest possession like one would pat a pet before straightening up and going back to the house to await dinner. Whatever was inside that trunk had waited decades in the Lyons Moving Company warehouse and a few more hours wouldn't matter a wit. I smiled savoring the uncertainty that thought generated.



I was a happy man or at least as happy as a man can be having passed my productive middle age. At sixty-seven I was, well, old but decidedly not retired. My oldest, Molly, had obtained her MBA at Ohio State and now had a job on the East coast, Boston actually. And Bobby, as I noted earlier, would be leaving for Brown University at the end of summer. Wendy and I were looking forward to our empty nest and, to be entirely honest, it had come at least a decade later for us than for most people.

We weren't poor by any means. Thanks to my great great grand Pa, I was the fifth generation of Hawkins to own and operate the Warren Tool and Die Shop. A hundred years ago, northeastern Ohio was famous for

its Tool and Die industry, a regular eighth wonder of the world. Today, we are one of the few 'shops' in the region still in operation, thanks to yours truly. I got my Electrical Engineering degree at Pitt (1970) and, through my efforts, our shop was fully modernized even before I took over from my father in the early nineties. Robotics, need I say more? That was the only way to beat cheap foreign labor. Anyhow, what once had been a highly skilled blue collar work force was now mostly machines. In spite of that, my 'shop' was one of the largest employers in the city of Warren. If the community had any nobility then I suspect Wendy and I would be setting near the top of the hierarchy. Not that we lived like nobility mind you. The old Brownstone farm house we lived in had been good enough for Gramps and my Dad. We didn't put on airs like some folks, that old Lincoln I drove would have put a lie to that notion. No sir, I had everything a man could want and then some.

It would be wrong to say I was as happy as a clam however. I don't think anyone is 'happy' with the prospect of growing old. At sixty-seven I wasn't ancient but the signs of decay were increasingly evident. Not that my Wendy had it any better: the thickening waist, the wrinkles and so much more. Age, that was the fly floating on the surface of my particular bowl of soup. Ahead was the golden years for Wendy and I and, for the life of me, I couldn't imagine why old age was called the golden years. As they say youth is wasted on the young, oh to be twenty again. I kept picking at the lock, thank God for DW 40.

Wendy was in the house, most likely online, Bobby was certainly out for the evening and I was at peace as I continued to clean the locking mechanism. I added more DW 40 and sat back to allow the oil to work its

magic. Peace? Not really. Maybe my life had been too easy, everything had fallen in place as if my whole existence had been pre-programmed. I went to the University of Pittsburgh like my Dad and Grandpa had. Great, great Grandpa and his son hadn't been so fortunate but then a hundred plus years ago, college was for the elite and not working stiffs. They were too busy building America back then. The original Warren Tool and Die Shop was called Hawkins and Son Tool and Die, we had a framed picture back at the office that showed the initial building down on Front Street.

Five, now soon to be six, generations of Hawkins had invested their entire lives into that Shop so perhaps it wasn't surprising that I felt, from time to time, trapped or at least pre-ordained to live the life that I had lived. I'm not saying that I would have had it any other way, mind you, but I never, ever really had a choice. I was a Hawkins, enough said?

"Honey?"

I jerked and turned, startled for I hadn't heard her approach and I was more than a little surprised that she had come out to the barn at this time of night. There was Wendy standing there behind me and it was obvious from her swollen eyes that she had been crying. "Wendy?"

She sniffed as she stood in the open doorway looking at that trunk, "We need to talk, Edward."

I got up and turned toward her. I reached out to take her in my arms but she pulled back, defensively clutching her arms across her chest. She turned away and headed for the house.



I didn't ask her what was wrong, I knew that she would tell me in her own time. Was it cancer? I watched her sip from her coffee cup as she sat across the kitchen table from me and I waited. It was obvious that she was still considering exactly what she was going to say.

"I can't say that I was surprised when you brought that... trunk home."

I felt relief wash across my body. The trunk? Only the trunk? Not big 'C'. I smiled and waited for her to continue.

"I was almost *sure* that *thing* wouldn't come back." She shrugged and then gave me a sad smile. "You probably think I'm crazy about now. But that trunk and I go back forty-seven years." She held up her hand as if to ask me to remain quiet. It was a wasted effort.

"That's your trunk?" I yelped in surprise.

"Not exactly. What I mean is, I suspect that infernal machine rather more 'owns' me than I own it."

I was baffled, "I don't understand? Infernal machine?"

"It contains a worm hole."

"A worm hole. In like...?"

"A rip in the time-space continuum, an anomaly." She paused and spat out: "Shit! This isn't going very well, is it? It's a time machine, Edward."

"A time machine? That old trunk?"

She nodded. "What it *is* exactly, hardly matters."

I was gasping by this time, caught by total disbelief and waiting for the other shoe to drop. There was a joke here, somewhere, there had to be. "It hardly matters?"

"Sometime in the next few hours I must go back into the past."

"Go on," I laughed.

"And after another forty-seven years, it will happen all over again and again and again. It's a never ending loop but I knew that before I used it the first time. I was warned against going back the first time but..." She shrugged. "I had to tell you Edward so that you wouldn't worry when I um... leave?"

"You're nuts," I swore. Worm holes, time travel? Wendy was a self educated person, reasonably well read but certainly she had a very limited knowledge of basic physics. Where was all this shit coming from anyway?

"The problem is time travel creates paradoxical conditions, you following me Edward? If I don't go back that means I *never* went back."

"You lost me there, Wendy."

"The person you married, *me*, I will not be there in nineteen-seventy." She looked at me and concluded that I wasn't following her logic. "If I don't go back, Molly and Robert will *never* have existed, sweetheart."

"Molly and Robert?" I got up and went over to the shelf above the sink and pulled down a bottle of whisky. I poured a glass for myself and then reconsidered and poured one for Wendy as well. As I handed her the glass of booze I took a gulp from my glass and then added, "You got my attention, now start making some sense, ok babe? Are you saying it's like that

movie "Groundhog Day" where the poor sap keeps living the same day over and over again?"

"Only it's not a single day but forty-seven years and trust me, if I don't go back you are going to be horrified at the life you have."

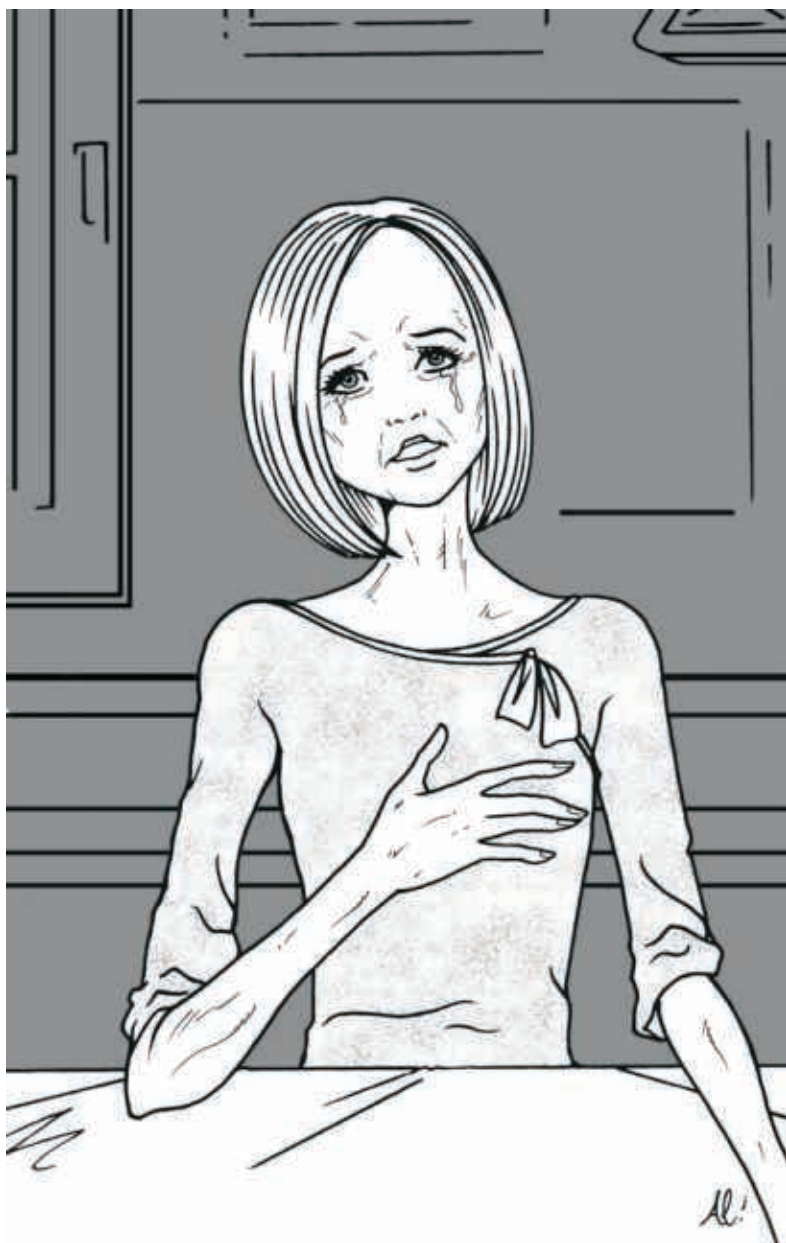
"How do you know that?"

"Because.... Eddy, I was there." She took a big breath, "*I was you.*"



"I was born Edward Raymond Hawkins in nineteen forty-eight and, for the first twenty-two years, every second of my existence was precisely the same as the one you experienced, Edward. Exactly the same. You following me?" She didn't wait for my reply but pushed on, "That means I'm subjectively a hundred and fourteen years old and I've spent the last forty-seven years as a female." She shrugged, "Trust me, I have a much broader picture of the universe, of life, than you have." And then she laughed, "Not that it has made me any wiser, indeed, I feel less sure about everything. The meaning of life? Purpose? I'm a babe in the woods, more so now than when I began this adventure. It was twenty-fifteen, May tenth and..." she looked around before completing her sentence, "the conditions were exactly as they are now: a warm and humid Spring evening. I'd made a perfect muck of my life. Three marriages, all wrecked, the Tool and Die Shop, closed as of nineteen-ninety-six. I was selling farm equipment and I was not very good at that occupation. Of the homestead, only this house remained, the land had been sold in bits and drabs to met my debts. I was a lonely, bitter old man waiting for death."

"This whole thing is more than a little hard to believe, Wendy."



"We can just sit here until midnight and you'll then know that I was right, Edward." Her eyes widened and then widened yet more. Tears began leaking from her eyes. She looked at me and in a tiny voice said, "I hadn't really thought this through, entirely through, dear Edward. The whole situation is probably utterly hopeless. That damned trunk will disappear if I don't use it and there will only be one of us setting here, me, Edward, the old man I had been. ME! So I guess you will not be here at all, my dear." She touched her chest with the flat of her hand, "This woman will not be here, just that old, sad man. You will never have been and I'll resume my wait for death."

"And Robert and Molly?"

"I'm sorry Edward, even if I go back, I realize now that it is terribly unlikely, almost statistically impossible, that our dear children as we know them will exist, the probabilities are absolutely against that happening. Lord knows Edward, that's why this whole thing is so upsetting. I no more want to lose the children than you do but..." She broke down and began to sob. Between her sobs she added, "Before midnight, they will have *never* been."

They would have never been, Robert and Molly? I got up and walked over to her, drawing her into an embrace. It was all too weird. This woman who I'd spent most of my adult life with was no woman at all, worse, if I believed her, she was *me!*

She jerked away, "Please, don't touch me." She looked up at me, her eyes still bright with tears as I stepped back.

"So you saw a chance to have a 'do-over', huh? Why as a woman...Eddy?"

“Eddy?” She brightened slightly and wiped at the tears still clinging on her cheek, “So you are beginning to believe me, at least a little?”

I shrugged and spayed out my hands, “I guess, if what you said is true, it doesn’t matter, does it? What I believe, I mean. I’ll be gone and you will be here alone or... you’ll be gone and...” The very idea of losing my kids was finally hitting me. “Damn it, why did you even have *them* if you knew this was going to happen?”

“The answer to the second question Edward is related to the first. Because I was a woman. Looking back now I know it was a mistake. Maybe I believed that this was my ‘real’ life this time around, that the damned traveling trunk would never re-appear.” She stopped and shook her head, “No, that’s not entirely true. It was never a mistake having them, ok? Having Robert and Molly was the best thing I’ve ever done, even better than saving the family business.”

I felt my temper rise, “What? You had nothing to do with...”

She laughed, “Without me, you would have done what I did the first time, which was nothing at all. Robotics? I planted the idea in your head years before you finally acted.”

This was bull-shit but she had struck me in my core beliefs. “That’s a pile of crap, Wendy.”

She smiled sweetly, “Is it? Remember I went to Pitt as you did, a five year degree in EE. All those years you treated me like a dumb wife with only a high school education, but I was *you*, Edward. And, more important, I knew the future!”

I stumbled back and sat down, draining the last of the booze in my glass. The truth was impossible to ig-

nore. How many times had I thought that my life had been, well, too ordered? Was it true that she had been pulling the strings all along? Was I but a puppet and she the puppet master? A sense of loss and confusion bloomed inside me. My ego was damaged, my sense of self worth threatened. It was easier, more comfortable, to believe that my dear Wendy was just a nut case and this was all just what it had to be, pure crap. But there was a lot more here that didn't make sense. Why would a man, me in particular, come back as a woman? I would never have done that and yet she says that she was me: "So why did you come back as a woman?"

She laughed, throwing her head back, "Trust me, that wasn't in my plans at all. A 'do-over', as a woman?" She quit laughing and then fixed her gaze on me. "I had planned to return to my youth as myself, of course. I don't know why, I guess I just assumed that was what would happen. Time travel? What did I know then? Entering a worm hole is a one way trip. The forces inside rip apart mere flesh reducing it to molecules and then to atoms and finally, all is reduced to sub-atomics. What emerges at the other end is a mere pattern of sub-atomic particles... and consciousness of a sort, memory if you like." She sighed, "I found myself inside the body of a young woman almost twenty miles from Warren, Ohio. It is not a very precise mode of transport."

"And this girl, Wendy?"

"The real Wendy? The original? She was a daughter of a steelworker in Youngtown. A bit on the chubby side and all too ready to make babies, waiting only to graduated from high school." Eddy shivered and rubbed her biceps with her hands, "It was a nightmare."

“So she wasn’t an orphan?”

Eddy looked at me and shook her head ‘no’. “Trust me, her family would have made things all the more difficult to accomplish.”

“To seduce me, you mean.”

She smiled, “That wasn’t so hard to do. I had the inside track, I knew you as perfectly as one can know anyone. I knew your sexual preferences, fantasies, strengths and weaknesses. I also arrived almost two years earlier than I had expected, like I said, it’s not a precise way to travel. I had two years to invent the woman you met.”

“At the fourth of July picnic.”

“Lovely, so you do remember.” She sighed, “You’ll never know how much effort had gone into that ‘chance’ meeting. How difficult it was to control Wendy’s desire for sex and love, oh Edward, she was such a ‘mush head’ romantic. There were times I thought she and I would end up pregnant and living from month to month on welfare checks. No common sense, especially when it came to men.” She looked at the clock on the kitchen wall and then back to me. “So you see there really is no choice for either of us.”

“And then what happens?”

She rolled her eyes, “It will be roughly nineteen-seventy, give or take a few years. The odds are about equal that I’ll be a male this time and hopefully not too old. And no, I suspect that this isn’t like “Groundhog Day”, the movie, unless, of course, I end up in Wendy’s body again.” She shrugged, “Maybe, eventually I’ll discover the rules but until then your guess is as good as mine.”

“So this is goodbye, Wendy?”

She stood up without answering, looked at me and then shrugged, "Who knows? Trust me, the past is a very uncertain place. Maybe everything will repeat itself; but that is just hopeful thinking is my guess." She looked around as if to examine that kitchen for the last time, "I'm starting to look forward to the 'do-over', at least I'll know what to do if I become Wendy again, hmm? Oh, and Edward, I love you so very much." She bent over giving me a quick kiss on the lips and turned away. She was crying again.

I just watched her as she slipped out the rear kitchen door. I was confused and almost relieved. Had I really just lived her dream-nightmare? Would I even exist in the next few minutes. It was a pretty heavy moment for me. A 'do-over'? In a few minutes she'd be back...there. And me? My existence hung by a very weak thread. I leaped up from my chair and ran out toward the barn. A second chance, a second life doesn't come around for most people. "WENDY!" I screamed. The night was abruptly filled with a brilliant white light emanating from the barn. I was too late.

Chapter 2

Alex-Edward

It was early October, nineteen-sixty-five at about midnight and I was definitely fucked. I should have listened more closely to Wendy, that would have better prepared me for the transition. Sixty-seven years of memories and skills and opinions and prejudice and assumptions and world view, a veritable data stream of what made me, well, me, flowed into an intact, functional consciousness. I was Alexander Sanders, age seventeen and decidedly not Edward Raymond Hawkins

even though my data outweighed his by nearly four to one. It would be several days before that which was 'me' was fully integrated into the continuing stream that was and would remain 'Alex'. I remembered my Wendy complaining about the young 'mush headed' romantic young woman she'd acquired but I hadn't really understood what she was saying. She'd complained that all that young girl wanted was sex and love and babies, more or less in that order. What Wendy should have said was that she had become that girl in mind as well as body. I was 'Alex-Edward' and in spite of my substantially greater knowledge base, I was the tail of the dog and not the dog. As our conscious streams merged there was never the slightest doubt as to who ruled the roost.

Alex jerked up in his bed, eyes wide open, "Gosh!" His small hand fluttered against his narrow chest as if to still his rapidly beating heart. He was a virgin, of course, and a teenager so needless to say he focused almost immediately on my sexual memories, for they were his to examine. His reaction to those sweet memories was, to me, rather odd at first. Disgust, I think, clearly flavored his reaction to my many images of Wendy and I making love. Even more odd, for me, was that I felt his disgust. How else could it be? I was Alex now.

But he returned to those images, especially those of Windy, and he-I felt envy now, not disgust and certainly not lust... *envy*. Our small hand ceased to flutter against *my* chest and instead I grasped my small but firm breast and began to work its nipple into an erotic attention as my thoughts found and held the image of Edward entering Wendy, but 'I' was Wendy or at least I imagined that I was. Why did this surprise me, it shouldn't have?

Had I known Alex in my formative years, that is to say in my previous life as Edward, we would decidedly not have been friends. Edward certainly knew of people 'like' Alex. Most, maybe all, towns in the Midwest in the sixties, had their 'sissies'. Alex was one of *them*. Even as a little boy he was girlish and played with girls and dolls and other girl things, I knew that from his personal memories. As Edward, I would have shunned him, of course. Back then all 'sissies' were usually shunned. As Alex grew older, even the girls wouldn't play with him anymore and, well, the boys had never been nice to him. Sissies grew up to be homosexuals or at least that was Edward's provincial view of the matter. I don't think Edward even knew that homosexuals could be anything but sissies, which is why Rock Hudson, the homosexual, was such a shock a few decades later to his Midwestern sensibilities. The idea that a sissy might be a transsexual, that is a 'real' girl trapped inside a boy's body, certainly would never have dawned on Edward, the idea itself was still a novel hypothesis known only to a few 'experts' in that era. But Alex was really a girl in a boy's body. I learned that the instant she and I became one. I, Alex, was no more of a homosexual than Edward Hawkins had been for my sexual object choice was consistent with my gender identity. I was a girl now as surely as my old 'me' had been when he became 'one' with Wendy, except I had a penis.

I felt my sexual excitement slowly build. I would have thought it impossible to cum without touching my penis but that was Edward's assumption and not mine. The presence of that 'thing' was hateful to me and I wouldn't touch it if I could avoid doing so. The brain was, after all, the largest sexual organ and the real center of all pleasure. I was that woman Wendy,

spayed out, legs wide, receiving that beautiful penis into my willing vagina. I probably wouldn't cum, least-wise ejecting puss from my dick was decidedly unlikely. All those years of birth control pills I'd consumed which had given me my breasts had also 'nearly' destroyed that ugly dick between my legs. Oh to be made whole, complete like Christine Jorgenson. Images of the day when such things would be common and affordable bloomed into my mind. The future was far, far better than now. Finally, exhausted but not sexually spent, I eased back against the pillow and began to examine the future as Edward had known it. I, Alex, was a trans-woman, a concept decades away but now made immediate. I had skills yet un-invented. I could program in C++ even though that computer language and the computers themselves were also decades away. I drifted off into sleep knowing that things would get so much better for me, Alex. They just had to.



My parents didn't know that I had been taking birth control pills since I was in sixth grade. I had four older sisters and the oldest, Sally, had gotten a prescription for them. I'd stolen the prescription from her. I knew that she wouldn't say a word, Mom would have grounded her for life had she known her unmarried daughter was 'on-the-pill'. I took some of the money I'd been saving for a ten-speed bike and bought a six months supply of delicious female hormones. In the early sixties the pills were some fifteen times more potent than they were later, I got that idea from those old guy memories but that was way, way in the future and

hardly relevant to me at the time. Anyhow, they stopped what was happening to my body, puberty.

My voice didn't change and I didn't start growing hair on my face, yuck. And then later when my breasts began to develop, well my folks took me to the doctor and he said, no problem, it happens to lots of guys at puberty and I'd grow out of it. I was pretty sure he would be wrong but I didn't say anything. My folks had no idea I was 'on-the-pill' and I wasn't about to tell them otherwise. Anyhow, as much as I loved having breasts, their presence was a definite problem for me starting in junior high school and the worst was when I was in gym. The way the guys would look at them when we were in the shower together was pretty cool but not the things they said and did to me later. I got beat up so many times I could have been a punching bag, especially my little, tender boobies. Finally, in the beginning of my junior year in high school, the school authorities agreed that I could be excused from gym class so things got a little better.

My Dad died the middle of my Junior year, a heart attack. Anyhow, a week after the funeral, I came down stairs wearing one of Kathy's dresses. I was all made up and long hair was 'in' so I was the very picture of the girl inside me. Mom screamed and went all crazy but I stood my ground. I'd wanted to do this- forever. To just be exactly who I was. Of course I didn't know anything about 'trans-women' or that other stuff because that old guy's memory hadn't happened yet, but I did know that I wasn't afraid of my Mom like I had been of my Dad. Well it didn't work out exactly like I had hoped it would. I started seeing a psychologist shortly after that. That jerk thought I was having a reaction to my Dad's death. I told him I had a girl inside me but he ignored that. Eventually he concluded I was

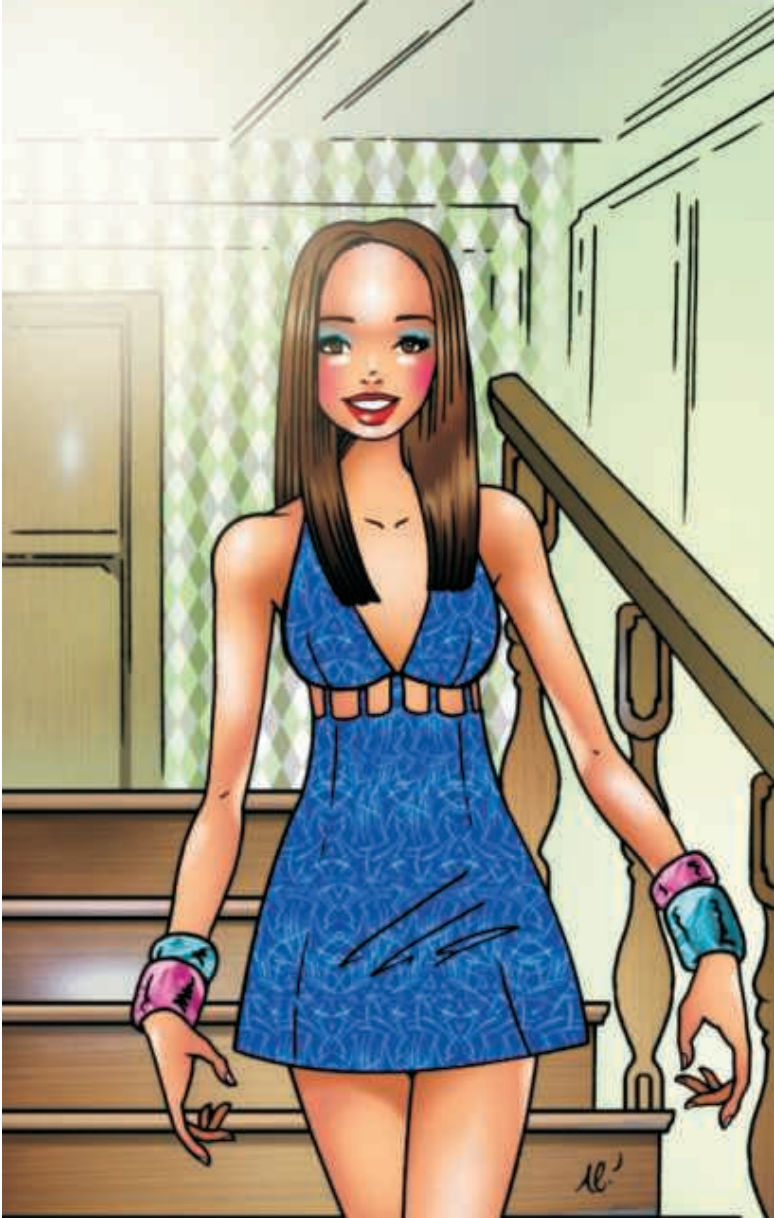
some kind of pervert called a transvestite and that I'd probably out grow that as well. What a waste that experience was.

My Mom and my two oldest sisters became almost as mean to me as the kids at school. Sally called me a fairy and homosexual and wanted me to stay away from her. Worst, she didn't even want to touch me, like she could catch *something*? Kathy, the youngest, was the only one that seemed to understand. From that point on, she let me wear her clothes whenever we were alone. And we became quite close, like real sisters. And yes, she helped me get more birth control pills. I would have been destroyed without her, trust me on that.

Well it was October of my senior year and last night my world had changed. I stood in front of my mirror, naked, my dick was hidden between my legs. I twisted and turned examining my reflection. I had cut my hair this morning, giving me bangs and I had spent a half hour brushing it so that it flowed down to my shoulders. I wouldn't tie it into a pony tail like I usually did. I had carefully applied my make up after painting my nails.

My small breasts stood up without the slightest droop, my areolas, which nearly covered each breast, were bright red bull's eyes though not as red as my hair. My super pale white skin was nearly perfect except for the freckles that ran just above each breast. The makeup had covered the freckles on my face. I had slender arms and legs and a nice small waist. Other than my hips, I was fat where fat was needed and thin where thin was good. Who could look at me and not see a real girl? Sure, as long as I hid that dreadful worm attached to my body. I was looking for confi-

dence and my supply was running a tad short. I was cute, not sexy, and I lacked the equipment to be 'real'.



Short skirts were in, not as short as they would become according to the old guy's memories, but two inches above my knee would still feel really short. Of course I would wear panty hose and Kathy had lent me a pair of her high leather boots with tiny spike heels and boots were really 'in'. Cindy, who was a year older than Kathy and four years older than me, had these really tiny breasts which meant her bras had a ton of padding. I had already selected one of her bras for today, not that I had asked her first. I tried it on when I first got up and I liked the effect. All that padding not only made my breasts look a lot bigger but squished what I had up and voila, cleavage which was just the thing to have if I was going to wear a tight, deep vee neck sweater.

Last night had changed everything for me. As a kid I saw the world as a kid sees it, ok? My real world was pretty much limited to Salem, Ohio which was more like a big town than a real city. All dressed up I would be recognized for whom I was: that sissy boy. I couldn't go to school like this. My home room teacher would march me to the assistant principal's office in a heartbeat and before you know it, Mom would be called from her job and come to pick me up. After she reamed me a new opening, I'd be back here in pants and boy shirt and then, well, my school mates would make my life even more miserable if they could. So going to school was definitely out, dressed like this.

Hanging out at the new Mall on the edge of town, maybe shopping, had a better chance of success, though I'd never gone out in public, dressed that is, except on Halloween. I was sure I could 'pass'. Unfortunately the chance of meeting someone I knew was all but certain almost anywhere in 'town'. The fact was even all dressed up I looked all too much like me and

my flaming red hair was impossible to hide, not that I wanted to hide my beautiful hair. I knew Alan Grudger worked over at the Mall, he'd graduated with my sister Kathy two years earlier. Not only would he likely recognize me, he was one mean son-of-a-bitch. I don't know if I challenged his sexuality, maybe he was even attracted to me in a kinky-sexual way, but he really hated the very sight of me or so it seemed. I don't think there was any question that he would hurt me, or worse, if he thought he could get away with it.

It was thoughts like that that had me, the kid, rooted in place. With the old man's memories however, the world abruptly loomed much larger. Of course I thought of Warren Ohio, where that old man had lived but the idea was more than a little scary. Now Alliance was but a twenty minute drive from where I lived. Alliance and Salem could have been twins, you know, small Midwestern cities but the difference was, well the difference was huge: I would be a stranger there. Not as a sissy boy but as a 'real' girl. Ok there was a downside or two, I'd be skipping school and using mom's car without permission. I'd get grounded for sure but that seemed a small price to pay. I'd be a 'real' girl for a day. And I knew exactly where in Alliance to go to hangout.

I sent a prayer of thanks to that dead old man inside me as I carefully pulled on my panty hose. I hadn't been this excited since- forever.



Mount Union College was one of hundreds of small Liberal Arts colleges scattered throughout Ohio. It sat nearly in the center of the small city of Alliance, em-

bedded in a forest of ancient oak trees and wide, lush and very green commons. Most of the building on campus were in fact renovated old mansions, old brownstones and newer Victorian gingerbread, all artifacts from the nineteenth century. It was Indian summer and the early fall day was warm and the sun was bright as I walked the last couple of blocks from where I parked my Mom's car.

Normally my walk was considered rather 'swishy', but dressed as a girl, there was nothing excessively 'swishy' at all in my behavior or at least that was my impression. Nobody gave me a second look unless it was to check me out. Guys and girls both did that as I glided down the sidewalk. That look of scorn or hate I was so used to just wasn't there. Ok, some of the girls gave me the evil eye, but it wasn't scorn that ruled. Sometimes envy or perhaps a judgmental look or maybe even a territorial glare as they guarded their 'space' but decidedly not 'ugh-there-goes-that-fairy' kind of look. And the guys? Lord it was sweet.

My sister Sally was the only one of the girls in our family that had really swell breasts. Anyhow, she was always complaining about men staring at her bosom, especially when they talked to her. What? They were going to look at her eyes? Anyhow, I never understood what her problem was about men being men. Anyhow, that cleavage I was carrying around and that tight deep vee sweater was doing its job. Guys, older guys, college guys were giving me the eye but generally not above my chest, at least initially. It was a real shot to my ego, a delightful, sweet glow bloomed inside me like I was a Japanese lantern with a lit candle inside. When was the last time I'd seen a guy looking at me with lust in his eyes, um... never?

I carried my arms high, tucked in at my waist, which was normal, but now my hands, hanging limply from my wrists, fluttered like leaves in the autumn wind threatening to detach and sail away. My hips were swinging like I had never dared to deliberately swing them, ever and the guys were eating me alive with their eyes now. I was in heaven. And then one of them, a huge hunk of a guy, detached himself from the group under a nearby oak tree and walked in my direction. He was positively gorgeous and, from the way he moved, he knew he was, gorgeous that is. I continued down the sidewalk and pretended to ignore him. I took the walkway leading onto the commons and he changed course as if to intercept me. I didn't want him to get away and yet he had to make the first move. Would he? If he did, he would be the first male to do so in my life. Oh Lord, was I walking too fast? Should I stop? He was behind me now and I couldn't turn and look back, it just wouldn't be the same.

"Excuse me?" He said, finally.

My heart just about leaped from my chest as I turned, too quickly, to face him. "Yes?" Oh my God, he was even better looking than I had thought as I watched his dark brown eyes trip and fall into my cleavage. He stood there looking so... awkward, even unsure. A little color rose in his cheeks and his hands fumbled with the textbook he was carrying. He was anxious, perhaps even a little afraid? It was sweet nectar to my starved bee. Finally I could wait no longer, "Are you talking to me?"

"Um... Yes. New here?"

I smiled showing every tooth that could be shown, my hips cocked without my will and my right hand reached up and found a strand of bright red hair to ma-

nipulate. I'd never felt in control of a social situation before, certainly not a situation like this. Was this really happening? "Um, just checking the campus out."

That seemed to break the ice for him. "Transfer?"

"High school." His eyes widened and his confidence seemed to return. All too quickly that macho, superior attitude I had first seen in him returned. It was a pity, actually, I'd really enjoyed his shy vulnerability.

"Smart. It's a good idea to check schools out. You from around here?"

"Salem Senior High." No recognition was evident in his eyes, "About ten-twelve miles away."

"I could show you around for a little bit. Name's Kenny, Kenny Brooks, I'm from Dayton."

More teeth, lots of teeth and then I extended my hand, "*Alexandra* but my friends call me Alex."



It was dark when I got home from my little adventure. I would be in deep shit but I'd do it all over again in a heartbeat, today felt like the beginning of my real life. I could be grounded for a hundred years and it would all still be worth it. My sweater was, well, stretched out of shape and that heavily padded bra was tucked inside my purse as my boot heels rang on the wooden steps leading up to the rear kitchen door. I saw Mom looking out of the kitchen window, she was probably washing up the dinner dishes, not that I had expected her to wait supper on me. I opened the door and waited for the sky to fall. It didn't. Mom ignored me as she finished drying a dish. Finally she spoke.

“Where did you go?”

“Mount Union College, over in Alliance?”

She turned and looked at me. My little breasts were clearly evident under the sweater, sans bra, and the sweater itself had been heavily mauled, to say the least. She didn't need a guide book to figure what had happened to her son. She gave out a long, drawn out sigh.

I'd rather more expected an explosion. Not a word about the car or skipping school. Her silence was almost more painful than had she started yelling at me. “I'm sorry Mom. I should have asked... um... told you.” My mind was in high gear looking for an out, anything, “I just wanted to check out the college. You know I need to start making out applications to...”

She just shook her head as if to say that she didn't want to hear it. “I was just worried,” she said and then she threw her arms around me and held me like she hadn't held me for the last year or so. We stood there in that embrace for what seemed like a very long time. I was baffled, confused. Finally she held me away from her, gripping my biceps, and looked me straight in the face. “Maybe it's time we have a mother-daughter talk?”

“Huh? Mom?”

“Did you go all the way?”

“Huh? Mom? Like I could?” This was pretty scary. “Second base, only.” That was a small or rather a medium sized lie.

“What kind of boy was he?”

“A college student, at Mount Union. Um... nice?”

“What I mean is...” She looked for the right words and finally just took what was there in the back of her

mind all along. "was he one of *them*...was he a homosexual?"

"Honest, no Mom, you'd really like him."

She kind of glared, "I rather doubt that, Alex. So he doesn't know..."

"Oh no, Mom. I'm sure of that."

"And when he finds out?"

"It will never come to that, I promise, never."

She rolled her eyes, "I don't know about never, but you're grounded until Thanksgiving."

I felt a tremendous relief, I'd got what I had expected and was willing to have paid the price twice over. I just nodded and turned to go up to my room.

"Alex?"

"Mom?"

"What are *we* going to do, dear, about... this stuff."

"I'm a real girl Mom. When will you start to believe me?"

She held up her hands as if surrender, "Ok. Starting now, Alex. I'll treat you as my daughter... I'll *accept* you as my daughter but..."

"Mom?"

"You'll help me with the house, the chores, wash and iron your own dresses..."

"Dresses?" Could it be true? It was too much to believe.

"On one condition, you will never, ever be a loose girl, you understand me. No casual sex, no homosexual hanky-panky."

That seemed like a tall order but the immediate pay off was handsome. "And school?"

"Nothing changes there, Alex."

I understood her, completely, besides it wasn't really her call at school, they had a dress code which, for me, was a no dress code. "I'll be the most perfect daughter you've ever had."

She just rolled her eyes and turned back to the sink. "What's a mother to do?" She muttered to herself.

I wore one of Sally's old nylon 'teddies' to bed that night, you know the kind, really short and completely transparent. One of the advantages of having three older sisters was the huge surplus of women's clothing in the house. Sally and Cindy were out on her own now but they'd left a couple closets full of things and of course Kathy, who now only came home on weekends, already let me wear her things. It was probably too early to think about buying stuff of my own, being grounded and all, but you couldn't blame me if I did think about it.

I climbed into bed but not to sleep, I was still too excited. This had been one really special day starting with Kenny. He hadn't touched me, of course, though I was sure he wanted to do so. He left me just before two o'clock for class. No, it was Gary *someone* that had been my first actual conquest. Actually I didn't like Gary half as much as I had liked Kenny but beggars can't be choosers.

I'm sure the moment Gary saw me and Kenny together he'd made up his mind to have a go at me. I played uninterested at first which wasn't a real act at all because I was still thinking about Kenny and stuff. But a guy's serious attentions were more than enough

to turn my head. We hardly talked or anything and before you know it, we were petting.

No guy had ever kissed me and that first kiss spun me around like I was a toy top. Before you can say peek-a-boo, his hands were inside my sweater. Having a man touch my breasts was about a thousand times better than when I touched them and that was before he started sucking on me. Of course he went for my panties and I wasn't about to let him discover, you know, *it*. Anyhow, I gave him a blow job back behind the library. Never touched a man there before but the 'doing' it was a lot easier than I had imagined it could be. Anyhow, the more excited he became, the more excited I became. I hadn't cum in over two years and I assumed that I never would. I was wrong. Sex, real sex, was possible without a vagina, I knew that now and that was an exciting idea. I may not be whole but I was far from broken.

I was sure I'd have sex dreams tonight and they wouldn't be like the dead man's memories. Mom wanted me to put my sexuality back in the bottle but it had been a regular Pandora's Box that had been opened and not a mere bottle. Yeah, my life was just beginning and a cute guy didn't have to know about what was between my legs. Gary had stopped pawing at my crotch as soon as I went down on him. How difficult was that? Not at all.

A few minutes later Alex was asleep and I wasn't. It had been a full twenty-two hours since my insertion, twenty-two hours in which I was Alex, totally Alex. And yet here I was, some kind of monster 'dead-man's' memory as Alex called me. Alex was going to Hell in a handcart. Behavior like today could get us both killed and I wasn't ready to die, leastwise, not yet.

I had no viable means of control over this body. So how had Wendy, with her young charge, managed to avoid pregnancy and welfare checks, huh? I was more than just a set of memories else I wouldn't be having this um... thinking session? I was awake and Alex was asleep, so I tried to move an arm, nothing. I pictured exactly what might happen if Alex's little prick was discovered by a transient lover. A baseball bat came to mind and then, well, bloody horror followed. I felt 'our' body move, jerk. Hell, I thought, maybe I can influence this idiot through his dreams. I focused on the image I'd conjured up for myself and, a few seconds later, Alex cried out. Ok, I thought, it wasn't much, but it was a start. Kid you should listen to your mother if not to me.



I think it was my biology teacher in high school that said you are what you eat, anyhow, I'd eaten or at least absorbed literally too much of one Mr. Edward Hawkins and, in the process, neither him nor I were likely to survive entirely intact. It was but the second morning since I'd received that blast of 'old-man' memories only they were not exactly passive data anymore. Thoughts that were obviously not mine intruded into my stream of consciousness and vice versa. In the old man's words, I was making him queer by just being me and, to be honest, my confidence in my female essence was under attack. Anyhow, I woke up the next morning and masturbated, jerked off would be the more correct image. Trust me, the old Alex would not have done that.

But it was not a one sided victory for the old man, while I was playing with my 'tool', it was the idealized image of Kenny who was stroking my sweet feminine flesh. As can happen in such day dreams, I magically became 'complete' but the male that entered me wasn't Kenny any longer, it was the younger version of the old man, Eddy. And believe-you-me, it put us both off stride.

I was more male that I had ever been in my life of seventeen years, more male and less sure of my ultimate femininity. The process was called integration though neither Eddy nor I knew exactly where that was taking us. Saturday morning, five days after Eddy entered my mind, I had the most strange encounter, a signal, if you like, of the emerging composite that was 'us'. I was 'turned-on' by 'me'. It started in the shower, me covered in shampoo, my skin slick and my nipples erect and begging to be touched. I didn't even have to pretend that there was a male touching me for I was just male enough to do the task. My engorged penis attracted my feminine aspect as surely as my breasts received the attention of that emerging 'male'. I was a couple, a bonded 'pair', complete in one body. That was very strange.

Stranger still was when I went to Kathy's room to select my clothing for the day, after all it was Saturday and I was free to dress as I pleased. I'd pulled open the drawer to select some undergarments, a bra and panties, when it struck me. I picked up and held a pair of nylon briefs in my hands, the feel of the material was electric and initiated an erotic impulse quite unlike any I had ever felt before. Clothes to me had always been just clothes, something to wear or a means to project one's self image. There had never, ever, been even a trace of sexuality associated with the clothing itself. As

if things weren't already difficult enough, I was becoming a *transvestite* it seemed.

Why was this happening? Edward, the male, and Alex the female, were finding common ground, of a sort. Maybe it was a stupid sexual object choice thingy, Edward's lifelong heterosexuality responded to that which was feminine, which was me and the clothes I wore? It was damn stupid. I could no longer think of myself as female but rather as a lesser creature, a male that merely wanted to be female. The impulse was no less weak but I'd lost the certainty of my womanhood.

Images, memories, of what I had done at Mount Union College came back to haunt me. It had been so foolish, dangerous to do what I did, life threatening. I would be the 'good' girl that my mother wanted because I knew I was but a *pretend* girl. I was still on the path that I had been on before Edward but it was like almost starting over. Who was I, really? In the best of worlds I would be a girl, whole and complete but this wasn't the best of worlds. And yeah, I had a penis and it was no longer alien, as written in the Bible my rod and staff comfort me, how could it not, it was the very center of my sexual engine now. Damn Edward Hawkins, damn him to Hell.

Chapter 3

Alexandra

I'd taken the SATs back in the Spring term my junior year. As expected, I'd done super on the English and other 'soft' stuff like history and literature, all my scores were at or above the ninety-fifth percentile. Needless to say, all the math and science parts of the test had been a nightmare to me. The 'girl' me just had-

n't been interested in that 'guy' stuff nor did she have any confidence that she could ever master things like math, yuck. It was pretty well accepted back then that girls did think differently than boys or something. Anyhow, doing poorly at math and, say physics, kind of reinforced my world view, I was, after all a girl trapped in a boy's body. Which is to say I was pretty ok with how I'd done on the SATs.

All that was before Edward and I meshed together. In my head was five years of college level engineering and math and physics and chemistry. Throw into that something like forty years of actually working as an engineer, well, to be honest I had skills and knowledge that few people in the world had in nineteen-sixty-five. I knew Discrete Algebra which was little more than some guy's wet dream at the moment and talk about computer skills, robotics is very intensive in the computational aspects. Edward wasn't talking me into taking advantage of what was in my head for the simple fact that 'he' didn't exist anymore. Well, neither of us 'existed' to be honest. The new Alex-me was little more than a frustrated want-to-be trans-sexual or, more realistically, a homosexual transvestite with possible bisexual tendencies? Keeping or wanting to keep ones penis was a big deal and yes, I was cutting down on the hormones. I wanted to 'pass' and live as a woman but not actually 'be' a woman; ok, I wanted to be a woman but keep my dick in working order. And if I didn't take advantage of what was in my head now, I'd probably end up in a beauty shop cutting girls' hair and living with a boy friend in some dump in the wrong part of town. I could do better.

It was late in October and the Indian Summer had run its course. There was a definite 'nip' in the air though the sun was brightly shining when I got to

Kent State University. I was here to take the SAT exam in a 'do-over' on that Saturday morning. There were probably a half dozen of my classmates there as well but mostly it was kids I didn't know drawn in from half of North-Eastern Ohio. It wasn't a school day and I was dressed to the ultimate 'fem-me', three inch high heels, real nylons, a waist shrinking girdle and a very tight wool knit dress that showed all my gorgeous curves. I had enough padding in my bra to fill the 'C' cups which meant I was wearing huge cannons and enough paint on my face to pass as a French hooker. A quart of perfume allowed me to walk in a cloud of feminine atmosphere. I was over the top and deliberately so, being 'dressed' gave me a sustainable sexual high.

The woman at the registration desk found my name on the list and then looked up at me with a blank expression on her face, "Mr. Alexander Sanders?"

"Ma'am, that happens a lot. Cross out the -er on the end and put down -ra, its Alexandra, Miss Alexandra." I flashed her my widest smile. For a second I thought she was going to leave, possibly to find her supervisor, when the guy behind me spoke up.

"Christ, Alex, you always have to screw things up?"

The woman, who was already out of her seat stopped, "You know this young lady?"

Well Frank Myers rolled his eyes, "Yeah, but she sure ain't no lady, ma'am."

I don't know but his response seemed to satisfy the woman. It was perhaps enough that I was known and the phrase 'she sure ain't no lady' could be taken several ways. Anyhow, she handed me my ticket and, as I walked away, I gave Frank a little 'flippy' wave of my hand, ending with a bump and grind that would have

looked good on stage. Later, when the test pamphlets were distributed, there it was in bold black ink, my name: Alexandra Sanders. A giddy thrill ran delightfully through my body, of course it was a stupid thing to do, I really wanted this test score to count. It was kind of a war within a war.

When the test finally began and I read that first stupid math question, I knew, absolutely knew, I was going to ace this bugger.



It was near the end of November, just a few days before Thanksgiving break, when I got called into the principal's office. That was unusual, the principal's office? At worst it was always the assistant principal that handed out punishments and such. Dr. Grover, the principal was, for most student, a rather remote, commanding figure and hardly a real part of our school experience. It was a big office and I was thoroughly intimidated when the secretary led me inside to stand before that huge desk behind which sat the bald Dr. Grover. "Sir?" I said. My hands were flipping around like they always did when I was nervous, little birds attached to limp wrists. It was mannerisms like that that had always made my life difficult.

"Please sit." He waited until I eased nervously into the side chair and crossed my legs tightly at the knees. I'd finally forced my hands to lie there quietly in my lap. All the while Dr. Grover continued to study me and my behavior. I was extremely effeminate but he had probably already noted that years ago. Finally he shoved a folder across his desk, "Is that yours?"

It was a Xerox copy of the front page of my SAT exam I'd taken back in October, the one with the name Alexandra Sanders in bold black print. "Yes, Sir."

"Why would you do such a thing Mr. Sanders?" He didn't wait for me to answer. "When we received these test results, well, there was no Miss Sanders here at Salem Senior High School or in the county school district for that matter. I contacted Princeton Educational Testing about this discrepancy and this is what I received." He nodded toward the Xerox copy of my test booklet. "Normally it would be an easy matter to just, um, correct this small error. Are you listening Mr. Sanders? It would be but a small clerical error, easily rectified." He let out a long sigh, "Do you have any idea of what you did, Mr. Sanders?"

"No sir." It seemed to me however that he and the SAT people were being rather obnoxious over the whole matter. But what did I know? Two lousy letters: -ra verses -er.

"Mr. Sanders, your SAT scores... were at or near the hundredth percentile, across the board. Unofficially, you have the highest SAT overall score in the entire State of Ohio and you certainly rank in the top twenty, nationwide."

I smiled, "That's good, right?"

He leaned back in his chair, "You have absolutely no idea of just how good that is, son. You'll get recognition, offers of scholarships, and college recruiters will fall all over themselves competing for you, it's a very significant accomplishment. And may I say, it makes our school, your school, look very good. The whole city can and will take great pride in what you have accomplished."

I was grinning now. Scholarships? Money for college hadn't been a worry, my Dad had made sure of that, but it would have been tight none the less. Of course I knew that I owed it all to that old dead man, Edward Hawkins, bless his soul. It was his memories and well honed skills that had made it all possible.

"You think?"

He smiled and stood up extending his hand, "Congratulations, son."

As I reached across to take his hand he added, "It's just a matter of clearing up this little prank you played." He laughed, "This silly Miss Alexandra thing?"

I drew my hand back, "No sir. I am Alexandra, I really am."

"You're not a girl, son."

"Says you, says the world." I stepped back, "Are we done?"

He looked confused, almost frantic. "You can't be serious? You would pass up all this for..."

"Pass up? It's my work, Dr. Grover. "Does it matter? I don't think so. It's just a dumb test." I was trying to appear stronger than I really was. By the time I was back in the corridor, I was pushing back tears. But my heart was soaring none the less. First in the whole state? Yeah, no matter what, I wasn't doomed for a career in a beauty parlor cutting hair. I didn't go back to class, why bother. I headed home to change into something more comfortable. My ego was satisfied. Poor Dr. Grover, it was clear that he saw my performance as much of a victory for himself and the school as it was for me, maybe more so. And it was all, just out of reach for Dr. Grover.

Of course I could take the test over again if need be, but I wouldn't give away Alexandra's one and only accomplishment in her entire existence. Alexandra was me, my female aspect, and more real than the pseudo-male society demanded that I be. Too bad this wasn't say thirty years later, then I would have had a chance. In the sixties there was no closet to come out of, none.



I didn't go to school this morning so I had plenty of time to dress. I was wearing the school colors: a black skirt and red silk blouse. The skirt was long, down to my knees but very full, I was wearing two layers of petty coats underneath so the heavy wool skirt fanned out rather dramatically and my every movement was answered by the crinkly sounds of my petty coats. A wide black belt drew my waist into a delightful twenty-two inches. Patent leather red high heels and a black velvet choke collar completed my wardrobe, well that and the heavily padded 'C' cup bra, of course. I'd layered on the eye makeup but used no facial powder so my freckles could be seen running across the bridge of my nose and tickling the upper portions of my cheeks. And I was wearing a very glossy, red lipstick. I was stunning, if I say so myself, and, well, just a tad nervous.

Two days after my meeting with Dr. Grover, the old guy had actually come to my house. Mom, of course, had been on my case to 'correct' that clerical error ever since I had told her about the SAT scores. Anyhow, when Dr. Grover arrived it was about eight o'clock and I was in a plain cotton dress with my hair down and a

pink ribbon holding that red hair back and out of my face and I was in makeup, my face was 'done', naturally. He hadn't seen me dressed as a girl before and he seemed to be somewhat taken back, uncomfortable I think would be an apt description. Finally my mom came to my rescue, entering from the kitchen, she invited my Principal in and the three of us sat there awkwardly for a few moments, in the living room. That's when my mom sent me into the kitchen to make us some tea.

I could clearly hear them talking. As expected, Dr. Grover was making the same pitch to my mom that he had made to me. I suspect that he assumed that she would be more reasonable. Well I also assumed that she would be 'reasonable' which, for me, wasn't at all what I wanted. Both Dr. Grover and myself were wrong, it would seem. When he said, "Your son."

She corrected him, "My daughter."

Well I almost dropped the serving tray as I hurried back into the living room. I gave my mom all the appreciation that a mere smile could communicate but I said nothing as I sat down the service and began pouring the tea into mom's favorite tiny tea cups. I could feel Dr. Grover's eyes on me as I asked how he liked his tea. He took milk and no sugar.

Dr. Grover began talking again, essentially ignoring my presence. But this time my mom stopped him in his tracks. "There is no law against deciding to change one's own name, Dr. Grover. If Alex wishes to be called Alexandra, then so be it."

"But he is a boy."

"Is she?" She answered turning to look at me.
"When God made my dear Alex, I think he was con-

fused or not entirely sure in his purpose? Trust me, sir, I have spent years and years trying to pretend that my Alex was a boy, but that's all that I was doing, pretending. I have three older daughters, so I know something of daughters Dr. Grover, and may God strike me dead if I lie, Alex *is* a young woman."

The man sputtered, "One can't just willy-nilly chose one's sex, now can one?"

"Ah, but a name, Dr. Grover, is that cut into stone? I think not. Her name is what she says it is. If need be I'll post her new name in the newspaper, it's done all the time in the Classified section, or so it seems."

He licked his lips. He wanted what my performance meant to him, recognition. Schools lived off of academic recognition and nothing was better than exceptional SAT scores, truly exceptional SAT scores, the highest in the whole state. "So we are not talking about a change in our records, Alex is male."

She smiled, "If you say so."

"Just Alexander, a.k.a. Alexandra." He let out a long sigh. It was do-able, weird but hardly a legal question. Finally he looked at me, "I'll schedule an honors Assembly for the first of December and I'd appreciate it if you would attend as *the* honoree, Alex."

I nodded yes and he seemed relieved as he stood up nodded toward my mom and then left.

"Mom, you were..." tears were already streaming from my eyes making dark mascara tracks across my cheeks, "wonderful." I leaped into her arms and kissed her cheek.

But now it was the morning of December the first and the assembly was called for eleven a.m. There would be local reporters there, photographers, Dr.

Grover and all the teachers, of course. But most frightening of all, about six hundred students, the whole school. And none of them knew that I would appear, at the very last moment possible, dressed as I was, AS ALEXANDRA!



I assume that it is uncommon to be both honored and expelled from high school on the same day, actually in the same minute. A look of pure horror spread across Dr. Grover's face when I emerged from behind the heavy velvet curtain and joined him on the stage. He had completed his announcement in a phony publicity type manner, giving all the accolades that were possible without once saying my name. And then he called out, "Mr. Sanders, please join me here before your teachers and peers..."

As I said, a look of pure horror spread across his face as I pushed aside that curtain, my wide skirt 'crinkling' and my heels clicking. Light from numerous camera flashes hit my eyes and the applause, which was initially thunderous, broke down like a car running out of gas. Many of those sitting in the audience simply didn't recognize me and continued to clap but someone, in the far rear of the auditorium, screamed out "OH SHIT!" And then yelled, "IT'S THE FUCKING QUEER!" What applause that had survived died immediately as Dr. Grover grabbed my arm and yanked me back behind the curtain. His face was livid. He screamed something but I was already heading for the rear exit. It had all gone as I had expected it might, though to be honest, it was a little worst than even I had imagined it might be.

And, it is appropriate to say, my mom wasn't exactly pleased, not at all pleased when she found out what I had done. "Stupid," she said. Anyhow that night some kids threw a brick at our front window and dumped cow shit and trash on our lawn. The local paper the next morning did *not* include pictures of the ceremony held at school nor any factual description of what exactly had happened. The Youngstown newspaper, which was commonly read in Salem, did however include a picture of me in 'drag'. From the story in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, the Sunday edition, a few days later, one would scarcely realize that this had been a convocation in my honor for scholarship for all that had made it into print focused on my female impersonation. I was briefly famous in an infamous footnote. And yeah, Mom wouldn't need to post my a.k.a. 'Alexandra' announcement in the local paper any time soon. I might not achieved recognition as a 'real' girl but I was very well established as a 'cross-dresser', lord aren't labels 'great'?

The second time my mom had to call the local police, the very next night, it was suggested that perhaps I should go somewhere until tempers cooled down. "Somewhere?" My mom snapped. "My daughter has done nothing wrong. It's those *haters* you need to find."

Well apparently the chief of police didn't agree. Anyhow, Mom called Kathy and she was only too happy to take me in. She had an apartment now, in Cleveland. She was working in a doctor's office as a receptionist while completing her studies at the Nursing School she was attending. It was a small apartment and we would be cramped but that wasn't a problem for either of us. My life was about to advance a few paces forward.

That was the first time I'd heard about 'implants', it was the newest thing in cosmetic surgery and her boss was doing two-three every week. She showed me some pictures and my eyes were ready to pop out of my head. "I could have something like *that*?"

"I've been thinking about having the procedure myself," Kathy admitted. Other than Sally, my sisters were rather on the small size.

"You think..."

She looked at me and laughed, "If Mom approves." Her eyes were dancing as she gave me a hug.

I went to sleep that night with sugar plums dancing in my dreams, they were big sugar plums, about 'C' cup sized though I could live with Bs and they were conical and not fried eggs, sunny side up. And all of me seemed to approve, old man Edward had been a tit's man himself before he became part of me. They would never force me back into pants again.



Unlike Salem, Cleveland was a big city, well over a million people and there were even people like me there, Linda Lee Ann Smith, to be exact. Linda-Lee-Ann, she used all three names as if they were one name, apparently she like all three names and rather than choosing one over another decided to employ all three. She was pretty but hardly beautiful, growing up with male hormones had left her feet and hands too big and her voice, in spite of her best attempts to modulate how she sounded, was rather more of a baritone than soprano: there but for the birth con-

trol pills go I. Anyhow, she was there at the doctor's of-
fice seeking what I was seeking, *breasts*.



One would think getting breast implants would be the ultimate Christmas present for me, well it was that chance meeting with Linda Lee Ann that really mattered and was the 'real' present. She was a bubbly, open person and she sure liked to talk. I soon found myself telling her my life's story, I don't think that she had 'read' me, in fact, I'm almost positive that she hadn't. After I had my initial meeting with the doctor, I waited while she went in for her consultation. We had coffee together later that morning. I would discover that she was my very own 'fairy-godmother' just like in Cinderella. Oh yes, I did get those implants two days later but in the present context, my new boobies were the least of what I had received at the doctor's office. Linda Lee Ann gave me hope.

She sold real-estate, in fact she had a broker's license. "How in the heck?"

She showed me her driver's license, it was one of the new 'photo' I.D.s that the department of motor vehicles had just started issuing. "It's the best thing since sliced bread. Let me see yours."

Sure it was, it had a great big 'F' right there in the corner. I pulled mine out. It was the old style, no picture but that big 'M' sat there up in the right corner of that piece of paper as it always had. Never had one letter spelled so much trouble. She took my driver's license from me.

"Alex Sanders," she said reading my name off the card, "that's convent, could be male or female so we just leave 'that' alone unless you want to change it, do you?" I shook my head no. She then took out an eyeliner pencil and covered that noxious 'M' with a greasy smug. "There, go to the nearest DMV and get a new license."

“That’s dumb.”

She laughed, “It would be if they kept a centralized data base but they don’t. You’re not from around here, right?”

“Salem.”

“So?” she said as she handed me back my damaged card. “In two weeks, maybe four considering it’s the holidays, you will be “Miss Sanders. It’s amazing what that little card can do for you. Need identification, here’s my I.D. from the State of Ohio. Nobody ever asks for more.”

“Holy Cow,” I swore softly as I looked at my smudged driver’s license. “This isn’t legal.”

“Honey, when did legal ever helps the likes of us?”

Like I said, meeting Linda Lee Ann changed my life, forever. And yes, my new breasts were positively super. Kathy was right, a ‘B’ cup was more than enough for a slender gal like me, five foot four, one hundred and five pounds. More would have been over kill.



I got back to school in time to take my Fall term finals, aced them. And yes, I was in pants, blue jeans and very, very tight blue jeans they were. I had a soft flannel boy shirt and was not wearing a bra, needless to say, nor makeup but my new breasts made a mockery of my ‘male’ impersonation. I got sent to the nurse’s office but when she had me strip, well it was clear that she’d never seen implants before. These weren’t coming off. The nurse looked like she’s accidentally swallowed a worm. She left me setting there, sans shirt, and

ran to the Principal's office. Anyhow, I eventually took my exams at home, enough said?

The district employed a school psychologist and it was that young woman that came to my house the following day and sat as my proctor over the next two days. Miss Mary Carter, M.A. would, it turned out, be as significant in my life as Linda Ann Lee had been, and maybe more so. I think she was sensitive to my situation and yet she had no power to change what was obviously a very bad and probably unfair state of affairs. She was a bit stand-offish at first, I think like most people back then she thought me rather odd, well odd was an understatement in a world with only two sexes. But she was also smart and had some actual training in Psychology, it was the latter that gradually overcame her provincial exclusive two-sex world view.

It was the late afternoon on the second day and I had finished my exams almost an hour earlier. She was still there and that was a very good thing. My mom had returned from work and the three of us talked. Mary had read excerpts from Dr. Benjamin's book while she was a graduate student at Kent State, I think it was called the 'Trans-sexual Phenomenon' anyhow it challenged the idea that things like 'gender' and 'sexual object choice' were *learned*. Now Psychology at Kent State was very much an 'environmental deterministic' school, so Dr. Benjamin's book hadn't been well received however my Mom convinced Mary that I had always been this way, completely feminine. I think Mary was beginning to appreciate the injustice of the whole system.

"You know Alex," she finally said, "you don't have to graduate from high school to go to college." Both my mom and I looked startled. "It's called special admis-

sions and with those SAT scores, Kent State would snap up in an instant.”

“And how would that change anything,” I said thinking about my school record most particularly the ‘male’ aspect. Going to college as a male would be, at best, only a slight improvement over my current situation. Besides, KSU was just a new university which means, I could do better, a lot better in terms of academic prestige.

“You could enroll as a female. It’s really not exactly legal but not exactly illegal either if you don’t falsify the existing records.”

“Huh?” That was confusing.

“Apply without a high school transcript, it’s done all the time. Not everyone goes to public schools and not all private schools are accredited.” She turned and looked at me, “It would be like starting with a blank slate, one Miss Alexandra Sanders, SAT scores in hand, a piece of cake. Spend a couple of terms there and then... transfer if you like to... wherever.”

“I walk in, hand them my SATs and...”

“Right. You’ll have to take a bunch of placements tests but you could start on the third of January; they’re in the quarter system you know.”

“Seriously? In a few weeks?”

“Seriously. I would however recommend that you seek ‘off campus housing’ though you could commute from Salem. What would you like to major in Alexandra?”

“Electrical Engineering.” I looked at my mom, she looked completely surprised, as I expected she would be by that statement.

Chapter 4

Alex & Eddy

I might have Edward Hawkins' memories and skills, that was fully apparent when I took the academic placement tests in the period between Christmas and New Years day, but I certainly didn't have his brain. There is a lot more to being an engineer than a skull full of 'facts'. Like most 'girls' I had superior verbal intelligence but, unlike most successful engineers, my 'spatial' or non-verbal intelligence was, well, marginal? I know it sounds funny, but according to the psychology graduate student that administered the I.Q. test, my inability to solve problems in three dimensional space was going to be a serious liability at least if I majored in Engineering. He had no reason to lie nor, in fact, did I have a clue as to how to manipulate those test blocks in his test kit. I had been slammed up against the wall all too many times in my life by things out of my control to ignore this warning.

I signed up for the standard array of general education courses that most undeclared majors took: World History 101, English Composition 101, Speech 100 and Chemistry 101. And yeah, I was allowed to take Calculus for Engineers 202. My calculus class experience lasted precisely as long as the first lecture, I dropped it that same morning and enrolled in Folk Dancing, which also counted toward my physical education requirements, and College Algebra. There may be a life time of engineering knowledge stuffed inside my head but I was still Alex and nothing had changed that. Funny, but that rude experience of discovering that I had intellectual feet of clay, was a comfort to me. I was still Alex, a 'real' girl that wanted desperately to be ac-

cepted as a 'natural' girl and not some dead engineer with a passion for robotics and a woman named Wendy.

I had a room in a house not two blocks from the main campus commons. There were seven of us 'girls' that shared that grand old house and I had my own room, naturally, in the attic. More importantly for me I had a tiny but functional bathroom with a shower and toilet all to myself. I think had I not found that arrangement that I would have been forced to commute from Salem which was a good forty-minute drive each way in good weather and when was weather 'good' in North-Eastern Ohio in the Winter?

I hadn't had a peer group since I was about five or six, but the girls in the house accepted me for whom they thought I was, a new freshman and, more important to me, as one of *them*. They were all juniors except Claudia, who was, like me, a freshman. It was unusual for freshman girls to be in housing off campus, in fact, it was all but required that freshmen spend the first year in a dorm. I soon found out why Claudia was there, she had been expelled from the dorm in the middle of the Fall Quarter. Anyhow, I had never felt such peace, such delightful hope, in my entire life. And yes, I found the course work demanding, even College Algebra, so, initially there was little time for socializing beyond what took place inside our house as a matter of necessity.

I wouldn't say that I now had six girl friends, certainly not initially. We were roommates, yes, and, over time we might really become friends. But that they treated me as just another girl was, well, so sweet and I promised myself to make this work. The first problem that we had centered on, would you believe it, was

clothes. I had a more than natural attraction to pretty, feminine things, especially sexy under garments, high heels, tight skirts and lots of exposed cleavage. And for the first time in my life I was free to explore that aspect of my sexuality. It almost became a major problem between me and my roommates.

Kent State University was rated in the top ten campuses nationally by Playboy magazine last Fall, an honor which was received with a decidedly mixed reaction among the co-eds. There were two distinct classes of women on campus, those that were working on their MRS degree and those that weren't. Most of the co-ed who had a serious attitude about their education wore blue jeans and old sweatshirts or some other combination that rather underplayed their sexual charms. The others, well they looked like females decidedly on the make. My roommate were of the serious student variety and they quickly placed pressure on me and my dress style.

I had promised myself that never again would I be forced back into pants and yet there I was being forced to chose between my lovely, sexy clothing and my new 'potential' social acceptance. Ironic or perhaps predictably, peer pressure won out. To be a 'real' girl I had to wear pants, gosh. By the end of January, I was all settled in. There is a definite pattern to a life as a co-ed. Studies first and, yes, boys a definite second. Even dressed in jeans and sweats, there was no shortage of interested boys for the girls at our house. At Kent State almost seventy percent of the students were male and even though the MRS 'babes' got all the attention and then some, there was plenty of men to go around. The sexual revolution wasn't yet in high gear but more and more young women were now on the pill.

Sexual intercourse before marriage no longer was as forbidden as it had been but a decade earlier but it still wasn't 'in' either. Which is to say, for the girls in our house, guys didn't, as a rule, hit home runs but getting on to third base was certainly common. Coming into the living room and finding one's roommate half undress, making out, became pretty common at least on weekends. Girls even took guys to their rooms but again they probably weren't having intercourse unless, well, they were serious about the guy, real serious. It was a time of transition and not yet the sexual revolution. And it was peer pressure more than anything else that held down the lid. None of us wanted to be seen as 'loose'.

I was probably the only one in the house that wasn't 'dating', not that I didn't want to do so. Being found out could and probably would spoil everything, especially my new social base. It was a Saturday night early in February when Claudia came up the stairs to my attic room. "Mind?" She said.

I turned away from my desk, the only light in the room was from my desk lamp. "Heck no. Math bores me to tears."

Claudia was wearing blue jeans and a tee shirt, no bra and her face wasn't made up. She would never go out like that and the history book in her hand suggested that she had been studying. "Debbie," she said as if that name were explanation enough in itself.

She shared a room with Debby, a large room on the second floor. "Boy friend?"

Claudia nodded. It was pretty common for the girls to get out of each others' way, especially if it involved a 'date'. They would leave a sock, an ordinary white ath-

letic sock, on the door knob as a 'do-not-disturb' sign.
"Mind?"

"No problem," I turned back to my Algebra homework. Behind me, the light beside my bed flicked on. I heard her sit down on my bed and fluff up the pillows. I took a peek over my shoulder, she had the World History book open and was reading. "Which chapter are you guys on?"

"Persia."

"One of my favorites, I mean," I turned to face her, "the whole thing with Alexander the Great and..."

She was peeking over her book at me, "If you say so. Me, it's just about a bunch of dead people." She was still looking at me as she put the book down. "How come you never date?"

That floored me. "Um... I haven't found anyone I like?" I hadn't meant it to sound like a question.

"You think?" She said as she dropped the book on the floor. "You ever kiss a girl?"

I blushed, "Other than my mother? Why?"

She shrugged and flopped back on the pillow and began studying the ceiling, "I don't know. Just curious I guess."

"Do I look like one of *them* or something?" I didn't have to explain what I meant by one of them, a lesbian. The National Organization for Women was 'assumed' to be full of *them*. And a lot of girls on campus were interested in creating a better, fairer world for women, why shouldn't they be, one didn't go to college to learn to become a secretary. So 'NOW' was 'in'. Nobody was screaming 'women rights' yet, but the seed had been

well planted, men were the problem and not the solution.

“Oh, come on Alex, you?” She laughed. Lesbians were supposed to look and act like guys, ok, that was the existing stereotype anyhow. She grew more serious, “Sometimes I wish I was a lesbian, you know. Guys can be so fucked.” She reached down and retrieved her book and went back to reading.

I turned back to my homework but I wasn't thinking about the problem before my eyes. I had always been curious about what it would be like to kiss a girl. I wasn't exactly sure of what was important to me in the sexual department. Now being a girl, that was important to me, but that was about who I was. And I sure would have no problem with having sex with a guy if he had no problem having sex with me. But doing it with a real girl... My uncertainty was not fully reflected by my dick. I hadn't grown a woody but I wasn't entirely dead below the waist either. There was just no way I could get back to that math. “Claudia?”

“Umm?”

“I'd be willing to try it if you are willing?”

“Huh? Alex? Are you nuts? I was just talking out loud.”

I was suddenly very embarrassed, I could feel the heat rise on my face. “Sorry. Just a flaky idea, ok?”

She left about thirty minutes later when the voice of her roommate called out: “I'm leaving Claudia.” Claudia gave me a curious look but said nothing about our conversation as she made up my bed and gather up her things before leaving. She gave my shoulder a squeeze, kissed me on the cheek and said, “Thanks.”

In spite of everything, that left me with a warm glow. We were still friends. Ok, so I was a bit insecure but then I'd had every right to be insecure. Claudia was more precious to me as a friend than she could ever be as a lover.



Freshman Chemistry was more about memorization of the basic 'facts' than it was about problem solving. Which is to say, I was an ace in chem. The old-man-memories could carry me through most of the undergraduate curriculum short of real problem solving. Most of the chem. labs assignments had been written back in the stone age and I was tutoring Brad Black, a junior and a bonehead. He was, however, quite the hunk and when I started using the kitchen table as my tutoring site, my rep in the house went up tenfold. Every girl in the house found an excuse to 'visit' the kitchen that first evening. You see Brad was the quarter back for the Golden Flashes and quite the catch. Next year he would be the B.M.O.C. and, to be honest, girls can be quite as stupid as guys sometimes. Brad was beautiful and charming in a very sexy way but with the intelligence of a jackass. Ok, there are some smart jackasses so I apologize to the species. Oh I found him sexy enough so I wasn't immune to his considerable charms but he really was the male equivalent of the dumb blond, just more hands, and that aspect really turned me off. Apparently the girls never got beyond that exterior 'hunk'. I wasn't about to fall in love with Brad but in lust? The latter was a serious possibility.

If he put as much effort in learning chemistry as he did in trying to 'lay' me, I think the tutoring might

have worked out. The first session went well enough, though all I think he remembered was my breasts, leastwise, that's where his eyes rested most of the time. It was good for my ego and great for my rep but as to my teaching skills, it was a total zero. Anyhow that first session went by without me getting seriously groped, to that extent he was trainable. It was a double edged sword however, part of me wanted to be swept up by his physical attentions. I suspect I might have given him mixed messages.

He asked me out after our fourth tutorial session. It was my first date- *ever*. I spent the whole Saturday afternoon getting ready. I had an excuse to wear all that swell clothing that I hadn't been able to wear. A black basic cocktail dress with my super boobs all but hanging out (a lacy black and well padded demi-bra made that possible), four inch heels, also in black, naturally and a string of fake pearls. My beautiful red hair now fell well below my shoulders and my makeup covered all of my freckles including those above my breasts. I was sweet, young and very sexy if I say so myself and when Brad showed up, he was as gorgeous as always and, wearing a sports coat and tie, utterly handsome.

We went to dinner over in Akron, he had a car. It was a big, expensive restaurant and yes, we weren't carded. I had my first taste of a cocktail, a martini, before dinner. It went to my head, as did the wine with dinner, all of that made me even more pliable than I was before, which was quite enough already. Dancing, which I wasn't very good at, and more drinks followed. I was all his that night. Too bad I wasn't all girl because I knew exactly what 'she' would have done.

Well she did 'do it' that night, and not in the back of Brad's car either. He was too drunk to drive and the

motel was on the next corner from where we had gone dancing. Had I not been drunk as well, I would never have agreed to stop at the motel. One sobers up rather abruptly when the naked reality of what was expected looms ever so largely. I had a dick and not a pussy, ok? That was a major drawback don't you think? I'd already given him a blow job but that wouldn't be enough, not tonight. I escaped into the bathroom, locking the door behind me. That pretty young red head that looked back at me from the mirror was scared, ok, terrified. A few feet away was a big, powerful man that might rip my head clean off from my shoulders were he to discover what I really was. How can one have intercourse and hide the fact that I had a dick?

A few minutes later, I was on my back and he was *inside* me. That alone would have made that moment unique in my life. He was inside my body, thrusting. His passion audible for the world to hear. I was still wearing my garter belt and nylons, he didn't seem to mind that, in fact he found me sexy when I came out still in my high heels and nylons- all but naked. The all-but-naked was critical of course. Trapped inside that garter belt was my dick which even the most limited examination would have put a lie to my full womanhood. I used my breasts to distract him and keep his hands away from my balls which absolutely refused to stay in my body cavity. It was I that guided his swollen cock into my butt orifice and youth and virility did the rest.

I was so preoccupied, scared, that I can't say I really enjoyed the experience. I felt more relief than pleasure when he finally came in a hot bloom of heat inside me. He was so huge, powerful and I felt like a piece of rare China, very, very breakable- crystalline. He willingly sucked my breasts afterwards but soon fell asleep.

Lord help me, I must have a guardian angel. I let him sleep for a few hours before waking him up. "I can't stay out all night Brad." I didn't have to explain any more than that, I was fully dressed and ready to hit the door if that became necessary. A gal's reputation was everything and besides, he already had another notch he could cut on his gun butt. I had 'gone-all-the-way' and survived. I would remember that astounding fact forever.

Next morning I was at the large sink in the pantry washing out my things. I'd just picked up my garter belt. I'd cum inside it, so clearly Brad had had some significant sexual impact on me last night. I didn't even remember cuming but then I'd been too scared to think straight from the moment I'd left the bathroom clad only in my nylons, garter belt and heels. What I did last night was absolutely dumb and surely I could never do *that* again.

"Well-hello?"

I jerk as Claudia took my garter belt out of my hand. "Is this what I think it is? Euuu... Brad came on your belly?"

I was flustered as I yanked back my soiled garment and thrust it into the soapy water. "Is that a problem?"

"Cool," she said as she gave me a hug. "I got to tell *all* the girls..."

"I rather you didn't, ok? Claudia?"

She stopped and looked concerned, "So you're serious about him?"

"Oh, heck no. He's just another pretty boy. I just don't want to be seen as... common."

She laughed, "Brad isn't just another pretty boy, honey."

"Yeah, but honestly? He's a bit of a dummy. And," I tapped my chest, "he doesn't do anything for me, you know, in my heart?"

She sighed, "I know. I want someone 'special', we all do." She winked, "So I'm telling the girls anyway." She was gone, leaving behind only a girlish giggle.

So girls count notches too? I guess I shouldn't have been surprised.



What Claudia had said that morning after my 'date' with Brad was absolutely true, I wanted someone special in my life, someone with whom I could be myself. Who could accept me as me, whole and complete with no tricks like that garter belt. Like that was going to happen? Anyhow, Brad returned like a bad penny, again and again. I refused him sex each time. I guess once a woman gave herself to a guy, the gal had no right to say no. That very brief affair ended on a sour note but not before he let it be well known that we'd slept together, like sleep was ever the issue? He did pass freshman chemistry that quarter so that was something, I guess.

I aced all my classes but I was no wiz kid. I knew better. In the sciences and math, I was like water in a swamp, just a few inches deep and a lot of sticky mud just below. I would never be an engineer like Eddy that old guy inside me, I should say, like Eddy's memories. He was as feminine as me now, he-she-it-*me* were one entity, fused and forever female. It was a complete acci-

dent when I stopped at the bookstore at the end of the quarter to look at a book on Fortran. Computer programming was so utterly primitive in nineteen sixty-six. And there it was, my future. I might not make much of an engineer but computers listened to voices spoken in *languages*.

Pascal was just a budding language and C was yet to be thought of, both were 'structured' languages and represented the core of the modern age, the future modern age. Without C there would be no windows environment. I was going into computer science. Before I left for the quarter break, I declared my major. It wasn't even a proper field yet, it certainly didn't stand alone. The single mainframe on campus filled a whole floor and had the power of a twentieth-first century digital watch, just the major for a girl with a digital dick. I couldn't build me a bridge but I sure could make a computer set up and beg. I would take Assembly Language programming which was not a very girlish thing to do but it sure didn't take 'spatial' intelligence, now did it?

I was invited into the honors program at the end of Winter Quarter. It wasn't my performance that quarter that caused them to push the honors program on me, it was, of course, those exceptional SAT scores. The administration expected big things of me, like I was a genius. I certainly couldn't tell them about that 'ghost' inside me. I was no genius, just a young girl with an old man's memories. Which is to say, I never let all that attention turn my head. By the end of the Spring Quarter, I would be nominated for a full scholarship. But that was still in the future. First I had to survive the break between the Winter and Spring quarters. I was going home, back to Salem. I would be that 'sissy boy' again. Boy don't you just hate reality?



“Don’t tell me it was a door knob, ok?”

I knew I looked like hell only I felt worse. I was wearing a lop sided grin which wasn’t a grin at all but the result of being punched in the mouth leaving half my lip all swollen and twisted into a grimace. Both my eyes had been blackened but my right eye was still too puffy to see out of so I felt like an old time pirate without the eye patch. My nose had been reset but remained swollen and felt twice the size it had been.

“Car accident,” I said to Claudia. She didn’t look like she was buying that explanation. I couldn’t tell her the truth that some of my classmates from high school had caught me alone, just behind the indoor movie theater on States Street, and would have beaten me to death if a cop hadn’t happen by. As it was, the cop had actually watched for a few minutes before intervening.

After a brief visit to the Salem City Hospital, mom had driven me back to Kent. It wasn’t safe to go home and I probably wouldn’t be returning- *ever*. Anyhow, I hadn’t expected to see Claudia or any of the girls during the break. I was wrong. And there I was all pain and embarrassment. This wasn’t something I wanted to share with her or anyone. “Just leave me alone, ok?” I pushed past her and walked up the stairs to my room. I had bruises all over my body that hurt worse than my face but at least they were hidden and could be ignored. My poor breasts might never recover or so it seemed.

It was doing the break that I saw a bunch of high school students being led around the campus. They were on a guided tour, a chance to check out the school. It wouldn’t have meant much of anything to me

normally except there *he* was: *Edward Hawkins*. The truth was he had applied to University of Pittsburgh and was on the waiting list for admission, I knew that or rather the old guy memories in my head did. Kent State was like the bottom of his wish list, the very bottom, more like: the if-all-else-fails school. The grimace on his face said it all, he wasn't impressed.

I was impressed or rather I was utterly devastated as if a bomb had gone off inside my heart. There was a profound, almost supernatural, force at play. An uncanny recognition that there, rapidly walking past me, was my *soul mate*. That no one born or yet unborn was so totally compatible with my essential essence. The feminine 'me' resonated with the totally masculine 'he', like two tuning forks vibrating at precisely the same frequency but reversed in phase. It was love and lust at first sight, for me at least. I was captured by his gaze and rendered immobile, mute. I'd completely forgotten exactly how banged up my face was, that puffy nose and half swollen lip with the obscene smile.

His gaze flicked past me all too quickly and then, once again free, I turned and watched his back as he walked away. Needless to say that magical moment had been entirely unilateral and remained so. He was so utterly hunky. Massive shoulders sat upon a trim and yet powerful torso and perfect buns twisted and rolled with each manly step. I had grown a full woody which threatened to escape from my panties and my nipples were twisted into vivid points. I restrained myself from hurrying after him. And when, finally, he disappeared from view, I sat down on the lawn to collect myself. So that was probably why Wendy had sought out Edward in the last cycle, she wasn't merely trying to make a better life for him and her, she surely had

been captured by that same potent, overpowering compulsion.

Was this boy the focal point of some essential, fundamental power or merely the fact that so much of me was in reality 'him'? Had Plato been right when he suggested, tongue in cheek, we were all looking for our lost 'half'; beings that had once been male and female, complete, had been torn apart by the gods creating 'half' beings: one male and one female? As I sat there on the grass I could almost feel the earth revolve on its axis underneath me. Eddy was my 'other' half, my male self. I knew at that moment that I would do anything, go anywhere, risk my life, my very soul to capture and re-united with that missing half. There was destiny at work and I was but a mere cog in the universal machinery.

I didn't see him again that week nor in the following weeks of the Spring Quarter. I knew where he lived, where he would be, I even knew that in an earlier cycle he'd met and married Wendy. That he did so the last time around bothered me but July fourth, nineteen-seventy was more than four years away. Over Easter break I went up to Cleveland to visit my sister but, more importantly to have a head-to-head with Linda-Lee-Ann.

"I know it's possible to have sex with a man without him discovering... um, that stuff between my legs. I mean I did it, ok? But it was damn scary. Are there any... um, tricks to doing that?"

Well the trans-woman looked at me with a sad expression, "You should never do that, honey. It's too dangerous." She continued to look at me, "He's straight, right?" I nodded. "And special?"

"Way too special, honest Linda-Lee-Ann. I'll tell him eventually, but I just can't tell him now."

"Telling him later will make it worse, most likely, honey. Be up front..."

"He doesn't know me at all, not yet."

"So how can you be sure 'he's-the-one'."

"I just am. So there is nothing you can tell me..."

"Oh I can show you how to hide your testicles and make your penis almost invisible, it's uncomfortable as hell." She stopped and took my hand, "But if he is really special, you'll still not have sex with him until you have told him the truth about your condition."

I groaned, "Like how is that supposed to work?"

"Protect your virginity as if you are a nun."

"I'm not a virgin."

"Does he know that?"

"Of course not, we haven't even talked."

She rolled her eyes, "Well start talking," she laughed. "Even if he really wants you, physically, you can make him wait."

"For how long?"

"As long as it takes. Alex he will have to really love you to accept you *as you are* and if he never loves you, well then it doesn't matter, now does it? Anyhow I can show you how to hide your extra body parts so he doesn't discover them while making out, that would be dreadful. But you got to promise me, don't even think about having intercourse, ok honey? I don't want to visit you at the morgue."

Chapter 5

Ronnie

The entity that once was Edward-Wendy found herself drawn into an active stream of consciousness. It was male this time, a young man setting in a classroom. There was little time to reflect before she and her own ghost, Edward, would begin to lose their collective identity. The transition should be easier this time she hoped. She had no expectations of actually taking possession of this boy. The aspects of herself that had been Edward would surely help in the eventual accommodations that would have to be made, unlike the first time when 'she' had been Edward and found himself trying to cope with the essential fact that he was now a 'mush-headed' teenage girl. However the entity Edward-Wendy, that is 'me', was predominantly female having spent the last forty-seven years as such, so maybe this was no improvement at all. How would a young man feel having an 'old' woman's memories? It was at this moment that that coherent stream of consciousness that was 'me' was abruptly swamped.

I am Ronald Everheart, aged seventeen, born and raised in Canfield, Ohio. You probably never heard of Canfield unless you were a local, it was a tiny village, a wide space on the state highway between Salem and Youngstown but the county fair was held here every Fall so I guess that counts for something. Anyhow, Mr. Price, the track coach, was in the middle of a lecture. He really was a track coach and not much more than that but the school administration had to give him something to teach, so he was up there explaining psychology to us at this very moment. What a joke that was. I discovered earlier in the term that if I read a chapter ahead from the textbook, I could ask old man

Price questions he couldn't answer and everybody but Price loved that. Anyhow, he no longer called on me when I raised my hand, nor was I about to do so at this moment.



It was like my head was suddenly filled with memories that weren't my own. Part of me wanted to just jump up screaming but most of me was just fascinated. There was an old woman there but with the least little effort I could also see her as both young and very pretty. It sure beat that dumb lecture Mr. Price was giving. And then I saw her naked, no, more than naked... whoa! I must have gasped because Tony, who sat beside me in the very back of the classroom, gave me a quick, concerned glance. Fuck me, but I was getting fucked, alright? I could feel this guy's dick inside me like I was that chick, I mean, for real. Anyhow, I'd grown a double hard woody and if this sexy daydream didn't stop soon I'd cum, right there in my pants. It was super cool and completely cockeyed at the same time.

The next thing I knew I was up and running for the door. Mr. Price yelled out something and I told him I was going to throw up. Anyhow, I wasn't worried about throwing up. I hit the boys' bathroom door on the run, took a stall and closed the door. I was cuming even before I got my pants all the way down and, trust me, I hadn't hardly even touched my dick yet.

I was still sitting there cleaning up the mess when I heard the school bell ring. That marked the end of class and the last class of the day, thank God. Memories, like a huge book of them and the more I 'looked' around in this 'book' the stranger it got. I found this old guy and he and this woman were married or maybe they weren't, that was confusing. It was like two people in my head but to be clear, she was much more sharply defined, more immediate. In a moment I was experiencing 'child birth' and that was no place for a guy to be. I quickly shut my eyes and tried to see something, anything else. And then I discovered real horror.



Five roads came together at the center of Canfield village forming a traffic circle and in the center of that raceway was a small park, it was called Village Central Park and it had always been called that. I took a seat on one of the benches under an old oak tree. In the Fall of nineteen-sixty-seven, just two years from now, it would be re-named The Ronald Everheart Memorial Park, I know because one of my ghosts had been there at the dedication ceremony and anti-war rally. Sometime near the end of nineteen-sixty-six, six months after graduating from high school here in Canfield, I was killed in Vietnam and brought home to be buried. I had laid in state in the old Morgan Mortuary which was just across the street from me at this very moment. It was a closed casket affair for obvious reasons. I was the first man from the County to die in that non-war. It was a big thing then, to be the first of what would eventually be many local young men to die in that distant land. It was only the Fall of nineteen-sixty-five as I sat here in 'my' park. I had maybe fourteen months to live. Yeah, I was in a state of shock. My personal ghosts hadn't known me but they knew 'of me'. Was I going mad or what? I'd expected to get drafted, what guy my age didn't. I wasn't college material. Even if I had the grades, my old man didn't have the money and without a college deferment, I would most certainly be drafted. And then, die? At the age of eighteen, having never really lived. Thanks for nothing.

I was half afraid to explore these memories any further but, of course, my curiosity made that impossible. Old man Hawkins had taken a time machine to travel back into his personal past only to become one Miss

Wendy Kawowski who then became old man Hawkins' wife, now try to figure that out? I guess, that wasn't enough for him, he or rather 'she' came back again and plopped into yours truly but that was a bad landing, right, 'cause I had just a year to live? They were as fucked as I was. As I watched the cars moving around the traffic circle, I mused: that future didn't have to be 'my' future. I could run away, go to Canada or... something.

I borrowed my old man's car that afternoon. He'd be pissed when he came out of the factory and had to walk home. Well, so be it, I was running on a short string. It was but a short drive over to Youngstown, to Miss Kawowski's house. I pulled up to the curb and sat there. Just being there was a jarring experience. Ordinary streets and common lower class houses weren't ordinary anymore. Names of people 'she', Wendy, knew bubbled through my consciousness like my brain was about to boil over. I was being flooded with her childhood memories. Over there was an old maple tree that I had... no that *she* had climbed ever so often. That house on the opposite side of the street had home written all over it, her home of course, not mine. But her memories were absolutely as real as if I'd lived them. It was like I had three childhoods inside me and hers, at the moment, threatened to become the only memories that were relevant. I almost got out of the car but, in the last instant, I fought back the urge. I'm not sure what might have happened to me had I walked up to that house.

Moments later a gaggle of teenage girls, probably middle school, perhaps freshmen high schoolers, made an untidy and noisy parade past my car. One of them broke out of the group, crossed the street and turned and waved at her friends before scampering into 'her'

house. I recognized her instantly for I'd seen that face a thousand time reflected back from a mirror, she was me or rather that female inside me. Lots of baby fat, cubby but already the beautiful woman she would become was evident if one knew how to look. The instant attraction I felt for her was potent, dangerously so. She was still just a child and not the woman she would become and I was ill equipped to deal now with what had to be the old woman rising from her grave, threatening to overwhelm my consciousness. I put my dad's old Ford into gear and drove off, all too aware of that being inside me, that man-woman fused together. The old man was trapped 'inside' the old woman and had been for a life time it seemed. Now more queer than straight, he and she were forever entwined. Was that also the fate of the old man-woman, now trapped inside me? Would he-she become mannish as the old man had become sissified that is to say would my essential self re-molded the two of them into a new man-woman-man me?

This was no fluke, no idle brain madness that had gripped me this afternoon. I had a bi-sexual monster inside me, now how weird was that. And I'd just seen the female part of it, young and alive, even if it was old and dead. It was very, very confusing. One thing was certain though, it seemed to be empowered by those familiar images. As I drove away from Wendy's neighborhood, I could feel its power over my consciousness weaken and then, finally slip into a muted background 'noise'.

I had thought that I would drive over to Warren and check things out there, one Edward Hawkins in particular, but this experience with Wendy's old neighborhood was unnerving to say the least. Wendy had loved Edward. I didn't want to think about what might

happen were I, with this bi-sexual thing inside me, to meet Edward in the flesh. Would I feel its passion for that guy? It seemed all too likely and all too creepy. I decided to get the car back to my dad before he got out of work. I wasn't ready to meet the Edward guy, ever.



It was late in October which meant I had roughly just a year and a few weeks to live, I would die near the middle of December the following year in Nam. In spite of my distractions, I'd never done better in school than this term, especially in math. My old man was against my taking the SATs, it was a waste money he said. Nobody in our family had ever gone to college, we were working stiffs, the salt of the earth. Why in the heck did I want to go to college anyway? However he did, eventually, give me the money to take the test. It was my last chance since I'd not taken the test last Spring when it was free at school. I had never been on a college campus before and Kent State seemed pretty swell, especially the girls. There was a really sexy red head just a couple people ahead of me as I stood in line to get my test ticket punched. I bet she wasn't scared. Of course girls had it made, they didn't have to worry about the draft and a gal like that red head probably didn't have to worry about anything, all she had to do was wave her swell tits in a guy's face and... I heard her name: Alexandra Sanders. I sure wanted a piece of that.

That thing with Edward Hawkins still lurked in the back of my mind. Oh, it more than lurked there, sometimes select memories came out and pranced around in my brain, him and me naked. Me in the body of the gal

Wendy and him porking me. Mostly I was a regular guy, like wanting that red head, ok? Since those old-new memories had come however, I was a bit less ordinary. I could imagine being with a guy, especially Edward, but really I'd be more comfortable with a gal like that red head, or so I hoped.

My ghosts were no longer distinctive 'parts' of me. The three of us were one now and that fact had been true for weeks. I hadn't lost my sexual interest in girls but damn if I didn't see guys a lot differently now. Thank God I hadn't felt a strong urge to experiment with that aspect of the new me.

I did good, real good on that test, well, the math-science parts anyway. I wasn't that much into English and stuff and, apparently, neither were my ghosts. Anyhow, I guessed at a lot of the other stuff which wasn't probably very good. I'd pretty much made up my mind, if I didn't get into a college, I'd get out of the country. Later I watched that red head as she walked across the campus, I really enjoyed that, I surely did. And the way she moved her hips, I'd give my left nut to ball her.



The next six months were dominated by work, after school and weekends. I bagged groceries, dug ditches, shoveled cow shit and anything else that paid a dime. My dad was impressed, especially the way I took to saving every cent I earned. And in April, when I was accepted into the program at Kent State, my old man took me to the bank and counter signed for a student loan. Even though he didn't say as much, I think he was proud of me and, well, surprised because I'd never

been the student type. Little did he know that without the student deferment, I was a dead man walking.

Immediately after graduation I got my preliminary draft notification, thank God I was able to show them my deferment papers. Anyhow, I still had to go through the physical exam over in Youngstown, that was pretty standard, I guess. It turned out to be an incredible experience, one that I would never forget. You see, that hot red head I saw at Kent State, the one with the really good moves and swell tits. Hell, she was there and... she was a guy.

A guy could take one look at her and know that she shouldn't be there. Not taking a physical exam for the Selective Services, for Pete's sake. I was near the back of the line when she handed the sergeant her papers. The sergeant didn't bat an eye. He read off her name in his loud voice: "Sanders- Alexander, reporting." The clerk took down the name, also without batting an eye lash, and then handed this red head queer a processing form. I guess a lot of guys had been coming in dressed as gals perhaps trying to get a psycho- deferment, at least I'd heard of that happening.

All of us were eventually herded into a large locker room, assigned a locker and told to strip. And there just a few feet away from me was that queer. Needless to say all of the guys made an effort not to watch 'him' strip but when those swell boobies came bouncing out of that bra, well, we sure did look. If he was embarrassed, he didn't show it. But he wasn't comfortable either, that was obvious by the way he clenched his jaws and, by his gaze, he seemed to be looking into another world, one that definitely didn't include 'us'. Anyhow, other than that little dick, it was still difficult to see him as a him if you know what I mean.

Now a lot of guys were probably ready to puke, you know. Maybe I would have felt the same way a few months earlier but not now. A third of me, memory wise, was female and these were strong memories. You might say I was a lot like him, inside if not outside, part of me was male to be sure but, like him, part of me was definitely all female. And even if he was handling this situation well, he must feel like he was in Hell, were the roles reversed, I sure would have been in Hell. My heart went out to him, it really did. A few minutes later, all of us were lined up for blood tests and me, I was right behind his sweet girl buns, him naked, me naked. I had an erection and I wasn't the only one in that line in that condition.

The powers that be waited a full three hours before pulling the poor bastard out of the assembly line we were in and sending him to the psycho station. Assholes, they should have done that as soon as he arrived. I called after him as he was pulled out of the current line, "Hang in there, honey." I don't think he heard me but the sergeant sure did.

"Shut your yap!"

Anyhow, I would spend the summer working at the plant where my old man worked and I was looking forward to starting school next fall. I was even thinking about that red head. Could I really make it with a guy? The truth was, I know I could if he looked like that red head.

My dad gave me his old Ford for keeps, that was my graduation present. That was swell, I had wheels and more important a shot at a life that didn't end in December.

Chapter 6

Alex

April twenty, I reached my nineteenth year. The next day my mom had called, she was horrified. You see Alexander was no longer listed as a student at the high school and as soon as I hit nineteen, my local draft board had acted and with a vengeance. Tell me they didn't know who I was, the town embarrassment, ok? They were probably snickering while they made the decision. Anyhow Alexander didn't have a deferment and Alexandra didn't need one. I was *Alexandra* now but Uncle Sam wanted *Alexander's* ass, to put it bluntly. Mom got a lawyer for me and early in May that legal wizard and I stood before the Selective Services' petitions committee. Me, I was wearing three inch heels and a deep vee sweater over my demi-bra. There wasn't a man on that committee that failed to notice my rack or my beautiful nylon encased legs that extended from my first mini skirt. It should have been a piece of cake or it would have been two years earlier. The military wanted no part of homosexuals then or now. However, as the war heated up and more and more young guys came back in body bags, 'draft-dodging' had gone from rare to common place. Well the government was fit to be tied, to say the least, and it was cracking down, hard on such attempts.

My lawyer offered my existence as 'Alexandra', a student in good standing at Kent State University, as an argument that a college deferment was and should be allowed. That was rejected on the simple grounds that there was no record of a Mr. Alexander Sanders attending KSU and therefore, no legal grounds for the deferment. We were given a two-week extension so that we could clear up this matter. The very next day, I

was in the administration building at Kent State pleading my case that Alexandra and Alexander were one and the same. I could have been a mime performing before a blind audience. If I was Alexander then I would need to re-apply. Oh great, re-apply? By the time that was done, I'd already be toast. What actually happened was that Alexandra's college career ended before I left the building, that and the scholarship which had been approved for her was un-approved.

June first Mom drove me to Youngstown for my induction physical exam. It was pure hell. I spent the morning as naked as the day I'd been born, we all were. But I was the only one with breast implants and female hormone shaped curves. You would have thought that one look at me would have been enough, it wasn't. Fortunately all those years I'd been forced to take boy's gym classes had hardened me to the situation and the Army guys that worked the exam process kept a tight control over the situation as well so actually it was easier than it had been back in school. Still, spending the morning running around naked in front of a lot of young guys with my dick hanging out was an exhausting and unnerving experience. When I got back to the car, I collapsed into the front passenger's seat.

"Well?" Said my mother.

"Alternate service," I replied.

"Oh, dear, what does that mean?"

"Well I don't have to worry about boot camp," I laughed but it was a crazy, insane laugh. "Two fucking years..."

"Dear!" Snapped my mother, "Such language."

I let out a long sigh. What could I say. My college career had been blasted into junk and I was looking at carrying bed pans or something. They were treating 'queers' like C.O.s, you know, like Quakers and such? Only we weren't. They didn't really want anything to do with us, at all. It was more about sending a message than anything to do with the 'war' effort. They wanted to stomp out draft dodging and all that anti-war stuff which was now sweeping across the country.



There was an old military facility in nearby Ravenna, Ohio. Mostly the facility was used to store out of date bombs and lots of chemical weapons and, now, queers. Several hundred were already there before I arrived. Most of them were extremely effeminate, I guess a homosexual who wasn't effeminate either 'passed' or went somewhere else. It was like a big convention, exclusive you know, and I wasn't the only one with breast implants. Oddly enough, it was a positive experience for me. It was easy to think of one's self as unique or nearly so but I discovered that I had a lot of Ohio 'sisters'. But not many of them had been taking female hormones for as long as I had. So even there I was especially 'pretty' for a guy.

It turned out that there were a lot of homosexual's in the military, that probably had always been true. Now I'm not saying Major Thomas was an 'obvious' homo, in fact were he a little older he could have played John Wayne, but he and one of the 'fairies' became a number, a couple. And it wasn't a one sided affair though, to be honest, Jerry, that's the fairy, wasn't exactly free to say no. Over the next few weeks most

but not all the guys got shipped out, mostly to work as wards in V.A. hospitals. But they were having some real problems finding 'employment' for the real 'queens', like me. We were like the dregs at the bottom of the tea cup, the really pretty boys and all with breast implants. I guess there was concern about housing and such. I know if I had to live in a barrack along with say thirty 'straight' guys, it could have been nasty. I guess the Army agreed.

By the end of July there were only four of us, excluding Jerry who was now Major Thomas's personal aid. We had the whole compound to our self and we were naturally bored to tears. The Army should have just let us go for they had no real employment for us. Anyhow Jerry convinced his lover that we might be of some use, assuming that we were willing, to act as companions for the 'occasional' brass that might be interested. It wasn't prostitution, there was no money involved and we were definitely not forced to participate. There were real benefits however, clothes.

We got skirts and blouses, all Army issue of course, nothing fancy, but having lived in fatigues for better than a month, it was great. Well Major Tomas made sure that we were finally supplied with makeup and all the little things that made life possible, like panty hose. All of us could 'pass' so we were 'integrated' into the base and became just ordinary Army 'girls'. Trust me, I felt a hundred times better. Playing the role of a 'queer' just wasn't my thing but pretending to be a 'real' girl was something I could do with my eyes shut.

It wasn't at all like it sounds, Major Thomas wasn't our pimp. In fact the first two assignments I had hardly involved sex at all. They were older men, senior officers, and, well I think they liked just having a babe

with swell knockers *who wasn't a babe* clinging on their arm. The term 'chicks-with-dicks' probably wasn't invented yet but I'm sure they understood the concept and, for whatever reason, it was a personal turn on for them. Maybe they were only exploring the seamier side of life or exploring their own sexuality, who knows.

The fact was I'd only been with one man in my entire life, that guy in Alliance, so if they were expecting some real kinky sex, they would have been let down. Giving head, now that was something I knew I could do and it seemed to be enough. Things began to change. I think it was the grapevine effect or whatever. Informally word got out that 'we' were there and available. By the middle of August we started to get 'visitors' who were far more intent on actual sex with us. Still we were not forced to do so but...

I was very naive and hardly experienced when Major Thomas picked me up for a 'date'. He drove me to a lakeside cabin and showed me the really swell clothes I could choose from. It was weird shit to be sure, fetish stuff. Actually I didn't have much choice for this assignment, it was a French Maid's costume with really spiky high heels, I mean like five inch jobs. I could hardly walk in them and me with all that experience? Normal walking was out, I had to mince around in tiny little steps. It was a forced infirmity which, for some guys, was a sexual trigger or so it seemed. He looked at me as if to say, that works even though I hadn't put on any makeup yet. "You cool with this?"

I nodded but I was petrified. And I thought he and Jerry were a number.

He looked around and then back at me, "General Trenton will be here in about an hour, perhaps two. In the mean time..."

I let out a sigh of relief, I wasn't here for the Major and that made me feel much better.

"Best that you get out of that outfit now. I just wanted to be sure that it fit. Here put these on." He motioned to an ordinary set of fatigues, male clothes with heavy boots. "And remove the makeup, ok?"

I stood there now completely confused.

A full hour later *she* arrived. My date was with a woman, General Maryann Trenton.



Odd, when you think about it, that my second opportunity to have sexual intercourse was with a woman. And no, I did not end up dressed in that maid's costume. With my breasts and curves, she didn't need the props. She was very sweet and kind and not at all concerned when I had trouble holding an erection. Girls definitely were not my thing, so that question had been resolved for me at least. And oral sex was oral sex so I met her needs I guess. Later we went out to a nice restaurant, me in a basic cotton sun dress. Maybe she was just a wanna-be 'lesbian' but such concerns were well beyond my pay scale.

Trips out to that cabin became very common that Fall, though General Trenton was the only female I serviced in my brief military career. More relevant for me, I'd finally made peace with my dick. There were men who thought me absolutely lovely as I was, a woman with a penis. Some seemed to like it all too much, that is that unique combination, and others seemed more interested in my dick than in the rest of me. I guess each his own.

Over time my penis became far more functional, it being months since I'd had any female hormones. Had I met General Trenton in say later that year I'm sure I could have 'performed' much better. As it was my 'pure' girl essence had been badly mutated into a gal with a healthy attitude toward my dick. I'm not sure where the evolution of Alexandra would have ended had I served out the full two years in the Army.

It was in December when the Army finally admitted that it had made a mistake, at least in my case. I was discharged and it wasn't honorable. It was an unnecessary black eye for me, I had done nothing wrong and had, to the best of my ability, served my country but they weren't about to say that they had screwed up. Still, I had that piece of paper. I'd paid my dues you might say.



My Mom was startled when she came to pick me up at the bus station. I think it was the whole Gestalt that she found most dramatic. I had 'grown up', matured into a truly beautiful woman. She started crying when she saw me, partly out of relief and partly because her Alexander had been totally erased. "What did they do to you?"

I wrapped my arms around her and we hugged and continued to hug, blocking the flow of the other passengers until finally she and I found a bench and sat down. I showed her my discharge papers but she didn't really look at them, and for that I was glad.

"What are you going to do now, dear?"

“Apply for college again. I’m not sure where yet, but somewhere, Mom, you can take that to the bank.”

“Kent State?”

“Heck, no. Not after what they did to me. Some place where I can major in computer science, ok? Maybe University of Pittsburgh?” I shrugged. But seriously, I hadn’t been able to keep Eddy Hawkins out of my mind, not since that brief moment on the campus of Kent State last Spring. My *soul mate*. He would make me complete, whole. And yeah, he was going to school at Pitt so applying there wasn’t a random thought at all, was it? “Ah- Mom, I’m *definitely* applying to Pitt,” I added for my mother’s benefit.

She looked at me in some confusion, “Pittsburgh? It’s a very dirty city, dear, filthy from all the steel mills.”

I just grinned. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder and if Eddy was there, then Pittsburgh Pa. was my personal Eden.

Chapter 7

Alex

None of her clothes that she had left in Salem were acceptable any longer, fashions change. So the money she’d earned in the Army all went into new clothes, needless to say. Alex was wearing a new Empire style dress that was belted across her chest just below her magnificent bosom and then fell away, hanging straight down, obscuring both her waist and hips. She wasn’t entirely pleased with the effect but it was ‘in style’. The hemline however stopped about mid thigh which allowed her to display her gorgeous legs. Her

panty hose was also very stylish, a sheer transparent nylon with just a hint of metallic tones and her high heels matched the vivid metallic green of the otherwise plain cotton dress. It was a very modest outfit considering the neckline actually hugged her throat, there would be no cleavage on display tonight but then with her perfect breasts a male's imagination could fill in the possibilities, right?

Eddy was a young man and was certainly not worldly. Had she appeared before him as a wonton sexual creature, she would have had his interest for sure, at least for the night. But she wanted more, much more than a one night stand. She twisted and turned before the mirror. Her long red hair, now flowed half-way down her back. It was as perfect as an hour of brushing could make it, ignoring all the other attention she had given her hair even before she had worked her will with the brush. Half the girls were wearing almost no hair at all now-a-days but Alex was a purist, her hair was her crowning glory and its red color set off by the green dress was almost breath taking. She used matching green berets near her temples to hold the hair out of her face. That last touch seemed to complete the image she had hoped for, a virgin, vulnerable young woman, the antithesis of the wanton queen she really was. Had she gone too far?

Alex was the very essence of insecure, odd considering that her months of providing sexual services certainly had educated her as a sexual creature and she was now far more confident now that she could please him, Eddy, as a sexual partner. She was insecure because it wasn't about sex after all was said and done. She wanted to be loved and more specifically by Eddy. How does one transition from lust to love? Best that he love her and then lust after her, but that wasn't exactly

the way males were configured, she knew because she had Edward's memories. What had her friend Linda-Lee-Ann recommended, that she guard her virtue like a nun? She laughed at that idea, her? A nun? It was still early, not yet six o'clock. She would drive to the Red Barn, a 'three-two' beer bar just outside of Warren where, if Edward's memories were correct, she would likely find her one and only true love hanging out with some of his former high school pals on a New Year's Eve. Him, the big college guy now but still too young to go to a real bar. And she? She knew exactly where to go, assuming that she could get him to pick her up and second that she could get him to ditch his friends.

Oh, it was too complex to really work, this whole plan, but then in a day or so Eddy would be back in Pittsburgh and once more out of reach. Could she really wait until next Summer? That was not a risk she was willing to take. In a sudden fit of uncertainty, she removed those berets from her hair. Off came the dress and shoes as she shook free her hair creating a lion's mane. She removed a tiny, black cocktail dress from the closet and held it against her body. She would not go unarmed into this encounter, she finally decided. She tossed both dresses on the bed and went to her drawer extracting that heavily padded demi-bra and matching black lace panties. Oh, Eddy would notice her tonight; she wouldn't be Linda-Lee-Ann's nun of virgin charm. No sir. She was going to make him rise up and beg. Was this the right thing to do? She had no idea, but playing the part of an innocent virgin wasn't something she was familiar with, but a fantasy sex kitten? Now that was an acting role she knew by heart.



Ronnie

Ronnie wasn't in a body bag, heck, he wasn't even in the Army and he had gone home for Christmas, how good was that? He was going to see nineteen-sixty-seven and no park in Canfield was going to be named after him if he could help it.

School had been a lot tougher than he thought it would be. He was taking all those general education classes, like English and was just keeping his head above water. It might be two years before he could start filling up his schedule with 'easy' Engineering courses. It looked like he'd get a 'D' this term in world history but probably an 'A' in calculus which should offset that 'problem'. Keeping out of the Army meant keeping his grade point average at or above a two point zero. Like a lot of guys that was motive enough and for Ronnie, especially true, since he should be dead now.

He came back early from Christmas break so that he could hang out at the local bars on New Year's Eve. Kent was a party school and the local bars were some of the best in the country or so he'd been told. One could even get hard liquor here even though twenty-one was the legal age in Ohio. It was pretty obvious that the local law enforcement was in bed with the local taverns, there was simply too much money to be made serving under aged students and yeah, the drinks were over priced and that was no surprise.

Bar hoping was a good way to get laid. A lot of the local girls, townies, were trolling for an MRS without the cost or effort of a degree. And not just locals either,

they came from as far away as Canton and Cleveland to try their luck catching a college guy. Well most of guys, including Ronnie, wanted to get caught but maybe not exactly the way the gals planned. A one night stand was like, perfection, and New Year's Eve, the perfect opportunity. So here he was celebrating his time above ground, alive and horny.

It was almost midnight and he was drunk and decidedly not hooked up. The co-eds would disappear at one o'clock and the local girls would by that time either have landed the catch for the night or begin to bring in their nets. Anyhow, time was running out and he was in the corner of a crowded bar and a bunch of loud mouthed Frats were filling the place with drunken songs. Still it beat being dead, right? He headed out into the night, less than sure footed. He turned to go back to the dorm but, after two blocks, it was so damned cold he went into yet another bar. It was the biggest mistake of his young life.

The bar was quieter than the one he had just left but no less crowded nor were the patrons any more sober. There, in a booth at the very rear of the barroom, sat a solitary figure. He didn't belong here and, to be entirely honest, he didn't belong anywhere in Ronnie's world at all. Like Alex had been captured by the mere sight of Edward Hawkins, so too had been Ronnie. Maybe it was simply part of the temporal paradox effect, it certainly was paradoxical for the young man. He hadn't been entirely sure of his heterosexual nature since that afternoon when the old man-woman had entered his mind. He had gotten almost comfortable with the odd, seemingly random, quirks of female sexuality that would bloom from time to time. It had never taken on an overwhelming urge and certainly not enough for him to break out of his basic sexual frame of reference.

That he had an instant boner came as no surprise for he had half expected that that might be the consequence were he ever to meet this person, the love of one dead woman, namely Wendy.

He pushed his way up to the bar and held on for dear life. His shocked eyes staring back at him from the mirror behind the bar. Eyes grown wide, almost bulging. That old hag, that bitch was trying to take control over his body. Her presence, which was normally ubiquitous but merely that, as if she were but a shadow cast in the real world was attempting to become once again solid. The sexual response was his but what he was feeling had to be from her. A thick, coy muck of love filled his thoughts. Love? It was like heat from a camp fire to a freezing man, one needed to get close, as close as possible, to enjoy that warmth and survive. And that guy, that jerk, that monster was the very heart of all that made the world right. He croaked out to the passing bar tender, "Whiskey, straight up."

Don't move, don't turn or look. My God, he thought, or was it 'her' thought, I'm a guy now! This will never work, not this way. He felt hopeless despair, not his surely but hers. That hard prick between his legs was now a point of horror. He snatched the whiskey glass when it arrived and downed it. The burn mellowed the horror not at all. He had to get out of here, somehow. Would 'she' let him? She probably had no choice. And then she retreated becoming once again just a shadow creature in the back of his mind. That crazy 'love' went with her leaving behind only lust. "Another." He called out to the bar tender.

He half turned but not far enough to look at that creature, he wasn't ready for that yet. There, just coming out of the women's restroom was this babe. Sweet

lord, the cleavage he noted and was pleased that he could appreciate that as he normally would. He blinked, it was the red hair that connected the dots for him: it was that guy with the tits, the one he'd seen when he took the physical in Youngstown, right? She was still a looker, maybe more so. He was still watching as she eased into the booth with... Edward-fucking-Hawkins. What the shit is he doing with a queer?

That concept awoke the old man-woman from their retreat once more. Wendy was more than jealous, she was livid and then confused. There was something totally wrong as they watched her Edward and that queer entwine. The following kiss was long and full of heat. It was too crazy for words, Edward, her Edward and that guy? This was decidedly *wrong*.

That couple left shortly after midnight, she was bundled up in a long cloth coat with a fur collar and equally bundled into the embrace of her very attentive companion. Ronnie, now on his fifth whiskey, was exhausted as well as drunk and very relieved when Edward finally was out of view. He hoped that he would never see that man again or at least part of him did. The natives remained restless inside his brain, but that was all, restless.



Alex & Edward

She and Eddy were back at the Red Barn parking lot. His Lincoln was setting next to her mom's car that she had borrowed. It was only about two in the morning so the night was still young but, most likely, this evening was drawing to a close. It had been such a

wonderful evening. Her complex plan had worked perfectly and, more importantly, it hadn't simply turned into a sex thing at all. Ok, they had petted quite heavily at the bar in Kent and he'd gotten to second base in an instant, but mostly they had talked and talked and talked. They had so much in common. Of course he had no idea that she was a he or, more important, that she had 'him' inside her. It was like taking a multiple choice exam with the textbook always open to the right page, like shooting fish in a barrel. Of course she was already deeply in love where as he was but fascinated by a beautiful woman who was also so smart, as if good looks and brains didn't go together.

Edward half suspected that she was smarter than he was, she was certainly far more knowledgeable about his own field than he was and that made him uncomfortable. And now she was talking about structured programming, what-ever-that-was? Edward didn't like feeling dumb, what man does? It was less that he was overcome with lust than that it was necessary to just 'shut her up'. He slipped his hands inside her coat and readily found a breast. That caused her to pause in her monologue ever so slightly. He then drew her close put his lips to hers and yes, that did the trick as her tongue flicked into his mouth and the kiss became everything. His prick was rock hard but then it had been that way for most of the night and her heavy breasts and soft, full lips only added to his desire.

She pulled back slightly or at least tried to do so. Not that she was against doing more, heavens no, but more, a lot more wasn't in the game plan. Her dick was trying to work itself free from the cocoon in which it had been trapped all night. It wouldn't be a good thing if it did escape, which was a significant understatement. Eddy wasn't like the men she'd known this year

and was not likely to be pleased to discover his girl had a dick. She had to break this off and soon. And then he'd freed her breast and found its nipple with his lips. Her resolve melted away as the mist in the morning sun light. She groaned, "Don't stop." And gave herself up to the building pleasure.

Encouraged, his hand went between her legs, threatening to slide up her thigh. She snapped her legs together, which stopped him. Unfortunately that sharp movement also freed her dick from its prison, it was like spring steel now. She didn't need to look to know what was happening now, her skirt had been tented by her all too randy dick. And Eddy's hands which had been stopped in their upward progress began to move yet again, forever upward. She jerked and twisted away giving Edward her back. "No! I'm not that kind of woman." Of course she was *no kind of woman at all*, not with that tent pole between her legs. She used her coat to cover herself down there and then opened the door leaving in the icy cold night. She didn't even look back as she hurried to unlock her car. That Eddy hadn't followed her into the night wasn't a very good sign. She looked over her shoulder. He was still sitting there but not looking at her. Was he pissed or something?

Like Eddy, she would certainly have a case of blue balls on the way home. It certainly hadn't been a good finish to an almost perfect night. Did he really think he could just fuck her on the first date? She was shivering now, the heater was blowing nothing but cold air as yet even with the engine running. He still hadn't responded, he hadn't asked for her phone number, nothing. Tears brightened her eyes as she put the car into gear. Asshole, she thought. Fucking rich boy, asshole.

She would have been horrified had she been able to read his mind. Edward wanted no part of her, except sexually. She talked too much, which in itself wasn't so bad, most women talk too much, but more like a professor at Pitt, ok? He wasn't comfortable with the very idea of a woman being smarter than he was but he sure as hell didn't want his face rubbed in it as well. A guy might want a partner who was equal but not a babe that thought she was all-so-much. Let someone else deal with a bitch like that. Besides he was much too young to get serious about any woman. This was his time to sow wild oats not learn how to operate a computer for Pete's sake. He was more than a little relieved when she drove off. Still, a blow job would have been just the thing, he mused, as he adjusted uncomfortably in his seat before putting his car into gear. That fucking bitch wouldn't have to deal with blue balls, he concluded inaccurately.

Chapter 8

In the Fall of nineteen-sixty-five, Alexander Saunders had been hit by a virtual tsunami, the entire personal history, memory and skills of one 'old man' from the future, two-thousand-fifteen, had poured into 'her' consciousness. And, like a tsunami, the impact, though devastating initially, did not fundamentally change the essential topography that had been there before. Math skills, for example, not well supported by Alexander's neuro-physiology and, not aided by any inherent 'interest', these skills soon faded or became irrelevant. This was clear even during 'her' first term in college, she'd had very advanced quantitative 'knowledge' as proven by her SAT scores but she had neither the innate disposition to effectively employ those

'skills' nor appetite to do so. Her fascination with computer programming was also an illusion since, at its root, programming was merely an exercise in applied mathematics, a 'fact' she eventually discovered when she reenrolled in college: Case Western-Reserve, this time, in the Fall of nineteen-sixty-seven. Now it was two years since that tsunami of information had arrived and 'her' consciousness was gradually recovering from that assault.

Her well established 'gender', female, had, for the better part of nearly two years, been sorely distorted both by Edward's memories and by her unsought experiences in 'military service'. By the spring of sixty-eight she switched majors, English literature was simply more compatible with her inherent nature. Case Western-Reserve, a technical school, was far less appropriate to her now as a English major; she returned to Kent State in the Fall of nineteen-sixty-eight.

The profound conflict that Alexander had faced in her childhood had been only partly overcome by her successful transition as an accepted female in society. Alexandra was now enrolled in an experimental clinical program offered by the Cleveland Clinic, one that held forth, eventually, the chance for so called 'sex-change' surgery though even now such surgery was still not readily available in the States nor was such surgery within her reach, financially. But she was back on course and was receiving hormone treatments, the latter was under a doctor's supervision at last. No longer did her penis represent a core feature of her sexuality, indeed, it had reverted, more or less, back to that 'hated' anomaly status. She was once more as she had been before Edward's arrival, a woman trapped inside a male body. But now as Alexandra she was living full time as a woman with appropriate documentation to

support her perceived gender. What a world of difference those facts had made for her, life, though still difficult, was now worth living.

The consequences for her, both socially and sexually, were considerable. Homosexual males would more likely accept her sexually, still an untested hypothesis, but she was attracted to heterosexual males for the simple and undeniable fact that she perceived herself as a 'real' female or, to put it more strongly, a man who would appreciate, even desire, her penis was himself unacceptable to her. She wanted the damned thing removed and replaced and nothing less would do. The fact that Eddy, her Edward in this cycle, would never accept her, as she was, rather solidified her interest in him. He was, after all, still a sexual-social-emotional icon to her. When Eddy married that Fall, the first of what would be three 'childless' unions, Alex was there, in the background but she was there none the less. There was still that tenuous *unilateral* 'connection' between her and him, a connection that would never be completed in this life and she was all too aware by now of that essential fact.

She met one Ronald Everheart at that wedding. He, like her, was a student at Kent State. Neither recognized the other as victims of the temporal paradox but their experiences had run parallel courses. Ronnie was now a former Engineering major, a fact that he hadn't brought up for he was ashamed of his failure. He was a senior at Kent State, majoring in psychology now, but, like Alexandra, had discovered his powerful knowledge base was more illusion than actual. He would probably do a master's in Education and eventually become a high school social science teacher. Indeed that too was now Alex's ambition, to teach in high school,

and it was upon that initial common basis that their conversation had centered.

The truth was Ronnie recognized Alex as that poor bastard with the cock and breasts though he was careful to keep that information to himself. Whatever threat that Wendy had had over Ronnie had long since decayed into but a bothersome annoyance, though it did account for his attendance at the wedding. He had watched Edward at the altar with the same longing as had Alex, though, of course, neither shared that fact. For both of them, that insane impulse had weakened to mere nostalgia. The event had emphasized for both of them exactly how lonely they really were, how incomplete without Edward. Of course neither saw the other as a potential mate, Alex because of her 'in-between-status' and Ronnie, well he wasn't seriously interested in making it with a guy no matter how pretty he was. But he was curious. This 'creature' kept stumbling into his life and this was but one more instance. There was no 'her' in either Edward's or Wendy's memories. Possibly she was too insignificant to have made a lasting impression on either and yet...

"You going to the reception?" He asked. She shook her head a definite 'no'. "Me neither." He shrugged, "You know the bride?" She shook her head no yet again. He laughed, "Me neither. So you know Edward."

She shrugged and then nodded yes.

"Dated, right?"

She looked surprise, "A long time ago. Nothing much happened, however. And you?"

He didn't know what to say and finally offered, "Just friends..." He didn't want this particular conver-

sation to continue on its current course. "Can I buy you a drink?"

"I'll take a rain check. Um... it's been nice meeting you, Ronnie." She turned and left the church.

He had learned nothing as he stood there watching her walk away. He had to admit that he liked everything he could see, especially the way her ass moved. Everything she wore was a bit over stated, the skirt a tad too tight and delightfully short, the heels extra high and that well displayed cleavage... Understandable, she was surely insecure in her femininity and was over compensating. Still it was a pity she wasn't 'real' noted Ronnie. He turned, hands in his pockets, shoulders slumped and followed her out of the church deep in thought: Edward was on his way to making a complete wreck of his life, *again*, and Ronnie was in no position to do anything about that. He, like Alex, was coming to terms with this reality, this cycle.



It wasn't exactly like Ronnie was having to beat off interested women and working two part time jobs to make ends meet didn't give him much chance to alter that situation. But when he moved into a co-ed house at the edge of town in the middle of the Fall term, he assumed that his luck would change. There were five in the house and only one was female so the odds weren't exactly great but when he met his female roommate even those odds fell to zero, "Fancy meeting you again." He smiled but that grimace was as fake as that alligator hide wallet he carried. It was Alex. She didn't seem to be all that pleased either, he noted. It turned out that she had an apartment in the basement,

with its own entrance, bathroom and tiny kitchen. So much for co-ed, huh?

She seemed to warm up when he didn't come on to her, or relax might be the better notion. They were soon talking and before he knew it she once again asked him about his connection with Edward. Her curiosity was palpable, almost eager.

"We were both majors in Engineering..." He said.

She interrupted him, "Me too. I mean when I started here at Kent I was an Engineering major." She looked at him curiously, "But he went to Pitt?"

"Um... we were almost neighbors," he lied. "We knew each other growing up. Pals, you know, all through high school, real close."

Alex paled noticeably. This man was not telling the truth. She would have known him had he and Eddy been friends, even just passing friends. She cut the conversation short and headed back to her apartment. Who was this guy? A queer feeling swept over her body, was this who Wendy had become? Ridiculous, what were the odds? And yet, that might very well explain him being at the wedding, right? Did she really want to know? Part of her did. Part of her was intrigued, almost excited. Like a ghost climbing out of its grave, her Edward was fully awake like he hadn't been for better than two years. Wendy? Wendy! She began to pace in that small apartment, back and forth, more to burn off the nervous energy that had welled up than anything else. She heard footsteps over head from the bedroom above, Ronnie's bedroom. Wendy? She didn't really want to deal with this but how could she not? Her gaze looked up at the ceiling as the quiet tread of feet continued. Wendy? Was she there, just a few feet away, overhead at this moment?

If Ronnie was Wendy or rather if Ronnie contained the essence of Wendy, he wouldn't be aware that Edward, Wendy's very own Edward, was here inside her. Edward had followed Windy through the worm hole, Windy wouldn't know that. Alex only needed to keep her mouth shut and Ronnie would never know. It was the safe thing to do, safe but totally unsatisfying. The essence of Edward was so completely mixed with the essential core of Alex as to make them one. His desires flavored her desires and yet, Edward was her now, as female as Alex. How very odd to be Edward, the female, potentially reunited with his beloved wife, Wendy. But Wendy would be as male now as Edward was female. Oh my, what a curious turn of events she concluded.

Alex stood there enraptured by the complexity of the situation. Ronnie was as 'inter-sexed' as she was, as much a sexual hodgepodge of conflicting memories. That he had been an engineering major, as she had been, and now failed in that attempt as she had was almost an exact proof of whom he carried inside, wasn't it? It would be so easy to test that hypothesis without the slightest likelihood of being discovered if she were wrong. She hurried up the stairs into the main part of the house.

She rapped on the closed door and then entered. Ronnie was there emptying a box, unpacking. He looked up, possibly irritated that she had just barged in.

"What?"

"I think we may have a mutual friend." She paused as he sat the cardboard box down. She held her breath and almost changed her mind but finally she spat out:

“Wendy Kawowski, but I knew her much, much better as Wendy Hawkins... my wife!”

Ronnie looked like he had been punched in the stomach, mouth open, eyes wide: “Edward!”

Alex and Ronnie, Edward and Wendy, they stood there, one couple a re-united history and the other a history yet to be explored and all now, breathless, “I followed you, through that worm hole, Wendy.” She was in his arms now, not aware of when she had crossed the room, but all too aware of his-her lips on hers. Time seemed frozen or made irrelevant. She wasn’t kissing Ronnie as a girl might kiss a man but as a man, a husband, might kiss his beloved wife. It was if the height and weight differential had been reversed for that eternity, that endless kiss. But no kiss lasts forever nor can the basic rules of physics be overcome. Still in each other’s arms but now once more essentially Alex and Ronnie, her essential physical femaleness re-affirmed as was his. A hard lump of Ronnie’s manhood was poking into Alex’s belly, a fact that neither could ignore but a fact that neither would willingly affirm, they both drew back, ending that particular contact.

“Whoa,” said Ronnie.

Alex giggled, not that there was anything funny happening but more to relieve the tremendous tension she was under. She blinked her eyes, let go of him and stepped back. Eyes wide she said, “That was a little more than I was expecting.”

“You think?” He laughed, looked around and then back at her, “I guess... Hell, I don’t know what to say, um... heavy huh?”

“So that’s what love’s like,” sighed Alex.

“Edward, I’m not... really Wendy, ok? I’m mostly me, um... Ron?”

“I know Wendy, Edward’s not the man he once was either.” Alex giggled, “And I’m no man at all.”

Ronnie sighed, “That’s not exactly true, Alex. I was there when you went for the Selective Service physical in Youngstown a couple years back.”

Alex’s eyes widened, “Honest?”

“Yeah.” He looked at her, “It all makes sense now. I also saw you and Edward, some time back, making out at a bar in Kent.”

“New Year’s Eve?”

“Right. That didn’t fit with my memories, remember I was once Edward also.”

Alex walked over and sat down on the bed. “So what happens now?”

“Damned if I know,” he said simply.

She patted the bed beside her as if encouraging him to sit there but he didn’t respond, “Not into men, huh?” He shook his head ‘no’. “Good,” she smiled, “I mean, I wouldn’t want you to be... like that. Please, sit, here next to me?”

He did so, grudgingly.

“Am I not pretty enough?”

“You have a cock.”

She shrugged, “Not really, it’s a growth, a cancer. Trust me Ronnie, I plan to have it removed.”

He looked confused, “You would?”

“Yes,” she said as she turned and put her arms around him, tilted her face up and looked him in the

eye, "so let's pretend it isn't there, for now." Before he could respond she kissed him lightly on the mouth but remained there exchanging air and feeling his soft lips lightly on hers. That ghost inside her bloomed once more into life, as she anticipated. And then Ronnie or rather Ronnie and Wendy responded as well. It wasn't unexpected, not after that first kiss between them. She drew him down on herself as she fell onto her back. "Make love to me, as a man would to a woman."

She was on her back now, arms empty and his kiss only a memory. Inside, the love that Edward had for Wendy flowed like a river in flood tide. "Ronnie?" She cried out in confusion mixed with despair.

He had broken free from her grasp and fled, his back, now pressed flat against the wall, and his pants were distorted by an obvious erection but his eyes said it all even before he spoke. "I don't know you... and you sure as heck don't know me."

"But... but the way I feel..."

"Damn it Alex! That's not you, that's...*him* and he'd nothing but screwed up memories."

"And you feel nothing, Ronnie?"

"Alex get it through your head..." He paused and lowered his head, "Yes, of course it's all, well, very exciting to me as it must be for you. The love..." He turned and looked out the window and continued talking with his back to her now. "But trust me, what I feel isn't my feelings, my emotions or even my sexuality."

She blinked looking startled, "What?"

"I wanted you to fuck me with that penis of yours."

She gasped, "I... I couldn't do that."

“Are you telling me that you didn’t have the urge to... um...”

“Oh my God,” she gasped, the truth was between her legs, much abused and nearly non-functional, her penis had achieved an erection none the less. She swung her legs onto the floor and then stood up. “I have a lot to think about,” she murmured as she left his bedroom.



She had gotten used to the idea that her ghost was harmless. He certainly wasn’t able to control her actions directly nor speak to her. Indeed, he and she were so completely ‘mixed’ together that it was hard if not impossible to define where it was a ‘him’ thing or a ‘her’ thing whether it be memories or even moods and emotions. In the presence of ‘his’ Wendy, the advantage swung definitely ‘Edwardian’ which was ample reason to avoid Ronnie at all costs. However now that she knew that Wendy and Ronnie were, well, one, even that self-defensive act was nearly impossible to execute. Alone, without ‘them’ she became very depressed, unable to focus: a rudderless ship.

Ronnie was no better off, in fact, it was possibly more difficult for him. While Alex had a life time to adjust to her sexual ambiguity, her often mixed and counterproductive urges, Ronnie was a mere novice. Oh yes, he had dreamed of being take sexually by Edward, the young man from Warren who was currently finishing up his degree at Pitt, those images were just that, odd, queer dreams. But now?

A week of approach-avoidance had followed their initial encounter in Ronnie’s bed room. He’d move out

the same day that he had moved in. Without a room, he was staying at a friend's apartment, sleeping on the couch. It soon became clear that he could not live without her, however, it remained to be seen whether he could live with her. It was almost midnight when he came to her basement apartment door and knocked. It wasn't the right thing to do but perhaps it was the only thing that he could do. He was exhausted from the lack of sleep and worn down by his attempt to resist. The door opened, "Alex?"

She was wearing a transparent night gown and her makeup had been carefully applied. Clearly she had been anticipating his arrival, how could it have been otherwise. She reached up without saying a word and drew his lips to hers and kissed him. Her tongue, insistent and dominant, held his attention as she drew him into her apartment. Ronnie wasn't the man she wanted but Wendy would do.

In the bed room she was the aggressor, and it was she that drove her hard penis inside his willing orifice. It was only later that they exchanged rolls and she received him. Male to female and then female to male in a seemingly endless cycle. In time she would come to love Ronnie as much as Edward loved Wendy. The cycle was complete.



It would have been a formal wedding in the Methodist Church in Salem Ohio had Alexandra had her druthers. But that wasn't about to happen, not in the Spring of nineteen-sixty-nine. Her, in a beautiful white wedding dress, all lace with a five yard long train, would have started a riot. Thugs would have been

waiting just outside after the ceremony to show their displeasure about a 'sissy boy' going through the motions of getting married: a mockery of a real wedding. But that couldn't have happened anyway, the minister would not have allowed his church to be used that way.

But neither she nor her husband to be were known in Warren, Ohio and, considering everything, both she and Ronnie were really old time residents of Warren since they both carried the memories of Edward Hawkins inside. The Methodist Church there was every bit as elegant as the one in Salem and the minister had no clue regarding Alexandra 'biological' sex and no need to know.

A Wedding for a young woman was an important event in her life, for Alexandra it was twenty times, perhaps a hundred times more significant. Perhaps it had been the long difficult road that she had traveled, a much longer and a much more difficult road than certainly her sisters had known. Once they were both employed, in a few years, they planned on adopting children, this would be no childless union.

It was a mild, early June afternoon when she and Ronnie were joined. It wasn't just the beginning of a lifelong union but, in fact, a continuation of a love that had gone on now more than fifty years. It was a love story that might never end, part of that temporal paradox. Was this the end? Or was this the beginning? Now that was the paradox. As Wendy Hawkins once said: "The past is a very uncertain place."

The End