

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS"

"Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.



Volume 2

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MAGAZINE

VOLUME TWO

“SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS”

By Kymberleigh Richards

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**“Corset's Law! Most things are easier to
get into, then out of. . .then again. . .”**

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS

By Kymberleigh Richards

CHAPTER ONE

Last September, the day after Labor Day, I walked onto the campus of MacArthur High School, just like I had on the first Tuesday of September the past three years. The lamb returning for another slaughter. You see, Daniel Nichols was pretty much the official campus outcast. Not even the nerds wanted to be seen with me. I suppose I'd brought it on myself. . .after all, I wasn't what you'd call a snappy dresser. Not because I WANTED to look like a total jerk; things had been pretty tough after my parents and my twin sister were killed in that plane crash the summer before my freshman year.

The only relative who could take care of me was my older sister, Kathy, and her job with the school district didn't exactly make us rich. So I came to a new town and started high school with essentially the same clothes I'd worn in the eighth grade. And it didn't take long for everyone to figure out that I hadn't bought new clothes for the new school year. So there I was: The new kid, starting in a new school, no old friends around, and no one wanting to be a new friend.

Well, the next three years could have been described as "pure hell", but that would have been the understatement of the decade. About the only thing I had going for me was a superior intellect, which, while further alienating those who might have been my friends otherwise, did manage to bring me to the attention of most of the faculty.

Actually, since the MacArthur coaching staff considered me to be the only person keeping three-fourths of the football and basketball teams maintaining a "C" average, that turned out to be a mixed blessing. I tutored most of the players, which kept me from getting beaten up, since they couldn't afford to have me out of commission. But

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that also labeled me a "teachers' pet", despite the best attempts by the principal to cast a light of "school spirit" on my tutoring.

So I was something of a social outcast: My classmates thought I was too much of a nerd because of my brains to be in their company outside of class, the campus nerds shunned me because I associated with the jocks, and the jocks didn't want to be seen with me in any capacity outside of maintaining their marginal grade point averages. Still, I was managing to survive high school, aside from being extremely lonely. (Which is, of course, the worst hell any high school student can be put through.)

And here it was my senior year, and me looking forward to another nine months of the same treatment. I was still hurting from the fact that I was the only junior at last year's prom who hadn't been able to find a date. Even the nerds and nerdettes had gotten matched up. And if the MacArthur grapevine was its usual efficient self, the incoming freshman class would know all about Daniel Nichols before the end of homeroom. If I hadn't become used to being the oddball on campus, I would have been even more depressed.

By lunchtime, I was back in my usual groove, eating alone on a deserted corner of the lawn, interrupted only when a messenger from the administration office delivered a message that the coaching staff wanted to see me after school to set up the tutoring schedule for the football team. Big deal. Another endless parade of barely literate jocks taking basic math, bonehead English, and fifth-grade level geography, all needing my help just to get through that minimal curriculum.

At least having my duties to the athletic department had some minor advantages. I had two periods a day off to accommodate the tutoring, and if there was no one on the schedule for a given period, I had pretty much free reign to roam around campus as there wasn't a single faculty member who would question what I was doing in the hallways during a class period. (Of course, that only irritated the rest of the student body.) And being a surrogate teacher tended to make time go by faster. So fast, in

fact, that the first big dance of the year snuck up on me. .
the annual Halloween dance.

In years past, I'd started planning my costume at the beginning of October, and I'd come up with some pretty clever ideas the past three years. Not that I ever won a prize in the costume contests, since the judging committee was inevitably comprised of five or six members of the senior class, who resented me for being such a "brainy little kid". (As if they needed another reason to hate me!)

My brain had been particularly overtaxed the past few weeks because our star quarterback had somehow gotten the idea of taking a course in physics, and there seemed to be no way to put even the most basic concepts into terms he could understand. I finally gave up halfway through the period, sent him to study hall, and was headed for my locker when the poster hit me square in the face:

HALLOWEEN MASQUERADE DANCE THIS SATURDAY, 8 P.M.

I must have stood there for a full minute trying to convince myself that it wasn't REALLY the end of October. (It was a good thing the halls were deserted mid-period, or I would have been trampled standing there.) After I recovered from the shock that it was, I immediately started trying to think of a costume that would outdo the ones I'd treated my indifferent fellow students to at the other Halloween dances. And I drew a blank. I was so preoccupied with it that I only ate a quarter of my sandwich, two bites of my apple, and drank half a carton of milk at lunchtime. Even Kathy noticed my preoccupation when she came home from work.

"Danny, is there any particular reason why you haven't started dinner yet?" she asked as she came into my bedroom. "I looked in the kitchen and I don't see anything cooking."

I looked up from the note pad I had been lazily drawing circles on. "Huh? Oh. . .Hi, Kathy."

"Are you sick or something? Come on, kiddo, you know the deal. I bring home the paycheck we live on, you do the cooking and cleaning. You're usually pretty conscientious. . .what's wrong?"

I sighed heavily. "I forgot about the Halloween dance. It's Saturday night, and I don't have a single costume idea. And even if I had one, I don't have enough time to put something great together." I rolled off of the bed. "I'll put a couple of TV dinners in the microwave. Sorry I forgot."

Kathy patted me on the shoulder as I passed by her in the doorway. "If you don't have enough time, why don't you just throw a sheet over your head and go as a ghost?"

I stopped halfway down the hall. "Come on, Kathy. You know how much time I've put into my costumes before. . .don't I have ENOUGH trouble with the kids I go to school with? If I show up with an ordinary, run-of-the-mill outfit, they'll start saying that my brain's finally failed!" I turned and looked at her. "And maybe they'd be right."

Kathy shrugged. "Then don't go."

"Oh, sure. Then they'll REALLY know I didn't have a costume idea."

"Hey, look, kiddo. It's only Wednesday. If you don't come up with something brilliant by Saturday, I'll help you put something together that's better than a sheet over your head. O.K.?"

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CHAPTER TWO

Well, between our star quarterback's attempts at becoming a nuclear physicist, the rest of the football team trying to write a passable book report for English 1A, and my own classes, I didn't have time the rest of the week to even think about a costume.

Saturday morning, my sister came in my room to wake me up, and asked me, "So, what are you going to your dance tonight as?"

The question jolted me awake. "Oh, god. My Halloween costume. I don't know!"

Kathy sat on the edge of the bed. "I've got an idea, if you're willing to go along with it."

"At this point, I'd go along with just about anything. What is it?"

"Well, I've noticed that you're almost exactly the same size as me."

"Yeah, so?"

"So why don't you let me dress you up in my clothes? You could wear my black leather miniskirt, and. . ."

I cut her off. "No way. Me? As a GIRL? Are you trying to make me a bigger laughingstock at MacArthur than I already am?"

"Danny, you'd look cute as a girl. Your hair is long enough for me to style, and you've got the same facial structure as me, so you'd look gorgeous in makeup!"

"Kathy, I am not going to walk into that gym wearing a miniskirt and high heels! I'll just throw a sheet over my head and go as a ghost."

"Danny," my sister badgered, "you already told me Wednesday that you didn't like that idea. Come on. . .this will be GREAT!"

"No way, Kathy." I laid back down and pulled the covers over my head, forcing her to stand up. "I'd rather not go at all."

"And prove that you didn't have a costume idea." She yanked the covers off me. I glared at her. "Those were

YOUR words," she reminded me. "At least you haven't got any facial hair to cover up. I'm sure you will start a beard any day. But we are going to have to do something about your legs." She left the room before I could continue the argument.

During breakfast, Kathy kept after me about her idea. "Look, Danny. . .you don't have a costume idea of your own. . .what's wrong with dressing like a girl for one night? It's just a costume. At least it's something we CAN do in one day, and no one will be able to say it isn't a clever idea."

I swallowed the last of my juice. "Absolutely not, Kathy. There has to be a costume that won't set me up for more humiliation."

"Well, kiddo," she replied, "if you can think of something while I'm at the supermarket, I'll be happy to help you. Otherwise, I guess you WILL have to stay home tonight." She picked up her car keys and purse and left.

I sat at the kitchen table for what seemed like hours, trying to come up with a costume idea. Maybe my brain HAD finally failed. I wandered into the living room and turned on the TV. Maybe watching some mindless entertainment would help. Switching from station to station, I stopped at the movie channel. The movie was about a girl who masqueraded as a boy in order to enter a journalism contest after her teacher had said a girl's work wasn't good enough. I found it fascinating in spite of myself, and by the time Kathy got back from the market, I was beginning to think her idea wasn't half-bad.

As I was helping her put the groceries away, I tried to approach the subject gently. "Kathy, I've been thinking about it, and maybe your idea isn't so bad. . .May be we could just see what I'd look like?"

"It's settled then," she cut me off. "I think you're really going to enjoy yourself tonight." Kathy reached into one of the grocery bags and brought out a pink spray can. "We'd better start getting you ready." She led me into the bathroom and started spraying a creamy foam on my legs. "Wait five minutes before you take your shower. . .you have to give this time to work."

As I stood there waiting for the time to pass, Kathy started playing with my shoulder-length dishwater blonde hair. "It's a good thing you kept putting off getting this cut," she said with a smile. "We can really give you a good looking hairstyle for tonight." She turned to leave. "Now, go ahead and shower while I pick out your clothes."

I turned on the water and stepped into the stall. As the warm water hit my legs, I was shocked to see that the hair was washing down the drain with the foam! I finished my shower, somewhat in a daze, and dried off. The towel felt really strange against my hairless legs, and I felt naked even though I was wearing my terry-cloth robe.

As I came out of the bathroom, I started to yell at her but Kathy came out of her room, took one look and said, "Oh, Danny, you have GREAT legs for a girl. . .you are going to look FANTASTIC in a mini-skirt!" She motioned for me to come into her bedroom, where I saw that she had laid out an entire outfit for me, including lingerie, pantyhose, and a pair of black patent leather pumps with three inch heels. "This is going to work out great," she continued. I just stood there, stunned by the thought that soon I would be wearing the clothes I saw on her bed.

I looked at the strapped garment on the bed and said, "I'm not going to wear a bra. The guys will tease me if they find out." Kathy ignored my request and went to work immediately, removing my robe and fastening a bra around my chest. "This is a 'push-up' bra," she explained as she adjusted and positioned it. "These underwires and little plastic platform inside will take the fleshy part of your chest and hold it in place so that it will look like you have breasts." She stepped back to admire her work. "There. Now my little sister has boobs. . .a girl your age shouldn't go around flat-chested." Next, she tossed a pair of high-cut bikini panties at me. "Here, put these on while I go plug in my hot rollers," she said as she headed out the bedroom door. "And tuck your male parts between your legs," she added.

She returned seconds later and showed me how to put on a pair of beige pantyhose, rolling up the legs, sticking my feet into them, then unrolling the legs, one at a time,

up to the knees, then past my thighs, and finally pulling the panty securely up to my waist. Kathy said, "I think we'll do your hair and makeup before you get dressed." She pointed at the high-heeled pumps. "But you'd better put these on because you're going to have to get used to walking in them." I slipped the shoes on and tried to stand up. . . losing my balance in the process and falling back onto the bed. My sister helped me up and told me, "You have to shift your body weight onto the balls of your feet instead of the heels. That way, you'll keep your balance and you'll walk like a girl instead of a boy."

She led me back to the bathroom and sat me down sideways on the toilet seat, facing her. Then she got out her styling mousse, hairbrush, and opened the heating compartment of her hot rollers. For the next fifteen minutes, she worked on my hair, leaving me to contemplate my hairless, nylon-covered legs. I had to admit that the sheer pantyhose and the pumps made my feet look small and feminine, but I couldn't help wondering why I was going through all this. Finally, when I felt I couldn't take anymore, I said, "Kathy, I've changed my mind. I'd rather not go to the dance than have to go as a girl."

"Too late now, kiddo," she answered. "I've got your hair styled already. Trust me, you'll be the hit. Now I'm going to do your makeup."

It seemed like it took an eternity for her to fix my face the way she wanted. First, she spread a foundation base all over, then dusted me with a big, soft brush dipped in a light beige powder. After that, Kathy took another brush and lightly stroked my cheeks with a rose colored powder. She spent several minutes using foam-tipped swabs applying three or four different colors of eyeshadow to my eyelids, then she asked me to look upward while she applied eyeliner to my lower eyelids. Then she applied several coats of mascara to my upper and lower eyelashes and, finally, painted my mouth with a pretty pink shade of lipstick. By now, I was really starting to feel embarrassed. "Kathy, I REALLY don't feel right wearing your panties and a bra and having my face covered with makeup. Can't we just forget the whole thing?"

"Nonsense," my sister replied. "Come on, stand up and take a look in the mirror."

I stood up and faced the medicine cabinet. Looking back at me was the image of my late twin sister! Her dusty blonde hair was lightly waved, grazing the tops of her ears gently and cascading gently down to her shoulders. And her face was so beautifully made up, with striking, pretty eyes and a small, pink mouth! The illusion was so convincing, I suddenly felt like a peeping Tom seeing my gorgeous twin clad only in her bra and panties! "I look like. . .like Danielle!" I exclaimed.

"Now that you mention it, you do," Kathy answered. "My little sister. . .back from the grave." She led me back to her bedroom, where she gave me a red satin blouse and her black leather miniskirt to put on. The blouse felt cool and the skirt was tight around my hips. Standing in front of her full-length mirror, I was absolutely stunned at how really pretty I was as a girl.

Kathy suddenly burst into tears and ran from the room. I ran after her wondering what was wrong. She turned to look at me, and a peaceful expression came over her face. "Quiet," she said.

Kathy stood there looking at me, a wide smile came across her face. "Danielle, I think you look so much better in a skirt, instead of that 'tomboy' image you've taken to. I'm glad you're back, I've missed you so." I wondered what she meant by that. Was it some kind of joke to make me feel better about the costume? It wasn't funny. She brought her jewelry box over and added a pair of clip-on gold earrings, a delicate gold chain around my neck, and a dainty ring on my left hand. "I think we'd better do your nails while we're at it," she said, sitting me down at her desk. She filed and shaped my nails, then applied two coats of a light pink polish.

I looked at my hands, as pretty as any girl's, then stood up and walked over to the mirror to look at myself again. "I look TOO good as a girl, Kathy. I REALLY don't think it's a good idea for me to go to the dance tonight looking so. . .so much like my dead sister!"

"Nonsense," was her reply. "You look so much prettier now that you've finally started wearing girl's clothes and makeup again." I looked at my older sister. She had a strange expression on her face. . .and she seemed to be ignoring my remarks about Danielle being dead. I looked in the mirror again. My blonde twin sister looked back at me with a dismayed expression on her face. I couldn't bear the thought of walking into the gym that night looking this way, but I also knew Kathy wasn't going to let me change clothes between now and then. . .besides, how did girls take off makeup? And how would I get the polish off of my fingernails? Kathy was rambling on about how cute I was, but I was only half-listening, trying to figure a way out of my predicament. How could I have allowed this to happen?

CHAPTER THREE

Walking onto campus, I kept looking down at my hairless, nylon covered legs emerging from my short skirt, and at my feet, looking small and feminine in my sister's pumps. It was all so unreal to me. Normally, I walked these halls as a male, although a largely ignored one. Now, I felt as if I was an entirely different person. . .as if I had somehow become a real female, and was going to the dance the same as any other girl! No, I was a boy and was about to have the worse evening of my life. I'm sure I looked like a pansy, a boy in a dress. The guys would tease me and would probably pull up my skirt in fun, finding that I was wearing panties.

None of the guys, even the few people I knew, would want to be around me. I was going to be a leper.

I stopped under one of the hallway lights and fumbled in my purse for the mirror that I'd seen Kathy put in there. That pretty blonde girl looked back at me again. Gorgeous complexion, perfectly made up. . .and, I hoped, totally unlike my normal self. I put the mirror back, closed my purse, took a deep breath, and headed for the gym. I realized how girlish a movement I'd just made. Stupid, stupid, stupid! I had NEVER felt this nervous in my entire life.

I almost didn't go in. What would happen once I was noticed? I knew what would happen the minute one guy recognized me. He'd yell, "Hey guys, look at our little fairy here. He has pink polish on his fingers and toes. Let's see if they match his panties. . ."

How could I possibly enter the costume contest dressed this way? I was already the campus oddball. . .now I was wearing a miniskirt, makeup, and high heels. . .I was sure to be immediately branded a "sissy", at the very least! Finally, I summoned enough courage to walk up to the door and accept my fate. I was amazed! Neither the girl taking tickets or the one who took my fake fur jacket to hang in the cloakroom recognized me! Was it possible my big sister was right? I walked onto the gym floor, my high heels clicking against the wood floor. As I looked around nervously, I saw that no one gave the slightest hint of recognition. Even my worst detractors appeared unaware of my true identity. My fears were completely erased when our star quarterback (who ELSE would come as Casanova?) came up to me and started hitting on me: "Hi. I haven't seen you before. . .didn't they tell you this was a costume party?"

I realized that he didn't recognize his tutor, so I figured that the best way for me to survive the evening was to play along. "No," I said in my sweetest, highest voice. "I thought it was just another dance. I don't go to school at MacArthur."

"Oh, then I guess you go to Kennedy?"

"Um. . .yeah," I said, thinking quickly.

"Well, anyway, too bad we never met sooner. Could I maybe have your phone number? Maybe we could go out sometime?"

I panicked. "Well . . ." I stalled. Good god. . .now I was in REAL trouble. This was the last person on earth I wanted to have find out what was underneath my leather miniskirt! Although the idea of being cute enough to attract THE jock on campus was rather flattering. . .

"Come on, we'll have a good time. . ."

I suddenly rejoined the real world. Come on, boy, think. . . wait a minute, what did I mean "boy"? No, hold on, that's it. . . what would any other "girl" do in this situation? Finally, inspiration struck: "Sorry. . . jocks just aren't my type." He got a disappointed look on his face and looked as if he was going to try another tactic, but I swiveled on my heel (almost losing my balance in the process) and walked away, noticing that the high heels had added a little extra swing to my hips.

The experience had left my mouth dry, so I got a cup of apple juice and crossed the gym to the bleachers. I sat down, legs crossed at the knees, just like Kathy had instructed me, and started sipping my juice. Looking up from my cup, I saw Susan Parker, dressed as a harem dancer, heading in my direction. Susan and I had bumped into each other before, even though she went to Kennedy High across town. She was a striking brunette, and had been the girlfriend of one of our basketball players ever since our freshman year. The romance had continued after her family moved out of MacArthur's boundaries right before her sophomore year. I saw her at all the games, cheering for her boyfriend, since the yearbook had assigned me to do all the sports photos for the past three years. (I guess they figured I already knew all the players anyway from my tutoring.)

Susan sat down next to me and said, "They told me you go to Kennedy. . . I don't remember seeing you on campus."

Could I bluff my way out of this as well? "Oh, do you go there too? I guess we don't have any classes together."

"Yeah, I guess." Susan looked skeptical. "Didn't you know this was a costume dance?"

"No." I realized that I was more anonymous than I thought. Maybe I could pull this thing off and get out without anyone knowing I was here. "Nice costume," I remarked, still using my sweet feminine voice.

"Thanks," she said. Then, looking me over, "I'm sure I know you from somewhere. Did we maybe have P.E. together when we were sophomores?"

I almost choked on my apple juice at the thought of being in the same locker room with Susan Parker. "No, I'm pretty sure that's not it," I squeaked out.

She stared at my face for what seemed like an eternity. "You ARE a girl, aren't you?"

"What makes you ask that?"

"I don't know. You COULD be a really cute guy with nice legs who happens to look good in drag." She giggled. "And you're playing along to make your costume more realistic."

"Come on, Susan," I replied. "No guy would DARE come to a dance dressed like this."

"Wait a minute! You called me 'Susan'! I DO know you from somewhere, don't I?"

The jig was up. "Promise you won't tell?"

She crossed her bikini-covered breast. "Cross my heart and hope this falls off."

"O.K. I'm Daniel Nichols."

Her mouth dropped open. "My god! . . . No wonder you look so familiar! You're a perfect image of your twin sister, Danielle! Oh, I'm sorry, I heard about her death."

"That's what my sister was saying all day. Look, just call me Danny, O.K.?"

"O.K. 'Danni' with an I." She moved closer so I could hear her over the band without shouting. "You know, you DO look great wearing a mini-skirt and makeup. In fact, if you wanted, you and I could go out sometime as girlfriends!"

"No." Seeing the disappointment in her face, I continued, "I mean, thanks for the compliment, Susan, but tonight's a one time only situation. I only let my sister dress me up like this because I didn't have a costume idea of my own."

"Well, I think you look great. In fact, I like you better this way. You're not the type of guy that is good to hang around, you know, 'nerdy'." She giggled again. "You may have finally found an image that suits you! I promise not

to tell anyone if you'll play like my girlfriend for the evening."

"Thanks again for being so nice, but I don't think so."

She stood up. "O.K., Danni, but I'm going to tell some of my friends, and they'll tell some of theirs and soon you'll have every guy over here teasing you. Coming dressed like that, with your reputation wasn't very bright."

As Susan started to walk off, I realized that as Danni, she seemed to like me. It was a weird feeling to know that no one wanted Danny Nichols as a boyfriend, but a most popular Susan wanted Danielle Nichols as a girlfriend. I sat there thinking about the absurdity of the situation then quickly made a decision, "Susan, I'll do what you ask. Please don't tell anyone. OK?"

She took me over to her friends and introduced me. No one seemed to think anything unusual except that I wasn't in costume.

I heard them call for the best costume judging, but. . . I was still too afraid of what everyone would have said if I'd gotten up there dressed this way, even though I probably would have won. But I don't think I could have revealed who I was anyway, now that I'd successfully fooled everyone.

Susan won second prize while I watched from the sidelines. One of the guys stood next to me and said, "Too bad you didn't wear a costume. You would have looked great in a hula outfit."

During the rest of the night Susan made me stay close to her. She seemed to love introducing me to the boys as she came up to ask us to dance. The first time, I panicked and looked at Susan. She nodded as if to say I'd better dance.

My face was crimson as I was lead out onto the dance floor by Bill, a football player. He was everything I wished to be; tall, strong, and handsome. His suit and tie were in contrast to my skirt and blouse. His chest bulged with muscles, mine just bulged out with the twin points of my padded chest. Lucky for me it was a fast dance and I tried the best I could to look like the other girls.

Afterwards, Susan was smiling. She whispered to me, "You're a natural. Take smaller steps and walk from your hips. You know, let me see that fanny wiggle."

I turned red as she continued, obliviously having great fun with my deception. "Danni, with a little help, you could be a beautiful girl, a popular girl."

"But Susan, I'm a boy. I'm never going to do this again."

"Some boy!" She laughed, "As a boy you look funny. I'd say your are a perfect size 8. Look at your hips; they have a fleshiness that is very girlish. Let me try something."

She took a red lace ribbon from her purse and selected a long lock in back. She adeptly tied the ribbon in a big bow and which hung down my back with my shiny hair. I looked around, it was like everyone in the room was watching us. If the word got out now, my goose would really be cooked.

"Glamorous, my darling little sissy," she exclaimed softly.

I was humiliated. I thought Susan liked me. She was just teasing me, and in some ways it was worse than the potential ribbing from the guys.

Susan added, "I want you to dance with who ever asks you, right?"

I knew the consequences of my disobeying. I nodded OK, meekly.

After several dances, I relaxed and almost had fun. Susan loved the deception. Before I left the dance, she said, "Danni, I really like you and you're a good sport. We're going to have to do this again." I tried to tell her "no", but she only smiled and winked at me.

When Kathy came to pick me up after the dance, she asked me, "Well, Danielle, how was the dance?"

"It was very strange," I answered her, telling her about my experience with Susan Parker. "It was the first time anyone other than a faculty member or a grade-conscious jock had actually been nice to me. . . too bad it took dressing up like this for that to happen. I don't know, Kathy. It's all becoming so confusing." I looked down at my legs. "I've

even grown comfortable wearing this skirt and high heels! My feet are killing me though."

"See, I told you you'd like wearing dresses again once you got used to it." She turned into the driveway of our duplex. "In fact, for being so good about the whole thing, I have a surprise for you inside."

Now what. . . I wondered as we walked up the sidewalk and in the front door. "Can I get out of these clothes first?" I asked Kathy, heading for my room.

She followed me down the hall. "Danielle, wait. . ."

I walked in the bedroom and opened the closet. It was full of girl's clothes! All of my shirts and jeans were gone. . . instead, there were dresses, skirts, and other clothes that I recognized as being Danielle's. On the floor, there were several pairs of shoes. . . none of which would be part of a boy's wardrobe. In a panic, I ran to my dresser, and pulled open the drawers, only to find bras, panties, nylons and other lingerie! No t-shirts, no boxer shorts, absolutely nothing remained to show that a 17 year old boy lived here!

I spun to face my older sister in the doorway. "Kathy, what have you done with my clothes?"

"These ARE your clothes, Danielle. Aren't you glad I saved them while you were going through this 'tomboy' phase?" she asked as she walked in and sat on the edge of the bed. I crossed the room and sat next to her. We must have looked like two sisters having a girl-to-girl talk.

"Kathy," I moaned, "This isn't fair. . . I don't WANT to be a girl and wear these old clothes!"

"Life isn't fair, little sister," she replied. There was a hard edge to her voice that I'd never heard before. Her words had a sound to them that implied I wasn't going to get a choice in this matter. "And you are going to be a girl, whether you like it or not." Her voice took on a more normal, softer tone. "Besides, I'm sure Robin would agree."

Robin? What did her psychologist have to do with all of this? I looked at Kathy again. She seemed to honestly believe I was my dead twin sister! I made a mental note to call her doctor tomorrow. In the meantime, it was probably best to play along with the gag. "Well. . ." I slowly

admitted. "It WAS sort of fun and exciting being a girl tonight. Girls sure get a lot more attention."

"Ha! I knew that I was right. And I'm sure that after you've spent a little more time wearing more feminine clothing, you'll agree with me and never want to go back to being a tomboy again." She stood up and walked to the dresser. "You'll notice I took your jeans and shorts out before I hung your clothes up. I think it's best if you stick to skirts and dresses for the time being." She reached into one of the open drawers. "Here, you can sleep in this tonight," she told me, tossing a pink lace-trimmed night-shirt at me. "And don't forget to take your makeup off before you go to bed. . .baby oil for your eyes, cold cream for your face." She walked out of the room with a big smile on her face.

I sat there for several minutes contemplating my fate. How had this all happened? I had thought that the only thing I'd agreed to, and even then reluctantly, was wearing Kathy's clothes as a Halloween costume. Now she was trying to make me into a girl full-time! It seemed like a dream. . .or actually, a nightmare. I had spent the evening wearing girl's clothes and worse had acted like one, even dancing with boys. I was ashamed of my actions.

I looked down at my legs again. They DID look shapely and feminine. . .clean instead of hairy, smooth and sexy. The miniskirt and heels really DID show them off to advantage. Standing up, I was immediately aware that I'd already learned to automatically rebalance myself to compensate for the shoes I was wearing. Unzipping the leather skirt in the back, I began to wonder: What would my life had been like if I'd been born a girl? Was it possible that I really COULD live as a girl without being discovered? I was amazed at the smooth, silky feeling my legs had as I took off my pantyhose. . .and when I removed my bra, I was astonished to find that the flesh my sister had pushed into the cups were retaining a great deal of their new shape, almost making it appear as if I really HAD breasts. I shook my head violently. This was only temporary, a nightmare. . .tomorrow I would call my sister's

psychologist and get her to make Kathy see that I was really a boy.

As I stood before the medicine cabinet in the mirror, taking off the pretty colors of Danni's face, I realized that my hands still looked very feminine with the pink nail polish still on them. And even without makeup, I still looked like a girl with my hair styled the way it was. I untied the ribbon Susan had put in my hair. I had forgotten about it most of the night.

I slipped on the only thing in the room to wear, Kathy's nightshirt. It had small but obvious twin swollen nipples where my chest still showed the effects of wearing a bra all day. Suddenly, I was aware of what the night shirt said: "Good girls go to heaven. . .bad girls go everywhere". A wave of panic swept over me once again.

Tomorrow, everything would be okay. This must be some kind of a joke, Kathy's playing on me for teasing her before she goes on dates. That's it, a joke. I slept rather uneasily that night.

CHAPTER FOUR

The next morning, I awoke to the sight of my pink manicured fingers and the unfamiliar feel of smooth hairless legs. I bolted from bed and it all came back.

I went through my closet searching for something to wear and could only find a pink cotton t-shirt and faded denim miniskirt to wear. Trying to remember how Kathy had showed me how to use the push-up bra to make breasts out of my chest like yesterday, I managed to somehow create a reasonably female image.

It seemed to take forever. . .I really didn't WANT to wear my sister's old clothes, but with no male clothing in the house, what else could I do? If this was a joke, I'd play along for an hour.

I looked in the dresser and found some lace-trimmed ankle socks, which I wore with a pair of pink-and-white running shoes from the floor of my closet. Looking in the mirror, I saw a fairly cute, presentable, blonde girl. . .not the young boy I was used to seeing. I sighed heavily, my

spirit now totally broken. I was going to have to go along with this feminine version of myself for a little while longer. Just until she gave me my clothes back. I hoped that she wouldn't find out that I had never told anyone at the dance I was a boy. She'd tease me unmercifully if she found out I had danced with the boys.

"That outfit looks very nice on you, Danielle," Kathy greeted me as I entered the living room. "But we still need to give you makeup lessons." She took me into the bathroom, stood me in front of the medicine chest, and within minutes, I'd been shown how to apply mascara, blusher, and lipstick. Kathy explained that it was better for a girl my age to only wear foundation and eyeshadow on special occasions. She also showed me how to bring the style back to my hair with just a few quick strokes of the hairbrush. Suddenly, I had the same feeling as I'd had the day before. . . that I was looking at the cutest girl in the world. Only this time, it was coupled with the sinking feeling that I was allowing something to happen that was not right for a boy. No boy would ever be caught in girls clothes for any reason, yet here I was.

Kathy shooed me out of the bathroom just then so she could take her shower. I waited for the sound of running water before I went to the phone and dialed the home number of Kathy's psychologist.

"Hello?" her pleasant, feminine voice came down the line.

"Hi, Dr. Holland. It's Daniel Nichols. . . I'm worried about Kathy." I related to her how my older sister had transformed me into the image of my twin sister, then is apparently refusing to let me return to my true male identity. "In fact, right now I'm wearing a denim miniskirt and makeup," I concluded.

"Oh, no," the doctor replied. "I was afraid something like this might happen. Kathy has been making such rapid progress in dealing with the death of your parents and sister that the possibility of a backlash had occurred to me. Only I didn't think it would take a form that would affect you. Remember the breakdown before."

"What can I do about it?" I asked desperately. "I can't go to school tomorrow looking like this!"

"Find some excuse to get her over to my office. I'll wait for you there. O.K.?"

"I'll try. . .thank you." I hung up just as my sister came into the room. "Kathy, can you take me over to Dr. Holland's office? I was just talking to her about our problem. . ."

"Good idea. Maybe Robin can convince you to stop trying to be a tomboy." She grabbed her keys and purse. "Let's go over there right now."

In the car, I tried to soften the blow I knew was coming. "You know, miniskirts really aren't suitable for shop courses. . ."

"I'll fix that. A girl your age really should take home economics courses, anyway." She pulled into the driveway of the medical building. "You go in and see Robin, and I'll drive over to my office and fix your class schedule."

"But, Kathy. . ." I started to protest.

Her eyes started to glaze over and her voice took on that hard edge again. "Danielle, I said go inside."

Not wanting to cross her in that mood, I got out of the car. She drove off immediately, leaving me to see her psychologist alone.

Robin Holland, Ph.D., was shocked by my appearance. "God. . .your sister did THIS to you?"

I nodded meekly. "See why I called you?"

"Kathy must really believe you're Danielle. She's apparently lost touch with the reality of the accident three years ago. But from what you've told me, we aren't going to be able to just confront her with the truth."

"You're telling me." I told her about the incident in the car and how Kathy had gotten tougher when I mentioned my shop courses and my reluctance to come in by myself. "She's over at her office right now 'fixing' my class schedule," I concluded.

"Well," Dr. Holland responded thoughtfully, "that might be best under the circumstances. I don't really want

to admit her to a hospital for observation. . .that would leave you without a legal guardian in the meantime. You'd end up in some home." She looked me up and down. "At least you LOOK female. . .I think you could pull off the masquerade until your sister comes back to the real world."

"But, Doctor," I protested, "if I go to class tomorrow looking like this. . ."

I was interrupted by a knock on the door, followed by my sister sweeping into the inner office. "Well, Robin, did you straighten out Danielle?" she asked. "I put together a new schedule for her. . .even transferred her to Kennedy so I can keep track of her better!"

I looked at the sheet of paper my sister handed me in disbelief. The name at the top said "Nichols, Danielle" and I really did have a class schedule worthy of any senior girl my age. I handed it to Dr. Holland, who shook her head sadly. "Kathy, I don't believe this is the right way to handle this. . ."

"Well, Robin, it's MY way," she snapped. "Look, you talk some sense into her. . .I'll wait outside." She stormed into the outer office, slamming the door behind her.

"You're definitely going to have to be careful crossing her, Danny," the doctor said. Then, looking at the list of classes Kathy had given me, "We're going to have to keep you out of P.E., though." She went to her desk and typed out a letter. "Here. Give this to the administration office tomorrow morning. It explains that I'm treating you for fear of being naked in a group. Best I can do, but at least it'll keep you from being found out."

"Wait," I said, "I can't do this. Some one will find out and the guys will kill me."

"Well, the only other way is to commit her and put you in a home. Do you know anyone at Kennedy?"

"No, not really."

"I suggest you go along and I'll try to keep her out of the wacky bin."

We passed the mall on the way home, and Kathy turned into the parking lot. I was still dazed from what had been

happening. I was wearing a denim miniskirt, a girl's hairstyle, and makeup...and tomorrow I was going to start school as a girl. It was certainly NOT your average Sunday! I followed my sister almost mechanically into the mall to the jewelry shop, feeling as if I was an unwilling participant in a bizarre dream. I felt as if any minute, I was going to wake up, wearing my boy's pajamas, with everything back to normal.

Looking in the mirror at the jewelry store jolted me back to reality. I was wearing a pair of dainty diamond studs, just big enough to set off my long, blonde hair. My ears had been pierced! "Danielle, would you like me to get you a pair of gold hoops to wear when you're all dressed up?" Kathy asked me. I nodded without saying a word, as I inspected my earlobes in shock. Was I never to be a boy again? Or was my sister really going to turn me into a girl and keep me that way?

On the way back to the parking lot, we passed a junior fashions shop. Kathy suddenly changed directions and dragged me in. "It won't hurt you to get a few new things. . .after all, a senior in high school has to stay on top of fashion," she said as she selected several skirts and tops from the store's clearance rack.

"But, Kathy, we can't afford new clothes," I protested. "Couldn't I just wear my old clothes, and. . ."

"We've been over this before. Your old clothes make you look like a tomboy, Danielle," my sister replied, cutting me off. "You look much better in a dress." She handed me several hangers. "These should fit you fine, but I think you should try them on anyway." She gave me a little shove toward the shop's dressing room. I went in and changed clothes, modeling several new outfits for my appreciative older sister. After several trips back and forth, Kathy seemed to be satisfied, and she had the salesclerk ring up my new wardrobe.

That night, I changed my name in all of my notebooks and on the label on my backpack. I also dug out my twin sister's old purse, including the velcro wallet that she used to carry around when she was in high school, and a little see-through pouch with mascara, blusher, lipstick and a

mirror inside. It seemed inevitable now that, like it or not, I was going to become my dead twin sister.

CHAPTER FIVE

The next morning, I somehow succeeded in getting dressed, fixing my hair, and putting on my makeup. When I came into the kitchen for breakfast wearing a black miniskirt, a pink and white pullover sweater, and black pumps, my sister greeted me warmly with, "Good morning, little sister. You look very nice today."

"Thanks loads," I said unhappily.

"Danielle, you know you're really a girl. Why do you think you've had so few friends? It's that tomboy image of yours. You'll do much better at Kennedy High than you did at MacArthur. And besides, this way you can ride to school with me in the morning, which is quite an improvement over when you had to walk." She poured my juice. "You know, you're really a very pretty girl. . . I wouldn't be surprised if you drive the boys at Kennedy crazy!"

"Great, Kathy. That's all I need. Don't you realize it's difficult enough for me to have to go to school looking like this? Now you want me dating, too?" I was so upset, my hand was shaking and I started spilling orange juice all over the table.

Kathy got a towel and started mopping up my mess. "Once you get more used to looking the part, I'm sure you'll WANT to have a boyfriend, just like the rest of the girls. Now hurry and finish breakfast, we've got to leave." She hurried down the hallway to grab her purse and keys, and practically dragged me out the door and into the car.

When we got to the parking lot at the school administration building, I got out with my backpack and walked across the street to Kennedy High. The first thing I did when I got on campus was to report to the school office with my transfer papers and Dr. Holland's letter. I could feel my heart beating as they doublechecked me on the computer, but apparently Kathy's computer fact-changing had worked, and they accepted the doctor's letter as a valid excuse to get me out of P.E. I was issued me a locker and

temporary student I.D. and given directions to my homeroom.

Standing outside the classroom, I saw the one person who could blow my cover, Susan Parker, coming down the hall! Suddenly I realized that alphabetically, we would have the same homeroom assignment. . .but I hadn't the faintest idea of I could do about the situation.

"Danni?" Susan asked as she got to the door. "Danni Nichols? I thought Saturday night was a one night arrangement. . .I sure didn't expect to see you here this morning!"

"It's a long story, Susan," I replied. "Just do me a favor and don't tell anyone who I really am. . .if you want, I'll explain it all to you at lunchtime, O.K.?"

"Sure, Danni. I had so much fun with you at the dance, I'm just glad you decided to be a girl after all." She turned and waved at a group of girls walking across the lawn. "Hey, Chris!"

A cute redhead with a friendly smile came over. "Hi, Susan, what's up?"

"I want you to meet Danni Nichols. . .we went to MacArthur together our freshman year. She just transferred here. Danni, this is Chris. . ." Chris' smile didn't diminish as she responded with a warm "hello". It was the first time since I started high school that I felt like I belonged there.

The rest of the morning was no less remarkable an experience. Not only was the situation a complete reversal of what I'd experienced as Danny at MacArthur High, I found that I wasn't the only male who thought Danni was the most beautiful girl ever. Guys were holding doors open for me and stealing glances in my direction during class. I mentioned my amazement to Susan after fourth period, as we stopped at our lockers to retrieve our lunches. "You know, I never intended to be here as a girl, but my sister complicated matters." As we headed for the quad area where most of the student body ate, I related the whole story of how Kathy had gotten rid of all my boy clothes, then how she had changed the school district records and

transferred me to Kennedy High. Finally, I told Susan how my sister's therapist had asked me to continue masquerading as a girl until we could get my sister's mental health back to normal.

Susan listened with a smile on her face. "Well, it COULD be worse. . .take a good look at yourself, Danni. You're at least as pretty as I am!"

"I guess you're right," I admitted. "I don't seem to have much of a choice but to dress like this for a while, anyway." I brushed some crumbs off of my skirt. "At least I look the part."

"That's for sure. You walk and talk like a girl, too. If Chris had doubted for a second that you were female, she would have said something. No, Danni, you're safe. . .for the moment, anyway."

By the end of my first week at Kennedy, I had become much more comfortable with my new feminine role. Susan thought it might be because our home economics course had been concentrating on cooking skills all week. . .an area I'd already been competent in before I started wearing skirts to school. I personally believed it had something to do with a comment my driver education teacher had made after my third day of using the simulator without any "accidents". The teacher was impressed enough to mention that I drove "better than most girls". O.K., so it was a sexist remark, but it certainly made me feel feminine. Nonetheless, I did still miss being a boy.

My high I.Q. served me much better as Danni, I found. Although the change in schools had caused sudden jumps in the curriculum, I was able to adjust quickly, and NO ONE was going to ask me to tutor the jocks now that I was a girl. The coaches didn't trust their macho athletes with a pretty little thing like me. (Actually, I wouldn't have trusted them either.)

Chris caught up with me at my locker after the final bell Friday. "Want to go to the movies with me tonight?" she asked.

"Sure, I guess," I replied. "Anyone else going?"

"No, just you and me. Susan's boyfriend is taking her out."

I was struck by two thoughts. One, how quickly I'd become close friends with Chris, who had no idea that I was a boy in drag. Two, how pretty she was. I wished I could be her boyfriend. . . she didn't seem to have one, even though I'd heard her talk about some of the awful dates she'd had. Well, I guessed, going to the movies with her as Danni was certainly an improvement over my old social life at MacArthur. "Meet you at the theater?"

"O.K. The 'Plaza Four'. . . movie starts at 7:00."

The movie was about a young boy who wished he could be a grownup and got his wish. It was so funny, I laughed until I cried. . . a fact Chris pointed out to me because my mascara had run down my cheeks. In the ladies' room, while I wiped the dark streaks off my face and added fresh mascara to my eyelashes, Chris said, "I think if I was going to make a wish like that, I'd want to see what being a boy was like."

I stopped fixing my face and looked at her. "Why? Don't you LIKE being a girl?" (I even surprised myself with that one.)

"Well, yeah, but sometimes I think boys have it better. I mean, look at the two of us. . . having to go to the movies together because we don't have boyfriends."

I finished with my makeup and we headed for the exit. "You're really worried about not having a boyfriend, aren't you, Chris?"

"Yeah, well, guys can be such jerks sometimes. . ."

"Tell you what. I'LL be your boyfriend. I'll wear jeans and no makeup. . ."

She looked at me and giggled. "Danni, you'd make a TERRIBLE looking boy." She put her arm around my shoulder and gave me a quick sideways hug. "But thanks for making me laugh. You're a neat friend!"

I was dazed. For a brief moment, I'd almost ended this charade. . . and instead, had become an even closer girl-friend to someone. When I got home, I scrutinized the

reflection in the mirror. It bore little resemblance to the one that had been there one short week before. Instead of an average-looking, insecure, frowning boy, I saw a cute, self-assured, smiling girl. Smiling, in spite of myself. It suddenly dawned on me that I had ENJOYED this past week as Danni. . .that I really was better off this way!

CHAPTER SIX

It seemed the longer I went to Kennedy, the more normal it felt to be a girl. As people got used to me being there, they got friendlier towards me. . .especially the guys, who seemed very happy about this cute blonde who always wore miniskirts to class. Of course, that wasn't MY idea: Kathy wouldn't let me wear jeans (which Dr. Holland didn't seem terribly surprised at under the circumstances). Although I did have to admit that the longer I wore skirts, the more comfortable they felt. It was certainly a different feeling walking down the halls with a single piece of fabric around both thighs, and it took some getting used to seeing my smooth legs in front of me when I sat down. My hair had gotten longer, too: It now fell past my shoulders, almost down to my bra strap. (The only problem with long hair was that the dangling earrings I'd taken to wearing sometimes got tangled in it.)

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A few guys eventually got up the courage to ask me out, but I was way too scared to try dating as Danni, so I always found a way to turn them down without hurting their feelings. Chris, on the other hand, had become neurotic about her lack of a boyfriend, and although most people referred to the two of us and Susan as the "Three Musketeers", I didn't feel like I was living up to the responsibilities of being Chris' friend. I was making no progress in convincing her that the entire male half of the human race was not a worthless bunch of jerks. I almost told her about my full-time masquerade a couple of times, but given how much she trusted me as a girl, I didn't want to risk losing her as a friend.

Anyway, between getting used to the clothes and trying to be a good girlfriend, the end result was that by the time mid-December arrived, I'd practically forgotten what it was like to be a boy. It seemed impossible that I had once walked, talked, and dressed so differently than I did now: All of the feminine mannerisms and body language had become automatic. Sometimes I would realize that the way my hips moved when I walked was a tremendous contrast to the way they had when I was growing up. And my breasts? Well, they had pretty much kept their shape because of my wearing a bra most of the time. The only thing that really surprised me was how good I had become at picking things up now that my nails had grown out some. I guess it was because I'd had to deal with them as they had gotten longer. I'd even won a major battle, having gotten Kathy to stop calling me "Danielle" after I showed her how I was spelling Danni on my school papers.

I talked with my sister's psychologist at least twice a week, not only to try to help bring Kathy back to reality, but because Robin (she encouraged her patients to call her by her first name, and I was extended the same privilege) was also helping me cope with living my life as a girl. She'd had a patient in the past, she told me, who had gone through a sex role reversal a few years back. That piece of information caused me a great deal of worry, until Robin reassured me that she wasn't trying to steer me in the same direction. . .only to make me feel more comfortable while I had to take on a female identity. I had to admit, I

don't think I could have gone on with the masquerade without her help. . .but I still couldn't wait for it to end so that I could go back to being a boy.

At least I didn't have an overblown social life to complicate matters. Susan came over after school a couple of times a week, Chris and I went to the movies most Friday nights, and the three of us cruised the mall on Saturday afternoons. We never bought anything, but we were constantly digging through the racks and occasionally trying things on. (To tell the truth, it was kind of fun modeling dresses, skirts, and stuff in front of my friends. . .although I was scared that someone might come into the dressing room at the wrong moment and discover just how non-female I really was!)

Once in a while Susan would make a crack about something I was modeling making me "look like a boy", which sent us both into a giggling fit. Then Chris would usually look at us like we were from another planet. . .but eventually we convinced her that I had told Susan about the joke I'd made in the ladies' room at the theater. That seemed to satisfy her, and after that she laughed along with us.

This particular Saturday afternoon, though, all Susan wanted to talk about was the upcoming pre-Christmas holiday dance. Apparently her boyfriend had decided to take her out to dinner before the dance, and she was driving the salesclerks crazy trying to find "the perfect dress". Eventually, Chris and I gave up on her and went down to the food court to grab a hot dog.

"So, Danni, are you going?" she asked between bites.

"I don't know. . .I'm not that great a dancer." I didn't want to tell her how I had danced with the boys at the Halloween dance.

"Me neither, but it's pretty easy. Just stand in one place, move your feet a little, sway back and forth with the music, and let the guys play 'air guitar' around you. Between the guys making fools of themselves and the rest of the girls trying to fake it just like you, no one notices what anyone else is doing!"

"It's that easy?"

"Sure." She looked at me and shook her head. "Honestly, Danni, sometimes you act like you just dropped out of the sky. Didn't you learn how to dance SOMETIME during your first 17 years on this planet? I knew how to at least fake it by the middle of my freshman year!"

"Well. . ." Think quickly, girl. "I didn't go to a lot of dances at MacArthur. I was kind of sick a lot the last few years."

"You've got to be kidding."

"No, really. You know how I don't take P.E." It wasn't the truth, but telling even the cover story would have seemed weird.

Chris gave me a skeptical look. "Well, you don't look too sick to go to the dance tonight. And since neither of us has a boyfriend, we can at least keep each other company while everyone else is enjoying themselves. You probably won't even HAVE to dance!"

Having no further valid excuses, I found myself sitting on the sidelines with Chris at the gym while the band played some awful rendition of a current hit song. Seeing all the guys in their jackets, ties, and slacks, I suddenly felt guilty about wearing a satin party dress and heels. (Did I REALLY used to dress like them?) My guilt was so overpowering that I must have turned down a dozen invitations to dance, some almost rudely.

I had pretty much concluded that this whole dance idea had been a total waste of time, when I noticed a cute, dark haired boy, about four or five inches taller than me, glancing at me, then looking away as soon as he saw me looking in his direction. I nudged Chris. "Who's that?" I asked her.

"Who? Oh, that's J.J. . . Jeff Jackson. He's kind of shy," she answered. "You know, the kind of boy everyone tends to ignore. Why? Are you looking for a boyfriend?"

"No! . . I guess I'm just curious why he's looking at me so funny."

"Well, J.J.'s something of a loner. Too shy to stand up for his own rights, and as a result, pretty much by himself all the time."

I knew how he felt; he reminded me a little of the way I was back at MacArthur. . . probably never had a girlfriend in his life. . . but what could I do? I wasn't even REALLY a girl! My thoughts were interrupted by Chris poking me in the arm. "I think J.J.'s gotten up the courage to ask you to dance!" She was right. He was coming across the room, stopping right in front of us.

"Uh, hi. Um, would you like to, uh, dance?" His shyness was painfully obvious. . . he was even worse than I had been as Danny! He asked knowing that I would turn him down.

"Gee, I really don't dance that well." Maybe a gentle brush-off would work. I had to at least try to be nice.

"Uh, um, me neither. . . I was just, you know, kind of wondering if, well, you might want to. . ." J.J.'s voice trailed off. He was obviously hurt by my attitude, and that made me feel really awful.

Just as he turned to walk away, I stood up and said, "Wait a minute. . . sure, I think it would be very nice if you danced with me."

We were probably the most perfectly mis-matched couple on the gym floor. I was trying to remember everything Chris had told me about how girls danced. How had I been so convincing on Halloween? My concentration was blown by the fact that J.J. was NOT playing 'air guitar' like she had said. He was trying to match my dance steps. Finally, I stopped and started giggling.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"You and me," I choked out between giggles. "I can barely dance, and you're trying to duplicate what I'm doing. It's like the blind leading the blind!"

"I guess, um, I don't dance that, uh, great, either," he admitted. "But, well, I really, uh, wanted to meet you. I, um, noticed you in my second period math class, and, well, you see, I noticed that you didn't have a, um, boyfriend, and gee, you're really pretty, and, um, well, I didn't want

you to not, you know, have a good time, and. . ." His voice trailed off again.

Impulsively, I dragged him over to the sidelines. "Look, J.J. I really appreciate you thinking of me like that, but I'm really not in the market for a boyfriend right now." He looked hurt again. "I mean, we can be friends. . ."

"Could we, um, maybe go to a movie sometime?"

"Well, maybe." What was I thinking of? How could I be possibly considering going on a date with a boy? I still thought of myself as a male. . .even if I didn't LOOK the part. . .now I was talking about going to the movies with one? "I mean, I don't know, J.J. Are you sure you want to take out someone like me?"

"Well, uh, sure. . .that is, if you, um, wanted to. . .I mean, you ARE one of the, well, prettiest girls in school. . ."

Did EVERYONE accept me as female this unquestioningly? How was I going to reclaim my true identity as Daniel Nichols when this was all over? Or had fate conspired with Kathy to really make me into a girl named Danielle for the rest of my life? I couldn't think of a way out of my peril, so, sighing heavily, I rummaged around in my purse and came up with a pencil and paper. "Here's my address and phone number. Call me next week and we'll talk about it, O.K.?" I handed him the scrap of paper.

"Um, O.K., yeah, that's great! Uh, thanks, really, uh. . .Danni. . ." He stood up, almost knocking over the chairs in the process. "Did I tell you, uh, what a pretty name Danni is. . .?"

Chris came over. "I think J.J. likes you."

"Yeah, I guess so," I replied. But what I really was thinking was "What have I gotten myself into NOW?"

It didn't take long for Susan to find out from Chris what had been happening at the dance while she had been preoccupied with her boyfriend. The subject came up one afternoon after school while she was hanging around the apartment. As I said before, we had a little after-school "girl talk" a couple of times a week while I cooked dinner: We talked about our classes, makeup, clothes, and lately,

even J.J. . . and I was surprised at how comfortable I was becoming talking about these things with Susan!

"So, what are you going to do about J.J.?" she asked.

"I don't know. He reminds me of me. . . I mean, when I was a boy. He seems so shy and insecure."

"He is kind of like the old Danny. Except that YOU never got up enough nerve to ask a girl to dance."

She was giggling about the idea of me asking a girl to dance, now that I looked like a girl myself, when I heard Kathy come in the door. "I'm home, little sister," she called out.

"We're in the kitchen, Kathy," I answered.

As she came into the room, she asked, "Oh, hi, Susan, what's so funny?"

"Oh, we were just talking about what happened at the dance last Friday, and mmmmmmmph. . ." I clapped my hand over her mouth.

I said, "There was this boy who tried to ask Susan to dance, and her boyfriend practically knocked over all the chairs trying to chase him away. You kind of had to be there." I looked at Susan, who nodded. I took my hand off her mouth. "Are you staying for dinner?"

"Sure," Susan answered, reaching for the phone on the wall, "if I can call home." Before she could lift the receiver, it rang. She picked it up. "Hello? . . . Just a minute." She giggled and handed it to me. "It's J.J."

I grabbed the phone. "Hi, J.J.! . . . Yes, this is Danni. . . Yes, I meant what I said. . . No, really. . . O.K., this Friday night. . . 7:30. . . Sure, see you in school tomorrow. . . 'Bye." As I hung up the phone, I noticed that Susan and Kathy had been whispering to each other during my entire conversation.

"I see I was right about you, Danni," my big sister said. "Susan says this 'J.J.' is one of the cutest boys on campus!"

"Well, he kind of reminds me of me. . ." I started to explain, then stopped as I realized that the explanation would only back up my sister's reasons for making me a girl in the first place. And I was feeling even worse than

ever about that at the moment. My skirt seemed shorter than ever covering my thighs, which themselves seemed much softer and smoother.

"It was love at first sight," Susan told Kathy, matter-of-factly. I just glared at her. She giggled. "No, really, Kathy. J.J. really does have a crush on Danni. He better not ever find out she's a boy!"

The thought of THAT happening made me suddenly weak, and I dropped into a chair. "See what you've gotten me into, Kathy? First it was a Halloween costume, then you got rid of my clothes and made me keep dressing this way. . . now not only do I have to masquerade at school as something I'm not, I seem to have acquired a boyfriend, too!" I looked up at her, tears starting to form in my eyes. "Why have you done this to me?"

"Danni, we've been through this before. No more 'tom-boy' look. I'm sure going on a date won't be as traumatic as you think. For that matter, I'm sure boys haven't changed THAT much since I went to high school." She headed down the hall towards her room.

Susan nodded. "Don't worry, Danni. At least your secret's still safe. You're so cute and feminine. Don't worry about J.J. I'll teach you how to keep guys from taking advantage of you. You'll have fun. . . trust me!"

CHAPTER SEVEN

The next day at school, J.J. was not only talking to me every chance he got, he seemed to be more confident in general. Chris told me after lunch that he'd been bragging about his new girlfriend, and that some of the guys were actually jealous that he'd snagged "that cute new blonde". Deep down inside, I wanted to tell him the truth, but now that my agreeing to go out with him had given him the strength to stand up for himself, I knew what my revelation would do to him. No, even if it meant REALLY being his girlfriend, I couldn't do that.

Chris was becoming very upset about the lack of a boyfriend. She was somewhat annoyed that my date with J.J. conflicted with what had been "girls' night at the movies". She complained to me: "First it was Susan and

her boyfriend, now you're bailing out on me, too. . .has the whole WORLD got a date on Friday nights?"

"Come on, Chris," I answered. "You were there when J.J. asked me to dance. . .can't you have a little sympathy for the guy?"

"Why? He asked YOU, not me."

"Maybe he prefers blondes." I gave her a sideways hug. "I'm just kidding. It's just this one Friday night, Chris. I promise if he asks me again, I'll make him take me out on a Saturday. O.K.?"

"I don't want you to give up your new boyfriend for me. . ."

"Chris, you don't understand. J.J.'s just a sweet guy that no one's ever taken seriously. If going out with him once in a while will give him a little self-confidence, then why shouldn't I?" I hugged her again. "But I'm not going to abandon one of the best friends I ever had!"

She turned and looked at me with a strange expression on her face. "You're a different kind of girl, Danni. Not like the other friends I've had."

My heart starting beating faster. Was it possible she'd guessed my secret? "I'm more different than you think, Chris," I said.

She shook off my arm. "Hey, wait a minute. If you're one of those girls who goes both ways' . . ."

"No, that's not it. . ." My voice trailed off to a near-whisper, as I realized that if I told Chris the truth now, she'd only get more confused about us. If she was afraid that I



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was bisexual, then the revelation that I was really a boy might cause an unrepairable break in our friendship. "I just think friends are more important sometimes than going through the heartaches of boyfriends."

An awful expression came over her face. "Oh, Danni. I didn't mean to misjudge you that way. . . I guess I'm just feeling a little left out, with everybody dating everybody else."

"Don't worry about it," I reassured her. "Give me this one Friday night to help boost J.J.'s morale, and you and I will go back to 'Friday Night at the Movies' next week." I giggled. "And I promise I won't try to molest you!"

She started giggling as well. "You ARE something special."

Still, I worried about my date with J.J. After all, I was still a boy, even though I now wore miniskirts and makeup all the time. I was so terrified at the idea of going out with a boy who didn't know I was also one, I actually got nauseous at times thinking about it. Kathy was no help whatsoever: All week, she kept bringing clothes out of her closet for me to wear on 'the date'. She seemed genuinely disappointed when I pointed out that it was only the movies, and that I didn't really have to dress any differently than I did when I went with Chris.

Robin pointed out to me that dating boys was a very important part of being a typical teenaged girl, and sent me to a M.D. to get a prescription to help with my nausea. The pills seemed to calm me down, although I was still hoping that the day would come soon when I could go back to a more normal existence.

Naturally, when it came down to the actual date itself, J.J. didn't even notice what I was wearing, which disappointed me, much to my surprise. I'd finally given in to Kathy's prodding and worn one of her cutest dresses. . . a black tiered mini dress with a white belt and shoes. But my escort was so excited and nervous about taking me out that I probably could have worn my old male clothes, as long as I kept my hair styled and wore makeup, and he

wouldn't have cared. Naturally, this worried me further. I didn't think he'd find out about my charade, but. . . what if he tried to kiss me? I couldn't let a BOY do that! I just had to hope that J.J. really was a lot like I used to be, and that he'd be too insecure and/or shy to try stealing a kiss from his cute little date.

Fortunately, it turned out that I had little to worry about. Aside from buying me a coke and letting me share his popcorn, the evening was uneventful. I guess that J.J. felt he'd gotten in way over his head, because he dropped me back home without even suggesting that we go out again! I couldn't help but feel relieved as I walked up to the front door and let myself in. Kathy was still up. "Your friend Chris called and said for you to call her as soon as you got back."

I went to the phone and dialed her number. "Hi, Chris," I said when she answered. "I just got home."

A depressed voice came back down the line to me. "So how was your date?"

"No big deal. . . we shared a tub of popcorn, he bought me a coke, the movie was O.K. . . ."

"So, when are you going out with. . . HIM. . . again?"

"Chris, is something wrong? You sound like you've been crying!"

Suddenly a familiar caring feeling came over me, stronger than ever. "I mean, if you're still upset about my date tonight. . ."

She sniffled quietly. "No. . . it's O.K. . . ."

I wanted to reach through the phone and give her a reassuring hug. "I'm not sure if J.J. and I are going out again. I think he was a little afraid of me." She didn't answer for a few seconds, and I wished I could hold her and let her know everything was all right. But which one of me wanted to do that? I was attracted to her as Danny. . . at least I thought so. . . but we were best girlfriends and she certainly didn't think of Danni as a potential boyfriend.

..

I guess my silence was more noticeable than hers, because I gradually became aware that Chris was speaking my name over and over, questioning whether maybe I'd hung up or dropped dead or something like that. "Danni. . .I'm not mad at you, really."

I recovered from the confusing maze of thought I'd been lost in. "Good. . .I'm glad. I don't want to lose you as a friend."

"Me neither. You're the closest one I've got. It's like you and I really get along better than any other friend I've ever had!"

Deep inside, I realized that it was unfair to keep the truth hidden from this very special girl. She had become the first real friend I'd had since before high school. "Chris, do you trust me?" I asked suddenly.

"Sure, of course I do. Why?"

"Because there's something I really feel I have to tell you."

"O.K., what is it?"

I knew I couldn't just blurt out my secret over the phone. It had to be in person. . .even if that meant seeing a hurt expression on her face afterwards. "Not on the phone. Can we get together at the mall early, before Susan shows up?"

"Why? Does whatever you want to tell me concern her? I bet she's pregnant!"

"No, no, nothing like that. This is just between you and me."

"All right. I'll meet you at the pizza booth at 9:30 tomorrow morning."

I thanked her and hung up. Tomorrow, I was determined to let Chris know the truth about me and how I felt about her. I couldn't sleep at all that night as I ran through all the ways I might tell her. Ultimately, I rehearsed it in my mind so many times, I fell asleep exhausted from the mental activity.

CHAPTER EIGHT

I took a little extra time getting ready to meet Chris. Somehow, I felt that the truth would come easier for her if Danni was at her feminine best. Finally, after spending almost a half-hour checking and rechecking my hair and makeup, I realized that I was going to miss the crosstown bus and hurried back to my room. I tossed my cosmetic bag into my purse, grabbed it and bounced out the door wearing my best white pullover sweater, faded blue denim miniskirt, pantyhose, and a pair of low-heeled white pumps I'd bought just the week before.

Chris was waiting at the stop outside the mall when I stepped off the bus. "So, what was so important that you couldn't tell me on the phone last night?" she demanded.

I looked at her. She was wearing a black and white striped minidress with low heeled black pumps. Her soft, strawberry blonde hair flowed just past her shoulders, and she was wearing just enough makeup to set off her eyes and mouth. There was no doubt in my mind. I was in love with this girl.

"Well, Danni, what's so important?" she repeated.

I started walking toward the mall. None of my rehearsed speeches seemed right now. How could I find the words to tell her that her best girlfriend was really a feminized boy? Would she be able to accept the fact that underneath the miniskirt and makeup, there was a normal, healthy male who cared about her very much? Was I even normal any more in the first place? We walked in silence for what seemed an eternity, until finally I sat down on a bench. Chris sat next to me, a worried look on her face. Yet neither of us spoke for another couple of minutes. Finally, I broke the quiet atmosphere around us. "Chris. . .remember a couple of days ago when you thought I was Bi?"

"Yes. . .why? Are you still mad at me about that? I'm really sorry if I upset you. I didn't mean to. . .I mean, I know you're not like that."

"No, I'm not mad. It's just that you came really close to a secret I've been keeping ever since I transferred to Kennedy." She looked puzzled, so I kept going before I lost my nerve. "You see, I AM attracted to you. . .only as a boy."

She started shaking her head. "What? Wait a minute. You've lost me. I don't understand what you mean. Are you a lesbian, or what?"

"No, Chris." I put my hand on hers; she started to pull it away, but I put my other hand on top to keep it where it was. "I'm really a boy."

She gave me a blank stare. "This is a gag, right? Well, it's NOT funny." She yanked her hand away from me and stood up. "Do you really expect me to believe what you're telling me? Come ON, Danni. . . YOU? A boy?"

I opened my purse and rummaged around inside, until I found what I was looking for. It was the one thing Kathy had missed when she cleared my room of all traces of my male existence that October evening. I handed it to her. "Here. Look at this."

She took the small paper rectangle and looked at it. . . then at me, then back at the photograph. "My god. . . it looks sort of like you. . . but this is a picture of. . . you're. . ."

"A boy," I finished for her. "Daniel Nichols."

Chris sat back down next to me. "You really ARE a boy dressed as a girl?" I nodded. "But why?"

"It's kind of a complicated story," I told her. "My sister dressed me up in her clothes for the Halloween dance at MacArthur, then she got rid of all my regular clothes while I was at the dance. Her psychologist says she thinks I'm my dead twin sister. . . and told me to keep dressing this way until Kathy can be convinced that I haven't just been a tomboy the past few years."

She looked at me. "Wow. Your sister did a great job of turning you into a girl, Danni. But don't you feel a little weird going around in miniskirts and makeup all the time?"

"I did at first," I admitted, thinking back. "But it's been almost two months now, and I guess I've kind of gotten used to looking like this. And, strangely enough, I get along better with everyone now that I'm a girl."

"So what's the big deal? Everybody knows you as Danielle. I won't tell anyone, if that's what's worrying you."

"I know you wouldn't tell. But my real problem is that, well, I think I love you, Chris, and looking like a girl makes it real hard for me to try to be your boyfriend."

"Oh, wow," she said, smiling. "And to think I was starting to wonder about myself because I was feeling the same way toward you!" She put her hand on my nylon-covered knee. I put my hand on hers, thinking how strange it looked for both hands to have polished nails. "Danni, I don't want you to give up being a girl." She stood up, took my hand, and led me outside, to a shadowed area in a group of trees at the far end of the parking lot. "I like you this way." Then she kissed me.

The flavor of her lipstick mixed with my own was an interesting taste in my mouth. Plus it felt odd to be kissing a girl while I was dressed as one. I looked at her dress and the way its skirt fit tightly around her shaven nyloned legs; just like my skirt fit around my legs. We both wore panties, bras and make-up, only I was a boy. My lips searched for hers, our twin prominences pressed together. When we finally separated, I told her, "I've never been this excited with ANYONE before."

"I'm glad! I do love you, Danni. You're amazing, I can't see any 'boy' in you yet I'm still attracted to you. I hope I like you as much when I see you as a boy."

I pulled my skirt down to cover as much of my thighs as possible. For the first time I clearly saw how girlish I had become. The time spent as a girl had relentlessly shaped my mind and outlook into a feminine profile.

We walked back to the mall, our manicured hands brushing against each other occasionally.

While we waited for Susan to show up, Chris and I talked about our new relationship. She seemed to think it was great having a boyfriend who she could trade clothes with. I hadn't noticed how physically well-matched we were, but I could see her point. Actually, it was kind of funny, especially when we started wandering around the

mall. I saw a really cute blue ruffled minidress in a store window, and when I suggested that we go inside so I could try it on, Chris said, "You don't need to. . . I have a dress just like that. Maybe you can wear it on a date with me!" She giggled then asked seriously, "Do you feel like a girl now?"

"I don't know, I've submerged myself in the daily feminine routines and feel comfortable being a girl, yet I know it will soon end and I be back to being a boy."

"I like you this way. . . a girlfriend and boyfriend all in one." We giggled.

"What's so funny?" Susan asked as she came up behind us.

"Hi, Susan," Chris said, turning away from the window. "I was just telling Danni that she should have worn a sexier dress on her date last night so maybe J.J. would have been more interested."

I realized that my new girlfriend was covering for me. And, while the fact that she was keeping my maleness a secret from her best friend made me love her even more, I couldn't let her. . . especially since Susan already knew. "You don't have to make stuff up, Chris," I told her. "Susan's known about me from the beginning."

"You HAVE?" Chris exploded. "And you didn't tell ME?"

"I promised Danni," Susan told her. "Besides, you wouldn't have believed me if I HAD told you."

"You're right. I didn't believe it when SHE told me. I mean, you have to admit, she doesn't look anything like a boy!"

"What?" I teased her. "You mean miniskirts aren't in for guys this year?"

"No, silly," Chris teased back. "And your lipstick needs freshening."

"You probably messed it up when you kissed me," I replied, not realizing what I'd just said. Susan got a weird look on her face, which turned to a frown when she saw Chris reach over and start holding my hand.

"You guys better be careful at school or everyone's going to start talking about you," she said. "Remember, they all think Danni's a real girl!"

"I don't care," Chris told her. "I think Danni's the neatest boyfriend a girl could have. I mean, how many guys do you know who could be comfortable wearing a miniskirt? It shows how sensitive he is. . .not a macho jerk like your boyfriend!"

"You leave Jim out of this. I'm just trying to be a friend to both of you and save you some embarrassment." Susan turned and walked away, then called back over her shoulder, "Not that either of you appreciate it."

Chris turned to me. "I guess she's right. . .but I do love you, Danni. I'm just going to have to try hard not to let it show so much in public."

When I stopped by Robin's office a few afternoons later, I told her about my feelings toward Chris, hoping that this might make it possible for me to go back to being Danny. But she said that as long as my new love interest was aware of the situation, there wasn't any reason for me to give up the masquerade. "Besides, your sister is starting to show signs of coming closer to reality. Last session, she talked about the brother she'd lost in the accident. . .you. . .and this might be the breakthrough we've been hoping for."

"I hope so," I agreed, motioning at the white cotton skirt and pennyloafers I was wearing. "If I get any MORE comfortable dressing like this, I might forget that I'm a boy!"

Robin leaned toward me, almost conspiratorially. "You know, Danni, there isn't anything wrong with a boy living his life as a girl."

"You mean like your patient who had the operation?"

"No, I mean just like the way you're living now. You can keep your female name and keep dressing as a girl. . .go on to college and start whatever career you want, all as Danielle Nichols. If your girlfriend is as understanding as

you say, not only would she probably go along with it, she'd most likely love the idea!"

I wasn't so sure. Although Chris SAID she preferred the current arrangement, I remembered how depressed she'd been when she thought J.J. was trying to become my boyfriend. What if she found a boy who was 100% male, instead of a hybrid like me? How fast would she decide that "Danni" wasn't really the same as "Danny"? For that matter, how did I know she'd even like the male version of me?

Susan had pretty much avoided the two of us since that day at the mall, preferring to spend time with her "macho jock boyfriend", as Chris usually put it. I'd been worried that maybe she would get upset enough to tell Jim the truth about me. . .but eventually I realized that he wouldn't believe it without proof (no one would, I had gotten so good at being female), and Susan didn't have any to show him.

Chris did everything to further feminize my appearance. She loved buying sexy lace panties and frilly slips for me to model in front of her. One weekend, she made an appointment at a beauty shop and we had the "works." They pucked my eyebrows to thin arched curves and permed our hair into cascading, curly locks that Chris called "deliciously feminine". The beauty operator showed us how to use some ribbons and clips to produce some romantic styles. I left rosy-cheeked.

At school, we wore the same color panties and bras as sort of a secret love rite. We tried to look as much alike as we could, sometimes wearing matching (different color) dresses and heels. Chris even dyed her hair the exact same color as mine. We looked like sisters.

J.J., on the other hand, had stopped being shy and was trying to force his way back into my life. So far, he'd accepted my subtle hints that I really wasn't interested. . .but he managed to try asking me out at least once a week. How much longer could I stand pretending to be someone I wasn't? Or was Robin right, that maybe I had already started to become the person I was fooling everyone into thinking I was?

My life had become so complicated since that Halloween dance, which now seemed a million years ago.

CHAPTER NINE

Chris and I managed somehow to keep our relationship going over the next couple of months, while concealing it from our classmates at Kennedy. It wasn't easy, either. We spent a lot of time looking for secret places where we could be closer without causing a scandal. Mostly, we'd go over to my house after school in the afternoon, or wait until Chris' parents went out for the evening so we could be together at her house. Once in a while, we'd do something daring like sneak a kiss in the girls' restroom when there was no one around, or hide behind a cluster of bushes at the park. Even with all the sneaking around, though, it was a good feeling to have a girlfriend who loved me, in spite of (or maybe it was BECAUSE of?) my masquerade.

I thought I'd finally found a way to go back to being a boy when our driving instructor passed out the guidelines for us to get our temporary driver licenses. Before they could be issued, the motor vehicle bureau needed to see our birth certificates! I figured even Kathy couldn't make their computer ignore the fact that it said "Daniel" on that important piece of paper. When I showed it to Chris, though, she had mixed emotions: "It's good that you found a way to get around your sister. . .but I'm kind of going to miss you as a girl, my friend, Danni," she said. "I'm really starting to enjoy having such a feminine boyfriend!"

"I don't know WHY," I responded. "Most girls would drop a guy in two seconds if he dressed like this. . ." indicating my now-normal skirt, ". . .you have to admit, it's not exactly normal male fashion."

She looked quickly around to make sure no one was looking, then Chris leaned over and put her arm around my waist. "Actually, I think if more guys dressed like you, they'd be much more sensitive to their girlfriends' needs. In fact, if you weren't already a girl, I'd be tempted to turn you into one myself!"

"Are you saying you love me BECAUSE I look like this?"

She leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. "You're not paying attention, my love. Being female has made you more lovable to me, but it's more than just the clothes. Wearing them has forced you to be more feminine than you otherwise would. . .to get in touch with that side of your personality. As a result, you're more sensitive and caring than most guys. See?"

"Then it shouldn't matter how I dress, Chris. Now that I know these feelings, I could go back to being male anytime and still be the kind of boyfriend you wanted," I told her.

"Maybe," she admitted, "but I'd still miss you the way you are now."

I had forgotten, of course, how thorough Kathy had been in keeping the memory of her younger sister alive. It never occurred to me that if she'd had Danielle's entire wardrobe available when I'd been forced into this long-term costume party, that she'd have the proper legal documents as well. The name on the birth certificate she gave me to take down to the motor vehicle bureau, and thus, the name that wound up appearing on my temporary driver license, was Danielle Renee' Nichols. Chris was ecstatic, and I was depressed at once again having been thwarted in an opportunity to assume my rightful identity.

I found myself resenting my dead mother for having twins in the first place. After all, if there had been no Danielle, then Kathy wouldn't have had any chance to do what she'd done. I also started wishing that I had been the one who died in the accident. I wondered how Danielle would have coped with being me. . .

When I related these feelings to Robin, she was sympathetic, but insisted that I continue to live as the girl I had become, again suggesting that I consider giving up my quest to restore my male identity and remain female until my sister was well. That suggestion made me even more upset than usual. . .so much so that Robin had my stress medication dosage doubled, and even had her friend the physician give me an injection containing a massive dose to calm me down more quickly.

I did have to admit, the medication did seem to help me cope better with the situation most of the time. I even felt more feminine at times, noticing how soft my skin was and, admittedly, how good I looked as Danielle. In a way, I rationalized, I was a living tribute to my twin sister. . .but still, I wanted to live as a boy, especially when I was with Chris.

Further complicating matters was my would-be "boy-friend", J.J. He never missed an opportunity to ask me out. . .since my relationship with Chris was completely hidden from our classmates, he thought I was unattached, and tried to convince me that I should try dating him more often.

He was really becoming quite a pest, and I was tempted to show him the same photo I'd used that day in the mall with Chris. . .only I realized that if the truth were known about me at this point, I'd be putting my girlfriend in danger of ridicule and rejection as well. The realization of how severe the implications of my masquerade were scared me more than ever. Even if I succeeded in restoring my true identity, how would I explain the past five months? It seemed I was getting in deeper and deeper the longer I kept this up.

Since it was impossible to explain to J.J. why I never accepted his offers to go out, I eventually exhausted my stock of reasonable excuses. So (with Chris' blessing, surprisingly) I found myself on another date with him. It could have been worse. . .at least J.J. was the only guy who was interested in me who didn't already have a girlfriend, so I only had him to worry about instead of half the male population of Kennedy's senior class.

But J.J. was enough of a problem. His confidence was so boosted by the fact that he'd finally wore me down and gotten a second date with me that he was determined to "get somewhere" with me this time, probably to make up for his shyness on our last date.

To make matters worse, I'd agreed to dinner before the movie this time, which meant I had to be a little more presentable than I would have if we were going straight to the theater. Chris seemed to delight in the situation this

time around. . .saying that it would help cover our relationship if I casually dated boys now and then. She even lent me her blue ruffled minidress to wear, which, when coupled with a black belt and three-inch black patent pumps, made my legs look even more shapely than ever. I could feel J.J. looking at them as he held the car door open and I sat down inside, which made me blush as I realized he was being turned on by my hairless, nylon-covered, yet MALE legs! He, on the other hand, thought my blushing was cute. . .both at that moment and at the restaurant when I had to remove his hand from my knee under the table.

Later at the theater, I had to shrug off J.J.'s attempts to put his arm around my shoulders no less than a half-dozen times. . .but what really upset me about my date with J.J. was the fact that he managed to kiss me good-night on the cheek when I wasn't expecting it. I was SURE that he would have kissed me on the lips if he'd gotten the opportunity, and that made me even more paranoid about going out with him again. Unfortunately, he was already hinting about the senior prom!

Although I had to admit that while his attempts to romance me were both annoying and upsetting, it was also a compliment as to how well I passed as a girl now. I guess that wasn't too surprising, since I had been living in the female role around the clock for almost five months by then.

Of course, that brought on the realization that it had been so long since I'd been a boy, I'd probably have new problems trying to adjust back when this was all over. I refrained from mentioning this to either Kathy, Robin, or Chris. . .since the latter two would only seize the opportunity to continue selling me on keeping my female identity, and my sister would have simply ignored the statement or accused me of still being too "tomboyish".

Chris in the meantime encouraged my dating and in fact love to set me up with dates. That is we doubled. She loved doubling with me. We would spend hours rolling and curling our hair, making-up, and picking out just the right dress to turn on our dates. Chris love to see me feminized

and in the arms of some young man. She said, "I love knowing that my boyfriend is feminine enough to turn on the young studs at school, yet is all mine."

I was all her's too. After our dates, we were both highly passionate and breathless in our desire for each other. But Chris and I were running out of places to hide while we carried on our relationship. But as Easter vacation week approached, she hit me with an idea out of the blue one afternoon: "My parents are going out of town for the week, and I thought you might stay over a night or two." She winked at me. "Especially since your eighteenth birthday is coming up Monday."

"I love the idea," I replied, "but do you think Kathy will give her O.K.?"

"Why not? She still believes you're a girl. . .why wouldn't she let you spend a couple of nights at a girlfriend's house?"

She was right, of course. My sister thought the whole proposal was perfectly natural, and said I could spend the entire week at Chris' if I wanted to. So it was that I anticipated being alone with the love of my life for a few days, free of the worry that we would be discovered.

The first night, when I changed for bed, Chris took one look at me and asked, "Danni, are you wearing your bra under your nightshirt?"

"No. . ." I looked down at my breasts. They DID seem a little more swollen than usual. The twin points of my breast's nipples had become big and prominent and showed clearly. "I always look like this now. I guess it's because I wear a bra all the time. . .they never get a chance to flatten out."

"I don't know. . .they seem a little big for a boy who's just masquerading as a girl. Are you SURE you're not taking any drugs to make your breasts bigger?"

"I'm sure. . .the only thing I'm taking is a prescription to deal with 'stress-induced nausea'. . .that's what my psychologist calls it, anyway." I reached for my purse and rummaged around inside for the bottle, handing it to my girlfriend. "See?"

She read the label. "These are female hormones!" she exclaimed. "Your breasts ARE growing!"

I grabbed the bottle away from her, horrified. "How can you tell?" I asked.

"When my older sister came home from college, I noticed that she was taking the same prescription. She said they're for birth-control, although it's also given to men who are going to have operations and become women." Her eyes opened wide as she realized what she had just said. "You're not going to REALLY become a girl, are you, Danni?"

"I HOPE not," I replied. Although I had suddenly realized that the M.D. Robin had referred me to was undoubtedly the doctor who had helped her sex change patient. I sat there for a long time, silently contemplating the implications of what Chris had just discovered about my "tranquilizers". Could it be that my sister's psychologist was in this plot with her. . .that they were working together to really make me into a replacement for my twin sister? How could I have believed that the swelling was simply vestiges of baby fat pushed up by wearing a bra.

I was faced to acknowledge my sweet new breasts and it added more confusion to my becoming a woman. I was going through the changes that girls go through. No, I wasn't going to bleed on a monthly basis, but I was going through the physical and emotional indoctrination of coping with being a female person. I was becoming a woman in a world where women are treated much differently than men. These small pyramids on my chest had changed my outlook on life.

My girlfriend broke the silence. "You know, Danni, there is ONE advantage to your taking hormones. . .at least you won't grow facial hair. I'd HATE having a boyfriend with a mustache that tickled me when I kissed him!"

"Just as long as I keep being your BOYfriend. . .I hope my sister and her doctor don't have other ideas."

I didn't have to worry about what Chris believed. That night, we celebrated my birthday in a way only two eighteen-year-olds could. For once, I was able to be naked

without being ashamed of my feminized male body. In fact, we discovered that my breasts were much more sensitive as a result of the medication I'd been taking.

In a way, my having become Danni had helped me cope with that adolescent problem of "coming of age". I just never thought I'd turn out so. . .different! At boy at eighteen, treated like a young girl all my waking hours. The last months had even confused me about my own gender. In front of Chris, I felt feminine. Being around her even seemed to accent my femininity. I was extremely aware of little things: the lace of my slip tickling my nipples, my skirt caressing my thighs, my long curled hair brushing around my shoulders.

Chris no longer had to encourage my femininity. I walked with a dainty girlish sway because I felt girlish.

CHAPTER TEN

The next morning, as I showered in Chris' bathroom, I couldn't help but marvel at my hormone-induced breasts as I lathered soap over my hairless body with my girlish hands, my pink fingernails showing through the soapsuds. It was all so unreal.

I had been living as a girl full-time for about four months, with a temporary driver license saying that my name was Danielle Renee' Nichols. . .all my friends at school knew me as Danni, and I had a girlfriend who loved me for being feminine. As I dried myself off, patting the towel against my swollen nipples. They seemed more swollen and tender today. I began to realize that I had gotten so deeply into this masquerade that it was going to be almost impossible to restore things to normal when Kathy finally snapped out of it. . .if she did at all.

At least spending an entire week with Chris took me away from my sister's influence. If ever there would have been a time for me to try to resume my male life, this would be it. . .only I didn't own any boy clothes anymore. I considered asking Chris if we could go to the mall and buy me some, but she seemed to be loving my girlish appearance so much, I was sure it would be pointless to ask. Besides, she had been suggesting outfits from her closet

for me to wear when we went out. It seemed that the longer I lived as Danni, the slimmer my chances to become Danny again.

I did manage to get over to Robin's office, though. . .and confronted her with the prescription she'd had written for me. "How could you do this to me?" I demanded. "It wasn't bad enough that Kathy made me dress as a girl. . .you have to try to REALLY turn me into one?"

"Calm down, Danni," she replied. "Even though the hormones have caused some breast development, they've also brought your nausea under control, haven't they?" I nodded my head, meekly. "See," Robin continued, "the nausea was actually a nervous reaction to all of the changes in your life. Taking these. . ." She indicated the prescription bottle, ". . .brings out the calmer side of your nature. You DO feel better about dressing as a female now than you did when you first started?"

"Well, yes. . .but I've been doing this for months now. I could probably have gotten used to dressing almost ANY way by this time!"

"The point is, you're a lot more comfortable in a female role now. I knew that Kathy's recovery would take months, maybe longer. Your male hormones were about to shift into high gear causing a beard, muscles and a lot of other side effects that would make it impossible for you to dress like a girl." She leaned back in her chair. "Tell me, if you could go back to being a boy, right now, how do you think you'd handle it?"

"I'd love nothing more," I told her. "I don't care how you explain it, it's not natural for a boy to live his life as a girl!"

"But all your friends know you as Danielle. If you were to suddenly appear in male clothing, without makeup, you'd be branded a lesbian, at best. They would never accept you as Daniel."

I was silent. She was making sense, in a bizarre way. And if she was right about the way my classmates would react, I would be ruining Chris' life as well. My worst fear was true: I was stuck with the identity of my late twin.

"You're saying I have no choice but to live my life as a female?" I finally asked.

"No, as soon as your sister is OK, we'll take you off the hormones and your male hormones will take over. You'll never be a football jock but you become a fine young man. Danni, you should feel lucky. There are many men couldn't do what you're doing. At least you're fully passable. And you haven't had to totally give up your only family, your sister. You even have a girl who loves you and accepts you. Keep taking your tablets. They'll make you feel better and keep you in shape."

"So . . . what happens now?"

"Just continue to be careful. Keep up the proper appearances. . . date that boy 'J.J.' once in a while, but don't let him discover the truth." (Obviously, I thought.) "I think you could wear pants once in a while now. Your figure has developed to the point where you're certainly not going to look masculine in a pair of jeans, as long as your mannerisms continue to be feminine. . ." Robin continued, but I was only half paying attention.

I suddenly realized that I didn't know HOW to act like a boy anymore! I was so used to wearing skirts and makeup, walking and talking like a typical teenaged female, that I had forgotten how I used to act before the Halloween dance!

". . . I'll talk to Kathy and convince her that you've outgrown your 'tomboy' phase, so you can start wearing pants again. But remember, the makeup and the other things about you that say 'girl' have to continue."

I found, much to my surprise, that the long period of time that I'd spent wearing skirts made wearing jeans a new and odd experience. I found myself missing the sensation of the breeze against my legs when I walked. . . so much so that I continued to wear miniskirts to class four out of five days every week. I liked my slim waist and curved hips looked in skirts. I found my whole attitude changing as I realized that Robin was right.

I had spent nearly six months living full-time as Danielle, and I was becoming more content with my female self-image. Chris, meanwhile, was growing even closer, lessening my fears that she'd find a "real" boyfriend. Susan had long ago stopped caring what gender I lived in, although we were slowly becoming friends again. Her boyfriend, Jim, tried flirting with me a few times, but Chris finally told him that she was going to tell Susan if he kept it up, so that ended fairly quickly.

I wondered how my once healthy maleness had been so easily converted into a fresh vibrant femininity.

The real problem was still J.J. He asked me to go to the prom with him the first day of ticket sales, and continued to press me for an answer at least every other day. (Naturally, I would have loved to take Chris, but. . .two girls, going together, in fancy evening dresses? The scandal would have been monstrous!) It was Chris who finally decided for both of us. I would go with J.J., and she would help make me look extra beautiful for the occasion. I felt guilty about leaving her behind for the evening, until she volunteered to be on the prom committee "just so I can keep an eye on you," as she put it, giggling.

Chris helped me pick out my prom dress. I think I nearly drove her crazy trying on practically every gown in every store in the mall. When we both finally decided on a strapless pink chiffon dress with endless ruffles, I think Chris was more relieved to be done with the process than I was. We were both amazed that I found a pair of heels to match in the first store we stopped in!

The afternoon leading up to the prom was both the most exciting and nerve-wracking day of my life. I had spent most of the morning having my hair styled. . .and I had the salon lighten it a shade while I was there. Then Chris insisted on taking me to a manicurist to have my already feminine nails tipped and polished. Looking at my hands afterward, I realized that I was proud of my newly-lengthened pink fingernails and that I was looking forward to showing off my new, even blonder, hairstyle that night.

Back home, as Chris applied a facial mask to prepare for what she promised would be "the most beautiful

makeup job you've had in your life," I dozed off, dreaming of being the sexiest, prettiest girl at tonight's affair. Not that long ago, it would have been a nightmare to me: A boy, dressed in an elegant floor-length gown and high heels, with upswept blonde hair, a beautifully made-up face and long, polished nails, capturing the attention of every male in the ballroom. Now, rather than waking in horror, I found myself enjoying the dream and looking forward to the real experience of attending the Kennedy High prom as the girl I had become.

Still, I felt a little weird sitting in my long, pink dress while Chris applied my makeup. It seemed to take an eternity. . . even longer than the first time Kathy had done my face, back on Halloween.

My facial skin had a healthy glow and my lips were painted seductively red and shaped like a heart. Looking in the mirror, I couldn't believe my eyes! Chris had made me more alluring and breath taking than I'd ever been. . . and the thought of my girlfriend loving me so much as to want me to look my feminine best on this occasion brought tears to my eyes.

"Don't start crying, Danni," she told me. "You'll make your eye makeup run!"

"I can't help it. . . you're so understanding, and I love you so much," I choked out. "What girl would go to this much trouble when her boyfriend can't even take her to the prom?"

"Danni," she replied, taking my hand, "I want you to be the most attractive girl there because it's important that we maintain the masquerade of your being a female until we graduate. Besides, I know you're not gay and that you're only going with J.J. for appearance's sake. I love the thought of all those guys wanting you and I have you. After we're out of high school, who knows what direction our lives will take?"

I put my hand over hers. "If I decide to go back to being a boy?"

"I'll love you no matter what, Danni. But I hope you'll stay a girl, because I'm just not used to you any other way.

Besides, it's going to be difficult for you to be a boy now that you're so used to feminine ways." She pointed at the front of my dress. "And anyway, boys don't fill out a bustline like you do," she giggled.

I had to laugh with her. "You know, you're right. . .I'd probably make a TERRIBLE boy!"

"Didn't I say that to you once?" she gasped out between giggles.

I nodded. "In the ladies room at the movies."

"That seems so long ago."

"It was."

"You've changed so much, yet so little. . .as if changing from a boy to a girl was necessary for you to grow up." She kissed me lightly on the cheek. "I wouldn't trade you for any other boy." Then she giggled running her hand over the lace covering my prominences, "Not unless they had bigger boobs than you!"

I blushed deeply then added, "I guess I don't measure up to most people's idea of maleness. I could try to be a man in the future---for you."

Chris put her arm around my shoulder and pulled me close and asked, "Why would I want that! Danny, maybe you would you like to be a girl forever?"

No boy could ever admit to his girlfriend that he liked being a girl. I said, "Chris, I love you. I love the way we are."

"Well," she said, "Maybe I can help make you 100% woman in the future. Would you like that?"

My heart raced at the thought. I asked, "What do you mean, 100%?"

She smiled, "Oh, I have some ideas. Will you do what I ask you to, no matter what?"

My heart throbbed, I asked, "What kind of ideas?"

She just smiled, "To begin with, let's let your hair grow down to the middle of your back. I've got a yellow and white flowered bikini that with. . .Oh just trust me. . ."

The prom was wonderful. Not only did J.J. turn out to be the perfect escort, I found myself proud to be seen walking through the lobby of the Rosemont Hotel on his arm, looking prettier than I ever had before.

I felt natural walking with my swaying hips next to J.J. I even felt pride at having such a handsome date. J.J. even let me dance with some of the other guys, figuring that since we weren't going steady (not from lack of trying on his part, though), he couldn't have exclusive claim on my time. I found it both fascinating and comforting that I had really become a desirable dance partner as a girl.

The comparison between my life now and before I'd put on a miniskirt for the first time last fall was like the difference between night and day. I don't think I would have even gone to the prom had I still been Danny, but I was enjoying the evening as Danni.

J.J. wanted to take me to an after-prom party, but I decided that it was time to let him in on at least part of the truth. Chris came over to join us in the lobby, I took her hand, watching the shocked expression that came to his face.

"J.J., I can't keep hiding this from you," I told him. "Chris and I are in love. We have been for several months."

"But. . .," he stammered, trying to regain his composure, "you and I have gone out. . .I thought. . ."

"I'm sorry. I really like you, and I think you're really nice, or I wouldn't have gone to the prom with you. But I have to be true to myself. . .I hope you understand."

"How. . .how am I supposed to understand. . .I mean, uh, two girls loving each other? When everyone finds out, then, um, what happens to you then?"

Chris put a finger over his lips. "Unless you tell them, they're not going to find out, J.J. Remember, you're the one who's been madly pursuing Danni for the last few months. I don't think you want to be labeled as 'the guy who couldn't tell the difference', do you?"

He shook his head. "I'm not sure if I believe you but I guess I can keep a secret."

Both Chris and I kissed him on the cheek. "Thanks, J.J.," I said. "You'll always have a special place in my heart."

We went back in the ballroom and J.J. and I danced again. It was a slow dance and he held me tightly even with the new disclosure. With his hand around my waist and his cheek pressed provocatively against mine, he whispered, "You certainly feel soft and feminine." He pulled me close then, "Maybe you just need to be with a man."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The two weeks that passed between the prom and graduation were uneventful. J.J. kept his promise, and everyone was so busy studying for final exams that no one noticed we'd stopped going out. In fact, the entire student body was so preoccupied, Chris and I probably could have started kissing in the middle of the quad at lunch hour and no one would have paid any attention!

I passed my driver test at the motor vehicle bureau the week before finals. Having a driver's license with my female name and picture seemed somehow to make my new life more permanent by giving it official government approval.

My home economics project was a colossal success, but then I'd always been a good cook, even before I'd become Danni. Our teacher, a rather old-fashioned type, commented that I'd "make some lucky boy an excellent wife". When I told Chris, she collapsed in hysterical laughter for a good five minutes.

The rest of my grades were befitting the superior intellect that had sort of gotten me into my predicament in the first place. I only missed being class valedictorian by half a point. . .which was just as well, since even that honor couldn't have topped the events of the past half-year: I had matured from an insecure young boy to a very confident young woman. I also had an equally self-assured girlfriend who loved me very much and would most likely share in my future.

Chris and I went to college together, which made it very convenient for our relationship, being roommates in the

same university dormitory. I'm studying psychology, having developed an interest in the subject from my many hours in therapy with Robin. She revealed her motives in helping my older sister feminize me in a letter she enclosed with her graduation present. You see, Robin is also a male living her life as a woman...she had been a journalist until the research for an expose' on a secret institute resulted in her own feminization. It turns out that she worked her way through college as a cocktail waitress in Las Vegas. .but that's a different story.

Kathy eventually came to realize what she had done. One night after Chris and I returned from a date she met us at the door. Chris and I were dressed exactly alike, the same hair style and color, same dresses and we even wore the same size bras now. Kathy was bewildered to see TWO Danni's and was startled into seeing what had happened and what she'd done. It was that simple. I was so secure as Danielle that I forgave her and we've become as close as two sisters possibly can.

The love of my life became Christine Diane Nichols in a quiet ceremony during Christmas vacation. She's planning a career in fashion design and has made some beautiful clothes for both of us. My figure has filled out to a perfect 36-24-35. Sometimes I wonder what my life would have been like if all this hadn't happened.

I have paid a price for my feminine beauty and charm. Chris wants me to stay "her girl" forever. She's encouraged me to erase all my masculine characteristics. She says she loves coming home to a "wife" who meets her at the door in a sexy low-cut dress with ample cleavage peaking out of a black lace bra.. We have a wonderful life together. .and I wouldn't trade any of what happened for anything!

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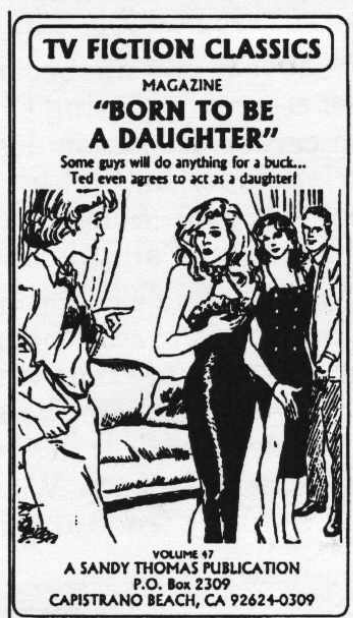
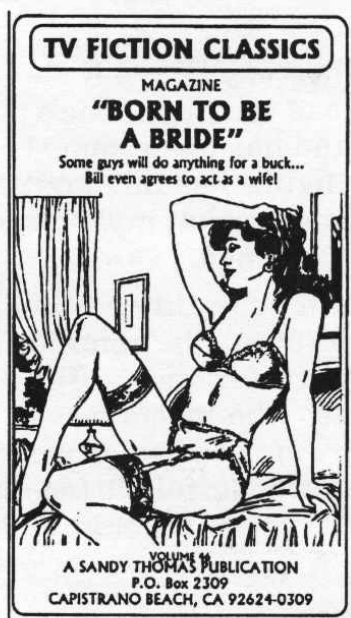
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**“Gee Dad...What’s the big deal? Lots of the guys
are letting their hair grow...”**

OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules:

"We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed.

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis?

What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

WOMAN'S WORK #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

WOMAN-HOOD #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

MY SON, THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

FEMININE APPEAL #33

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

SLINK OR SWIM #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

COED CREATED #42

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 & 45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 & 47

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 & 49

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 & 51

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this?

Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money!

Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady!

His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE

MOM #65 & 66

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home. DOUBLE ISSUE

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels!

Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet... can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

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A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

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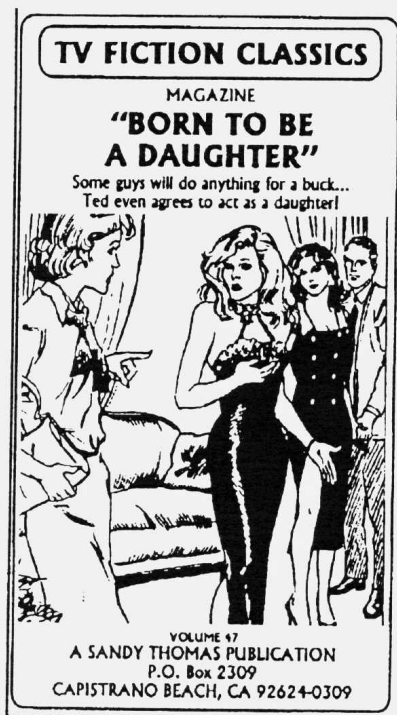
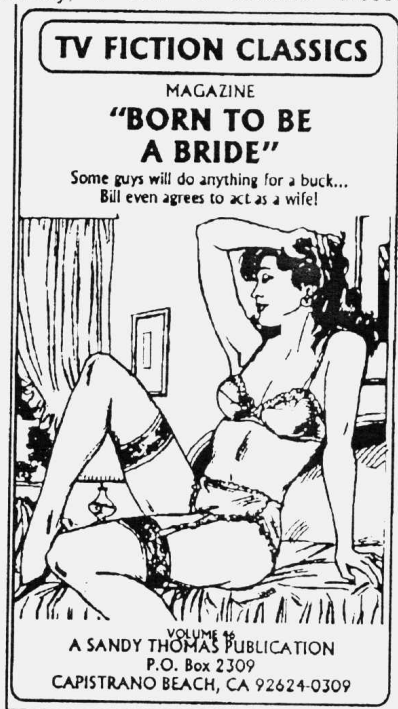
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