

SORORITY LIFE

By Sofronia Anne Strong



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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“SORORITY LIFE”

by Sofronia Anne Strong

Chapter 1

Dear Mother:

I haven't worn pants in months.

Mother Felicity feels that pants, while worn universally by both sexes for centuries, are altogether too gender specific for her purposes. Pants have become *de rigueur* for women long since, of course, but she feels they are really quite unfeminine as a rule and allow way too much freedom of movement and don't lend themselves to proper “female” decorum.

“Skirts,” she says, “are a must for those of us who would learn to be more feminine and ladylike.”

I was quite fascinated, therefore, when she selected a pair for me to wear as part of a Donna Karan ensemble which I wore to a soiree' at the Omega Alpha Iota chapter house last night.

True, the legs were very wide, rather like long culottes more than trousers. They hung like a voluminous skirt, which is what must have impressed her. Being of shiny, semi-sheer black silk satin, they could hardly appear to be masculine.

The ensemble had an over-tunic of black silk moire and its skirt came to just above my knees. With this my shoes made a stark contrast of silver slipper satin with their four inch high heels, open backs and tiny bows on the toes.

I also wore that single strand of pearls that you gave me with the matching tear-drop earrings and Mother Felicity found me some long black satin gloves.

I looked so deliciously feminine and elegant, with my make-up just so and my hair pulled back in a French roll. With my male parts safely tucked away beneath my tight gaffe and my short black slip beneath the pants I felt quite secure in my femininity.

Mother Felicity is such a great help. She is never wrong about what makes a boy look truly like a girl.

Really, Mother, now that I've finished my pre-pledge period and been accepted as one of the girls, I'm so proud and happy in my female role that I never want to be taken as a boy ever again.

I really have become so very female. It has been a hard and rigorous training I have undergone, and it nearly went awry more than once. But, I have passed muster at last and have become a very thorough young lady.

The dinner was quite grand.

We brought three pledges out and invested them as sisters, all dressed in their ball gowns of sculptured silks and fine lace as they paraded before the Chapter. They seemed so proud and delighted to have found and brought out their second selves, so self-confident in their newly discovered femme personae.

Mother Felicity congratulated them on the end of their pre-pledge period and pronounced them successfully transgendered, as it had been for me just a few weeks ago.

Our Chapter now has seventeen actives, five of us transgendered pledges and three new pre-pledges, who are discovering the rigors of that condition. They are discovering that there are no half measures here in the process of discovering how to be girls.

They look really wretched in their outlandish black and white uniforms, and I can attest to how wretched they really feel. In a few months they will be parading with the rest of us, perfect models of femininity and fashion. But now, as they begin, they are suffering mightily in their petticoats and rustling uniforms. They blush with embarrassment through their curtsies.

Some of them may not make it. Unable to bear up under the rigors of forced feminization. But, the others will find the girl within and learn to delight in her. If they really want to be transgendered we will soon be investing them in lovely new gowns as we did the three new pledges last night. There is nothing for it but to live the sorority life for a while. Only by getting into totally feminine gear can we find out if we really want to be transgendered.

One of them, Leslie Sue, has been assigned to me as a Little Sister so that she will have a shoulder to cry on. I am supposed to shore her up and help her retain her resolve to become a proper lady and bring out her real feminine identity.

Leslie Sue seems quite sweet and well intentioned, but she is so embarrassed wearing her new uniform frocks. I think she will make a fine lady once she gets used to a life in dresses and heels.

She is quite anxious and ashamed of it yet, but I think she will find her second self soon enough. She complains of nightmares and anxiety attacks, but Dr. Werther has put her on Prozac and she seems to be settling in with it.

Between the demands of her Pledge Mother to stand straight and walk daintily, chin up, chest out, and my reassurances that she is doing well, I am sure she will stay with the program. She is embarrassed by her "D" cups, but she is a big girl and can learn to be proud of her new bosom.

Mother Felicity has these new girls sewing simple patterns already and I am sure that Leslie Sue will be wonderful in her ball gown by the time she finishes her pre-pledge period.

I still wonder at my good fortune in being accepted into an exclusive Sorority that accepts boys who want to live as women and is willing to show us how, even if they make it difficult for us. I am succeeding here, at last, and it is a wonderful challenge and a pure joy, especially after the terrific ordeal I went through under Mommy Gloria.

I do think it was wonderful of you to see that I was harboring a girl within myself, Mom, and to find the Omega Alpha Iota program for me.

When you and Sis first caught me wearing her prom dress, I was so mortified and embarrassed, but you were astute enough to see that it had real importance to me and that I wasn't just weird or perverted. You realized I must have been dressing up in secret for some time, and I thought you didn't know that. Even though I was aware that transgendered men are accepted in society nowadays, I was still afraid of my desire to play the girl.

I have taken a part time job at a fashion boutique downtown and it does wonders for my self-assurance and it helps pay for new wardrobe, and that is essential. I hope that you, Daddy and Sis can come down for the Spring Fling, for which I have made a fantastic new gown. I want you all to see me in it and see for yourselves how much of a lady your son has become. I hope you are all proud of me.

All my love,

(Miss) Gladys Christine Groves

My dear Mr. Groves:

It is my happy duty to inform you that you have been selected by the Scholarship Committee of the National Office of the Omega Alpha Iota Sorority as the recipient of the Selma Foster Barnes Scholarship to Williston College.

Congratulations!

The scholarship should be sufficient to fund your expenses for tuition, and room and board at the Tau Delta Chapter House for the next four years.

You must, of course, complete the pledge program there and remain a Sister in good standing. There should also be sufficient funds to assist you in maintaining the wardrobe selected for you by the House Mother.

This scholarship is sustained by an income from the Selma Foster Barnes Foundation and is awarded to that applicant to Williston College who shows the greatest prospects for developing a feminine gender identity and desire to become transgendered.

Your own interview, your psychological tests and hormone test results indicate that you have a great desire and capacity for developing a genuine *femme persona*. Your history of crossdressing also indicates this likelihood.

We feel that under the guidance of Mother Felicity and the Sisters of the Beta Tau chapter, you will develop into a charming and wholly successful young lady.

The committee has agreed that the *femme* name you have selected is suitable and you should hereafter identify yourself as Miss Gladys Christine Groves in your dealings with the Sorority.

Yours in Sisterhood,

Wilma Wilberforce

Chair,

Selma Foster Barnes Foundation

Needless to say, I was overjoyed. Mom and Dad were capable of funding only part of a college education for me. Being admitted to Williston had been the first good fortune.

This school had pioneered the frontier of accepting transgendered students back when it first became an issue. Then, when Omega Alpha Iota set up its program for helping guys like me, Beta Tau had become the model chapter for the whole Sorority.

To become a lady at the Beta Tau chapter at Williston would become a wonderful entry in my resume' after graduation. There were over two thousand applicants to Williston each year but they admitted only twenty boys who planned to attend as coeds and of those, only eight or ten would be able to pledge Omega Alpha Iota.

And there was only one Barnes Scholar each year. I considered myself truly fortunate.

Omega Alpha Iota was unique. Transgendering was no longer bizarre or even unusual now, but the new ladies which Omega Alpha Iota transformed in their chapter house were considered remarkably feminine and desirable.

To have come that route was a wonderful entry into the "Old Girl" network that had established itself in the country. Those coming from the Delta Tau Chapter House entered the Work World with a special cachet.

Mom and Dad were as thrilled as I was. My sister merely sighed a long sigh of relief and said, "Maybe you'll stay out of my closet now?"

I blushed helplessly.

I received the letter just weeks before school opened and Mom and I were busy putting together a suitable wardrobe for me. I must confess to a little embarrassment as we shopped, getting fitted with bras, foundations and new dresses.

That feeling was just nervousness, I am sure, on my part. I loved wearing women's attire, but all of my previous experience had been strictly alone and in hiding.

It was one thing for Society to accept the transgendered, but I still wasn't used to the feel and look of myself in frocks and gowns, dresses, lingerie, wigs and cosmetics piling up in my room.

Mom urged me to go ahead and dress, but I told her I would put it off until I got into school.

She and Sis just laughed at my reticence. On Saturday night they ganged up on me and made me dress up for dinner. It felt wonderful, and they were delighted with my appearance.

Still, I felt some sense of embarrassment. *'It would be easier at school,'* I thought, *'than in front of my family.'*

I was going away to college for an education, but more particularly to learn to be Miss Gladys Christine Groves, a coed. It leaves one really hung up to want something so completely and yet be afraid of it. I reckoned things would be easier once I was away from home.

Boy, did I have that wrong!

Sis had taken to calling me "Gladdy," and sneering when she said it. She told me that I would find that being a girl trying to be attractive and stylish all the time was a big pain, but I notice that she spent hours on herself, anyway.

My sister, Lois, can be such a pill. She doesn't seem to like the idea of having a little sister any better than she has liked having a younger brother.

Mom shut her up the other night by telling her that if I turn out to be prettier than she it will put her in her place.

Boy, would I like that, but then, on the other hand, it might be dangerous.

Dear Mommy,

I was met at the train by a reception committee of Sisters from the Chapter House. They took me back to the House, stuffed me with rolls, coffee and girl talk and dropped me off at the Dean of Women's Office for registration and a dormitory assignment. I will have to live in Holderman Hall until I am pledged.

It seems silly to go through the rigmarole of pledging when I am already committed to Omega Alpha Iota, but the rules require it.

Everyone knows I am destined to be an Omega Alpha Iota, but I have to go to all the rush parties in all of the fraternity houses because until I sign a pledge at Omega Alpha Iota, I am technically just one of the boys. While the rush is going on there is such a polite gentility about it all, as though the campus were just one big happy family and we are merely the new arrivals. Everyone knows where I am headed so they are all just polite and civil with me.

When school opens next week I will pledge Omega Alpha Iota and be drawn into their program for transforming us snips and snails and puppy dog tails into sugar and spice and everything nice.

I will wear the yellow chiffon formal you picked out for me for the ceremonies. I think it came out quite well, even if I do think it's too little girlish, I know you liked it. I tried it on again and the neck line seems just right.

When we come for pledging ceremonies, we are supposed to try to look our best and most feminine. If I can get my make-up just right, I think I will do well enough. They are such perfectionists at the house, I am sure they will think I look just awful.

I am still embarrassed to look at myself in the mirror and I think I would just die if anyone saw me in the gown, but the whole Chapter will see me Monday. But, that is what I am here to do, isn't it?

I am sure I will make it. Pray for me.

I have had tea with Mother Felicity and she is quite reassuring, insisting that I am going to make a wonderful little lady, but the rumors about how they go about making that happen are pretty scary.

Again, pray for me!

Love,
Gladys.

Chapter 2: A Tiny Taffeta Twit

I got through it! They made me promenade for them, all of us, trailing yards of satins and lace, taffeta and chiffon, moire' and crepe de chine and enough ribbons and bows to outfit a cotillion!

We must have looked like an inept parade of tomboys in their first formals. When I decided that I wanted to take up a new life as a girl, I hadn't yet envisioned myself in such terribly effeminate costume. After our introductory promenade, which had brought on some embarrassing commentary on our ineptitude and lack of femininity, the pre-pledge initiation made it clear that there would be no compromises and no half way measures taken in the process of teaching us to become little ladies. No one had warned me about foundation garments that would encase me from the top of my bust to the middle of my thighs, or of the way my private parts would be bound between my legs in a lace encrusted parenthesis. Clothing so restrictive and cumbersome, so hyper-effeminate, that I could hardly move and heels so high I could only mince about in them, all became my constant torment. Being constantly perfumed was also a new experience. Its pervasive scent became a constant reminder of my new gender.

I'm not allowed to talk about the actual pledging ceremonies, but I can say that I now have an active member who is my Pledge Mother, but she is more like a Mistress than anything maternal. Her name is Gloria Fitkin, although I must address her as "Mummy Gloria." She is a junior and I am not the first pre-pledge she has tormented. I am supposed to watch and emulate her and model myself on her, thus learning how to be a lady. If I am obedient and cooperative and diligent, she says, I will soon be successfully effeminate.

Life as a male Omega Alpha Iota pre-pledge is not easy. The house rules fill a whole book and we are supposed to know them all and abide by them perfectly from the first night we were pledged. The stick comes down, quite literally, for every infraction. The carrot is that when we get it right, we are praised for being feminine.

After the embarrassing promenade, we were all herded into a small, dimly lit room in the basement and stripped of our promenade gowns and left in nothing but our wigs, heels and little lace edged groin covers. Our wrists were tied together in front of us with satin ribbons. One end of these ribbons was wrapped around our necks so that our hands were before our faces and the longer end of the ribbon was left dangling to the floor.

We were then made to face the wall and stand in silence. Each of us was taken into the chapter room, one by one, and the rest of us could hear the crying and moaning of the ones who had gone in before. It was really terrifying to be left wondering what was happening in there and awaiting the same fate. What really did happen, I am not allowed to reveal, but I'll just say that I came out of there pretty sore and feeling very small and helpless and non-virginal in body and mind, and convinced that I must learn to be a good little girl at any cost!

Anyway, I had now been pre-pledged, which meant that I was to have the opportunity to convince the members that I really wanted to be transgendered and was now sworn to achieve that goal. I was led back out, still tied and led by the long ribbon, but now I was clutching a pledge manual. Even though I hadn't even looked at it yet, I had been told that I was responsible for the proper execution of its contents at all times.

One by one, we were led into another room where three active members fitted us out in our pledge uniforms. We had had no inkling of this ahead of time. Two other pledges were already dressed and standing against the wall of the dressing room when they led me in. When I saw them, I nearly fainted. We already knew that we would begin our pledge duties doing the menial house chores. That was true in all Greek houses, but no one had revealed the kind of uniform we would have to wear.

The sight of my fellow pledges in their new costumes was appalling. They were really awful. Mummy Gloria says the uniforms are so awful because it will motivate us to succeed as pledges just to get out of them. She has a point there. The uniforms are simply not wearable. No housemaid ever wore such an outlandish get-up. The first shock came when I saw the part of the uniform no one would see.

The three actives unbound me and approached me with some garment I couldn't quite figure out, until they had me imprisoned in it!

I found myself in a cage they called a "Figure Former". And it did just that too. When it was fully laced and hooked and zipped, my rear end stuck out, my hips and fanny bulged alarmingly, and I had a huge new chest with two breasts that looked like projectiles!

My shoulder blades seemed to be nearly touching one another and my knees seemed to be locked into contact with one another, pinned together by a thigh hugging encasement of satin and lace that came nearly to my knees. Rigid strips of vertical boning formed my figure from my hips to my bust.

A ruching of tulle stood out along its shoulder straps and lace edging followed the lines of the boning and covered the cups of the brassiere. As though the stays weren't sufficient to jerk and hold my figure into an exaggerated feminine posture, I found that it had a steel stay that ran from below my rear end to a flat, padded plate between my shoulder blades. This forced me into an exaggerated S-curve profile. My shoulders were locked back, my rear end thrust out behind me and my bosom thrust upward and outward to an exaggerated degree. I nearly fainted as it was finally secured in place. I realized that I could neither bend nor sit with it on.

I consoled myself with the thought that it must be part of the pledging ritual and that I certainly couldn't be expected to wear it very long. I gasped and teetered in the wretched thing. I cried out involuntarily and placed one hand against the wall to steady myself. One of my dressers grabbed my hand and spun me around, twisting my arm behind my back in a break hold while a second one hit me behind the knees, dropping me onto them. As I knelt, the third dresser pinched my nose until my mouth opened, gasping for breath.

“It says on page four that a Tiny Taffeta Twit is not allowed to speak unless spoken to, and you have made a vocal noise. The consequence of improper speaking is to be made speechless.”

So saying, she propped a polished wooden bar between my upper and lower incisors, propping my mouth wide open!

“Try not to break any more rules before you have had a chance to learn them, silly Twit!” The other two Twits against the wall stared in amazement at me.

No one had warned us that while Omega Alpha Iota admitted boys to their Sorority and taught them to be girls that we would, at first be so completely segregated and treated so differently from the female pledges. This whole pre-pledge protocol was coming as a ghastly series of surprises.

It was explained that all the real girl pledges had to do was demonstrate that they were ladies and refine their feminine manners and style, but that we boys had to first demonstrate that we wanted to become girls by ordeals of subjugation.

We learned that if the desire to be transgendered wasn't a burning desire within us, we would soon be sorted out. We had to prove it to them by ordeal. Boys who earned the Omega Alpha Iota pin, it seems, had to become more feminine than their genetic counterparts, the real girls.

I learned that on the national level an average of one guy per chapter survived the pre-pledge program and earned his pin as a full Sorority Sister, although at Williston the record was better.

My whole college education was dependent on my making it. If I didn't succeed in becoming Gladys there wouldn't be enough money to keep me in school. I needed the Barnes Scholarship.

As I knelt on the floor, encased in the awful Figure Former, gaping and speechless, staring at my fellow pledges in their inane uniforms, I doubted that I wanted to become a girl at all, or even to get an education in the first place!

My dressers approached with my own uniform. I was soon in it and knew surely that I didn't want to be a girl, an Omega Alpha Iota or anything but out of it all!

I had become a frilly, lacy, taffeta clad parody of a female. I rustled like leaves with each movement as the tissue taffeta of the dress scraped on the hard lace that covered my voluminous petticoats. As they tied a huge, lace edged pinafore apron over my saucy dress, I felt the stainless steel band sewn inside the waistband of the apron and heard the delicate click at the rear as they locked me into it.

With the addition of bright, garish make-up, a wig and lace cap, black leather ankle boots with four inch silver stiletto heels, I joined the other two miserable Twits against the wall, drooling from my gaping mouth. With white lace at the high, closed neck, and lace at the puffs of the long fitted sleeves, the dresses flared sharply away from our hips, the skirts lying on three layers of white petticoats, exposing our legs in their sheer, black hose.

The promenade before the pledging ceremony had already put us in our place. We had been told to present ourselves as elegant ladies, but the jeering and laughter of

the actives as they derided us for our lack of grace, slack bodies and clumsy movements, had humiliated us thoroughly. They had commented that we looked like creeps in drag, or looked like little girls playing dress up.

That however, had proved to be nothing next to the way I felt in my new costume as a Tiny Taffeta Twit. We watched as the other two pledges were brought in and transformed into little taffeta encrusted wretches. It was clear that the next few weeks were going to be hellish and I wished that I had never been so foolish as to think I ever wanted to be a girl!

I also learned that our Figure Formers would be worn continuously until we were finally past our Twit apprenticeships.

One of the dressers tied my hands behind me with the ribbon to prevent me from removing the little stick that propped my mouth open. She went down the line of us and ordered us to stand with our heels, fannies, shoulders and the backs of our heads touching the wall. We stood like frilly ramrods watching the last two terrified boys undergo their transformations into Tiny Taffeta Twits. My lower jaw ached fiercely.

Chapter 3: Mummy Gloria

“I've had two before you; two sniveling, Tiny Taffeta Twits here on their knees; two silly boys who had got it into their heads that they wanted to become girls and had pledged Omega Alpha Iota . Neither one of them made it.”

Mummy Gloria had my chin in her hand and was glaring down at me from above.

I couldn't look at her. I wasn't supposed to anyway. I was supposed to keep my eyes lowered but that is difficult when one has your chin in her locked grip and is holding your head tilted far back. I averted my eyes to one side to comply with this rule for Tiny Taffeta Twits. The stick in my teeth had turned my mouth and jaw into a single persistent pain. My backside still burned from the evening's earlier ordeals and I was breathless yet from the crushing grip of my Figure Former.

“You silly boys haven't the background and experience for the task. You get it into your head one day that you'd like to be girls, just like that! You slip into a pair of heels and slip on a dress, and Viola, you think you're some kind of Miss.

“Well, Gladys Christine, there's a bit more to it than that. If you mean to be a girl, you are going to have to prove it to me.

“There's more to it than putting on some lipstick and letting your hair grow out. It takes a change in attitude, a change in outlook, a change in how you think and feel. You start as my Tiny Taffeta Twit and I doubt you will get beyond it. Women are very special creatures and you are especially nothing. If you can live in your Figure Former and learn to live in your inane uniform without just dying of shame in it, your education as a lady will just have begun.

“We'll soon see if you really want to become Gladys Christine, but my guess is that you'll run out of here blubbing long before you do, just to escape your misery. Being a girl is harder than you think, and I mean to make you think about it. I figure you'll run soon enough. Frankly, I hope you do.”

I was crushed. I wondered why this imposing young lady hated me so much. Last summer it had all seemed so wonderful and promising. I had been told it was OK for me to want to become a girl, that my desire wasn't an illness. Then there was finding Omega Alpha Iota and Williston College and their model program for transvestitism, and finally the Scholarship.

And now here I was on my knees, choking and slobbering, crushed and rigid, and arrayed in a ridiculous parody of feminine attire hearing that I would never make it beyond this disgraceful condition by a commanding lady whom I had to call "Mummy Gloria". I felt ambushed. I knew that becoming an Omega Alpha Iota would make a lot of demands on me, but I felt challenged by that.

Now all I felt was miserable; such awfulness.

"When I was a sophomore, I drew Roderick Fenalow, 'Ramona Francine', he called himself. He really did make a passable girl, at least appearance wise, but he bluffed and blustered in the most unladylike ways. When that didn't work, he took to whining. Never made it out of Twitsville. Don't bluff and bluster, it's too masculine and real ladies don't whine. They smile! Remember that!"

I had no intention of whining, but I was choking back tears. I figured crying would get me into trouble. All the rules were in the Pledge Manual I was clutching, but I hadn't even had a chance to read it yet. I had just been told that I would fail my mission by the person in charge of me, who was supposed to show me how to succeed. I could see my education, scholarship, everything, vanishing under the cloud of this beautiful enemy in whose hands I had been thrust. I squirmed in an agony of despair as I looked away from my tormentress.

"The second one called himself 'Honorias Hinckly', if you can imagine that. I think it was 'Herman', actually. Honestly, you Twits give yourselves the most outlandish, glorious names. It's never 'Penny' or 'Jane' or 'Betty', it's always a bevy of 'Honorias', and 'Letitias', and 'Pamelas', as though some egregiously feminine name will make you into real girls. Gladys Christine, indeed! What did you call yourself before I got you, Twit?"

She stared down at me intently and I knew she meant to have an answer.

"Geg... Goggth," I gurgled, banging my useless tongue against the bar between my teeth.

"Hmm," was all she said, picking up my pledge file. "Oh, yes, Glen Groves, I see." She plucked a tissue from a box and wiped the saliva from my chin. Then she stuffed it into my open mouth. "God, you're messy. Maybe that will help. I won't have a messy Missy. You couldn't just be Glenda, could you? You had to become Gladys and then put a Christine with it, didn't you? Well, Miss Gegg Gogg, all you really are is a Tiny Taffeta Twit so you can just forget your wonderful Gladys and your glorious Christine and just be Twit. I want to hear you tell me that you are a Tiny Taffeta Twit and I want you to say it clearly."

She extracted the tissue from my mouth, freeing my tongue, and stared down at me again, seizing my chin once more.

"I... ahh... uh... I ee aa... e... ith," I gargled. It was the best I could do. She scowled menacingly at me. I tried it again, but all that came out was a slur of mangled vowels as my tongue banged against the bar in my mouth.

"Just awful, nothing more than a mangled groan. That's about all you are anyway, is a decorated groan. Well, I need to hear it from you clearly so I'll know just what you are. You don't deserve it, but I'll take the bar out of your mouth so you can tell me just what you are. After that, silence from you, except, 'yes', 'no', and 'thank you', and don't forget to call me 'Mummy Gloria'. Remember what you are and who I am, it defines our relative positions. God, but you're a wretched, useless thing. Remember that!"

She held my nose and I strained my aching jaw muscles to the limit as she extracted the bar from my teeth. She held it aloft and then dropped it into my apron pocket.

"Keep that there so it's handy if you forget yourself and start jabbering. Now, tell me what you are."

"I'm a Tiny Taffeta Twit, Mummy Gloria."

She seized my chin in her vice grip. "And you are no kind of a Gladys or any kind of Christine; not even a girl at all, are you?"

"No, Mummy Gloria."

"You are a silly, useless, absurd and meaningless thing in petticoats, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mummy Gloria."

"Now, do you know what a Tiny Taffeta Twit does, you ridiculous thing?"

"No, Mummy Gloria."

"Then you will have to learn it from me, won't you? You will have to do as you are told. You must be obedient and subservient and compliant. That's what you do, Twit. You do as you are told and you are grateful for it, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mummy Gloria."

"What else do you have to say for yourself, useless thing?"

"Thank you, Mummy Gloria."

She let go of my chin at last.

I was squirming and shaking, scared out of my wits. My hands were still bound with ribbons. I felt so helpless and demeaned.

"Whether you can actually do as I expect from you remains to be seen, but remember, if you wash out of the program, you will be on your way home on the first flight out, and still in your Twit outfit. My guess is that you'll never make it out of the program. What do you think of that?"

"Thank you, Mummy Gloria," was all I dared say.

"Good! Now get yourself out of my sight. I can take just so much of the sight of a boy-girl in all those silly frills and furbelows."

So saying, she untied the ribbon that bound my wrists and lifted the dust ruffle around the lower edge of her canopy bed and motioned to me to crawl under it. I crawled, rustling as I went until I was under the bed and she dropped the ruffle.

“Thankfully, you cease to exist altogether while you're under there, gone with the ghost wool and the monsters of the night until I summon you. Got that?”

“Yes, Mummy Gloria,” I mumbled.

“Maybe, just maybe, this one could make it... Oh, Hell, I doubt it.” I heard the light switch click and the door close as the room went dark. “Don't soil your dainties, Sweet Face, or I'll fix you so you can't.” With these terrifying words, she was gone. I sobbed myself to sleep in a morass of fatigue and self pity. Blessedly, there was a small pillow under the bed and the bed was elevated enough to allow me some wriggle room. Apparently, this stuffy confine was going to be my living quarters as her Twit. I couldn't believe that. I dozed off. Later, I heard Mummy Gloria come up and put herself to bed, but just barely.

Chapter 4: Mother Felicity

When I came in from my classes, Mother Felicity was waiting for me in the parlor. She had been housemother to the Omega Alpha Iota girls (and boys) for many years, I knew. As I came through the door and spotted her by the door to her apartment, I dropped the obligatory curtsy as she wordlessly beckoned me into her quarters.

Mother Felicity was in her middle years. She had come to the campus newly widowed. She was statuesque, beautifully formed, tall and graying. She usually wore an air of amused indulgence, but something in her demeanor said that she had her limits where foolishness was concerned. She wore a dark green suit of ribbed faille with a double breasted coat, knee length skirt and a blouse of fuchsia silk twill. This was set off with silver jewelry and mid-height pumps in the same color as her blouse. She was leaning against the doorjamb as she beckoned me with her forefinger. She wore a pleasant, knowing smile.

I figured I must have blown it somehow, right out of the starting gate and would be headed home on a plane by nightfall.

“You look tired, dear,” she began, as she closed her door behind me.

I found myself in a cozy little parlor with a lot of chintz and smarmy upholstered furniture.

“I should think you would be. The pre-pledge initiation is quite dreadful, isn't it?”

I nodded, unsure of what I was expected, or even allowed, to say.

“Do sit down, Gladys, dear. I thought we might have a cup of tea.”

Well, I thought, the ax comes down, gently, at least. I seated myself as comfortably as the Figure Former beneath my school frock would allow.

Mother Felicity poured and pushed a finely wrought Spode cup across the coffee table to me.

“I think you need some help, dear. I try not to meddle in pledge affairs, unless something is going terribly wrong, but I do feel that you have run up against a unique situation. I think you might need some assistance.” She pushed a plate of scones across to me, nodding.

I bit into one ravenously. Butter ran down my chin. I dabbed at it with a tea napkin.

“There are five of you in those dreadfully silly maid get-ups, this term. They really are outlandish, aren't they? Personally, I think they are really too much, but then, that's the very idea, isn't it? If I were you, I wouldn't give my appearance in it a second thought, dear. If you just ignore it, you'll have a much easier time of it.”

I hadn't expected tea, niceness, nor good advice, and I was feeling better already. This was the end of my first awful week on campus. I was in my school frock, our other costume, and I felt ridiculous even in this relatively decent outfit, but I knew that I should be upstairs even now, putting on my taffeta horror for the rest of the day.

“The Pledge Mothers are selected by lot, dear. Each active sister draws one of your names from a hat. That's how you came to have Mummy Gloria for your Mistress.”

I had wondered about that. At first, I had assumed that the other four Twits were getting about the same treatment from their Mummies as I was, but it had started to become clear that I was leading a harder life than the others, although I dared not say so, of course.

“When I first knew that Gloria Fitkin had drawn your name, I was much distressed.” She poured me a second cup of Lapsang Souchong. It was smokey and invigorating. “This morning one of the sisters informed me that Gloria has had you sleeping under her bed, in your uniform, instead of in the Twit dorm, in your nightie. Gloria seems to have been gloating over this during coffee in the student union today. I am afraid she is misusing you. I wanted you to know that you should have better treatment, or at least, no worse than the other pledges. I apologize on behalf of the Sorority.”

I nearly choked on my tea.

“Thank you, Mother Felicity, that's very kind of you,” I rejoined. My heart was really in it. Still, I wasn't really sure just where I stood.

The Housemother smoothed her skirt over her knees, leaned back on the sofa and continued: “I'm not really supposed to meddle in how the sisters conduct their program for transforming you boys into little ladies. Generally, it is well and neatly done, all spelled out in Omega Alpha Iota policy and procedure. My job here is to keep this chapter house in order, manage it and oversee its affairs. The sisters are really in charge. I am concerned with safety, security and good order. If things get out of hand, I have to step in.”

I wondered where this was leading. I sat on the front edge of my wing back chair, the Figure Former kept me from slouching, leaning back or from doing anything but perching on the front of its seat.

Mother Felicity was wonderfully maternal and commanding. “Your Mummy Gloria, it seems, has a personal and vested interest in having you fail in the program. There were two of you in the final running for the Barnes Scholarship this year, you and Gloria's second cousin, Horace. You won! Your Pledge Mother's family, it seems, is quite aware that should you leave the program, Horace will receive the scholarship by default.”

“But, Mother Felicity, that's not fair. The drawing must have been rigged!” I clapped my hand to my mouth, realizing that Twits aren't allowed to blurt things out like that. “I'm so sorry, Ma'am.”

“It's all right, Gladys, dear, in here, with me, you can be quite candid. I am happy to hear whatever you wish to say. As for the drawing of the Pledge Mothers, I am sure Gloria drew your name by happenstance, just the luck of the draw. I conducted the drawing myself. As for the outcome being unfair to you, I agree. I have phoned the Omega Alpha Iota National Headquarters today and advised them of the situation. I am sure they will order a change in Pledge Mothers for you. In the meantime, you must be very careful with Mummy Gloria. Even though she is treating you more harshly than the other pledges, you must watch your step. Do the best you can, dear.”

“Oh, dear! Oh, yes, of course. I mean, she frightens me a lot, but I'll try. Do you think it will take long?”

“A few days, at most, I should think.”

“What do you think she will do to me? Do I have to do everything?”

“Unfortunately, anything she wishes, and yes, I'm afraid you do have to do what she demands, and very meticulously. Hopefully, it won't be for very long. She has to keep it legal, no bodily harm, etc., but if I know Gloria, she will devise devilish little ways to torment you into a mistake that can be used to run you out of the program. Just try to hang in there.”

“The Manual says I mustn't complain to anyone or I will be washed out.”

“True! Twits are required to be long-suffering and be gracious about it. That is part of learning to be a woman, so you can't come to me, but Sally Winston is quite thick with Gloria and she has agreed to keep an eye open and keep me informed. If things get too far out of hand, I should know of it and can step in.

“In the meantime, you must live by the Pledge Manual. I want you to succeed, Gladys. You seem to be a fine boy and I am sure you will make a wonderful young lady, so be patient, obedient and diligent. This program is death to the male ego, which needs to be restrained anyway, if you are to be ladylike. Maybe it will help to remember that you are not alone in suffering the death of your macho self-image. You can commiserate with your four colleagues. Just don't get caught doing it.” She smiled and put down her teacup, as did I.

As I rose to curtsy, she took both my manicured hands in hers and kissed me on the cheek, gently.

“Run along now, and change into your taffeta uniform before Mummy Gloria gets back here. Be a good little Twit! Don't give her any excuses.” She opened her door and I dashed for Mummy Gloria's room and scrambled into my petticoats.

There was a note on the bed. It read:

“Your uniform had best be just perfect - or else! Go lie on the floor in the closet and be quick about it. Take your notebook and write 'I love Mummy Gloria' in it a hundred times.”

I finished dressing, knelt on the closet floor and began to write amidst a smothering display of petticoats and dresses.

Chapter 5: Living It

I was in a terrible pickle. I had become aware, at least after the pledging ordeal, that my becoming an Omega Alpha Iota Sister was a unique opportunity to change my gender and get a first class education, and on a scholarship, to boot. It was, however, not going to be the bed of roses I had envisioned it to be before I left home. I guess that wasn't surprising. Most beds of roses turn out to have a thorny interior.

Now, it seemed, I had landed in a whole briar patch of thorns!

The Omega Alpha Iota program was rigorous. It had a built in system to weed out those among us transgenderists whose enthusiasm was lukewarm or misguided. For those of us who made it there would be wonderful rewards, but making it through would make us prove to everyone that we wanted more than anything in the world to become men living in frocks with a fully developed female persona. I was sure that was what I really wanted.

There were five of us now, five Tiny Taffeta Twits, miserably mincing about the Sorority House each day after our classes, curtsying in our ridiculous petticoated, lace-capped little uniforms, each with a demanding Mummy to serve with perfect slavishness.

I knew now that my Mummy Gloria had it in for me personally. This made me want to just walk out and forget the whole thing, but I couldn't face my family, or myself, if I did that. This conundrum kept distracting me as I tried to write out that I loved Mummy Gloria in the stuffy closet.

They had us up ridiculously early each morning to stand inspection before our Mummies. They would nit-pick the tiniest details of our uniforms, appearance, hair, manicure, posture and comportment. Our little imperfections and shortcomings became added duty items, or were recorded for retribution at the next chapter meeting.

We five had a tiny dormitory in the basement of the House, in which iron bunk cots and little lockers and pegs on the walls served to house us at night. There was a single tiny bathroom for the five of us. We were forbidden to talk in the dormitory, but we whispered a lot, complaining and commiserating of our lot. Our polished wooden jaw props were in our apron pockets to remind us of the rule of silence, however.

Each morning we reported to our Mummy's room and stood beside her bed until she stirred. Then we opened the shades and served her tea, or coffee, and assisted in

bathing and dressing her Highness. Of course, this personal service was a torment, because the sight of those exalted ladies in various stages of undress, the constant attention paid to their sexy voluptuous bodies, stimulated all of us. Desire raged in us, but there was no hope of satisfaction. Enduring what this intimate service did to us was, of course, part of our effeminization training.

Once our Mistresses were fully adorned and gone we had to put their rooms in order and get into our class uniforms. These were not as inane as our Twit dresses, but were still distinctive and unique. There was no mistaking an Omega Alpha Iota Transie, as we were generally known.

We were obvious in our dark blue gabardine jumpers, underpinned with white petticoats. We wore blue silk blouses also with long cuffed sleeves and a huge bow at the closed, lace trimmed collar. Sheer, dark nylons covered our legs and we had to wear blue suede pumps with three inch stiletto heels. Keeping these shoes in perfect condition was a real chore. We were the only women on campus constantly in heels and these alone made us stand out. We carried large leather book bags with a shoulder strap and a name tag. Mine read, "Missy Gladys".

Our Mummies selected distinctive hair styles for each of us from time to time. My semi-long hair was usually pulled back along the sides and tucked into a French roll.

We also wore little dark blue satin pillbox hats with a small satin ribbon on the side, perched atop our coiffures. White gloves were mandatory. Make-up was designed by our Mummies and they saw to it that we were always in heavy color with long black lashes, glaring red lips and dark, alluring eyes. (Mummy Gloria had taken great pleasure in making me wince as she had plucked away at my eyebrows until they were arched into long, smooth curves.)

Our Omega Alpha Iota pledge pins were always perched at the very tip of our pointed left breasts. Even in our class uniforms, we were egregiously and meticulously effeminate in appearance.

Once we had endured another inspection of our school uniforms, we were released for classes until lunch time when the five of us had



to be back to hash the lunch serving for our superiors. Fortunately, all the pledges assisted at table.

After the last class, we had to be back in our fantastic taffetas in short order. Each of us had rotating assignments; parlor maid, scullery girl, upstairs maid or personal attendant. There were always two of us serving in this capacity which ran the gamut from lady's personal maid to being the house gofer.

As parlor maid, I cleaned it, polished it and was confined to it; answering the door, answering the phone and waiting on all and everyone who was in it.

When upstairs maid, I cleaned that and the bathrooms, did the laundry left out for me and otherwise sat hall monitor at a little table at the end of the hall, rising to curtsy and place myself at the disposal of everyone who appeared in the hall or on the stairs.

The scullery girl was really just the kitchen slave, washing dishes and pans, taking orders from the cook and the hashers and generally being run ragged while wearing a huge ruffled apron which she was required to keep dry and spotless; an utter impossibility.

It was the two personal attendants who were kept the busiest. They sat on little chairs in the hall to the dining room waiting for orders. Any active sister could make her demands on them at any time. Orders ran all the way from doing up hairdos, attending their baths, manicures, clothing changes, running on fetch errands, even off campus.

"You - Twit - run to the student union and fetch me some cigarettes. Be quick about it!"

"You - Twit - run downtown and fetch my dry-cleaning."

"Here - girl - go fetch my new dress at Mona's Boutique."

"Take my books upstairs, little Twitty."

It was endless, and all had to be done with a smile, a curtsy and a delicately spoken, "Thank you, Madame."

Running these errands was one of the few times we had to appear outside the house in our outlandish parody of a maid's uniform. It always meant pointed fingers, concealed sniggers and sour looks of disapproval. Everyone in town knew who and what we were, but it was always a torment to be the object of so much public amusement or disapproval.

After dinner, we were assigned to the rooms of our Pledge Mothers and had to squeeze our studying in between the orders which they contrived for us to fulfill. When these ladies decided to retire, we had to assist them in undressing, dressing them for bed and tucking them away. That we had to keep their wardrobes in perfect order every minute was the first imperative; never a panty or a bra out of place.

Released, at last, we snuck down to our little dormitory cubicle for our sleep, still in our Figure Formers and our slippers, ready at a moment's notice to slip back into the petticoat, black taffeta uniform dress, lace cap and boots at any time in the night we were rung for.

Summoned on short notice, at three A.M., I would appear in Mummy Gloria's boudoir, curtsying, only to be ordered to go down the hall and turn on the bathroom light for her. Then I would have to help her to the bathroom, adjust her bed clothes, help her sit, and wait while she did what she wished. When she was done, I would have to clean her up, readjust her bed clothes, flush the toilet, turn off the light and help her back to her room. There, I had to tuck her back in before I could go back to bed myself.

It was a hellish life. It was meant to be.

All through it, we minced along in our narrow, high heels, our posture forced into a contortion by our Figure Formers, worried about being criticized for “failure of effeminacy,” a catchall term with a thousand definitions, depending on she who was defining it.

For a while, I continued to sleep in my uniform under Mummy Gloria's bed. It was almost two weeks before Mummy Gloria consigned me to the relative comfort of the dorm room. I suppose Mother Felicity had prevailed upon her to return me to my dainty colleagues.

But, she got even. She frequently summoned me at night just to rearrange her covers, or fetch her an aspirin (which she never took), or put her stuffed frog back in bed with her, or help her to the bathroom. With all the attendant dressing and undressing, I felt I had been better off sleeping under her bed.

On Saturday mornings, after we had finished with the weekly house cleaning and polishing, the Twitty Five, as someone dubbed us, were assembled around the dining room table for our beauty class.

Mother Felicity would appear with capes, mirrors, and cases full of cosmetics, and she would keep us busy painting our faces until lunch time.

Each of us practiced a perfect face for both day and evening wear and for various special applications. We applied them both to ourselves and to one another.

Regular pledges, whose Pledge Mothers found them wanting in cosmetological skills, also joined these sessions.

After we had hashed lunch, we were back at the tables learning the art of coiffure; washing, combing, setting, curling and applying hair pieces. We learned which hair styles and colors suited each of us and we worked at setting and caring for our several wigs.

On other occasions, the voice coach from the Department of Theater Arts came by and tutored us, giving us exercises for the development of dulcet lady's voices.

We also had to practice manicure, not only for our own use, but because manicuring the actives was one of our primary duties.

Before we were released from these sessions of feminization training, we always had a session of Feminine Comportment Training. Mother Felicity and some of the Mummies would pace us through the house as we practiced walking, sitting, posing and otherwise moving in delicate, feminine ways. As these were taught, we became responsible for them and were expected to execute each refined motion properly thereof.

ter. Each effeminate movement and posture we were taught was exaggerated and we began to move like little robots, knowing that the slightest imperfection would bring instant retribution.

“Feminine Comportment,” Mother Felicity would announce, “is the art of being perfect in one's feminine conduct. If you perfect your every movement and restructure your posture into a distinctively feminine expression, you will soon find that femininity will become second nature for you.”

Then she would begin to herd us about the house, up the stairs, in and out of chairs, correcting and driving us like trained animals.

Once released from these sessions, there was just time enough to scurry in our Mummy's boudoirs and be certain that everything was washed, ironed, hung, cleaned, polished and perfectly ordered for the weekly inspection by our beloved Mummies. Then, depending on our Mistress's plans, we were required to attend our ladies, preparing their toilette.

As these ladies all led active social lives, this usually meant bathing them and dressing them for their dates, dances or dinner parties.

Once they were dressed and gone, we were confined to their rooms until they returned. We were free to study, tend to wardrobe work, or read, so long as we stayed in their rooms.

In my case, however, Mummy Gloria continued her special harassment, designed to drive me out of the program. Once I had rendered her a perfect Goddess, or she had pronounced herself such, and my loins were bursting with desire beneath my gaffe, she would order me to lie face down on her bed, fasten my ankles to the bedposts with ribbons and depart. As maddening as she was, the acts of hooking her breasts into her lacy brassieres, or helping her step into her panties, or rolling up her nylons was an exercise in self restraint.

Mummy Gloria may have been a bitch (and she was!), but she was a beautiful one! Her body always made me feel like a boy.

“I want you to meditate on my beauty, Tiny Taffeta Twit,” she would taunt me, patting my squirming, taffeta covered bottom affectionately. “Don't soil your dainties, now,” and she would be out the door as I lay helpless and cursing my lot for the next three to five hours, face down on the lace covered satin coverlet.

I was not released until after she returned.

Then, I had to put her to bed, put everything away, just so before I was excused to relieve myself. I learned not to drink anything after 5:00 P.M. on a Saturday night.

Patently, I waited for some word from the National, hoping desperately that Mother Felicity had convinced them that I should have a new Pledge Mother. It was apparent to everyone that I was leading a more miserable existence than my fellow Twits.

But, day after day went by, and — NOTHING.

Sundays, also, we were pretty much at the mercy of our Pledge Mothers. We did need time to study, and usually got it, but never was it uninterrupted. House duties were belatedly light, but often enough the Mummies would cook up something for us

with which to amuse themselves. I might be doing Parlor Maid, and be deep in my book when a couple of them would perch in the parlor and order coffee and something cute to eat.

One Sunday, while serving them, Mummy Jeannette said to Mummy Rosalie, "Let's have a Twitty Parade."

In a few moments, all five of us were standing in a row before the fireplace, curtsy-ing. Suddenly, rapid fire orders to promenade, curtsy, pirouette, sit and walk as we had learned in Feminine Comportment Class, were coming at us.

The Pledge Mothers variously criticized and corrected us, demanding repetitions until they had us all in a frenzy of confusion.

These sudden parades might occur on any Sunday.

Another variation of the parade would have us all marching about the campus call-ing at all the fraternity houses, one by one, to parade for the boys. This was called "The Twitty Tour." On occasion, the tour took us to the other sorority houses instead. The frat boys used these occasions to tease us and make fun of us, but the sorority sisters were worse. To the boys, it was all a big joke, but the sisters derided us for our lack of femininity and poise.

We were a laugh at the frat houses, but at the sorority houses, we were devastated.

Chapter 6: Having It Out

Things got worse, especially for me. The basic assignment for a Tiny Taffeta Twit was simple: dress perfectly, obey, study, serve and smile.

The Chapter President had stated it clearly to us at our induction into the program, "You are here because you have elected to live your lives as ladies. It is our task to show you how. It is your task to transform yourselves under our tutelage.

"In this, you are disadvantaged. You have grown up as young men. You have had none of the experiences of growing up as little girls. Now you have to learn it all in just a few weeks. What you need from us is teaching and guidance in appearing as pretty girls and learning to conduct yourselves as little ladies. Because you are all retarded as women, so to speak, you will have to work very hard and be very diligent in showing us how feminine you can become. This will require perfect cooperation, enthusiastic compliance, and blind obedience.

"If you fail of these, you will fail in this program. You will, in a few minutes, be turned into Tiny Taffeta Twits. As such, you will be uncomfortable, discommoded, embarrassed and miserable. You will be silent, attentive and cooperative. You will serve your Pledge Mothers to their complete satisfaction. As you serve them, you will emulate them. They are all real ladies. Let them be your models and mentors. And, whether you believe it or not, they want you to succeed. If you do, and some of you won't, you will be successfully transgendered, wonderful new ladies and sisters in our great Sorority."

After these words the scathing part of the initiation commenced and we began our ordeal in rustling black taffeta.

I meditated on this in the stuffy closet, getting writer's cramp as I wrote out endless repetitions of the line, "I love you, Mummy Gloria." I wondered what she would devise for me next to drive me out.

Sandra Louise had already lost her temper with Mummy Rosalie and his tenure hung by a thread, awaiting Monday night's meeting. He was confined to the parlor, sitting in a chair in the corner, awaiting his fate.

There would be true hell to pay at home after all my family's sacrifices if I got off a plane in my Twit costume, disgraced and expelled. That image steeled my reserve more than once.

Mummy Gloria could continue to devise new torments for me in her program to drive me out, but I would hang on for dear life.

Eventually the closet door opened and she stared down at me from an imperious height.

"On your feet, Twit. I am not satisfied with the degree of personal attention you give me. You don't adore me adequately. You will never make a proper lady until you perfect the arts of personal service. A woman must serve endlessly and graciously."

I crawled out of the closet, rose, and curtsied stiffly.

She took her purse from her shoulder and handed it to me.

I took it, curtsyng again, thanking her for it.

"Kiss it!" was her abrupt order.

I complied. It was a new demand.

"Put it down," she commanded, "and kiss it again before you do."

I complied, bewildered, cooing out another, "Thank you, Mummy Gloria," as I dropped another obeisance. I kissed the leather handbag and lay it on her vanity.

"You really aren't attentive enough, you know. I want you to pay closer attention to what you do for me. So, my rustling, lacy little sweetheart, you must kiss everything of mine which you touch! Then you must kiss it again before you put it down. Show me you love me. Love my things. And between those loving kisses, I want to hear you say, 'I adore your things, Mummy Gloria!' When you touch my person, of course, you will kiss me and tell me that you adore me, too. But, watch it! If you miss anything, I can find you higher heels and a snugger Figure Former, or perhaps an additional petticoat to wear."

She opened a white box and handed me a pair of pettipants, long-legged, silk pants with horizontal layers of lace running down the legs to below my knees.

"Your appearance isn't feminine enough, so wear these! Perhaps they will help you realize how unfeminine you are." She held them out, dangling the absurdly childish and effeminate garment for me to put on.

"You will be my pretty, sissy missy yet, won't you?"

I blushed, took them and proceeded to pull them on under my three flaring petticoats. I thanked her for them, of course. It was soon apparent that I was the only Twit to appear in them.

I thought about her new orders. It was apparent that I would be kissing my way through my days. I handled so many things of hers each day, from her hairbrush to her clothes, make-up items and personal self.

She handed me her book bag.

I kissed it, kissed it again, speaking out my words of adoration, and put it away.

She slid her sweater off her shoulders and I repeated the ritual again. She wanted her hair washed and set and her make-up done before dinner, together with a complete change of clothes.

Twice I kissed the myriad of objects I had handled and adored them all as per her instructions.

As she went down to dinner, she presented her hand to be kissed — twice, of course, as I told her how much I adored her.

“You must be worshipful of your Pledge Mother. You will have more practice now. I am your loving Mummy Gloria, your teacher and your model. This will help you to remember.”

As I served her at table, I remembered even to kiss her dishes as I set them before her. It raised eyebrows. The other Twits only kissed their Mummies' hems, and then only on demand, but we all did that.

My new devotion to Mummy Gloria was noticed immediately, of course, but nothing was said of it to me. No one dared interfere with a Mummy's orders. It was assumed that I needed correction and more diligence in my quest for femininity.

Gloria went out of her way to make me handle things, just to keep my lips busy.

She was forever complaining of tired feet so that I would have to remove her shoes, massage her feet and replace the shoes, kissing everything twice as I did. She especially liked to order me to perform this routine in the parlor where others would see it.

On Saturday, I dreaded another evening, face down on her bed, helpless, but she had devised still another wrinkle for me. As she stood in the bedroom door, resplendent in a strapless crepe de chine evening gown, the skirt slit up one side nearly to her hip, on her way to a dance, I waited for the order to lie on her bed, face down. But, she handed me a spiral notebook instead.

“I asked you for my beige blouse this morning and you had to look for it. I don't want to be kept waiting when I want something. I want you to be more intimate with my wardrobe.”

I took the notebook from her and kissed it. I couldn't imagine what she was getting at, but I didn't like the sound of it at all.

“You are to catalogue everything I wear, little sweetheart. If you want to be a lady, you must learn more about women's clothing. Take each item of my apparel out, kiss it, lay it on the bed and write a full description of it in your little book. Note the color,

size, the material, the maker and what it is called. Then you can pick it up, kiss it and put it back. Begin with my lingerie and be sure you name each item correctly. Then you will be able to find what I want without keeping me waiting.”

I curtsied as she swished out the door, thanking her for the order, of course. The contents of her wardrobe were truly voluminous and I realized she would have me at this for some time to come. I knew better than to be careless about it. As I went to work, various of the sisters monitored my progress as I began an evening of logging and adoring Mummy Gloria's delicate lingerie.

“Full slip, lace bodice and hem, pale blue, size 9, Van Raalte, silk satin.” And so it went as I worked my way through her lingerie drawers, kissing each item twice and carefully noting down all the details.

She returned just before 1:00 A.M.

I undressed her and meticulously put everything away. I kissed her into her nightgown and slunk down to our little dormitory for some sleep. My dreams were filled with images of delicate lacy underwear that kept engulfing me. Naturally, I was the only Twit making such a catalogue.

She had me working on it every moment I wasn't otherwise occupied, which wasn't often.

If I got any little item incorrect, she corrected me. I had to take the item back out and listen to her corrections, rewrite them back and correct my book. Once an entry was verified, I was told to memorize it. Each item was given a number in my book and when she called the number, I was expected to recite the description correctly. Failures to recite correctly weighed heavily on Monday evenings as I assumed “The Position,” my petticoats held aloft.

“Did you describe my camisole as a slip, darling?”

“Yes, Mummy Gloria.”

Swish - SPLAT!

Another wracking pain would shudder through me.

Giggles rippled through the chapter room, overriding my muffled groans.

All Tiny Taffeta Twits are kept too busy to think. It took all our energy and thought to strive to perform perfectly.

But, I was straining under a special load. I dared not complain and Mother Felicity said nothing more of any relief. I ground along devoted to my duties and hard at my books. A 3.8 grade average was mandatory for retention of my scholarship and it was apparent that Mummy Gloria meant to keep me too busy slaving at her feet to study. There were mandatory study hours for us, but I really had to get the work done fast.

Why was the National Office taking so long? The situation was egregiously unfair. I had to keep faith and believe that a remedy was in the works. In the meantime, I kissed and catalogued, fetched and groveled, dressed and undressed my Mummy, keeping my appearance perfect, a sweet smile plastered on my crimson face.

No one warned us. It happened every year about eight weeks into the program, but it was a well kept secret.

As I dressed Mummy Gloria for the chapter meeting on Monday, kissing hairbrush, lipstick, gown, shoes, everything I touched, she issued a new order.

“You boys all missed having a real girlhood. This week you will have that experience. There are some boxes under the bed. You are to wear the contents to the chapter meeting tonight.”

By the time I had kissed the hem of her gown and she had slithered down the stairs, I was shaking like a leaf.

When I saw the ensemble in the boxes, I nearly fled.

I lay the contents out on the bed. What I saw was a complete ensemble for a nine-year-old girl going to a party. I was sure, however, that I had never seen a nine-year-old girl decked out for any party I had ever been to in quite such a hyper-effeminate costume.

Trembling, I looked over the garments. I dressed myself with great trepidation, quaking as my new juvenile image appeared in the mirror. I was relieved to be out of my Figure Former, but that was short-lived as I slipped into a thigh length camisole of white nylon tricot with a ruched ruffle at the hem. Wide satin straps rested on my shoulders. My bodice was flat again, but overlays of lace covered my body down to my waist.

I pulled on opaque, white nylon hose that came to just above my knees. These were patterned in a heavy layer of lace work that turned my legs into sculptured columns. The shoes were pink patent leather Mary Janes with little French heels about an inch and a half high. Little pink faille bows adorned their tops.

I began to feel more an idiot than I did in my black uniform.

I reminded myself of the need for obedience and for perfect appearance. If I was to look the nine-year-old, it had better be a lovely nine year old, I told myself. I slipped into the petticoats. I hadn't imagined anything quite like them. As I tied the silk ribbon about my waist into a bow, I saw three layers of petticoats, each of rustling tissue taffeta, stark white and banded with stiff lace. My lower half was engulfed in a mountain of flaring effeminacy.

It occurred to me that I wasn't even fully dressed yet and I felt swallowed up. The costume had also included the awful pettipants. These were silken trousers of delicate white lace that overlapped one another. They extended well below the petticoats and I realized they would be quite visible to anyone who saw me.

Suddenly, I felt nine years old and more delicate and girlish than I had ever before felt. For some reason, the petticoats embarrassed me, no matter how much I told myself that I wanted to be a girl and should be delighted with them.

The only item of cosmetic provided was a compact containing a rosy blusher. I brushed this on my cheeks until I had the complexion of a rosy-cheeked child.

Inevitably, I had to don the dress.

It would prove to be the worst of all. The outer garment that all must see. I held it up and nearly fainted. It was a froth of pink organza with puff sleeves, huge skirts encrusted with layers of lace overlapping each other from neckline to hem. On the side of each sleeve was a large black satin bow. Another, still larger, adorned my neck. A black satin sash circled the waist and tied at the back in a huge bow. I saw pink lace on a cloud of pink organza, set off by the shining black bows. *God, I thought, girls must have worn dresses like this sometime, but it must have been sometime back in the recently departed twentieth century!*

I slipped into it, tied the bows at the back and neckline and became a cloud of rustling, lacy, swaying childishness. Each move I made, no matter how slight, set off a loud swishing and rustling as the taffeta, lace and organza sounded out a concerto of overplayed girlishness.

As I sat down at the vanity, my voluminous skirts rose in a crescendo of mountainous fluff that nearly engulfed me. I patted and adjusted them, but it was no use. They sprung back up instantly, exposing yards of petticoats and my lacy pettipants to full view.

I choked back a sob and wondered what madness had made me ever want to become a girl. I was amazed that I had ever thought I could be like a girl. I had wanted to learn to be female, but I had never envisioned myself as this ludicrous caricature of a child.

I swallowed my shame and the embarrassment and applied the delicate pink nail polish I found with the blusher.

There was also a wig case, of course.

The final glorious indignity that little “Gladdy” was to wear was a cascade of corkscrew curls tumbling down the back and sides, with a rolled bang over my forehead. At the sides of the wig were pink satin bows perched on each side. The ends would hang as far down as my shoulders. Putting it in place, I saw in the mirror the complete and total emergence of a delicate girl-child.

She would be called “Gladdykins,” I would soon learn.

I thought that if anyone had ever told me I would be required to look like this as part of the Omega Alpha Iota training program, I would never have even put on my sister's dress in the first place!

I did want to become Gladys Christine Groves, but I had never imagined the existence of this “Gladdykins” person. I was suddenly filled with the most terrible regrets at what I had brought myself to. Only the thought that I mustn't be late to the chapter meeting stirred me out of my reverie of self-pity. I rushed, swishing, rustling and terrified, down to the chapter room just in time for further degradation's.

The other four twits were there, of course, looking utterly ridiculous in their party dresses, simple little girlish frocks, all frills and ribbons, in shiny mary janes and precious hairdos.

Mummy Gloria had done it again.

My ensemble was more overblown and outlandish than the others, although only by degrees.

We had a lecture from the chapter president on the need for us to have a glimpse of what it would have been like to have been actual little girls once. She said we needed to learn how differently little girls behaved from little boys if we were to ever be grown up ladies.

Dismay played across our faces as we learned that we would appear in these little party ensembles all week long and live as nine year olds for the next seven days.

Going alphabetically, I was always the first of the Twits to be purified each week. This week we were not to bend over a chair for our paddling, but were to lie across our Mummy's knees.

Audible "Ooohs" and "Aaahs" could be heard as I sprawled across Mummy Gloria's lap. The sea of petticoats rose and the sight of my lace encrusted rear and legs in the pettipants created a sensation.

"Brilliant, Gloria!"

"Oh, Glory, they're too darling!"

"Just too precious!"

"Fantastic!"

"Oh, make her model them!"

And similar remarks filled the room.

Mummy Gloria intoned my unrequited sins for the week and, as I acknowledged them, the hairbrush descended on my petticoated behind. As she proceeded, she intoned her disapproval.

"Gladdykins, sweet child, you are such a contrary girl. Your dolly is so badly dressed. You don't color neatly and you don't help Mummy with the chores. Mummy Gloria is so displeased with you, darling. I despair that you shall ever be sugar and spice. It is such a shame, Precious... such a pretty child and yet so contrary."

This ongoing narrative was accompanied by the repeated thuds of her silver backed hairbrush.

I burned like fire beneath my delicate pants. Never had I been hit so hard. Three to five was the usual Monday retribution with the boards, but the blows kept coming... five... ten... fifteen... twenty... I choked and gasped, but was determined to hold back my tears.

"Little girls cry when Mommy is unhappy, dear. You must cry for me, darling."

SWACK... SWACK... SWACK...

I lost my head, the pain engulfed me. I panicked, thinking she might never stop. Suddenly, I let out an awesome wail, the tears flooding out uncontrollably.

"Please, Mummy... please stop! I'll be good, Mummy!" I wailed and sobbed like a child, and at last, the terrible blows ceased.

“There, dear, if you don't suffer some consequences for your childishness, I am sure you will never grow up to be a fine lady. This is for your own good, darling. You must now thank Mummy Gloria for her kindness.”

I tried but couldn't get the words out for my wracking sobs. Two more swift, punishing thwacks were my reward for my tardiness.

“Th... th... ank... y... you... Mum... Mummy... G... Gl... Gloria.” It must have taken a full half minute to stammer out my gratitude.

At last I was released from her lap, but when I tried to stand, my knees buckled and I slumped down onto my burning rear end. My skirts and petticoats flew up into my face. Laughter and applause filled the room.

Mummy Gloria extended a hand to me and thrust a large doll into my face. It was dressed in an approximation of what I was wearing. “Effie will comfort you, dear heart,” she cooed. “I know how much you cling to her when you have been a naughty girl. You must go sit in the corner now and think of how you will be nice and how glad you are that I have corrected you.”

I was placed on a small stool, my skirts flaring around me, clutching the wretched doll. I was still blubbering when Mummy Gloria came over and wiped away my tears with a lace hanky and made me blow my nose. I was a long time settling down as my four colleagues were spanked over their Mummies' knees with hairbrushes, given their dollies and consigned to their punishment corners.

They cried sooner and were not so long beaten as I had been.

Tiny Taffeta Twit Jean Marie Lessing had enough. Later that night, he snuck into his class uniform, and looking like an attractive college girl, headed for home, despite the best efforts of the rest of us to dissuade him.

“I don't want to,” he announced. “I just don't want to be a girl anymore. Maybe I never did and I absolutely am not going to spend any more time as a nine year old. I'm outta here,” and he was.

The rest of the week was awful. We wore the party dresses all week.

I was handed a stack of coloring books and a huge box of crayons with orders to color them all perfectly. I was made to cut paper doll clothes and fit them to cut out mannequins. I carried Effie everywhere, changing her clothes periodically.

Other normal experiences for nine year olds filled our week. We spent our nights in cotton nighties embroidered with bunnies and bears and flopped about in oversized bunny slippers.

Mummy Gloria decided that Gladdykins had a childish lisp, so I was made to sibilant my S's. I sounded like a ninny. Through it all we had to be affectionate and dutiful and saccharine sweet toward everyone.

The Ordeal of the Niners ended on Sunday with a birthday party for Celestine Anne, who had been called “Silly Annie” all week. Balloons, sissy hats and dumb games were the order of the day. Presents were wrapped in tissue and ribbons and there was Neapolitan ice cream and a birthday cake with ten candles.

I was warned not to soil my pretty frock as we traipsed through rounds of musical chairs and drop the hanky.

At the end of the party Mummy Gloria pointed out the ice cream spots on my lace front. Right there I went across her knee for another scourging with the hairbrush. This time, I not only cried sooner, but had the further indignity of having my petti-pants lowered and my spanking applied directly to my bare, blushing bottom.

When she was done, she ordered me into my jammies and announced that I could get myself off to bed and there would be no supper for me either.

As I shuffled off, clutching the ghastly Effie, I could hear Glenda Ellen being excoriated for the same crime and ordered to lift her skirts for her stinging penance. As I entered the little dormitory, more angry and enraged than hurt, I could hear Glenda Ellen wailing in the parlor above me.

My week as Gladkykins enraged, frightened and subdued me. Jean Marie's departure had unsettled me. Each evening, one of us had wound up over our Mummy's knee and under the hairbrush for some tiny imperfection. It seems we bawled our way through the seven days. We promised always to be good and could never seem to be.

We were finally restored, after one final brush with the terrible hairbrush, on Monday. We were Tiny Taffeta Twits again, but our dollies remained on our cots in the dorm as a reminder of our brief sortie into little girlhood.

I was also relieved to hang up Gladkykins' roller skates. I had bandages on both knees. I couldn't navigate on the damn things even when I was a little boy.

The Mummies would have us out in front of the house afternoons on them, as well as playing hopscotch and jacks.

A few weeks after the Week of the Niners, Mother Felicity had me to tea in her parlor again.

"I'm sorry, Gladys," she began as she poured. "The National Office has advised me that they feel it would be inadvisable of them to interfere in the chapter's affairs."

"Please, Mother Felicity, you can see what she's doing to me," I whined dejectedly. "She's killing me, or very close to it."

"And you're very brave and courageous, my dear. However, I can't think what we can do, so long as she works within the rules. You must be patient a little longer, I think. She may make a mistake, then we can relieve you. Until then, you must be very good, just as you have been thus far."

Her caring and kindness touched me. I was getting so that I cried at every disappointment and adversity. Now I was afraid I would cry at her kindness. Every time I puddled up, Mummy Gloria would say, "There's a nice girl now, crying always helps, doesn't it?"

It seemed that I was going to spend my whole pledge period in tears.

I rushed upstairs and changed into a fresh Figure Former and my taffeta uniform.

Mummy Gloria was changing my foundation so that I was getting a narrower waist and a larger bosom each week. Having no other orders, I busied myself kissing and cataloguing her shoes.

This was a serious dilemma, I thought. The situation was worse than unfair.

Gloria meant to break me, to get me to run out the door as Glenda Ellen had done. Our lot was not a good one at best, and she was making the worst of it for me.

I had nothing to help me now except Mother Felicity's tea and sympathy.

“Joyce Shoes,” I wrote after kissing the shining red patent leather pump. “Size 8, crimson, patent leather pump, 3 inch heel.” I kissed it again and looked to be sure I had left no trace of lipstick on it, placed it back on its rack. I picked up the next shoe and bussed it. “Springolator, clear vinyl, size 8, backless, open-toed, 3 and a 1/2 inch heel.

I ground on and on, feeling defeated and dreading what Mummy Gloria might devise for me before bedtime.

Chapter 7: Good Time Glads

The Fall semester wore on. I was wearing out. I did have time, just barely, for my academic work. The Housemother saw to that, at least. I sat at my little table in the parlor, or at the head of the stairs, doing my lessons, whenever I wasn't on some petty errand or ridiculous task.

My days ran from 5:00 A.M. to midnight, seven days a week, with no time for anything except the effeminization training and my school work. Through it all I sustained my unceasing smile, bobbing in endless curtsies and tiresome obeisance.

After the Week of the Nine, things settled down and Mummy Gloria seemed to have run out of new degradation's with which to punish me. On Monday nights, the pain and tears persisted until she had me sitting on my throbbing bottom on the little stool in the corner, sobbing and hugging my dumb dollie. It grew no worse than that, and together with the endless cataloguing and groveling she required of me, I seemed to be getting used to it.

Class uniform, classes, Taffeta uniform, kiss everything twice, catalogue it, correct the errors in the catalogue under her scathing and derisive words, dress her, undress her, change my uniform, serve at table, feminine comportment, beauty and posture classes, fetch, carry, clean, sewing class; it all just went on and on and ground us down.

I was determined not to let this harridan drive me out. I reckoned I could get used to anything if I didn't think about it, just do it. It was all so unrelenting and persistent.

So was I!

The taffeta!

The petticoats!

The high heels!

The ever tighter Figure Formers!

The ridiculous pettipants!

The brash, vivid mask of make-up!

The wretched overdressed dolls; both me and Effie!

Effie was never very far out of reach. But, after the Week of the Nines, I was the only one still clutching the creature.

There was the endless kneeling, the kissing of Gloria's hems and her shoes, the silence, the prohibition against complaining and the constant requirement of thanking my Mistress for these indignities. There were the slips of the tongue that resulted in my mouth being propped open with the polished little rod I carried in the pocket of my apron. It all wore slowly at my resolve. I began to doubt my desire to learn to be a lady, and I sometimes despaired of ever becoming one.

The vision of being expelled from the program, having to go home, still in my Twit uniform, of having to face my family in failure, disgraced, my scholarship lost, my dreams of transgendered life and my education shattered, kept me doggedly at my absurd duties.

We wore down past Thanksgiving, my season in Twitsville over a quarter behind me. I consoled myself that even this servitude would come to an end. I determined to stick it out as I gurgled and gagged, my tongue banging against the stick, drooling as I recited the contents of Gloria's wardrobe catalogue back for correction. She sneered at me and recommended elocution lessons.

I was learning to breathe deeply and slowly against the pressures of my ever shrinking Figure Formers.

I was mastering the required delicate fluid motion expected of me in my high heels.

I had come to accept the constant rustling of my petticoats and the absurdity of my uniform with equanimity.

I could see that despite the misery of my servitude and the inconvenience of my costumes, my appearance and conduct were becoming very feminine, each week more docile, refined and delicate.

I had great difficulty accepting this because of the circumstances. I was trying to outlast Gloria's determination to break me out of the program with a minimum of misery, but it was difficult.

It was about a week after Thanksgiving, just long enough after the Week of the Nines to allow me to get settled into a smooth routine, that my Pledge Mother devised her next tribulation for me.

“You're a terrible slut, you know, just a kind of fake trollop.” She said this to me as I knelt before her kissing her hem as a last act of obscence before she hog tied me to her bed for the evening. “You drag around here posing as a girl, just for the scholarship money. You are no real girl and never will be. You are selling yourself for school money. Why don't you stop this sissy pose and be honest about it?”

This new angle of attack had me really confused and scared. I was wary, but couldn't yet divine where this new approach was headed.

“Please, Mummy Gloria, I don't understand,” I curtsied and backed away.

“Oh, come now, my disingenuous Twit, you know exactly what I mean. You come down here to Williston, skirts flying, scholarship in hand, and announce your undying desire to become a perfect little lady. You're a fake. You're gender bending for the Foster Barnes bucks, selling out your manhood for the free ride. 'Fess up, little tart. Admit it! Tell Mummy Gloria that she's right and I'll get off your case.”

Now, I may be a sissy, but I'm not stupid. If I admitted it, she'd have me off campus in a day, even if she did promise not to tell.

“Please, Mummy Gloria, it's not true. I really do want...”

“Shut up, you swishing freak! No back talk from you or I'll have you drooling all weekend. You are a slut, a whore and a cheap tart, and I will have the whole world know it. Get undressed. You're going to earn your keep for a change.”

With these terrifying words, I curtsied and began to peel out of my uniform, thanking her for the order. Clearly some new horror was about to descend on me. All this came down on me on Saturday afternoon, after our feminine comportment class. I always dreaded Saturday nights. If it wasn't cataloguing, I was helpless on her bed for the evening.

I had already put her into an evening gown for her dinner date.

The costume she put me in, after her tirade of accusations, was something else I could never have imagined wearing. She had a way of pulling this on me, catching me off guard with some unanticipated female ensemble.

It was a mini-dress of sky blue shining rayon satin. The skirt barely came to mid-thigh. It was fitted skin tight about my waist and my enlarged breasts were covered in the same material, but it was pleated over my bosom and held up by a halter that passed from one breast, around the back of my neck and down over the other globe. My bosom bulged, my waist was pinched in smartly, my hips rounded and flared dramatically, and my shaven legs fully exposed. I wore no pantyhose; but, had full length nylons with lace tops that were gartered to the bottom of my black lace bustiere. She gave me no panties either. My private parts dangled beneath the tight satin skirt, barely hidden!

She painted my face in garish, bright make-up, lipstick too purple, glaring eye shadow to match the dress, artificial lashes too long and too black, eye liner too wide, brows too dark and too arched and pink cheeks much too red.

She added hoop earrings to my pierced ears with too many hoops and much too large, and fitted me with crimson talons far too long and pointed. On my head she fitted a huge black, voluminous sculptured wig with a blue satin ribbon that crossed the top of my head and was tied behind one ear.

I wore armloads of garish bracelets and carried a small satin purse that hung from one shoulder on a long thin strap. Stiletto heels adorned my feet. The heels were five inches high and in gleaming chrome steel while the shoe itself was of shining black

satin and strapped around my ankles. I teetered before the mirror, aghast. I had never imagined Gladys Christine in anything so cheap and flashy.

“Good Time Glads. This is more like it. You made a horrible little girl and you are a lousy Taf-feta Twit,” taunted my Pledge Mother. “You and your fake scholarship. Now it's time to pay the piper; time to get out there in the real world of women and earn your way. Now you don't have to call me Mummy anymore, call me Madame!”

I gaped at her in disbelief.

“Now, off to work with you, girl. The split is 60/40. You get the forty. I don't want to see you until you have a hundred bucks to split. Let's go!”

She seized me by the arm and we snuck down the back stairs.

I stumbled and staggered in the horrible spike heels in short, tiny steps which they and my tight skirt dictated. I felt the cool night air on my privates as we walked to the car, and I realized that if I was just a little careless I could be in awful trouble!

In her car, Madame Gloria dictated the rest of her orders.

“You say, 'yes,' to them all, and, 'no,' to none. Get your money up front. Give them whatever they want. That's the only way you'll make your nut. When you have your hundred, call the house and I'll pick you up. I'll bet that you'll do five johns before you sleep. If you're lucky, you'll get yourself a gang bang and be done early. Have you got it, you little bitch?”

“Yes, Madame.” I mumbled it, shaking from head to toe, thinking about jumping out of the car at some stop sign, but that, I thought, would be about as bad.

“Now walk and wiggle your fat sexy ass while looking for your first customer. If you don't, you'll never make your C-note,” she observed as she handed me a large pink wrapped ball of bubble gum. “I want you to chew on this and practice blowing big bubbles while you strut your stuff. The gum chewing will go with your bubble head. You'll soon learn that men don't want smart girls, just sexy dumb ones, like you.”



She pulled up in front of the Astra Hotel near the center of town. She reached over and flipped open my car door and waited until I had unwrapped the gum and chewed on it until I was able to blow a little pink bubble that snapped loudly as it burst, causing her to laugh in delight as I blushed.

“Smile at Jack, the bartender, he's your contact man. Listen to him. Stay in the bar until you get picked up. The bar stool in the corner is your turf. Jack will see to it. He will expect a big tip for the `reservation'. Say about fifty bucks above the hundred. So, smile, wiggle, flirt; it's your only chance to earn your keep. Have fun, little whore, and bring Madame the hundred, or else.”

With these words, she shoved me out of the car into the glaring lights of the marquee. With a toot of her horn she pulled away as all around me people looked my way to see why someone had honked their car horn.

Almost desperately I grasped my skirt hem to hold it down as I half stumbled from the car. I could see the look of disdain in the eyes of the few woman passing by, and I could also see the lustful staring of the men, whose eyes told me what they expected of a whore like me. I wanted to run, but where? Dressed like this, I was better off in the bar with Jack. Back to the campus and get booted out for disobedience? I could only run from trouble into trouble.

I walked with little mincing steps into the lobby knowing that the high heels gave my hips and rear a sluttish female rotation as I tried not to think about the impression I made on others. In a terrified daze, almost thankful for the gum chewing that kept me busy, almost as mindless as the whore I was suppose to be. Amazingly, no one paid much attention to me. I thought the desk clerk might spot me and send for the house dick; but, he was head down in his paperwork.

I minced, uncertainly, into the dimly lit cocktail lounge.

There were only a handful at the tables. It was early yet. A middle aged man sat at one end of the bar, reading a newspaper.

I carefully perched myself awkwardly atop a bar stool knowing that the slightest mistake would expose what I had to hide. I crossed my legs in feminine fashion, but my skirt was so short I was afraid something would show. All that appeared was a thin line of the lace tops of my hose and the bumps of my garter tabs. That made me still more nervous, for I realized that was the desired effect.

“Hi, Glads,” intoned a mellow male voice. “How's the Toots tonight?” It was the tall, handsome curly-haired, Jack. “You look like you been run over by a truck, Sweetcakes. Some john give you a rough ride? What'll ya' have?”

I tried a husky version of my newly trained female voice. It sounded weird. I ordered a martini. Getting too drunk might be a good idea, I thought.

“On the house, Kiddo. You look like you need it. Buck up, it's going to be a busy night. The Pipefitter Union's meeting upstairs. Lots of action by ten, Honey.”

I steadied myself on the bar stool thinking I was dead meat. I figured Gloria had finally done it. I couldn't stay here. Better gone than killed. I'd grab a cab, get back to the house, change and get out of town. Whoops, a portable douche kit, tampons and

some condoms; but, no money in the purse yet, no cab. Gloria, it was clear, would stoop to anything to be rid of me and no one was going to stop her. I would have just slid off the bar stool and sneaked away right then except I needed time to sort out my head. Right here, with Jack on hand, seemed, for the moment, the best bet. I gulped the martini and Jack refilled it as I sat there, all trolloped up, awaiting my fate in a kind of daze. Like a rabbit, in a bright light, I was too petrified to run.

A strong, heavy arm slid around my waist and a face buried itself in my tresses behind me. Moist lips kissed my bare left shoulder. I stiffened like a ramrod and the figure behind me backed away. The man appeared at my side and slid onto the bar stool beside me.

“Another martini for the lady, Jack, and a beer and a bump for me. Sorry, Honeybuns, I didn't mean to startle you.” He folded a twenty dollar bill and stuffed it full into the gaping bodice of my bustiere.

“New chick in town, eh? Jack said there'd be a new broad on his beat tonight. I'm Al. Wow! You've got it all, Kid.” He ran a hand up the length of my leg, slipping his meaty fingers well up under the hem of my mini-skirt. “Whadda we call you, baby-cakes?”

“Good Time Glads,” barked the bartender. “One fifty for two hours.”

I could have killed him, but I blew a bubble instead.

“Glads! I love it! Now then, Glads, let's have another drink and then you'll want some chow. You chicks always gotta be fed first 'cause you're always hungry. Then we can get down to some fun, eh, baby?”

I knew this over grown hunk of beef. He was Al Graupman, linebacker for the Wiliston Cobras; All American. I was glad he didn't seem to know me. He was the campus' most notorious cocksman. He was All-American off the field too. I was barely in control of myself. The gin was working, thank God!

He passed the bills to the bartender before he led me to the coffee shop where he bought me dinner, but I couldn't eat. The coffee shop was full of dull, respectable looking people. I wished I were one of them. I felt like a glowing neon sign advertising my ghastly occupation.

I was half drunk when he opened the door of his hotel room and shoved me in by placing a huge ham of a hand on my fanny, grabbed a grope and launched me through the door bodily.

Staggering, I suddenly felt a real outrage at his presumption. Perhaps I was actually beginning to feel like a woman, but at the moment, all I felt was rage and fear. Fear, because there were two more men in the room!

“Here's good Time Glads, boys, the new chick. We get her first. Take 'em down, boys, load 'em up and get ready to fire.”

I turned to run but the big linebacker grabbed me around the waist, took two steps and flung me into the center of the huge waterbed like a piece of luggage.

As I floundered, trying desperately to keep my tiny skirt pulled down, the other two studs dropped their pants and shorts and stepped out of them.

Al picked me up again and forced me to my knees.

The Cobra quarterback, handsome, blonde, Chuck Lindstrom, approached me, his erect monster swaying in my face with its glistening swollen purple red dome inches away from my disbelieving terrified eyes. He stuffed another twenty into my bustiere bodice.

Al's huge hands on my shoulders pinned me in place.

"I like it steady, soft, slow and sweet, Glads, old girl. Easy and slow and keep it up until I come."

"Oh, God, no! Please, no! I can't!"

"What's this shit, Al? What's with the new slut?"

The third football star grabbed me by the nose and twisted it.

As I gasped for air, Chuck instantly filled my mouth. I felt like I was going to gag in disgust. I swallowed the bubble gum instead as the huge organ thrust itself deeper and deeper in pumping eagerness.

Al pushed my head forward, placing his hands on my shoulders to make certain that I submitted to Chuck as I began to perform out of fear for my life and the quarterback started calling out signals.

"I'll get her skirt up, Al. You can take her in the rear."

I felt him jerk my miniskirt up in the back, exposing my bare buns. I was naked from the bottom of my bustiere to the tops of my tautly stretched nylons.

"Jesus, Chuck! It's a fucking drag queen! We've been queered! It's a guy! What is this shit? That bartender took us for a hundred and fifty bucks!"

The nose tackle who had been intent on filling my nonexistent vagina, backed away clutching for his under shorts. Chuck jerked out of my mouth in surprise as he too grabbed his shorts and pants.

Al seized me under the armpits and jerked me to my feet like a rag doll, his face a portrait of fuming rage. I saw it coming, but just barely, as the back of his hairy hand smashed into my left cheek.

The lights just went right out.

I came to in a ward at Mercy Hospital, the city's catchall for the debris of the streets. I was in the women's medical ward along with a collection of prostitutes, inebriates and other public charity cases.

The first thing I saw was a black nurse leaning over me, her smiling face showing less concern than amusement.. Her image was hazy and dim.

"Good morning, girl. So, we're awake are we?" she cooed, adjusting the bed covers. "We are alive, if not very well, this morning. How do you feel?"

I wasn't just sure how to answer her. I seemed to hurt everywhere. Various tubes and appliances were protruding from various parts of me. My answer was a deep groan.

I opened and closed my eyes and inventoried the pain in my ankle. My head felt like a balloon. It had a dull, pulsing ache in it and my scalp at the hairline itched and burned. My rear burned in pain, while my throat felt like someone had thrust hot coals into it. I must have passed out and then come conscious again.

“Well, you're better off here in the women's ward than in the morgue, young lady,” she grinned at the word `lady'. “It was a close thing. You're all right now, but you'll be very sore for a while. I guess you know all about that, considering, even if it is the first time I have seen you here, girl.”

The nurse left me inventorying my pains and wondering what I was doing in the women's ward.

The next time I came around it was a white coated doctor who was bending over me.

“Well, young lady,” he opened, jocularly, “feeling a bit rough, are we? You're a pretty lucky girl. Fractured skull, concussions, multiple abrasions and lacerations. We took about twenty-two stitches in your skull; broken wrist, sprained ankle. Battered anus. But, I guess that is regular part of your turning tricks. Tell me about the singed pubic hair. That's the bizarre part. What happened?”

I couldn't tell him.

“Well, take it easy. You'll be fine in a while. What do we call you? No name, no I.D. We need a name.”

I forgot my pains for a moment as panic rushed in. It was easy enough to just close my eyes and pretend I was passing out again. Maybe I really did, I don't know.

I got a little lunch down. I was hungry and yet, I wasn't. The nurse nattered at me about eating. She said I had to or they'd have to feed me, but she was satisfied with what little I got down. I managed to ask why I was in the women's ward.

“Hospital policy. Experience shows that street drags and such are safer in the women's ward. A shemale or a transie can only spell trouble in a men's ward. No matter how badly beaten up, you might still try to peddle your ass to pay your bill, or keep your pimp from beating up on you even more because you failed to make your quota.”

With this explanation she winked at me and left...

After lunch, too tired looking guys in grubby suits shambled up to my bed, pulled up chairs, sat down, and showed me their badges.

I tried feigning sleep, but they knew better.

“Who did it to you, pal? We'd like to see them in jail.” It was the heavier one who spoke.

“And how about a name for you? You do have one, don't you? Just for the record, you know...” This time it was the tall, sour looking one who spoke.

I turned my head and moaned aloud, keeping my eyes closed. I really wanted to stay anonymous.

“She's awake and she can talk,” my nurse announced as she reentered the ward. I suddenly hated my nurse.

“OK, pal, look at it our way, a prostitute, a street drag queen we haven't seen before, gets the hell beat out in a hotel room. No I.D. naturally. We want the perpetrators. They damn near killed you. We would have had a homicide going here. Just your luck you're not in the morgue instead. They found sixty bucks stuffed inside your bra top, so what you were doing in that hotel room is no secret. We want the guys who did you in. You know who they were, don't you?”

I shook my head. As much as I wanted them in jail, I wasn't that dumb.

“They never do, Fred. Whores don't give names. So, can we have yours, Jane? We're sitting on a charge of soliciting and it reads 'Jane Doe.' Give us a break. The hospital needs a name too. Make it easy on yourself. Give us names, or at least descriptions. With some help from you, we could make the soliciting charge disappear. The city attorney doesn't want you in jail. You ever been in jail before? Sure you have. You know where that goes, I'll bet.”

“This one's clean, Max. No prints on file. Completely new girl.”

I was dumb struck. I remained silent. I was so fuzzy that I couldn't quite figure things out. I just knew enough to keep quiet. I knew I was doomed.

The two detectives got up to leave.

“Jane Ellen Doe,” I finally said. “Call me Janey.”

“Yeah, I know your sister, Sue Ellen,” Max sneered. “She's a little wise ass too.” As they shuffled out, Max stood in the doorway. “You're not going anywhere, pal. You'll talk to us. Rest up and we'll be back.”

An intern, who was talking to the nurse, watched them saunter off. He looked young enough to be one of my classmates. He took my pulse, looked into my eyes and hammered on my joints.

“When can I get out of here?” I asked weakly.

“Well, with that sprained ankle, you'll be walking in a day or so, with a cane. You're looking pretty good, all things considered. You're young and strong and healthy. If the concussion looks good, maybe around Wednesday.”

“Just tell me when I can leave. I just want to get out of here.”

“Not as Jane Ellen Doe, you won't. You're under arrest. So you go directly to jail without passing go. Sorry.”

He smiled wearily, hung up my chart and left.

Jail! Convicted and labeled a homosexual prostitute. It was the end of the line, the end of school. My Father would kill me. But, if I ratted on the Cobras, they'd kill me. Football stars don't get in `trouble'. They are much too valuable. If I ratted I had better be on my way out of town as I spoke.

Depression set in. I wouldn't eat. They had to drug me to sleep. I didn't care if I never healed up. What for?

The Doc sent the resident psychiatrist around to diagnose depression. He prescribed drugs for that, but then I was just terrorized by my future. I wasn't wedged

between a rock and a hard place, I was stuck between a mountain and the gates of Hell!

I really was on the mend by Wednesday. I was limping about, getting used to the cast on my left wrist and itching from the lost pubic hair. The sight of myself in the mirror amazed me. The stitchery on my forehead, and the yellowing, blue bruises on my cheeks and the red eyeball made me something out of a horror movie, but it was all slowly improving.

I held out and remained Jane Ellen Doe. The doctor signed me out about 10:00 on Wednesday morning. The only clothes I had was the satin slut suit.

“You'd better dress, Hon,” the nurse said, grinning. “Your two pals from the precinct house are on their way to pick you up.”

“God, Alice, I haven't anything to wear.”

“All us girls have that problem, dearie. In this place you wear out whatever you wore in, unless somebody brings you something else. Haven't you got anyone? I wouldn't want to wear that little blue number of yours either.”

She turned and walked off.

Panic, my constant companion, arrived in a rush.

I dressed. The dress was torn. The nylons had runs in them; the wig was a mess, with blood on it. I had no make-up except a lipstick. I was a trollop again, but this time, I was a battered trollop, and the police were coming to take me to jail like this.

I retrieved my money from the hospital office and hid in a far corner of the lobby, my cane against my exposed knees. The hospital security guard had escorted me from the ward. I just wanted to flee home to Mom and Dad. I certainly didn't want to be a girl anymore.

What a mess!

Chapter 8: Homecoming

A stylish, middle aged lady stepped into the hospital lobby. She wore a blue, skirted suit with a lavender blouse and matching pumps. I watched her as she went to the desk. A nurse pointed at me and she marched straight over to me and stared down at me like a distressed Mother.

“Gladys? Gladys Christine Groves?” She asked it assertively.

My heart missed a beat. I thought she must be a police officer or something.

“Yes, Ma'am?” The question reflected my terror. I was keeping an eye out for the two detectives.

“Good morning, dear. I'm Sylvia Goodman. My husband is the resident physician at the college infirmary. He sent me over to pick you up. I think we should go right along, dear, before anything goes awry.”

She helped me to my feet and steered me, hobbling, to a waiting car.

Dr. Goodman was waiting to examine me when we got to the infirmary. He went over me meticulously to make his own evaluation of my damaged condition.

“Whatever can you have been thinking, Gladys? Posing as a prostitute? Were you out of your mind? It took us three days to figure out where you were. If it hadn't been for a tiny newspaper item about an unidentified street drag prostitute being beaten nearly half to death, we would never have put it all together.”

“Thank God,” I replied. “I didn't dare tell anyone my name down there. And the police have charges against me. What am I going to do about that?”

“Fortunately, they were glad to be rid of you. They gave you back to us. What did you tell them?”

“Nothing, Sir,” I muttered softly.

“Well, good, that's something you did right, thank goodness. That doesn't mean that you don't have some tall explaining to do, however. My orders are to keep you under wraps until this thing gets straightened out. You'll be all right. You're healing nicely. In the meantime, my wife will take you home to our place, OK?”

I was immensely relieved, but I was only slightly less anxious than I had been. It was better than jail, but I could still see my Barnes Scholarship vanishing and the ire of my family excoriating me.

Mrs. Goodman, waiting for me, took me to her home and put me in a lovely bedroom to sort out my terrors and muddled thoughts.

It was late afternoon when Sylvia Goodman called me downstairs. Still in my mini-skirted, blue satin slut suit, all tears and tatters, I minced down the stairs into her parlor to confront Mother Felicity. She gasped and clapped a hand to her mouth at the sight of me.

“Good God, Gladys, what are you doing in that outfit? You look like something from the lower end of town! Where did you get it?”

I was terribly relieved to see her.

She had always been fair and kind with me, even if she had failed to intervene in my unique treatment by Mummy Gloria. She was, at least, neutral. Still, I was terrified of saying anything about my ordeal, even to her. I felt that the only smart thing I had done was to keep quiet about the whole thing. Silence was safety.

“Good afternoon, Mother Felicity, it's so nice to see you, Ma'am.” My greeting was a cop-out, I know, and I was nervous about it. “Please help me, Mother Felicity. I seem to be in such awful trouble.”

I dropped such curtsy as I could in my tight, tawdry little torn dress, and I could feel myself blushing.

“Well, you certainly need someone's help, dear. You have somehow made an awful mess of things, haven't you?”

“Yes, Ma'am, I guess so, Ma'am.” It was the best I could think of. I felt like crying, mostly with relief.

Mrs. Goodman, showing considerable sensitivity, I thought, left the parlor.

"I've brought you some things, Gladys, a couple of your class uniforms. You've missed three days of school already and I should think you will want to get back to your studies, at least until we figure out what is going to be done about it all. I've brought your books and a nightie. You must not return to the house until the Deans are finished with their preliminary investigation. The Goodmans will put you up for the time being, which you must realize is a great kindness."

"Oh, yes, Mother Felicity, I do. Thank you, and thank you too, for coming. I feel ever so much better. What's going to happen to me now?"

"Well, dear, you have made just an awful mess of it, you know. No one knows how you ended up in the hospital, beaten within an inch of your life, nor why you seem to have been downtown in a hotel room in the first place, obviously selling yourself. Neither the school nor the Sorority are willing to have you in the transgender program and have you use us as a front while you work as a prostitute. I think you will have to explain all that to the Dean of Women and convince her that you weren't using all of us improperly. Can you do that?"

I could see I was a goner. My first thought was to slip into a class uniform. It was at least decent and then buy myself a ticket home.

Mother Felicity must have read my mind.

"You have escaped jail, Gladys, only because the college authorities have convinced the police to let us see if we can get the truth from you. If you can't clear yourself, I'm afraid they will get you back on the prostitution charge."

Certain doom! If I ratted on the Cobras, I was dead meat. But, if I didn't, I was rotten roast! Home in disgrace seemed better than jail for male prostitution. If I told on Mummy Gloria, I was sure that would finish me with the Sorority. I could just imagine her outrage if I tried to blame it on her. She would just deny it anyway, and there would be only three Tiny Taffeta Twits left, just her word against mine. I was in a fine way of becoming the sacrificial goat. It would all wind up on my head and I would be sent off to wander into the desert carrying everyone else's sins.

"What do I have to do, Ma'am? I mean... what do I do now? Really... I didn't mean to do anything. I was just doing what I thought was expected of me, Mother Felicity. What are they going to do to me? What should I do... please?" I realized I was begging. It must have sounded awful.

"There is to be a hearing tomorrow at 1:00 in the Dean's Office. Just tell the truth, Gladys. I think that must be your only remedy."

"Can't I just talk to you now?" I really wanted to unburden myself and Mother Felicity seemed to be my only friend.

"No, dear, you mustn't do that. You see, I'm in a little hot water on this myself. As Housemother, this sort of thing isn't supposed to happen right under my nose. You must tell the truth at the hearing tomorrow to help me too. Just go to class in the morning and be in Dean Wacker's Office at 1:00. Otherwise, stay right here at the Goodmans' and keep out of sight. I hope, for everyone's sake you can clear the air. The school feels compromised, the National is displeased with the chapter and the po-

lice and city attorney are waiting. Everything hinges on your story, do you understand?”

I understood only too well. One third of my way into my Freshman year and I was at the center of a storm of scandal.

Mother Felicity took both my hands in hers, gave me a kiss on the cheek and departed.

I hobbled upstairs and got into one of my class uniforms. God, I was glad to be out of that blue satin slut sack. I looked at the new bandage on my ankle, the cast on my wrist, the stitches in my forehead. At least the discoloration's on my face were fading. *God*, I thought, *I look like hell*, and realized that I felt that way too.

I lay back on the bed, feeling quite unraveled. It began to dawn on me that all the degradation's and wretchedness of my sorority life, which had now blown up in my face, largely through no fault of my own, had merely obscured the real reason for my unhappiness. I had wanted to obtain my goal at all odds. I loved being a girl, however difficult it might prove to be!

I was determined to qualify as Gladys Christine, come Hell or high water, but now I couldn't see how to save myself. Dad had said one time, that if I blew out of the program and failed to get a good education, Gladys could always become a good house maid. I thought at the time that he was kidding, but just now it seemed a probable outcome.

I fell asleep.

Chapter 9: The Hearing

I sat, trying to hunch down in a slump, something pretty much negated by my Figure Former, in the Dean's antechamber, awaiting my inquisition. I thought how strange it was to feel so good to be back in my blouse and jumper and looking like a respectable college girl once again.

The digital clock on the secretary's desk seemed frozen, unwilling to bring up any new numbers.

She clattered away on her computer keyboard. It sounded like the wheel in a gerbil cage.

I tried to collect my thoughts and frame my defense, but no matter which way I reasoned it, I just saw myself digging myself in deeper and deeper into the quagmire of un-solvable troubles. I seemed always to be to blame for everything.

At last the prim secretary who looked as though she could tolerate this transgendered student only because of orders, went through the solid oak door, only to reemerge a moment later and hold the door open.. Motioning icily, she beckoned me through it toward my certain execution.

Seated around the large teak conference table were Dean Wacker, Mother Felicity, the Dean of Men and the College Provost. They all stared holes through me as I stepped into their august presence.

Motioned to a chair at the foot of the table, I sat primly, looking at the floor, my hands neatly folded in my lap. I was trying to appear demure and ladylike, but I felt like I was “Gladyskins” again, about nine years old. Dean Wacker opened.

“Gladys Christine Groves, you are here on a prestigious scholarship, participating in a landmark program for transgendered boys. You have been an exemplary pre-pledge at the Omega Alpha Iota Sorority. We have all been proud to have you on our campus until this past weekend. You were found, half dead, in a room in a shabby downtown hotel, beaten to a pulp and unconscious, lying atop a bed in a tawdry prostitute’s satin costume, your brassiere stuffed with twenty dollar bills obviously for sexual favors. Apparently, you are extremely lucky to be alive. You have refused to cooperate with the police or with hospital personnel in revealing what you were doing there. We have arranged this opportunity for you to explain yourself. We want to hear what you have to say and we want the truth.”

She took off her half-glasses and laid them on the table, folding her hands determinedly in front of her.

“The whole truth, Miss Groves. Telling us that may trouble you, but I assure you that the truth will entail less trouble than you will find if you fail to give us a full disclosure.”

So saying, the Dean of Men put his cigar down in an ashtray. The Provost pulled a legal pad up in front of himself. Scowls abounded.

“Were you working as a prostitute at the hotel on Saturday night?”

Silence deadened the entire room. I looked up and swallowed hard. I gave it up. I didn’t consciously decide to blurt it all out. Something in me just told me I had better do as I had just been told. The questions came from all sides as I gave them simple answers.

“Yes, Sir, I guess I was.”

“Had you done that before, young lady?”

“No, Sir!”

“Were you doing it for the money?” Mother Felicity asked.

“Well... yes... no... not really... I mean... I had to get the money... yes, but... I didn’t... really want it... but I had no choice... I mean...”

Mouths gaped. Heads swiveled. I realized that the cat was on its way out of the bag. The Dean of Men practically hollered.

“For God’s sake, are you telling us that someone was pimping you, that you were forced into the streets?”

“Oh, heavens, no! I didn’t say that... I mean... I just... well... yes, in a way... I suppose...”

The room exploded. Hushed conferences ensued. Pencils scribbled on legal pads and people shot questioning glances at one another. Finally, Dean Wacker rapped for order and stared down the length of the table at me. She looked like she was staring down from Mount Olympus!

“Gladys, you seem on the verge of making a very serious charge. Did someone on this campus put you into that sleazy satin outfit and send you downtown to sell yourself?”

I could feel the heat rising up my neck, across my cheeks and onto my forehead. I was close to tears.

“Yes, Ma'am! I didn't want to, but I was told I had to and I didn't dare disobey.”

Heads swiveled again and note pads filled rapidly. The members of the committee seemed to be looking to one another for help. Mother Felicity slammed her pencil to the table top with a loud crack.

“Gloria! Gloria Pitkin, Gladys' Pledge Mother! I was sure of it! Did your Mummy Gloria tart you up and send you down there to sell yourself for money?”

The question hung in the air like a sword, but I wasn't sure just who was sitting under it now!

“I'd rather not say, Ma'am,” I stammered shyly. Glowers glowed at me all around. The Provost broke in.

“You had better say, young lady, or we shall feed you to the police department. We want the truth of this matter!”

I looked beseechingly at Mother Felicity.

She nodded her head slowly at me, peering over her glasses. She held her pencil in both hands and I could see it bending under the stress. I felt just like that pencil! Her smoldering rage was obvious and I felt it must be directed at me.

Frightened into a kind of half trance, I dumped it all out.

“Mummy Gloria made me dress up in that outfit and she drove me downtown and told me I had to come home with a hundred dollars, in addition to the fifty dollars I had to pay the bartender and not to come back until I did. She made me go into that hotel bar and said there was a bartender who would fix me up. A guy bought me some drinks and dinner and then I had to go to his room and there were two other guys... They told me that they had already paid a hundred and fifty dollars to the bartender. I guess that the money they stuffed into my bra was some kind of tip, or maybe something to ease their conscience. I don't think they really planned to kill me. Just beat me up.”

The Dean of Men shot his question like a bullet. “Do you know who these men were?”

I clutched the edges of my chair and swallowed hard. Suddenly, I clamped my mouth shut. This was it!

“Well?” he demanded.

“No, Sir.” I had presence enough of mind left to stop right there.

“Are we to understand that your Pledge Mother, Gloria Pitkin, took you downtown, clearly dressed as a prostitute, and sent you into a hotel bar with orders to work there, under the direction of a bartender, until you had earned at least a hundred and fifty dollars?”

“Yes, Sir.”

The Dean of Women jumped into it next. “Did she tell you that this was a pledge duty?”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“And were there three men who lured you to their room and it was these same men who beat you up?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Why did they beat you up? Did you refuse to service them?”

“No, Sir, I was too afraid,” I managed. “They beat me up because I was really a male. They got mad and just hit me. I would have done anything they asked, but they just beat me up instead...”

Mouths went agape. The room buzzed. Dean Wacker rapped for order.

“I think we have heard just about enough, Gladys. I want you to return to the Goodmans' and stay right there until you hear from us. If what you have told us is true, we will be able to verify it completely. Now, you keep out of sight. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Ma'am, thank you, Ma'am.”

She held the oak door open for me and I slunk out.

Her secretary still didn't look sympathetic, although she had heard the whole thing on her intercom.

“Good afternoon, my dear,” she hissed with feigned sweetness as I slithered past her.

I still felt like I was all done here. If Gloria got booted, I figured I was still all done at the Omega Alpha Iota House. At least I had left the Cobras out of it. The Omega Alpha Iota might reject me for what I had said, but if the Cobras got after me, I would more than likely end up in the morgue than the hospital again. My ankle hurt, my wrist ached and I was exhausted. I went back to the Goodmans', lay down and slept until called for supper.

Chapter 10: Angela

“Gladys, dear, you look just divine. I bet you never thought you could put such a lovely gown together for yourself!” Mummy Angela cooed.

I twirled in front of the mirror, taking myself in hungrily. I was a sleek and shining, statuesque embodiment of feminine elegance in my very own, sophisticated new evening gown.

I had made it. I had to learn to make it and then I had earned the right to wear it by putting in six harrowing months as a Tiny Taffeta Twit.

Mummy Angela grinned with delight at the achievements of her very conscientious pre-pledge. The gown was gorgeous and I was gorgeous in it. I had worn a lace and chiffon confection that Mummy Gloria had given me to chapter meetings, of course, but that had been more in the nature of a young girl's first formal. This gown was a gleaming monument of sophistication and adult elegance and I was wearing it to the Spring Fling tonight.

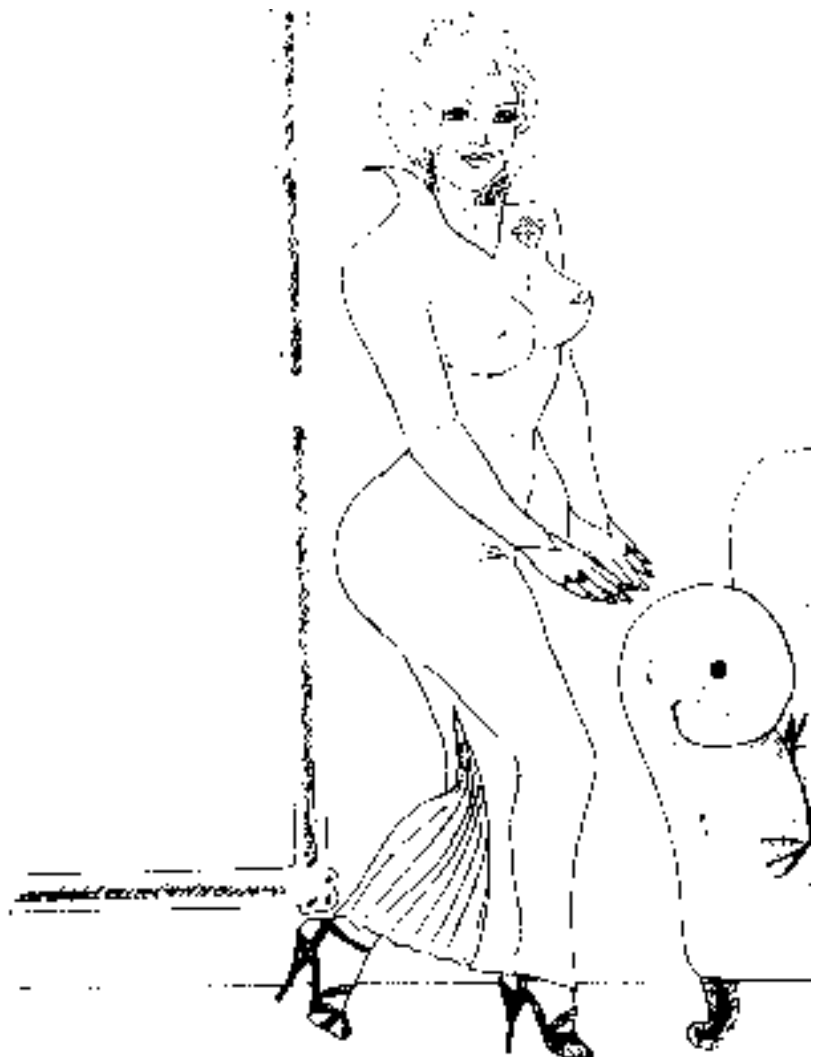
I was no longer a Tiny Taffeta Twit. I was now a full fledged Omega Alpha Iota Pledge, on a par with born girls. I was past the rigors of pre-pledging and was now considered successfully transgendered, just another one of the girls, but it had been a narrow thing!

Finally, it was Jack, the bartender, who saved me. Unable to get anything but flat denials from Gloria Pitkin, the investigators had checked the bartender part of my story. While insisting that he had thought that I was a real female prostitute, he did acknowledge that Gloria had paid him well to see that the chick in blue found plenty of johns to keep her busy. He also said that from the way she had acted, he had thought that Gloria was a real Madame!

Mummy Gloria was out of the Omega Alpha Iota House and off campus in a hurry. The Dean of Women lowered the ax instantly. Only then did Mother Felicity come to the Goodmans' and lead me gently back to the Sorority House.

We walked hand in hand across the campus and I listened to her apologies for the mess I had been forced into. She gave me every assurance of my exoneration by the facts and promised me that I would resume my Twit duties under a new and kinder Pledge Mother.

Mummy Angela Newoman had proved to be just that and, as a result of the mess I had gotten myself into, I was required to keep Mother Felicity immediately advised of anything I found objec-



tionable. But, aside from the general misery and tedium of a Twit's life, nothing was.

Mummy Angela was a living doll! She was a big sister rather than an avenging monster. That's not to say that she wasn't a strict Pledge Mother, because she was!

In many ways, she was even more strict than Mummy Gloria had been because Mummy Angela desired and demanded perfection in any and all feminine activities from her Twit.

And, woe to me if I failed her in any way! Like Mummy Gloria, Mummy Angela never hesitated to take my pettipients down for a sound blistering for my misdeeds!

"Why didn't you object to that," you ask? Well, because I felt that I deserved her punishment for not living up to her expectations of me. I had had enough training and experience in the ways of femininity by the time she came into my life that I should have been a perfect acting girl long since. Besides, Mummy Angela wasn't spiteful nor malicious nor in any way acting out of personal interest in her treatment of me. Rather she was conscientious in carrying out her responsibilities as my Pledge Mother and felt that she would be less than effective if she were to overlook my shortcomings. In short, I soon fell in love with her and did my utmost to please her.

How successful was I in pleasing her? Read on...

Angela stepped out from among the group of active sisters. She quietly told me that she was to be my new Pledge Mother.

I stared at her open mouthed. I wasn't sure whether I should be grateful or apprehensive. I had heard that she was a martinet for exactitude in the performance of feminine practices from some of the other twits who had had first hand experience at her hands.

As for myself, I knew she was a stickler for details, but at the same time, she had never been "abusive" towards me about it...

Gently, Angela led me upstairs. As I paused at the top of the stairs she announced, "In the morning, you will have to become a Tiny Taffeta Twit again, Gladys, darling, but for tonight, why don't you and I just get better acquainted as girls do, sort of girl to girl, as it were? You haven't too much longer to go before all of this silliness will be behind you, and I want you to understand and discover that not all Pledge Mothers are monsters."

As we entered her room, I noticed she had a huge queen-size double bed, beautifully canopied and adorned with lace coverlets. My silly doll was sitting right in the middle of the bed, propped up between the huge pillows. Angela closed the door behind us and kissed me tenderly on the lips, wiping away my tears of apprehension with her lace handkerchief. She motioned to an elegant, sky blue, silk nightie that was laid out on the bed.

"Welcome home, Gladys, dear. Why don't you get out of your Figure Former and relax. We'll just bend a rule or two for tonight and you can tell me all about your terrible experience and get it off your chest. OK? It must have been just plain awful for you, my dear!"

I couldn't believe that this was the same Angela I had heard about! I couldn't fathom her as my Pledge Mummy, but I obeyed and began to undress. She actually helped me, unlacing my Figure Former for me and helping me strip. I was wary but happy as her gentle fingers caressed and molded my body under the guise of “helping” me...

“With your wrist in a cast and all, don't you think you should sleep up here with me rather than down there all alone in the Twits' Dorm? If you want to help me into my nightie, we can just settle back and have a good heart to heart talk like a couple of real friends.”

It seemed unreal to hear things like that. Happily, I helped her out of her clothes as much as my cast would allow, and we both giggled when I automatically began kissing each item I removed as well as the part of her body that had recently occupied each garment. I just couldn't seem to break the habit of adoration, even though it was no longer part of my duty to my Pledge Mother. To me, it just seemed the thing to do to show her how much I loved her and appreciated the care she was taking with me.

We sat, cross-legged in the middle of that huge bed while I cried out my rage. Angela soon made me confess that Al and his buddies were the ones who had beaten me up. I had to tell her the whole shameful story of what I had been forced to do for them while she comforted me and soothed my tears.

She hugged me and caressed me and smoothed the hair out of my eyes. I didn't realize until some time later that I had begun to fall in love with Mummy Angela. Her kindness and gentleness were a great relief to me and I attributed my warm feelings for her to that, but it was only the beginning.

I felt more elegant and feminine now that I was once again in my cool satin nightgown and with another girl. I was exhausted, but we drank hot cocoa, giggled, put up each other's hair, had some more hot cocoa and giggled some more before finally falling asleep right there atop her bed, clutched in a warm embrace.

Sometime during the ensuing night, I showed Angela the true extent of my adoration of her body and she reciprocated by bringing me to completion in a manner that I would soon grow to love almost as much as I did giving her a similar pleasure!

Chapter 11: Glorious Gladys

Mummy Angela helped me dress for the Spring Fling. If I was merely diligent as an Omega Alpha Iota Pledge, which seemed so easy after the rigors of pre-pledging, I would be initiated as a fully active Sister before the end of the year, permanently transgendered and gloriously a girl. Of course, there was a lot to be done yet, even as a regular pledge, but gone were the demeaning and constrictive uniforms and the endless hours of onerous duties.

Well, there were those hours spent adoring Mummy Angela's skirts and her absolute insistence that I maintain corset training and her liking of me in the silly petti-pants when we were alone and the many sessions with my bared bottom upended over her lap for continued hairbrush correction, except that I didn't count that as anything more nor less than what any good Pledge Mother would do for her Tiny Taffeta Twit —

I've already told you that Mummy Angela was fair-minded, but remember, she was also a strict Pledge Mother with a deep sense of her duty as such.

I had my Certificate in Feminine Comportment, another in Cosmetology and the most cherished of all, The Certificate in Dress Making! I had even passed at the dance drills and had proven that I could pirouette smoothly while gliding backwards in four inch heels without the least tendency to try to lead. I really felt like a lady now, except where my erotic desires were concerned, and those were not expected to have changed. I was transgendered, not castrated.

Despite my intense desires to make love with girls, I had always seen things, thought and felt things like a girl would. These rigorous months in Twitsville had honed and perfected my appearance, my manners and my postures and my whole expression. The Twit experience was effective, after all. I took a great, vain pride in my coiffure and I had become a demanding mistress when it came to my make-up. The cut of my skirt and the fit of my blouses had become important to me, and I felt out of place unless I could hear the click of my heels as I moved. The whole panoply of feminine postures and poses in which I had been drilled had become second nature and, whether true or not, I had become completely self-assured that no one on seeing me would ever take me for a male.

Gladys Christine Groves had become a lady!

As part of my pledge requirements, I had been working in the Fashion Boutique downtown two nights a week and Saturdays. My satisfaction was the way the ladies sought me out for my sympathetic and accurate advice on what they might wear. I had a sense for what made each of them look their best. The income from the job was earmarked for my expanding wardrobe. One thing about the Omega Alpha Iota Sorority, we were the most chic and stylish House on the campus; a deadly collection of fashion mavens. I loved that.

One of the most important requirements for initiation, and especially for Tiny Taf-feta Twits, was to choose a theme, sew a complete, high style collection and model it for the House. All the pledges were necessarily devoted to this project. It was judged by a committee of our Sisters, and if it failed, so did the Pledge. No one gets into Omega Alpha Iota without a basic, and mandatory, mastery of cutting, construction, sewing, basting, fitting and finishing one's projects.

The afternoon of the Spring Fling, I had the fun of coifing, manicuring, dressing and making up Mummy Angela.

Then she did the same for me, except that she didn't take near as long as I did. After all, she didn't have to kiss her way through the experience like I did!

Well, I didn't have to either, you understand, I did it because I felt that it should be required of me to do so!

Anyway, we made a whole glittering afternoon of it. I'm sure that anyone who watched the two of us closely enough would have concluded that we were a pair of loving lesbians.

We kept our erotic liaisons pretty much out of sight most of the time though. But alone, we were all over one another like leeches! This girl had me out of my mind and

out of my gaffe a good deal of the time when we were behind closed doors (and sometimes when we weren't! But that's another story.). We felt, groped, kissed and squirmed together, separated only by delicate layers of silk and lace, or enclosed in circles of chiffon and satin as we burned our passion together.

Mother Felicity knew, of course. I could never keep a secret from her inquiring probes! Actually, everyone in the House knew it, I guess, but they all just looked the other way and left it alone, except for some gentle teasing we had to put up with.

After all, the rules didn't forbid boys and girls from falling in love and loving one another, nor did it forbid girls falling in love with one another either (nor did it forbid nor stop some boys from falling in love with each other! Two of my Twit compatriots became extremely close during those long nights together in the Twit Dormitory, but that too is another story).

The rules just required that we maintain a reasonable degree of Public Decorum. We were just a boy and girl in love with one another. The fact that the boy wore taffeta frocks and high heels and make-up was beside the point.

In fact, in the Omega Alpha Iota program, it was the point!

I had become entirely feminine in gender, but my sex drive was another matter altogether. Angela and I were an item, a couple. We “coupled,” yes, and not infrequently either!

I was ecstatic as she dressed me for the Spring Fling. I was svelte in a long, tight black corselette of spandex and satin. It extended half way down my thighs and the top half of my brassiere was a lovely openwork of black lace. I rolled smokey black hose of real silk onto my shaved legs. They were a gift from Mummy Angela. I gartered their lace tops to the garter tabs of my corselette.

Angela knelt and slipped a daring pair of shoes onto my feet. She purred as she did so, rubbing my feet against her downy cheeks like a happy kitten. The shoes had low vamps and a complex webbing of crisscrossed straps enmeshing my feet. They buckled with tiny straps around my ankles, around one of which I wore a tiny, narrow slave-chain bracelet which bespoke my admiration and commitment to my exquisite lover.

I pirouetted before the mirror with my shoulders back and admired my thrusting “double-D” breasts. Angela handed me a short, black satin slip with a lace bodice. I dropped it over my head and she pulled it down by its wide lace hem. It felt perfectly delicious as its shining, soft material slid against the satinized spandex of my corselette.

The gown, which Angela had meticulously assisted me in fitting to my individual contours, fell into place and fitted me like a glove. It encased me like a cocoon with its closed, high standing collar that rose in two points either side of my chin. It followed every curve of my newly feminized body, the contours of my thrusting bust, the pinched, narrow confines of my waist, flowing smoothly over my flaring hips and thighs and narrowing to my knees, below which it flared just slightly to the hem just above my shoe tops. Its long, fitted sleeves hugged my arms to the backs of my soft, white, manicured hands. The skirt was slit at the rear with an inset pleat that allowed

me to walk and sit gracefully, yet still restricted me to a delicate, ladylike walking motion.

Mummy Angela said the effect was stunningly sinuous and graceful whenever I moved about.

By the time Mummy Angela had finished piling my long blonde tresses into coils and folds atop my head, I had begun to marvel at myself. With striking hues of blue and plum, she transformed my face into a delicate mask of feminine artifice. I dropped a pair of long, chandelier earrings of silver filigree into the holes in my lobes and decorated my fingers with four delicate rings of set, flashing stones. (One was a diamond engagement ring from Mistress Angela!)

Mummy Angela pinned a brooch of silver filigree to my left shoulder and my pledge pin to the very tip of my left breast where we were always required to display it. I paraded about for her.

“Stunning! Sinuous! Daring! Sophisticated! Awesome!” Her litany of praises made me glow. I struck a pose before the long mirror and stunned myself. “Glorious! Do not confuse with 'Gloria',” she quipped.

I looked across the room at her.

She was equally elegant in a gown of black silk velvet, topped with faille bows on the shoulders, set off by long white gloves.

The corsage I had bought for her was poised near one shoulder. I drank her in and was overcome with desire. I put it off, but not until I had seized her around the waist and pressed my plum colored lips to hers of brilliant crimson in a deep, passionate kiss!

“Goddess, I love you!” I whispered in her ear. Our perfumes blended in a heady cloud.

“Wait until we get home later, Darling,” she whispered throatily, “and you can show me just how much you adore me!” She wriggled her belly against mine and I wanted her even more! She buried her face against the gleaming gray satin of my gown.

“You have shown me how to make Gladys Christine nearly perfect, my Darling!” I continued. “I have to love you for that alone!”

We pressed our bodies together in a long embrace.

“Try to remember that you are a lady,” she chided throatily, “at least until I get you back home! You're mine, Gladys Christine Groves! Just remember that while you're dancing with all those jocks! Remember who loves you most!”

We giggled and batted our long manicured lashes at one another. We spent the evening as belles of the ball.

Unsuspecting male guests were encouraged by their campus hosts to pursue the gorgeous former twits, and then had a good laugh by telling them what they had been mooning over. It was the annual in-joke.

When Angela and I danced together, we traded the lead and put on a blinding exhibition of terpsichore. Mummy Angela and I were becoming an item on campus.

Dean Wacker caught us in a kiss on the verandah and warned us it.

“What will people think if they see two girls kissing?” she admonished, but I noticed that she was smiling indulgently at us.

My appearance, manners and demeanor at the Fling added points to Angela's overall score and helped her win the coveted Pledge Mother of the Year Award.

My own resume improved when my Certification of Transgendered Male was handed me. My records from my drivers license down all read “T-Male” now. I was proud of that because I had earned it!

Mother Felicity sent a bio to the National Office recommending me for Pledge of the Year. She included a photo of me in my silver gown during the promenade at the dance.

I won!

Next year I will represent the Chapter at the National Conference on the Omega Alpha Iota Transgender Program.

I am the most happy of men!

EPILOGUE

This has been the story of my Sorority Life, or more properly, how it all began. It ended marvelously and I haven't been in male dress in decades now. I always made my grade average and the scholarship sustained me while my job at the Boutique really taught me how much I loved to help ladies dress well. It has become my abiding passion.

My early months at the House had been hellish, admittedly, but it had all worked out for the best in the long run. I was, perhaps, more determined to succeed than I should have been because of Mummy Gloria's maltreatment. Or maybe I should congratulate myself on my courage.

I've never quite figured out whether I was a fool or a heroine, but I did succeed at what I went for. By the time school let out and I was initiated as an Omega Alpha Iota active, Mistress Angela and I had not been out of one another's arms, or beds, very much at all, if any!

We were hopelessly and helplessly in love, and we still are!

Everyone perceived me as a woman, an elegant, strikingly poised, fashionable young woman. Nothing, except Mistress Angela, could have made me happier.

Mistress Angela and I were married that summer. We were supposed to wait, but we just couldn't stand it. It was a double bride ceremony in her home town, at the Unitarian Church.

At first her parents were distressed.

It seems that marriage to a man in skirts was not what they had envisioned for their only daughter. They were won over, I think, by the obvious devotion we had to one another.

Her Mother told her Father that despite my girlish appearance, a gentle, sensitive, strong manliness came through in my treatment of Angela. Transgender matings, thought so bizarre just a few years ago, are no longer unusual, of course. The wedding was just one more delightful social event with two lovers, both in fantastic, veiled bridal confections of white satin and lace.

Only a few of the elderly find the sight of two people kneeling at the altar under clouds of net veiling a disturbing sight. Those few people are still mired in the old unreality's of sexually assigned gender roles.

I made my vows of allegiance to Mistress Angela and the minister pronounced that we were husband and wife! Almost in a daze, I rose, to be clasped in my bride's embrace, my veil removed and kissed soundly.

“Wife, mine...” Angela whispered in my ear, and I knew I was Mrs. Gladys Christine Newoman for ever and ever!

The reception at the local country club, was a charming affair. Mistress Angela and I spent a honeymoon on the Cote d'Azur, a gift from her wonderful parents.

When school reopened in September, Mistress Angela and I took our old room at the Omega Alpha Iota House.

It was her senior year. I went back to work at the Boutique where I was eventually promoted from clerk to fitter. Mistress Angela went on to Graduate School and took an M.B.A. in Business Administration while I completed a Fine Arts degree in Fashion Design.

After my graduation, we both went to New York City where she climbed the corporate ladder and I went to work on Seventh Avenue, working at the ateliers, perfecting my craft.

I even did some modeling.

This Fall, I will introduce my own original lines under the label, “Glad Rags.” Mistress Angela and I have a new enterprise, a chain of fashion boutiques catering to the up scale woman. I am delirious with my new fall collection. Mistress Angela has had a firm hand on the tiller at Glad Rags, the business end under her experienced control.

I have been told, and I believe it's true, that as a transgendered male, I have a well developed fashion sense, a sensitivity to what makes women look and feel good, that can only come from my intense love of their feminine finery. If that's true, I think Glad Rags will do very well.

I am on the Board of Directors of the Omega Alpha Iota National and Chair the Committee on their Transgender Program. The pioneering chapter program at Williston has been expanded and is found on many other campuses today. I recently toured them and smiled knowingly as I reviewed each chapter's parade of Tiny Taffeta Twits.

I noticed in the paper last week that Gloria Fitkin had been arrested again, this time, in Boston. The article said that she had been charged with running an illicit escort service and a string of brothels. I wasn't a bit surprised...

And, Al Graupman and Chuck Lindstrom and Bert Hart, my attackers?

Well, it took time, but all three were rewarded handsomely for what they did.

Chuck Lindstrom was married to Gloria Fitkin and was charged as an accessory in Boston. This time, the judge promised, neither would be back to molest decent people for as many years as he could arrange!

Al Graupman was convicted in the rape and slaying of several prostitutes in Williston and is now doing life in State's Prison.

Only chubby little Bert Hart, the nose tackle (he who had wrenched me about by twisting my nose), made any success of his life at all, if you can call it that.

He was caught embezzling funds from Broadmouth Enterprises, the company that had hired him out of college. The owner, Mr. Brayton B. Broadmouth, had given Bert a choice, prison or total slavery.

Bert chose well and Brayton had reduced him to slavery in return for immunity from prosecution. And knowing Mr. Brayton B. Broadmouth and his stout wife, Mani Wrongtunt, as I do, he got just what he deserved, especially since Brayton has this compulsion to correct chubby little male bottoms by spanking, and if anyone were ever in need of a spanking correction, it surely was Bert!

Anyway, Mistress Angela is pregnant, and we hope it's a boy.

I hope he's gender gifted, as I was!

I think I have been the most fortunate of men, destined to enjoy both worlds, either and both sides of the gender line.