

VANISHED



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By Jeri Ellen

FBI agent Susan Parker walked out of the courthouse. As she walked down the steps she couldn't help smile to herself. The jury had been out only twenty two minutes. All of the defendants had been found guilty of the crimes they were accused of and were certain to face long prison terms when the judge sentenced them in thirty days.

After buckling her seatbelt she started the car and turned on the air conditioner full blast. August of 2011 had been the hottest month in many decades. In fact the summer of 2011 had been the hottest one in decades. She pulled out of her parking spot and headed for the Federal Building.

She was looking forward to having a week off. There were a few loose ends to clean up back at her of-

face but then she was going to be gone for a whole week. The drug case that was just finished was one she and several other agents had been working on for over six months. It was a good feeling to know that it was over and they had successfully prosecuted their case to obtain a conviction on all counts.

Arriving at the Federal Building she parked her car and went inside. The elevator doors opened and she walked quickly to the large room where her desk was located. The receptionist looked up at her and smiled.

“Congratulations, I hear they were found guilty on all counts.”

Agent Parker smiled.

“Yes they were. Score one more for the good guys.”

The receptionist handed the agent a package.

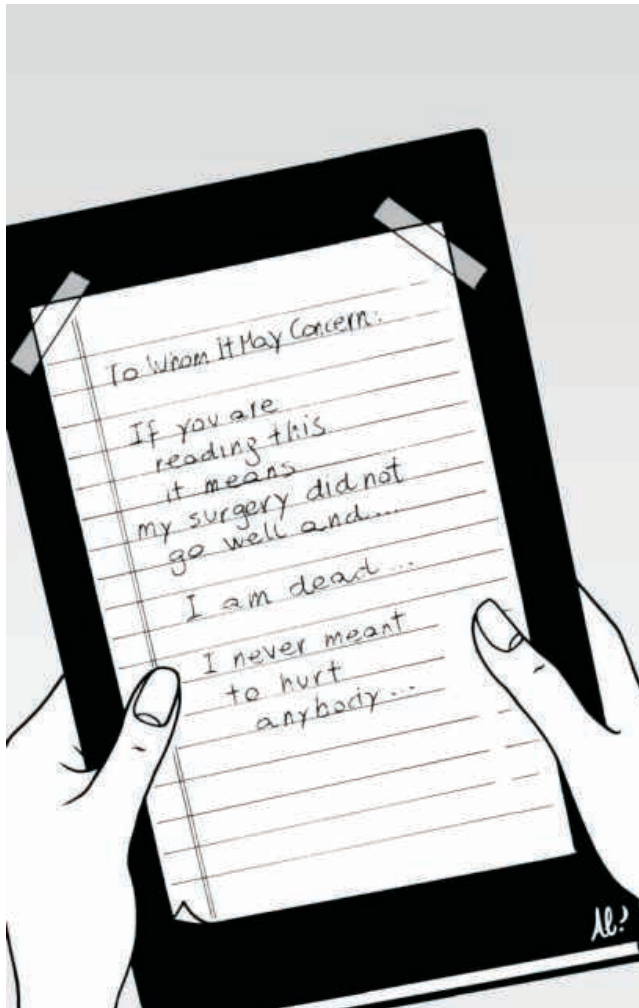
“This came just after lunch. It was been x-rayed and seems to be just a book. The other agents are gone for the day so I guess you are stuck with it.”

Agent Parker took the package from the receptionist and walked to her desk. She had hoped to be out of the office quickly but this might slow her down a little. Setting the package aside she completed some miscellaneous paperwork. When she finished she picked up the package and examined it.

The package was addressed to “Any Agent”, FBI Headquarters, Minneapolis, MN. It was about eighteen inches long, twelve inches wide and two inches thick. The return address was a street in Sacramento, California. Taking the letter opener from her desk drawer she slit the box across one edge and let the contents slide out.

Putting the empty box aside she looked at the contents in front of her. The first item was a clear plastic report cover. Inside were four fifty dollar bills and a Minnesota drivers' license for Donald B. Collins.

The second item was another clear plastic report cover containing a newspaper clipping detailing the skyjacking of an airliner in 1971 by a man whose name on the airline ticket was David B. Evans.



She remembered one of her training instructors at the FBI academy mentioning that the “D. B. Evans” skyjacking case of 1971 had never been solved.

The third item was a ledger book. Taped to the cover was a letter addressed “To Whom It May Concern.”

Paging thru the ledger book Agent Parker discovered it was a handwritten journal. She closed the ledger and read the letter.

To Whom It May Concern:

If you are reading this it means my surgery did not go well and I am dead.

I never meant to hurt anybody. I had been in so much pain for so long I didn’t know where to turn to for help. I know what I did was wrong and I make no excuses for the actions I took. The fact that following my crime I have led a quiet, productive and some may say an exemplary life does not override the fact that I am a criminal and have been a wanted fugitive by the FBI for over forty years.

I am genuinely sorry. Please read the enclosed journal and try to understand the motive for doing what I did. One of the enclosed plastic report covers contains money from the skyjacking. Many stories about me have surfaced since that day and I am sending you this so you may finally close the case.

Sincerely,

Donna Brianna Coulter, aka—Donald B. Crandall,
aka—Donald Brian Collins, aka—David B. Evans.

Agent Parker checked her watch. It was nearly 4pm. She wanted to be home sipping some cold wine. "There is nothing here that cannot wait one week" she thought to herself. After placing the items back in the package she was about to put it in her bottom desk drawer when she changed her mind.

Taking the ledger out of the package she put it in her attaché case. She closed the flap of the package again and returned it to the bottom drawer of her desk. Walking quickly to her car she tossed the case in the seat next to her and drove home.

At home Agent Parker retrieved her mail from the box and went inside her apartment. She set her briefcase on the small desk near the door and booted up her computer. In the kitchen she took a chilled wineglass and a steak from the freezer. After filling the glass half full of red wine she returned to her computer and checked her e-mail.

A short note from her sister was the only one in the inbox and she quickly deleted it. Sitting in the recliner chair she took a sip of the cold wine and thought about the trial that had just concluded. Everything had gone according to plan. It had been a horrendous half year.

Her thoughts went back to her brief case and the ledger. The instructor at the FBI academy had only touched briefly on the unsolved case. She wondered what her fellow agents would say when she told them she might have the case solving evidence in her possession.

After finishing her wine she fixed herself a salad and thawed out the steak in the microwave. She fried up the steak and then heated some leftover hash brown potatoes. Refilling her wine glass she recalled her

mother's advice: "Avoid red meat, chocolate or anything with sugar in it, and alcohol."

Moms don't have to know everything she thought to herself as she bit into the first piece of steak. She hadn't eaten since breakfast. The hearty meal tasted wonderful as she washed it down with another refill of red wine.

That night as she sat in a hot bubble bath she found herself thinking about the ledger in her briefcase. She had planned on reading it the next weekend but it had stayed in the fore front of her thoughts. The possible key to solving a forty year old case was in her desk just a few feet away.

It had been a long case and the relief that it was over in addition to the wine made her sleepy so she went to bed early. As soon as her head hit the pillow she was fast asleep. The alarm shocked her awake at eight am the next morning. She had been asleep almost ten hours. After shutting off the alarm she was tempted to go back to sleep but remembering the ledger she got up.

Breakfast was a frosted roll, orange juice and a cup of coffee. She got dressed, poured herself another cup of coffee, and walked to her desk. Taking the ledger in one hand and her coffee in the other she sat in her recliner chair. She put her coffee on the adjacent stand and re-read the letter taped to the front of the ledger.

She opened the cover and began reading the beautifully hand written words. The ink was very faded but still legible. She stopped reading and began paging thru the book. The further she went the clearer the ink became until the last few pages which appeared to have been written just recently. There was nothing written on the inside of either the front or back cover.

Agent Parker recalled the date of the newspaper story of the skyjacking which had taken place in September of 1971, fifteen years before she had been born. So long ago and so many changes had taken place since then she thought to herself.

Stewardesses had been replaced with flight attendants who were both male and female. Some pilots were now female too. Airplanes were bigger, faster and safer. Women were integrated into many of what had once been male dominated jobs as well as all jobs now were racially and ethnically mixed with equal pay and equal chance at promotions. World peace had yet to become a reality and after 9-11 security measures had been stepped up in all areas of transportation.

When she had entered college she knew she could have her pick of any field and be almost assured of being hired. Unlike the previous generation of women which had been relegated to become teachers, nurses, or secretaries. "Why would I hire you when there is a man out there with a family to support?" was the personnel directors' logic of the times.

Smiling to herself she recalled her mother's words at the backyard party after her graduation from the FBI Academy. "Be thankful for flat shoes and pantsuits" she had said as she extended her legs to display the misshapen toes on both feet that were poking thru her flat heel sandals.

Picking up the cup she took another sip of her coffee. Forty years of changes in business, politics, medicine, and science. It seemed like such a vast gulf was separating her from the beginning of the story she was about to read and the present day.

Staring at the cover letter she once again thought about the journey she was about to embark on that

would take her back in time almost forty years. Someone once said that a journey of a thousand miles begins with one step so she opened the cover of the ledger book again and began to read the faded blue ink writing.

If this were going to be a book I suppose an appropriate title would be: "Transgender Diary" or perhaps "Diary of a Transgendered Man" In any case this isn't really a book, just a collection of thoughts of a man who made an incredible journey to find himself or perhaps it would be better to say herself.

When I first became aware that I was a person I knew something was wrong with me. I didn't know quite what it was but I knew something wasn't right. My body seemed foreign to me, almost as if I didn't belong in it.

When I took my Saturday night bath there was this thing between my legs that felt like it didn't belong there. I wanted to cut it off so I could walk, run, and sit down normally or what I thought was the normal way I should be doing those things.

My parents dressed me in boys' clothes but they didn't feel right on me. I wanted to wear a dress like my older sister. I liked her shoes better than mine too. They were shiny and had a small bow on the toe while mine were plain brown.

Her long beautiful hair was tied in a pony tail with a pink ribbon while mine was kept short in what my father called a "manly cut". Mom painted my sisters' fingernails pink. Before going to church on Sunday morning she also brushed her cheeks with pink pow-

der and applied pink lipstick to her lips. I wanted to do that too but I was a boy and that was only for girls.

Occasionally when my parents and my sister were gone I would go into my sister's room. I would open her dresser drawer and try on her panties. The soft tri-cot material felt so good against my skin that I didn't want to take them off.

I looked at all the pretty dresses in her closet. I secretly wished that I could try them on and see what I looked like in girl's clothes. I was always very careful to put things back exactly as I had found them. I was terrified of them finding out about my little secret. There was no telling what might happen to me if they discovered me in my sisters' clothes.

Would they humiliate and embarrass me by dressing and making me up, then take me downtown thru several stores so people would see me? Or maybe make me sit on the front porch so neighbors and passers by could see me and walk away laughing? Worse yet would they send me to school next year in my sisters clothes so the other boys could laugh at and pick on me?

I felt ashamed. Why wasn't I normal like the other boys in the neighborhood? Why had God done this to me? If he truly loved all creatures great and small why did he make me like this? One night before going to bed I got on my knees to say my prayers but instead I prayed to God to make me a girl. Then I would be "normal".

When I woke up the next morning I found I was still a boy. God hadn't listened to me. He had abandoned me. I was an outcast. I was all alone in the world with this deep dark secret. Maybe I was crazy. Crazy people were put in something called lunatic asylums.

Would they cure me or just keep me there forever because I wasn't fit to be in "normal" society?

Maybe as I got older these feelings would go away. I wouldn't have this desire to wear my sister's clothes. I would suddenly become the boy I was supposed to be and would never again even think about the way I used to be. I would wear boys' clothes and become a man like my father.

My dad was an excellent athlete and an honorably discharged veteran who after World War II came home to marry and raise a family. I would be a man like him. It was probably just a matter of time until these feelings I had would pass and I would become "normal" like he is.

By the time I started school nothing had changed. I still felt the same way. As I looked around the room at my classmates I felt out of place. I was in the wrong clothes for one thing. I wanted to wear the dresses like the other girls wore. For another, and for the first time, I was felt that I was in the wrong body. If only I could just exchange places with one of the girls maybe that would make me better.

I was a prisoner in my own body. A prisoner just as surely as if I had been put in a cell, its' door locked, and the key thrown away. There seemed to be no escape from this prison and it was a life sentence without the possibility of parole. I appeared to be doomed. Doomed to a life of misery and fear because I wasn't what society said I should be. I wasn't "normal".

Of course I suffered in silence. Who could I talk to about this? It certainly wasn't my parents, my teacher or even the minister of our church. This was a very deep rooted personal thing that I just wasn't willing to risk sharing with anybody.

I was both frustrated and angry. Adults may use drugs or alcohol to deal with their frustrations and anger. As a child of course I had to find some other way to deal with those things. My parents had beer in the fridge and a small amount of liquor under the sink but I knew better than to touch their stuff.

I took out my anger and frustration at recess. Despite my initial awkwardness I applied myself and soon became a fair athlete. I was shorter than most of the boys and didn't have a large frame but soon learned how to swing a baseball bat. In addition with my dad's coaching my catching and throwing skills improved to where I was no longer the last one "chosen" for the phy-ed baseball teams.

Puberty hit before starting Junior High. I woke up one night and found my penis in a state of erection. Looking back it seems more humorous now than it did then. I wasn't sure if it was growing or what was going on but it felt good when I stroked it and soon to my surprise I ejaculated all over the bed. Using toilet paper I wiped myself clean and then urinated. After wiping the sheets as dry as I could I went back to sleep.

From that time on I continued to masturbate. I would often look at the pictures in the many mail order catalogs we got at the house. I would bring myself almost to the point of climax and then relax for a while then bring myself back up to a full state of erection before finally ejaculating into some toilet paper. After wiping myself with a damp washcloth I would flush the paper down the toilet and take the catalogs back downstairs to the rack they were kept in.

I loved the section displaying the bridal and bridesmaid dresses as well as the formal apparel section. The women who were pictured there looked exactly like

the way I wanted to look. Their hair and make up were perfect.

The dresses and gowns fit to perfection. I wanted desperately to wear all those dresses and of course to walk in those high heel shoes. In addition they all were perfectly accessorized from their earrings to their gloves and handbags. They were all a perfect picture of femininity.

I closed my eyes and pictured myself as being one of them. Maybe someday I could extricate myself from this prison I was in and find a way to transform myself into one of those girls in the catalogs. I would be looked up to and admired. I would become successful and desirable. I would have a wonderful life because now I was “normal”

Unfortunately those dreams were always short lived. One look in the mirror and I knew that it was going to be a serious undertaking. There is an old saying “you can’t make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear.” I wasn’t a sow’s ear by any means but I was never going to be described as a “good looking kid” either. Maybe my looks too would change in time.

The overcrowded Junior High school was a nightmare. The kids were all pushing and shoving to get to and from their lockers and classrooms. I wasn’t good enough for the freshman baseball team so I was relegated to one of the phy-ed teams.

My feelings made me about as miserable as I could be. On top of that I was jammed in with these other kids almost like I was one of a herd of cattle. I was not very outgoing and as a result kept pretty much to myself. Teachers labeled me as somewhat shy and reserved.

As much as I dreaded having to give a short speech in front of the class I did it. Like some of the kids I hardly slept much the night before the day my speech was due but after giving it I felt better and that night I slept like log.

Future assignments like that became easier as I had gained some measure of self confidence, something a few other kids didn't obtain. One student swallowed a tranquilizer pill from his mother's prescription bottle while another brought an ounce of vodka to drink one hour before class time to help him relax.

I sometimes wondered about the tough jocks that could slam into somebody with out fear yet were almost shaking visibly as they walked to the front of the class to give their speech. In some senses I guess that made me even with them though it was little consolation as they were always popular with girls and I wasn't.

I can honestly say that I never felt attracted to boys. I liked being around girls. It was just that I guess I felt more comfortable around them. They weren't noisy, rowdy, or loud. Most of them were smart and I enjoyed a conversation with them that didn't involve football or the opposite sex. As one boy put it about one of the girls in the class "she had a great set of tits."

In addition I seemed to be very conscious of the way the girls dressed or fixed their hair. I kept thinking to myself that if I were a girl I would never wear that or fix my hair that way. She is wearing too much lipstick or it was the wrong shade for her to be wearing. Why aren't her nails longer and polished with pink nail polish instead of bright red? Why are some girls chewing their nails off to the very end?

When the teachers lecture would drone on I would sometimes close my eyes and imagine myself wearing a certain skirt or blouse that I saw on a classmate. Underneath of course I would be wearing a bra and panties. I would have dozens of sets in pastels with ruffles on the back but half of them would be pink, my favorite color.

My heart wasn't in school. My parents were concerned as they felt I was capable of earning better grades and of course I was. While I was never suicidal I didn't feel I had much reason to live unlike the other kids who in my estimation of course were "normal".

I was getting passing grades but below expectations. I had more trouble with shop courses than anything else. My manual dexterity had improved but I didn't care to learn about the power equipment in woodshop or trying to figure out how to draw an object in three views on the drafting board with a T square and a 45-90.

Entering my sophomore year I was a perfect definition of "unmotivated". I knew the importance of good grades but because I was struggling with my "feelings of femininity" I was having trouble seeing my way clear to having a meaningful life.

I did enjoy the electricity and radio classes. I managed to build my own radio from a kit and was pleased that I finally had accomplished something on my own. The instructor got in touch with a HAM radio operator and one night a week several of us learned the Morse Code. Unfortunately my parents couldn't afford to buy some equipment so I wasn't able to pursue that any further.

It wouldn't have mattered anyway I guess. My dad was a great outdoorsman. He loved to fish and hunt. I would go with him occasionally but never liked catching fish. I was a little intimidated by skewering a wig-gling worm or a flopping minnow on a hook.

Some weekends I brought home extra books and used homework as an excuse not to go with him. He never questioned it. He had a limited amount of education himself so he was only to glad to see his son pay attention to his schoolwork.

On my twelfth birthday I received a .22 caliber rifle for a Christmas present. I had yet to accompany him when he went hunting with one or more of his friends. I didn't really care for guns anyway but I learned to shoot under his expert tutelage. Despite being able to hit the bulls' eye of a paper target I wondered if I was capable of shooting and killing an animal.

By the end of my junior year I was still very miserable. I had grown taller and had filled out some. I was no longer able to try on my sisters' or my mom's lingerie and clothing. Once I had dressed completely in my sisters clothes but the image in the mirror of a boy in an ill fitting dress was not a pretty one and I stopped doing it. Instead I paged thru the mail order catalogs and fantasized about how I would like to be changed into one of the very feminine images I saw displayed there.

As much as I enjoyed the company of my female classmates I didn't have a drivers' license yet. In addition the added cost of insuring me on my dad's policy made it prohibitive. Having no money there was no way I was going to ask a girl to the prom. I was left to fantasize about dancing with and later kissing a girl. I wanted to do both of course because that was "normal". That was what boys did.

There were two proms each year, a junior and a senior prom. When my sister brought home her dress and shoes I was very envious. She looked terrific as she modeled it in front of my dad and me. I desperately wanted a dress of my own of course so I suffered in silence.

Halfway thru my senior year I met with a career counselor after the Christmas break. I didn't have the faintest idea of what to do with my life. The deep dark secret I was keeping from everybody was apparently going to be with me for the rest of my life and I was still having trouble coping with it. It wasn't that I wanted to die but what kind of career could I possibly carve out for myself with this "thing" inside of me?

The counselor and I discussed both college and trade schools. This was 1965. There was a draft and rather than risk being drafted and having no say as to what type of military occupation I might be assigned to I decided to enter the military right away. With my military service behind me I would have the GI bill to help school expenses whatever I did choose. The counselor agreed and we left it at that.

In February I spoke with only the Air Force and Navy recruiters. I didn't want any part of the Army or Marines as the only thing I could think of was being sent into combat and living in a foxhole. I finally chose the Air Force. I wasn't sure exactly why.

There was a conflict in Vietnam and if it escalated into a war I sure didn't want to be on the ground and ships sink so I thought that serving in the Air Force would be "cleaner" in a certain sense. I wasn't sure if I was being selfish or maybe just out of a sense of self preservation.

In May I took the required battery of tests, passed all of them and was given a report date for an induction physical and basic training. That month was long. I couldn't help but feel a little intimidated but the prospect of several years of a strict disciplined environment to say nothing of the fact that it was a very "manly" environment. But I had to do it as I certainly didn't want to be a "draft dodger."

I graduated high school on the same day I turned 18. My dad bought some beer and we had a small graduation party at home. My sister had graduated two years before me and was working her way thru college several hundred miles away and couldn't be there.

My parents gave me a shave kit for a graduation present. I would need it when I went to basic even though I had yet to start shaving. I had two weeks before reporting for active duty. I shaved every night and managed to cut myself only once.

After the induction physical I was shipped to Texas for basic. It was quite an experience. A lot of screaming and yelling at us for no apparent reason inter spiced with military indoctrination. One week before my company finished boot camp I went to classification.

The sergeant sitting across from me explained the various schools that he felt I was not only qualified for but would be good at. Since I really didn't have the foggiest idea what I wanted to do in life myself I had to trust his judgment about where I would best fit in to the needs of the U. S. Air Force.

Following graduation from basic training I went home on two weeks leave before I reported to the Air Cargo Supply School in Texas. Despite arriving in early September I found Texas to be very hot. I learned about

the new supply system using IBM punched cards to control inventory and shipments of supplies.

After my training I was stationed at an Air Force base nearby. There was increased activity as the war in Vietnam was heating up and more and more servicemen were being sent there. I found myself not only learning about acquisition and disbursement of supplies but on occasion helped load the cargo aircraft and as a result became a little familiar with the different types of both military and civilian aircraft on the base.

I was still having trouble resolving my feelings. I did some sight seeing on my days off and socialized at the local watering holes with some of the other guys in my unit. I lost my virginity one weekend to a half drunk waitress who worked at a restaurant not far from the base. I had become a man in a sense though I didn't feel very manly.

The base library had provided a good refuge for me. I would sit with a copy of Popular Mechanics or Popular Science in my lap while glancing over at the women's fashion magazines that were displayed on the rack in front of me.

It was a real conundrum. Here I was a male, serving my country, working and socializing with other males yet trying to keep my deep feelings of femininity suppressed as I acted out my charade. I sometimes felt like I was going to go crazy.

The base gym was a good outlet for my frustrations. I did some running and weight lifting but of course the inner feelings I had remained the same. There were times when I wondered if I was going to make it thru my military service or life either. I knew when I got out I was going to have find some way to resolve this or my life would be one very large train wreck.

I was promoted twice and then with fourteen months left I got the bad news. I would be going to an Air Force base in Danang, South Vietnam for my last tour of duty. When I got the news I was a little surprised as I thought I would spend the rest of my tour where I was.

After spending all my accrued leave at home I reported to a west coast Air Force base for transportation overseas. As I sat there waiting for my flight to board I suddenly thought about the prospect of being killed or badly wounded.

It was something that hadn't occurred to me before, except for that one time when during out processing the clerk asked me where I wanted the body sent. I was about to ask what body he was talking about when it dawned on me that it was my dead body he was referring to.

Finally it was time to board my flight along with about two hundred other guys. As we were herded on the plane I momentarily saw us as a plane load of sheep headed for the slaughterhouse. That sounds bad I guess but we were headed for a war zone.

The flight was much longer than expected. We stopped in Hawaii for refueling. While backing up the fuel truck punched a small hole in the fuselage. We were all given a five dollar credit at an airport restaurant until repairs were finished. I was looking forward to a steak dinner when I discovered things in Hawaii were more expensive than they were stateside. A burger, fries, lettuce salad and a soft drink was \$3.95. I skipped desert.

The flight finally took off and was much longer than usual as we encountered headwinds that slowed us down considerably. It had been about two hours to

Hawaii and it should have been about ten hours to Vietnam. Instead it was twelve hours to Okinawa. We finally deplaned and stretched our legs. The short flight to Danang, RVN was not short enough.

I had spent the better part of an entire day in this aluminum tube hurtling thru the air at six hundred miles an hour except when we encountered two hundred mile an hour headwinds. Imagine you and two hundred other people stuck in a tube for that amount of time. Even though we landed in a war zone I was very glad to get off that plane.

It was pitch black when we landed. Before getting off the aircraft we all had to sign a customs declaration that we were not bringing any contraband or other illegal stuff into the country. I tried to think of what would be dangerous to bring here when the real danger was out there somewhere just waiting for the right time to kill us all.

When I exited the aircraft I was hit by a blast of warm, humid air. In addition to the sharp contrast in temperature from the air conditioned environment of the jet liner there was a horrible smell in the air. I got my gear and waited near some small buildings to board one of several man-haul trucks. These were like the cattle semi trucks you see on the highway but used to haul people.

Several Vietnamese women were squatted down sweeping up stuff around the buildings. One of them went over to a small ditch around the building, dropped her pants and crapped right in front of us. I wondered just what kind of a place I had come to. We were here trying to save these people from communist aggression and they didn't even have toilets.

With the other Air Force personnel I boarded one of these semi trucks. On the front of one of the trucks was a sign that read: "Welcome To Where The Action Is", a title from a popular TV show at the time.

As the loaded trucks moved away from the flight line one of drivers made the truck back fire which scared the crap out of most of us but later I found out the drivers do this on purpose to sort of "welcome" us to the combat zone.

The truck I was on picked up some speed and as we passed several encampments I saw shadowy figures in helmets and frag jackets at the entrances. On top of the sand bags around the entrance were belts of machine gun ammunition. In the distance there were flares going off. I had a sinking feeling in my stomach as we went along. This wasn't a fucking John Wayne movie, this was the real deal. I wasn't dreaming. I was in a real live war zone.

The truck stopped and an officer with a clipboard called out names. I was one of them. I followed the rest of the men and soon found myself billeted at the opposite end of the base where we had first boarded the trucks. There was an occasional crackle of machine gun fire in the distance and there was the constant roar of jets and other aircraft taking off and landing. I did not sleep well that night.

I adjusted quickly to the routine. I worked longer hours than I had at the base in Texas but by keeping busy the time went by faster. You would still hear explosions in the distance and the presence of dog handlers around the edge of the base was a constant reminder that this was indeed a place where anything could happen, anywhere and at any time.

In July of 1967 all hell broke loose. One minute everything was normal, if you could say that about being in a war zone and the next everything was blowing up. The noise was incredible. A thousand Fourth of July Firecrackers combined into one bang each time a rocket exploded.

As I was leaving my billet for a sand bagged dug-out shelter I heard an unusual noise in the air and gave the airman ahead of me a push to the ground. There was the sound of metal piercing metal as we hit the dirt followed by the loudest explosion I ever heard.

Hours later when we clambered out of the dugout and surveyed the damaged Quonset hut there was a line of holes in the side and one large one where the airman had been standing. He looked at the hole and then at me. Sticking out his hand he said solemnly "I owe you one".

Things finally got back to normal over the next few months. Boredom had set back in and our work became routine again. The weather cooled off as the monsoon season came. I spent a week in Japan on R&R. When I returned Vietnam seemed almost cold compared to the hot country I had left. Guys had jackets on. It may sound crazy but the difference between temperatures of over a hundred degrees for several months and temperatures of 70-80 was enough of a drop to make it feel cold.

Just before Christmas I was outside the building when the mail chopper went overhead. Santa was standing in the open door with a mail bag next to him and one hand on a .50 caliber machine gun. Don't fuck with Santa or he will chop you into hamburger with that .50 cal. It was a very quiet Christmas and New Years. "God bless us everyone" I thought to myself.

I should have kept my fingers crossed I guess. I had just about three months left in country when the '68 TET offensive began. If I thought the attack in July was bad, this was worse because the attacks came all over the country. It was very bad in Saigon and north of here in Hue.

When it was finally over we all tried to relax if that was ever going to be possible again. We learned the enemy had suffered very high casualties which led us to believe the war would be over soon. Judging by the number of medivac choppers coming into Danang hospital I wasn't so sure.

This kind of a war was so different from the one my dad had fought in. His war had lines. It was a we-they type of war as opposed to here where we never knew where the enemy was until it was too late. The cartoon character POGO said it best: "We have met the enemy and he is us." The enemy was all around us and we had no clue where or when he might pop up to kill us.

There was not a lot of time to think about other things when you are in a war. Keeping busy is the best thing. I hadn't really thought much about my feelings while I was in country. I would be leaving here in a couple of months and wondered just what I was going to do when I got out of the service, that is of course if I lived long enough. A popular record spoke for all of us: "We got to get out of this place, if it is the last thing we ever do".

Finally leaving this place was just a few days away. I finished the out processing and on a bright sun shiny morning I said my good byes and boarded a Continental Airlines jet. I was going "back to the world" as we used to say.

As soon as the wheels of the jet left the ground I began feeling better already. Looking outside I saw the green countryside fall away and be replaced with the beautiful blue Pacific Ocean. The war was now somebody else's problem. I was going home. Looking down at my groin I wondered what I was going to do now, both career wise and to try to resolve this "conundrum" I was in.

The flight was uneventful. I was out processed quickly and efficiently. During the week I was disturbed to find many demonstrations going on against the war and the draft. Obviously I had no choice about going there since I was already in the service. With duffel bag and discharge papers in hand I headed for the airport.

Arriving home everyone was glad to see me. My sister would be home in another week with her College degree. She was going to be a teacher and wanted to return for her Masters before seeking a job. I was very happy for her as I knew she was going to be a very good teacher.

What I was going to do was an entirely different matter. I had deposited my mustering out pay in the bank. I wasn't sure about using the GI Bill to jump right into school. The local trade school was much cheaper than college but there wasn't much of anything that piqued my interest. Maybe the best thing to do would be to get out into the labor force and work awhile before deciding what to do.

I took Drivers' Ed and got my license. I talked with a couple of temporary labor agencies and found some jobs that were on the bus line. I started working nights driving forklift for a small printing company a few miles north of where I lived. It was mindless work but I

was living at home and banking most of my paychecks. At minimum wage it would be awhile before I could buy a car.

The main library didn't have much information about sex changes or transvestites. I felt the only option I had was to see a psychiatrist. I had reservations about that since once you did something like that and you were ever found out you were pretty much labeled in the public's eye as "crazy". It was also some-thing that would forever brand you in the workplace, essentially freezing you at whatever level you were at leaving you with no hope for advancement there or anywhere else either for that matter.

I had been working just short of two years when a national magazine had an article about a man who had changed his sex. I remembered getting back on the plane in Hawaii to find the airman seated next to me and several others looking at some glossy magazine with a graphic picture of a man with a surgically created cavity between his legs. Another picture showed the beautiful woman he had become. There was some laughter and crass remarks.

It scared me to think of what may be in store for me if that's what was wrong with me. It was hard to look at the picture of the man and then the woman he had become without marveling at how good he looked. At the end of the article was the address of a foundation in Louisiana to write to for more information. I wrote immediately and couldn't wait for the reply.

A month passed and there was still no answer from the foundation. I felt a little panicky. Was this a scam to get names for a mailing list, for blackmail, or perhaps some conspiracy to identify what most of society at

that time considered a bunch of freaks? I was more than a little worried.

Two more weeks went by until I received a plain brown envelope in the mail. Inside was a letter apologizing for the delay in sending the enclosed materials. It said "additional secretaries had to be employed to handle the volume of mail".

This meant that the mail response wasn't a handful of letters brought by the postal carrier. The mail was apparently coming in by the bagful. This gave me a great sense of relief because if that were true then obviously I was not alone by any means. I was one of thousands of other men with feelings like mine.

The enclosed pamphlets made interesting and informative reading. They led me to read books by Harry Benjamin and Drs. Money and Green from John Hopkins hospital. In addition I found autobiographies by Christine Jorgenson and Rene Richards.

Further investigations revealed an actor, a British mountain climber and a noted columnist for a major city newspaper who not only had served in Vietnam but rode with the cops and firefighters in his home city. It seems as if I had uncovered a hidden cache of people very much like myself. An underground, hidden from the public, group of people who were all harboring the same deep, dark secret.

Now there seems to be a bit of a light in that very dark existence that we all felt we were trapped in and forced to spend the rest of our lives in. Daylight was coming for sure. I wondered if it would come soon enough to help me. I continued to work and save my money.

There had been several airline hijackings in the news. These were done to get to the island nation of Cuba. A comedian joked that the government should offer one flight a week to Cuba to anyone who wanted to leave.

I began thinking about that. If I got a gun and a disguise, hijack the plane, demand money and a couple of parachutes, let the passengers go and then jump out of the plane over northern Minnesota, meet with someone who would be unaware of what I had done, I could possibly get away with enough money to resolve my conundrum. The more I thought about it the more plausible the idea became.

At work one of the new men was Richard Washington, the black man whose life I had saved in Vietnam. He had left the country several months before me and like me he had been bumming around between jobs not knowing what to do. We reminisced on our breaks. It then dawned on me that he was the one guy I knew I could trust. I began to think more seriously about the hijacking.

I obtained flight schedules from several airlines. There was a small local airline with short flights in and around a three state area. Central States airlines would be a perfect choice since I could bail out only a short distance after taking off. They had the type of aircraft with a boarding ladder that lowered from the tail making a parachute exit very easy. I noted the flights that left the Twin Cities airport after dark.

Saturday morning I watched my dad set aside a couple of road flares while he cleaned out the trunk of his car. I decided to tape some road flares together and add some electrical wiring to a toggle switch to look

like a bomb rather than buy a gun and risk somebody trying to wrestle it away from me.

On my next day off I drove north of the Twin Cities looking at several small towns and the surrounding countryside that would be along the approximate flight path of the jet I would be hijacking. I stayed until long after dark to listen for flights going over head and noted the times. I now knew the approximate times where these flights would be within minutes of taking off.

After figuring in the time for my fall from the plane I could give Richard a time and place to be to pick me up. I became excited as I saw my plan, which I had laid out much like a military operation, begin to make more and more sense. For a brief instant I thought about a local cops' remark that had been printed in the paper: "All criminals have great plans, that's why the prisons are full."

The next part of the plan was to figure out what I was going to do after the hijacking, assuming of course that I got away with it and didn't get hurt on landing and Richard was there to pick me up at the designated meeting point.

I had to lay low for awhile. I would continue working as if nothing had happened. The second part of my plan would have to wait. It would require me to re-locate where I would find doctors who were knowledgeable about my condition to treat me and prescribe hormones for my transition.

Since leaving the military I had not cross dressed at all. My sister was gone and I had outgrown my mother's clothing. I was not a large man by any means but my mom and sister had been short, small framed

women. I continued to read catalogs and fantasize about how I would look as a woman.

Another winter passed and with the warmth of spring came a renewed interest or perhaps “passion” would be a better word for my plan. I had tried to find out information about changing identities. There was very little out there even at the main downtown library.

I couldn't see my self at the DMV or Social Security Bureau explaining that I needed to change my records because I was now a woman instead of a man. That was certain to do more than raise their eyebrows. Then trying to explain to family members and friends would be even worse. I thought the best thing for me to do was to find a way to disappear entirely.

When I had returned from Vietnam mom had remarked about how I had lost weight. Despite home cooking and being able to relax I knew I had to stay slim and trim for what lay ahead. I had begun to work out within a month of being home and had just eaten a little less than I usually had done. I was not only in good health but good physical shape as well. I had let my hair grow longer too as was the style for men at that time. While my dad still sported his crew cut he never said anything to me.

California had always been known as a fairly liberal and open minded place. The weather there was always nice so it seemed to be the ideal place for me to relocate. I was still riding the bus to work. I didn't want to buy a car until I had re-located.

I was still stuck as to what to do about an identity. I hadn't a clue as to how to go about getting a false one and then after transitioning to replace that with a feminine one. It was like I was going to have to be another

man, then a woman leaving my original identity behind. This had me concerned a lot more that trying to get away with a skyjacking or not getting away with it and having to spend time in prison for a federal offense.

One night at work Richard and I were discussing a news story about a couple of men who had managed to obtain different identities before robbing a bank. When I shook my head and asked how they could do that Richard looked me right in the eye and said: "If you ever need something like that for any reason here is someone who can help you". He wrote a name and phone number on a napkin and handed it to me. I simply nodded as I said "thanks" and we went back to work.

Things were coming to a head. My feelings seemed to be getting stronger and I spent more and more time thinking about the transition I was going to be making as well as my plan to achieve it. I felt I couldn't spend any more time thinking about it. I had to act soon and the sooner the better.

I stopped at a theatrical supply store near the university. I bought a skull cap, beard and a pair of black plastic glasses with clear glass lenses. After buying a toggle switch and a short length of wiring at an electronics store I stopped at an automotive supply store and bought a half dozen road flares.

Late that night I rigged it up and using duct tape I affixed my "bomb" to an old vest of my dads that had been in my closet. I put the rigged up vest in the bottom drawer of my dresser under some old clothes. I had to drink several beers before I felt relaxed enough to go to bed.

The next night during our break at work I asked Richard to meet me at a Texaco gas station on the south end of Pine Creek, Minnesota at eleven thirty pm the next Saturday night. I told him it was important to me. He didn't ask any questions, just replied "No problem man, whatever you need." I left it at that and we went back to work.

Tuesday morning I used my dad's car to drive to a travel agency on the other side of town. After putting on the skull cap, glasses and beard I walked a block to the agency. I bought a round trip ticket to Duluth, Minnesota on Central States airlines flight 404 that took off at nine thirty pm. I used the name "David B. Evans." The lady at the counter didn't ask any questions as she took the cash and handed me the ticket.

I walked quickly back to the car and once inside I removed my disguise. On the way home I rented a small storage space near where I lived. I called the temp agency and told them I would work Friday night but wanted the weekend off to take care of some personnel items. I dug out an old Air Force coverall, rolled up my disguise and the vest in it. Along with some old clothes I then placed the items in my gym bag. I zipped it shut and put the bag in my closet.

The next three days went by agonizingly slowly. Richard said nothing to me about our rendezvous until we left work Friday night. He tapped his watch and mouthed "11:30" and then made an "OK" sign with one hand. I nodded and got into my car.

I drank a few more beers after work but sleep was hard to come by. I tossed and turned for several hours before finally falling asleep. The alarm clock shocked me awake. I got up and ate breakfast. It was going to be a long day so I drank a cup of coffee though I wasn't

normally a coffee drinker. I mowed the lawn and did some laundry.

The day wasn't going fast enough. My mom asked me if anything was wrong. I just shrugged and said I hadn't slept well the night before. I continued to stay busy with things around the house. These feelings inside of me had me tied up in knots all my life. I was now even more anxious as I contemplated the crime I was about to commit that would hopefully provide me with a solution.

After supper I got my gym bag out of the closet. I caught the next bus downtown and transferred to the airport shuttle. Arriving at the airport I went into the first restroom. Inside the commode I closed the door. I peed and then opened the gym bag. I slipped on the coveralls, vest and then my disguise. Exiting the commode I checked my appearance in the mirror. Satisfied I headed for the Central States Gate.

I checked my gym bag at the counter and took my seat in the lounge to wait for the flight to board. Shortly before nine thirty everybody was on the plane. As the stewardess closed the door I rushed up front and showed her the vest

"I want \$200,000 in used hundreds and fifties and three parachutes," I declared. "When the stuff gets here I will release the passengers. You have thirty minutes."

I don't think I will ever forget the look on her face as she went to the cockpit and told the pilot. It was just thirty five minutes later when two men boarded the aircraft.

One was carrying a duffel bag in one hand and a parachute in the other. The second man was carrying the other two parachutes. The two men were grim

faced as they deposited the bag and the parachutes a few feet from me.

“Open the bag and show me the money,” I commanded.

One of the men unzipped the bag and showed me the contents. I looked over at the flight attendant.

“Quickly count one of the bundles and the number of bundles,” I said.

She did as she was told. There were twenty five bundles with a hundred hundreds and fifties in each bundle. When she finished her count she looked up at me. She still had that terrified look on her face. I felt really bad about scaring these people but my life had come to a point where nothing seemed to matter any more.

“Okay close the bag and get the passengers off the plane,” I ordered.

The men walked away and the stewardess began assisting the passengers off the plane. It was another twenty minutes before she closed the door and came walking up the aisle to where I was standing just outside the cockpit door.

“Tell the pilot to take off and head for Duluth maintaining an altitude of 8,000 ft, then take your seat,” I said.

She did so. Soon we were rolling down the runway. As we took off I checked my watch. It was just after eleven pm. It was taking longer than I anticipated. As soon as the plane leveled off I walked to the cockpit door and opened it. I checked the altimeter. We were right at 8,000 ft as I had ordered.

“Come with me,” I said to the co-pilot.

He unbuckled his seat belt and walked in front of me to where the parachutes and duffle bag were.

“Put on one of those chutes. Take the duffle bag, the other chute and walk to the rear of the plane AND DO IT QUICKLY!!! I screamed.

I looked at the stewardess who was still visibly shaken.

“Get in the restroom NOW,” I said.

She got right up and went into the restroom and closed the door.

The co-pilot had the chute on and was walking to the tail of the airplane with the remaining chute in one hand and the duffle bag in the other. I began putting on the remaining parachute. I had made only three jumps in Texas, two as part of my training and one as part of an exercise along with a cargo drop.

I checked my watch as I walked to the tail of the plane where the co-pilot was waiting for me. I was about fifteen minutes behind schedule and at the current airspeed I was only about two to three minutes from what I figured would be the drop point.

“Drop the boarding ladder and stand to one side,” I ordered as I picked up the duffle bag in one hand.

A blast of air hit us as the boarding ladder descended. My pulse accelerated as I looked out into the inky blackness. I took a deep breath and walked to the top of the stairs.

“Turn around and walk back to the cockpit!” I screamed at the co-pilot.

I watched him as he walked away. I turned around and descended the stairs. At the bottom I didn't hesitate one second. I stepped off into space and after

counting to three pulled my ripcord. My chute opened and yanked me upright. I almost dropped the money but managed to hang on to the bag.

Looking up I saw the flashing lights of the plane fading fast as it continued to fly north. To the west I saw an aurora of light of what I hoped was the city of Pine Creek, Minnesota. I switched the bag to my other hand and yanked the riser. I continued to pull hard hoping it would bring me closer to the main highway leading into town.



I prepared myself for a rough landing. I couldn't see the ground coming up until I was almost down. It looked like trees below me so I yanked the riser again hoping to land just to the west of them.

My eyes had adjusted to the darkness. I was right near the edge of the tree line. I was going to clear them but not by much. The cornfield was coming up fast. I dropped the bag, hit the ground, and rolled over.

I lay still for a minute or so and looked up at the clear, starlit sky. After a couple of deep breaths I stood up. I got out of the harness and rolled up the chute. Using my hands I dug a small trench in the soft earth close to the trees.

When I finished I removed my beard, glasses, skull cap and Air Force coverall. After pushing them in the bottom of the trench I put the rolled up chute on top of them, then filled in the dirt.

There was a bit of a mound there but it was hardly noticeable.

Standing up I checked my watch. It was eleven thirty five. I was already five minutes late. I picked up the duffle bag and started running thru the corn rows. I could hear traffic nearby so I knew I was close to the road.

At the edge of the cornfield I stopped for a truck to pass and then stepped out of my concealment. I looked north and saw the Texaco sign about a mile up the road. There was no more traffic so I crossed the road and began running towards the station.

As I got close to the gas station I saw Richards' sedan in the parking lot of the station. He was standing at the pop machine as I approached. He saw me and headed for his car. Despite my workouts I was fairly

winded. I tossed the duffle bag in the backseat and got in the front feeling good about being able to sit down and momentarily at least, relax

“Where to?” he asked.

“Home James,” I answered.

He started the car and pulled out onto the highway. A few minutes later we were on the interstate heading south to the Twin Cities. I gave Richard directions to the storage unit first. Once there I took out one bundle of cash and then locked the bag inside. Four blocks from my house I told him to stop.

“Thanks for everything,” I said as I handed him one of the bundles of cash.

Before he could say anything I got out of the car and began walking to my house. I felt totally exhausted yet at the same time exhilarated at what I had managed to pull off. I was half way there. Next would be the challenge of changing identities and disposing of Donald Brian Collins once and for all.

I let myself in the back door as quietly as I could. Upstairs I went to my bedroom and undressed. In the bathroom I looked myself in the mirror. I looked like hell as my face and hands were dirty. I had a rather gaunt-gone-without-sleep look. I took a hot shower and went to bed. That bed had never felt so good.

The next morning I got up and dressed. I looked at myself in the mirror once more and I seemed to appear ok. I made myself breakfast and turned on the TV. I was anxious to hear what the reporters were going to say about my escapade.

The hijacking was the top story on all three networks. There was a police artist sketch of a bald white male, 30-35 years of age, with a beard, and black

glasses. He wore a grey coverall with Air Force markings over a vest containing some explosives and had approached the stewardess just before take off holding the detonator in his hand.

After the release of the passengers the plane took off and shortly he had parachuted out of the rear of the jet airliner with a duffel bag containing two hundred thousand dollars in cash. Authorities were scouring the area north of the Twin Cities.

A reporter then interviewed the stewardess and the co-pilot. Both felt they were lucky to be alive. I sat there watching this as I sipped my coffee. I wondered how much the FBI knew besides what the reporters were telling everyone. In a sense I guess I kind of felt a little bit smug.

The papers were full of it that night too. Authorities were continuing to search the area north of the Twin Cities for the now infamous David B. Evans. Within a week it would soon be referred to as the "D. B. Evans" skyjacking. The name stuck.

I went back to work. Richard said nothing to me. I now had to develop a plan to leave and become someone else. A month went by as I tried to find a way to essentially disappear and start life over. In addition I had to have some kind of training in order to support myself. I knew the money would be more than enough to live on for a couple of years and pay for whatever schooling I was going to get.

Fall came and went followed by a cold winter. I spent my spare time scheming and planning. Catalogs and magazines provided only a momentary release from the prison I felt I was in. I couldn't wait to leave and begin my life over again.

“D. B. Evans” had all but disappeared from the news. It surfaced occasionally as part of a monthly news update and then it simply was no longer a newsworthy item. As much as I was glad to not hear anymore I knew the FBI was steadfastly pursuing the case but it was obvious that they had no new leads.

April brought warmer weather and the snow disappeared. I thought about the mound of dirt near the tree line where I had buried my disguise and parachute. If the farmers’ tiller got close enough to the tree line to unearth them it would provide the FBI with new evidence.

It would also make them aware that the hijacker they were looking for was not a bald man with a beard. Of course they would have no other description other than height and weight so they would then be at a loss as to who D. B. Evans actually was as well as what he looked like. Essentially they would be at a loss for an accurate picture of him. That left quite a pool of potential suspects.

I decided on California as my destination. At the library I paged thru the yellow pages of several northern California cities. I looked at schools and housing. As much as I liked larger cities like the Minneapolis-St. Paul area I wanted to live in a smaller, medium size city. It should be large enough to provide job opportunities and culture but small enough to avoid congestion and high crime rates. The state’s capitol of Sacramento seemed to be a good choice.

I sent for and received a new comers’ guide from the Chamber of Commerce. It gave me a fair idea of the cost of living as well as career opportunities from the major local employers. I was still wondering about

what to train for. I was really tired of the mindless labor job I had been doing. I guess you could say I wanted something more challenging. In addition I had to keep in mind that I would be looking for work as a woman after transitioning so that made my choice of a vocation all the more important.

Because of my military experience in what they now called data processing I felt that would be a good choice. Following school though I would have to make up for the lack of a job record. I thought about making up a story of being a divorced woman in a bad marriage. The divorce rate was climbing and I felt it was probably the best cover story I could come up with.

The first thing on the agenda now was how to dispose of Donald Brian Collins. I decided on buying a junk car and then driving it in the river. With no body found it would be seven years before I could be declared legally dead for insurance purposes. I found a battered old Mustang from a small dealership that specialized in high mileage cars. I paid for the car and insurance out of my savings leaving very little left.

I went to a different theatrical supply store to buy another disguise. This included a black goatee and mustache to match my now shoulder length hair. I bought a one way ticket to San Francisco under another name as I had done for the hijacking. I would leave in about a month.

I called the number Richard had given me. Ten days later and two thousand dollars lighter I had a new Minnesota drivers' license, social security number and birth certificate in the name of Donald B. Crandall. I looked on a city map to find the street address was a vacant lot in the industrial section of north Minneapolis. My birth certificate stated I had been born in a St.

Paul Hospital. I memorized the two fake names of my parents though they had the same two first names as my real parents did.

I became restless, just like I was before the hijacking. Mom asked me if anything was wrong and I just shook my head. Once I had ditched my car in the river I no longer existed. As my date of departure got closer I had my first real doubts about pulling this part off. I kept going over everything to be sure I covered all the bases.

I sent a money order to an apartment complex that rented furnished places by the week, month or year. In a letter I explained that I was en route to attend school in the area and some packages would be arriving ahead of me.

I packed up the money in two boxes marked books and shipped them off. Tossing the duffle bag in a nearby dumpster I felt relief as aside from the money it was the last thing connecting me with the hijacking.

Enough time had passed since I had committed the hijacking to enable me to become more relaxed. I didn't feel the need to be constantly looking over my shoulder. A person can become quite a nervous wreck anticipating the hand on his shoulder and the words "you are under arrest."

It was a sunny day in mid May when I left the house in my junk car. I never said anything to my parents. I drove to a pre-selected spot and parked the car. After putting on my disguise I started the car and turned the wheels slightly to the left. I took my suitcase from the seat and then jammed a snow brush between the seat and gas pedal. I checked to be sure no one was

around and then shifted the car into "D" and jumped out of the way.

I ran for a bust stop several blocks away without looking behind me. I only heard the noise of the car banging into the barrier and then sliding down the embankment into the river. A few minutes later I boarded the bus and then the transfer to the airport. It wasn't long before I was looking down at the landscape thirty thousand feet below as I headed for California.

After deplaning I went to the restroom and removed my disguise. I picked up my rental car, paying cash for a month as Donald B. Crandall and drove to the apartment complex. The apartment manager had my two packages for me when I arrived. I went to my room and closed the door.

So far so good, I thought to myself. Donald Brian Collins was at the bottom of the river. No one here had any reason to suspect I was anyone other than who I said I was. I had no friends or relatives in this part of the country and there was very little chance of running into anybody who knew who I really was.

For the first few days I didn't do much of anything. I drove around getting to know the Sacramento area. I went to Western Computing School and tested out of several classes. I would be starting next month. I left a deposit.

After opening a checking account I found an inexpensive apartment to rent. It was small but I wanted to keep a low profile. If I rented a more expensive place it might draw attention to me. I looked thru the yellow pages for an endocrinologist. The first one I called didn't work with transsexuals but I was given a referral and called them for an appointment.

It was a pleasant conversation. Following our discussion he gave me a prescription for hormones. I filled it in the basement pharmacy of the medical building and went home. After supper I took one of each of the two different pills I had been given. That night in the shower I wondered how long it would take to see a difference in my appearance.

I started electrolysis at a shop the doctor had recommended. They were sympathetic and were glad to have a cash paying customer. The treatments were a little uncomfortable but bearable none the less.

School started and I got into the routine of classes. The subject matter came easily to me with my military background. After classes I kept pretty much to myself as I was the oldest student in the class.

I continued paying for the rental car by the month. I wanted to have dependable transportation while going to school and during my transition. Obviously money was no problem. I made small deposits on different days to avoid suspicion.

The money I demanded had arrived at the airport in a short period of time. I doubted if they had a record of all the serial numbers of the bills. When ever I used some of it I took it from different bundles though I was certain at some point one of the bills would turn up and I would have to start being more careful when I spent it. To be on the safe side I opened a savings account with two thousand dollars at a different bank. I was paying cash for everything except for the rent and utilities.

Since coming out here I hadn't heard anything on the news about "D. B. Evans". I was glad that it was no longer a newsworthy item. The investigation was con-

tinuing of course and I wondered at what point in my life it might catch up with me.

During the holiday break I spent several days in Vegas. I took twenty ten thousand dollars with me and broke each bill at various stores and shops. I returned a watch and an expensive pair of diamond earrings just before I left getting the refund in cash. This money I set aside as it was essentially “clean” money.

At my three month follow up the doctor suggested I come to a group meeting of some of his patients. I wasn't sure about that as I didn't need “group support” so to speak. I just needed to transition and get on with my life but I decided to go to one meeting.

That night as I showered I noticed a slight soreness in my nipples along with some additional flesh in that area. I was glad that I was now showing some signs at least of becoming a woman though it was early on in my hormone therapy.

The meeting was quite a collection of men all of whom felt like I did. The doctor had brought a nurse in to discuss not only hormones but the surgical procedure that we were in store for. She had been sitting near the front of the room and as she got up to speak our eyes locked momentarily. She walked up to the podium and introduced herself as Daisy McCall, RN. I don't recall all of what she said but she smiled at me as she took her seat.

Later over coffee and cookies I introduced myself. Our eyes locked again and she smiled. She was a tall, broad shouldered woman. We talked briefly about her experience helping men to transition to the feminine world. She slipped me a card before joining some of the others to talk to them too.

When I got home I looked at the card to find a phone number. I waited until the end of the week before deciding to call her. I took a deep breath as the phone rang five times before she answered it. She sounded almost out of breath as she asked me to meet her at a café at one pm Sunday afternoon. I agreed but before I could continue our conversation she said "gotta run" and hung up.

I did some laundry the next day and cleaned up my apartment. The day just wouldn't go fast enough. I bought a sub sandwich and drink for lunch. I had been slowly but surely using up the bills here and there, never going to the same place twice. It was over six months since the skyjacking and there was still nothing in the news.

Sunday afternoon I drove to the café she mentioned. She was already there and waved to me from a booth near the window. I sat down opposite her as a waiter appeared. I was about to say something other than "HI" when she ordered two coffees and two sweet rolls. Out of the blue she began our conversation with a question.

"Have you started cross dressing or using make up yet?"

I shook my head no. "I have just started electrolysis and hormone therapy," I explained.

"Well you will have it easier than most. You have a small build and your skin tone and complexion is very good. In fact it will get better as you continue to take more hormones. I have no doubt you will have no trouble passing in public."

"Thank you. I appreciate your confidence in me. How long have you been helping men like me?"

“Just about a year and a half. I was working for a small clinic when one of the doctors there committed suicide. There was lots of gossip but I knew his wife well and she confided in me about his own struggles to understand himself and his deep rooted feelings of being trapped in the wrong body.”

The waiter brought our coffee and rolls. As I took a bite of my roll and then a sip of coffee I noticed she was watching me as she ate and drank. It was like being observed but instead of from afar it was from across the table. She put her cup down and looked straight at me.

“I suppose you are wondering why I asked you here so I will come right to the point. I believe you are one of the few men who can successfully transition and make it as a woman in what is, as you know, still a man’s world. I want to help you beyond what hormones and therapy will do for you.”

I nodded as I continued to eat wondering if there was some ulterior motive for this openness.

“As I looked around the room I saw that most of the men are going to have some trouble adjusting to being woman. Their physicality is all wrong for becoming a woman. Unlike you they are taller and broad shouldered with larger hands and feet than most women have. This will present a problem with a feminine wardrobe as well as the fact that some of them have broader, more masculine facial features that even with facial feminization surgery they will not be able to pass very well. Nail polish on a man’s large hands doesn’t make him look feminine it just makes him look weird, sort of like lipstick on a pig doesn’t make the pig look feminine.”

I took another drink of coffee and set my cup down.

“What did you have in mind,” I asked as she took a drink.

“Well it won’t cost you anything if that’s what you are wondering. I simply mean I would like to assist you with wardrobe, makeup and of course something called feminine deportment. The way a woman walks, especially in high heel shoes, the proper way a woman sits whether in a dress, skirt or slacks and of course how to conduct yourself in a feminine and lady like manner in public.”

“I see. I could use that kind of help I guess.”

“It’s very important how you present yourself. You are being looked at all the time by men as well as women so your appearance is everything, particularly in the workplace. How soon before you finish school?”

“About another six months. I tested out of some of the courses so I could finish the two year program a little sooner.”

“Good, that will give me enough time. Have you had any problems with the hormones?”

“Not so far.”

“That’s another good thing. Now I want you to come to my house so I can measure you and get started on your feminine wardrobe. I trust that after you finish your school you will want to apply for work as a woman correct?”

“Yes, that was the plan I had in mind”

“Okay, be at my house next Saturday at one. Here is my address.”

Our eyes locked again and she smiled as she handed me a card. I took it from her and left the café.

The week went fast. I was looking forward to seeing Daisy again as well as learning how to insure that I would have a passable feminine appearance. I liked the way she had taken charge of the conversation as well as the fact that she had ordered for both of us. I felt comfortable in her presence.

I found her address easily. It was a small duplex not far from the doctor's clinic. She led me to one of the bedrooms. After opening a small pink box she held up a panty briefer.

"Undress and put this on over your underpants and come out when you are ready"

She left the room. I undressed, put on the spandex garment and opened the bedroom door. She had no expression on her face as she saw me in the woman's under garment. She picked up a measuring tape from the dresser and measured the circumference of my head, neck and wrists. After writing the measurements down on a clipboard she measured my bust, waist and hips. Last she measured my height, sleeve length and palm width.

Setting the clipboard aside she opened a package of knee high nylon stockings.

"Slip these on," she ordered

I sat on the stuffed chair and put on the stockings as she went to the closet. She came back with several pair of black three inch heel pumps. The first pair was too short but the next fit perfectly. I stood up, feeling a little giddy as I did so.

"Walk ahead of me to the living room. Take shorter steps and walk slowly."

I followed her instructions. In the living room she had me walk back and forth in front of her. She corrected me several times as went back and forth.

“Okay now lets’ go down the basement,” she said.

I walked ahead of her down the stairs and back up again several times. She watched me carefully and once again made several corrections to my gait. I felt good as I walked easily up and down the steps and then back to the living room.

“Okay, that’s all for today. Go into the bedroom and get dressed. As I mentioned I don’t charge for this but I need forty five dollars for the shoes, stockings and panty briefer. Practice in your spare time at home. Remember to walk like a lady. Always be conscious of the way you move.”

I went back into the bedroom and put on my male clothing. After paying her I went back home. I put on the stockings and pumps and practiced some more. When I finished I replaced the items in their boxes and put them under my bed.

That night as I showered I noticed that my skin was somewhat smoother. My electrolysis was proceeding well too but because I was always clean shaven there was no noticeable difference in my face though the doctor mentioned that I would be developing a more feminine glow soon.

The next weekend she greeted me with a smile again. She had made several purchases at the local thrift stores. After putting on the panty briefer, stockings and shoes she helped me into a pink bra. She had me close the hooks in the back before she placed two small rubber balls in the cups and then adjusted the straps. She stood back to look me over and smiled.

“This will help you fill out a blouse or dress until your hormones provide you with a jiggle of your own,” she giggled.

From the closet she took out a short sleeve blouse. I tried it on and found that it fit fairly well. I fumbled with the buttons as I wasn't used to having a shirt with buttons on “the wrong side”. Daisy giggled again as she watched me.

Next she held out a short denim skirt. I stepped into it, tucked in the blouse and closed the back zipper. I was feeling quite girly. Last she held out a well worn black purse. I slipped it over my left arm and let it dangle from my elbow.

“Okay girlie, now lets see you walk around the house again.”

I walked ahead of her to the living room. After several trips around the room, alternately smoothing my skirt as I sat down on the sofa and got up again I went up and down the basement stairs several times.

“Have a seat, I will be right back,” she smiled again.

I watched her walk into the kitchen. I was pretty proud of myself. With my shoulder length hair and slim body I felt certain I could go out in public and pass myself off as a female.

Daisy returned with a tray on which there was a teapot and two cups on saucers. She set the tray down on the coffee table and poured some water in each one. She handed me one of the cups and then took her seat across from me.

“Hold the saucer with both hands. Pick up the cup with one and extend your pinky finger like this.”

I followed her instructions.

“That’s it. Remember to sip slowly. Blot your mouth with the napkin, don’t wipe it. Remember you are being watched by women as well as men and you don’t want to arouse suspicions in either of them.”

I finished the water in my cup and set it back down on the saucer.

“You are doing very well. Change you clothes and put everything in the box under the bed. Practice at home. Next Saturday we will get you started with makeup. I need twenty bucks for the clothes and the purse.”

I stood up and smoothed my skirt. Walking to the bedroom I felt very self confident and couldn’t wait for next week to see how I would look Back in the bedroom I undressed and put all my feminine items in a box. After paying her in cash I went home.

I practiced every night that week. It was hard to concentrate at school as I kept thinking about the next Saturday. Finally it was one pm and I was knocking on Daisy’s door. With my box in one hand I walked to the bedroom and changed into my feminine clothing.

We went into her bedroom and I sat at the vanity. With my shoulder length hair and my hormone softened skin I definitely had a more feminine look. She explained the different make up products that were available.

“For today we will just use blusher and lipstick,” she said as she opened the palette of rouge.

“Start in the middle of your cheek and brush outward in circles.”

I followed her instructions. After doing the second cheek I pressed the tube of pink lipstick to my mouth and filled in my lips. I was surprised at the way I

looked. The creamy pink lipstick and blusher just added to my feminine appearance. I really did look like a woman.

“Okay, now come with me.”

I followed her to the front door. From the stand next to the door she picked up an envelope.

“I have to mail the phone bill. There is a mail drop box about six blocks away.”

She opened the door and I froze.

“Uh wait a minute, I don’t think I should be doing that, I mean dressed like this.”

“Why not? Just when were you thinking about going out dressed in women’s clothes? Relax. You look great and besides I am going with you. Now come on.”

I walked ahead of her. My pulse was racing as we walked down the sidewalk. I almost wanted to run there, drop the letter in, and run like hell back to the safety of the duplex.

“Slow down. Remember to walk like a lady. You look fine, relax.”

I tried to but still felt scared. Finally we got to the mail box and she mailed her bill. The walk back wasn’t quite so bad. I guess because we were headed back to the safety and security of her home.

Back inside the duplex I went to the couch, smoothed my skirt and sat down. I wanted to let my pulse return to normal if that was at all possible. Daisy was standing there with her arms crossed.

“Now that wasn’t so bad was it?” she asked.

I took a deep breath and looked up at her.

“No I guess it wasn’t. I guess maybe I was just a little unsure of myself. I was thinking about what I would do if someone had approached us or maybe a cop was walking towards us.”

“You would just be yourself. Like I said before you are very passable. A cop would have no reason to stop and ask you anything. Try to relax. Stop being afraid of what others would do if they saw you.”

“I guess you are right.”

“Of course I am. Now lets’ go back to my bedroom and get you changed.”

I took my seat at the vanity and she showed me how to remove the makeup. After changing clothes I gave her ten dollars for the makeup. With everything in my box I went home.

I was still a little shook as I drove home. Daisy was right. There was no reason to be afraid. The sooner I became more confident in my feminine persona the better it would be. I mean after all if a man could hijack an airliner, parachute out into the night sky, and recover from that walking around in a skirt, blouse, high heel shoes and makeup should be a piece of cake, right??

Over the next several weeks I continued to see Daisy. She expanded my wardrobe with a pink sundress and pink three inch heel sandals as well as a black skirt, a white frilly blouse and a white long line bra and girdle with several pairs of sheer stockings. In addition she insisted that I start shaving my legs with a ladies razor and ladies pink shaving cream. The first night I shaved myself I was very careful. When I finished I liked the way my legs looked as I smoothed some lotion over them.

My skin became softer just like the doctor had said. If my fellow students noticed it they did not say anything to me. I was doing my own makeup now and decided to let my nails grow. I would be graduating soon and I wanted to be able to wear nail polish as well as makeup to a job interview.

Over Labor Day weekend I drove all over Vegas and managed to wash another forty grand. I now had about seventy grand in "clean" money. I had spent about thirty grand for everything else so that left me with about a hundred thousand dollars of the "dirty" hijack money.

I hadn't thought about the hijacking since I had moved out west. It hadn't been in the news at all but I was sure at some point there would be a follow up story. I was feeling pretty safe though it wasn't a sure bet, as they say in Vegas, that I was "home free".

The next weekend Daisy and I went to a café for lunch. I was scared to death. I had been trying to speak in a modulated voice to sound more like a woman. My mannerisms and deportment were pretty good.

I didn't look the waiter in the eye but spoke as I read from the menu. Daisy kicked me under the table a couple of times and said "JUST RELAX, WILL YOU PLEASE!!!" I tried to be accommodating but I was still nervous. As we left she steered me to the ladies rest room. I was going to object but figured there was no time like the present to get used to going in there instead of the men's room.

I struggled a bit getting the girdle back up right and adjusting the stockings after I finished peeing sitting down for the first time. At the sink Daisy was fussing with her hair.

“Touch up your blusher and lipstick before we go”

After washing my hands I opened my purse and did as she asked. Leaving the restaurant I was so glad to get back in her car. Back home I sat on the couch again to let my pulse get back to normal.

“So, what did you think of your first outing?” she asked as she sat down next to me.

“It was okay I guess. Maybe in time I will be able to relax more. I am still pretty nervous. I always think when people see me they will somehow know that I am a man in drag and not a real woman.”

“That feeling is perfectly understandable and you wouldn’t be human if at first you didn’t feel that way. In time I know you will be more and more confident. The hormones will help you too. You are beginning to take on a much more feminine look, even without wearing makeup. Let’s get you changed back to Donald again. Oh and by the way have you thought of a feminine name yet?”

“Yes. I am thinking of calling myself Donna. My full name will be Donna Brianna Coulter.”

“Good choice. Donna it is. So Donna, come with me and lets’ get you back to Donald again.”

In the bedroom she observed me taking off my makeup and after double checking myself in her vanity mirror I began undressing. I had been wearing the pink sundress so she had to unzip me. After she pulled the dress over my head she had slid her hands over my hips and buttocks.

“You are beginning to fill out nicely,” she remarked.

When I turned around she placed her hands under my bra cups and squeezed them lightly. After adjusting the straps she stood back.

“You are chaffing a little bit. I suggest the next time you come you should leave the rubber balls out of the cups and replace them with ping pong balls that are smaller.”

I nodded as I unclasped the bra and took it off. She stepped out of the room and I undressed.

“I’ll be working the next two weekends so continue to practice the things I taught you and I will see you in three weeks. Okay?”

I nodded as I walked out the door to my car. I got in the car and starting thinking about the way she had caressed my hips and buttocks then squeezed my budding breasts. Was she a lesbian making subtle passes at me? I wondered.

I had only six weeks left of school. I saw my doctor who was pleased with my progress. I asked about facial feminization surgery. He replied that other than straightening out my nose that I broke playing baseball when I was younger and maybe a slight enhancement of my cheekbones it wasn’t really necessary but he did give me the name of a surgeon. I called to make an appointment when I got home.

The cosmetic surgeon gave me a cursory exam and I paid a deposit. I would have the surgery the day after graduation followed by several weeks for the recovery period. It seemed a reasonable amount of time since I wanted to have a pretty, feminine face for the job interviews.

I paid cash up front for the surgery and a single night in the recovery room. Everything went well. I

was given a weeks supply of pain pills. At the end of the week the swelling had gone down and when I looked at my reflection in the mirror I was very pleased with the feminine image I saw.

My electrolysis continued. I was nearly done now. The girls at the shop worked fast and because I had a light beard to begin with it had not taken as long as would be the case with some of the other men with heavier, darker beards.

When I saw Daisy again she complemented me on my new face. After changing into a skirt and frilly blouse she watched as I deftly applied my own makeup. She took me shopping at a women's department store for some business attire. Afterwards we ate lunch. I noticed two men at a nearby table looking us over as we ate our meal.

"Get used to it girly," Daisy said with a smirk as we got into the car.

Back at the duplex I took off the makeup. I tried on each outfit and modeled them in front of Daisy before I changed back into my male clothes. I hated this vacillating back and forth from Donald to Donna and back to Donald again. I wanted to be Donna permanently. Daisy was very sympathetic.

"All the men like you that I have worked with feel the same way," she remarked. "The thing to keep in mind is that this is not an overnight process. It's a one day at a time type of thing. Don't be impatient. Think about the end result of all of this. Now here is a copy of a state jobs bulletin. There is an opening in the data processing department at the local University of California-Sacramento satellite campus. The test is this Saturday at nine am. I suggest you go there as a female and fill out the information boxes as a female too since

eventually you will be working and living as a female anyway."

I took the brochure from her and went home. It was a long week. I didn't sleep well the night before the test. I wore my black skirt, frilly blouse and heels to the testing center. I decided not to wear makeup that day. As I took my seat near the back of the room I couldn't help but notice some of the men looking at me. Daisy was right when she said: "Get used to it."

The test was not difficult at all. I was sure that I not only had passed but had scored fairly high. Daisy called me at six and asked me to come over about eight. I said ok but before I could say anything more she hung up.

When I arrived she let me in and immediately handed me a glass half full of red wine. I sat down on the couch and she sat next to me, in fact very close to me. I had never been much of a drinker. I was under the legal drinking age when I entered the service and my drinking was limited then to just a few beers.

"So how did the test go?" she asked.

"Very well, I think the school has prepared me for the job. This position looks more like a machine operator type of job but once I get into the system I could always work into a programming type of position which is what I would really like to do."

I took another drink as she sipped her own and then set her glass down.

"I bought you something that I hope you will like. It's not something for work but that every girl should have," she said as she grinned at me. "It's in a box on my bed. Why don't you try it on and come out here and model it for me?"

I put my wineglass on the table next to hers and walked back to her bedroom.

She had that mischievous look on her face and I wondered what this was about. I sat on the stuffed chair to take off my shoes and socks. The box on the bed was pink with a large pink ribbon around it and a big pink bow in the middle. I undressed and put my clothes on the chair.

I slid the pink bow and ribbon off. Opening the box I found a bright pink nightgown. I put on the delicate nylon tricot panties and then slipped into the pink chiffon top. I got goose bumps from the way the soft material felt on my smooth hair free skin.

Also in the box was a pair of pink four inch heel fuzzy toed slippers. I almost giggled as I put them on my feet. At the vanity I pinned the large pink satin bow in my hair. Before walking out to the living room I looked at my reflection in the full length mirror on the back of her bedroom door.

It was hard to believe the image I saw in front of me. If I was a man, and technically I was still biologically a man, I would look at an image like that and say something like "VA-VA-VOOM!!"

I walked out to where Daisy was sitting on the couch. She looked up at me as I walked in and began mincing girlishly around in front of her. She had that look on her face like the one you see on the face of a cat when you open a can of tuna. I twirled around once and then sat down next to her.

"You have excellent taste Daisy," I said as I tucked my legs under me in girlish fashion and reached for my wineglass.

She took a drink from her glass and set it back down. Then she slid closer and wrapped her right arm around my shoulders. I was looking right into her eyes as she leaned in and kissed me.

It was a soft kiss at first. She pulled me closer and kissed me harder. I felt myself getting warmer. I felt very feminine, very girly and sort of "gooey" all over. We broke and she sat back to take a sip from her wine glass.

"I did you like that?" she asked with a grin.

"Yes I did," I replied honestly. "I trust there is more where that came from?"

"Oh yes there is girly. Let's adjourn to my inner sanctum so you can peruse the rest of my inventory."

I swung my legs out from under me just as she scooped me up in her arms. She was a strong woman and carried me quickly to her bedroom. I couldn't help but giggle girlishly as I kicked off my high heel slippers. She put me down and began taking off her sweat-shirt and jeans. I wasn't sure what to do next as I knew because of the hormones I was no longer capable of having an erection.

Standing naked in front of me she wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me hard again. We came up for air and she stepped back.

"I wanted you from the first time I saw you. In this kind of relationship you are sissy and I am butch."

"Sort of you Tarzan and me Jane?" I interrupted.

"Exactly Jane, now just follow my lead and I will teach you what you need to know."

And teach me she did. She taught me how to perform oral sex on her. I liked her assertive manner and

felt safe and secure in her arms. I had passed thru a doorway into a feminine world. It was an exciting and an erotic world. One that obviously I as a man didn't know existed.



With our two smooth feminine bodies together, our nipples rubbing against each other I had crossed a line that I was never going to go back over ever again.

When I got home it was hard for me to comprehend what had happened that evening. I was a man about to become a woman who was having a relationship with another woman. I was having difficulties accepting the fact that I was becoming not only a woman but a lesbian woman.

That week I received a letter from the school placement director about a job with a wholesale food warehouse. I called the number and made an appointment for an interview the following Monday. That weekend I was at Daisy's. She showed me how to apply eye make up for the first time. Afterwards I was back in my pink night gown and we were soon entwined once again.

I dressed for my interview and was very careful with my makeup. The man who interviewed me seemed to be more interested in my chest or my smooth, nylon encased legs when I crossed them as I sat down in front of him. He appeared to swallow my story of leaving a bad marriage and relocating here to make a better life for myself.

We looked over the new computer room as the IBM technicians were setting up the equipment. It would be several weeks before everything was ready for the in house training by IBM for all the employees. I thanked him for his time and went back home. When I called Daisy and told her about the interview she laughed.

"It's still a man's world kiddo, so watch your-self."

I saw my doctor again. He was pleased with the results of my facial surgery and after examining me pro-

nounced me in good shape. My breasts had now become much bigger and I was using tape to hold them back so they wouldn't be noticeable under my shirt.

That weekend Daisy fondled them and remarked: "You will be needing new bras soon. I will help you pick them out. By the way when is your lease up?"

"I don't have a lease it is just month to month. I didn't want to sign in lease while in school. I wasn't sure how things were going to work out so I just pay as I go."

"The renter on the other side is moving out next month why don't you think about moving next door. It hasn't been advertised yet."

"Who is the landlord?" I asked.

"Me." She answered matter-of-factly.

"You own this place?" I asked.

"Yup, well me and the bank that is."

"I see well in that case I guess I couldn't refuse."

"Both sides of the duplex are small otherwise I would have asked you to move in with me. In addition I like my own space and I am sure you do too."

"You are right on both counts," I said as she turned and kissed me.

The next month was a very busy one. I disposed of my male clothing and moved all of my feminine things into the other side of the duplex. I got rid of the rental car and bought a late model used one. I was now going to be living entirely as a female.

A letter had been forwarded to me from the state. Inside was my test score of 96.5. Two days later I got an interview on campus and the next day I got a phone

call that I had been hired. It had all come pretty fast but I was glad to be able to start working, glad to be in my female persona and of course glad to be with Daisy.

I was very nervous on the first day of work but like all things it passed as I became comfortable with what I was doing. The job was actually beneath my skill level but I had gotten into the system and I could always upgrade myself if not here then somewhere else in the system.

A month passed and Daisy said she had something special for me to where to the Halloween party at a local nightclub. Neither of us cared to cook so we usually had a sandwich for lunch and then met at a restaurant after work for dinner.

Returning home from a Friday night dinner at a fish house Daisy opened the trunk and handed me a large pink box. She had that silly grin on her face so I had a feeling this was not your typical "little black dress" to wear to this nightclub.

"Don't open it until six pm tomorrow night," she said. Just be ready when you come over at eight."

I took the box inside and slid it under my bed. She was gone most of Saturday so I stopped at a sub place and took my sandwich and drink to a local park. It was another beautiful California day. As I sat alone on my bench and ate I thought about the past year and a half.

There still hadn't been any more news about "D. B. Evans" in the news. I was grateful for that. The hijacking had been absent from my mind for sometime now and I wasn't crazy about hearing any more about it either.

At six pm that night I took the box out from under the bed. When I opened it I didn't know whether to

laugh or cry. Inside was a pink satin puff sleeve mini dress. Around the hem was a line of lighter pink satin bows. On the back at the base of the zipper was a huge pink satin bow.

In addition to the dress there were two short pink petticoats, a pink satin bra, panty and garter belt set along with a pair of pink seamed hose and a pair of pink patent leather pumps with five inch heels. A smaller box contained a bath set of bubble bath, dusting powder, soap and perfume.

Removing the cap from the bottle of perfume I took a whiff and shrank back at its' very sweet, very feminine scent. There was a note reminding me to not forget the pink bow that she had given me with my pink nightgown.

Obviously this was something that no woman in her right mind would wear but it was Halloween and it did sort of fit because I was not yet a woman and she enjoyed addressing me as "sissy" or "girlie and this outfit was exactly what a sissy or girlie boy would enjoy wearing.

I took the bath set into the bathroom. After donning my pink shower cap I spent the next thirty minutes enjoying a leisurely soak in my sweetly perfumed tub of pink foam. A good scrub with the perfumed soap and I was finished. I let the sweet suds drain down as I showered off the sweet foam from my body.

After drying off I dusted myself liberally with the sweet perfumed body powder and then put on the pink lingerie. Of course everything fit perfectly including the skyscraper heels. I slipped them off and sat at my vanity to touch up my pink finger and toenails then slipped on the pink seamed hose. I used only pink

blusher and lipstick, then pinned the pink bow to the top of my hair.

If there was anything that Daisy could have done to make me look, feel or smell more girly or feminine I certainly don't know what it might have been. I watched some TV and then slipped on the petticoats and the dress. Using the trick she showed me with a large safety pin and a shoelace I zipped myself up and stepped into the pumps.

Standing in front of the mirror I was either the most perfectly feminine woman or sissy you ever did see. I squirted myself liberally with the sweet perfume and then put it and my makeup items in a dainty pink purse with a gold chain. "Look out night clubbers, here I come" I thought to myself as I locked my front door and walked to Daisy's side of the duplex.

When she opened it I saw she was dressed in a black leather tux. Her face broke into a smile and she almost laughed out loud. Grabbing the hem of my dress and petticoats she pulled it up to see my pink ruffled panties and then let it down again.

"Satisfied?" I asked.

"I have to be sure you're properly dressed for where we are going," she replied. "Don't be surprised if it doesn't happen again before the nights' over."

I stepped aside and took her arm as we walked over to the car. In true gentlemanly fashion she opened the door for me. I smoothed the flared out skirt of my pink mini dress, sat down and swung my legs inside the car in true ladylike or perhaps I should say sissified fashion.

She drove for about thirty minutes to an out of the way nightclub on the other side of town. As we got to

the front door I saw a single word above the door: "US" was in large pink letters. On the door were the two genetic symbols for female, one black and one pink with interlocking circles.

Inside Daisy took me to a side booth. The lights were dim and a few couples were dancing to the soft music. Everybody was in costume. She went to the bar to get our drinks. On the way back to our table someone dressed in a soldier's uniform stopped in front of her.

"Who's the new sissy," the soldier asked.

"Mine," answered Daisy with a smirk as she left the woman and took her seat opposite me.

As the evening wore on more couples arrived. They all wore costumes with the "Butch" half wearing something masculine like the soldier and the "sissy" half wearing something outrageously feminine like me. All the "girls" wore nail polish, lipstick, rouge and in addition were all sweetly powdered and perfumed. Our dresses were all short, puff sleeve mini dresses and matching shoes with sky high heels.

It was enjoyable evening. We danced several times to the soft romantic music. Daisy went to the bar for another round of drinks and I went to the back to the restroom. There were two doors, one black with "Butch" in white letters and one pink with "sissy" in black letters. I was at the sink washing my hands when I felt someone lift my skirt and petticoats up.

Behind me a woman with jet black hair wearing a white satin mini dress decorated with little pink bows said to another woman in a bright green mini dress: "See, I told you Dizzy had good taste. You have great buns too kiddo."

“Thank you,” I replied as I opened my purse to take out my makeup. The girls left and I applied some more lipstick and brushed some more pink powder on my cheeks.

I left the restroom and as I walked past the “Butch” restroom the soldier emerged.

“Hey sissy, if you get tired of Dizzy I am always available.”

He handed me a business card and I put it in my purse. Back at the table Daisy was chatting with a black woman in a matadors’ outfit. She looked me over, then turned to Daisy and winked.

“Catch you later Dizzy,” she said and left us.

I took my seat again and picked up my wine glass. I took a sip and then had to ask.

“So you are “Dizzy” here at the club?” I asked.

Daisy took a sip from her glass and then smiled.

“When I was a little girl my parents were trying to get me to say “Daisy”. It came out “Dizzy” so the nickname sort of stuck.”

“I see. Well that sounds like something a little kid would do. I think I will continue to call you Daisy though, that is if you don’t mind.”

“Fine with me,” Daisy replied. “I will continue to call you Donna though I like using nicknames like sissy, girlie, or perhaps in view of the fact that you haven’t had your surgery yet sissy-boy, or girlie-boy.”

“Deal,” I said and took another sip of my wine.

We danced some more. She held me close as we danced. The scent of the leather tux combined with the just a hint of after shave lotion was almost as intoxicat-

ing as the wine we were drinking. Daisy let the soldier cut in once. He held me tighter and closer. He reeked of after shave that stunk more than turned me on so I was glad when the music ended and I rejoined Daisy at our table.

We sampled some of the snack items and then had another glass of wine. We left the club around midnight and went home. Exiting the car I once again felt good about hearing the click of my high heels on the concrete just as I had when I walked to the nightclub. I couldn't recall feeling more feminine in my life as I had that night in my pink satin lingerie and pink mini "sissy" dress.

Once inside of course I was out of my pink outfit almost as quickly as she was out of her tux. I had drunk more wine than I usually do. I not only felt very girlishly feminine but weak and powerless too. She wrapped her strong arms around me and kissed me hard.

The next morning I woke up first, got dressed and went back to my side of the duplex. I put on my pink shower cap and stepped into the hot needle spray. The spray felt good on my smooth, hair free feminine body.

I was surprised at how large my breasts had gotten since I began my hormone regime. The testosterone blockers and estrogen tablets had certainly done a good job. I massaged them gently before soaping myself up.

After rinsing myself off I briefly examined my shrunken penis and scrotum. Removing them in a year or so would be the final step of a long and arduous journey that had begun with my committing the crime of hijacking. I was hoping to complete that journey without any difficulties but that was not a certainty.

Another year passed and Daisy helped me pick out new bras again. The doctor said I was as ready as I was ever going to be so I set a date for surgery. I paid twenty thousand dollars for the surgical fee and gave the hospital another five grand for the post operative care.

My health insurance wouldn't pay for this as this sort of thing was considered cosmetic or unnecessary surgery at the time. This along with having "washed" some more here and there left me with about seventy thousand dollars in "dirty" money and seventy thousand in "clean" money.

There had been nothing more on the news about "D. B. Evans" as the date of my surgery approached. I was very hopeful there wouldn't be but I knew that the FBI would keep the case open until it was solved. Like the Canadian Mounties they always got their man, who in this case was now a woman.

My medical leave of absence went thru. Daisy checked me into the hospital. I was a bundle of raw nerves to say the least. I had a final consultation with the surgeon the next morning and after saying: "Any more questions?" I shook my head and said "Lets' go."

The last thing I remembered was being wheeled into the operating room. The lights went out. When I opened them again I could barely see anything. I closed them and went back to sleep.

A hand grabbed my arm. The doctor smiled and informed me that everything had gone according to plan and I would be up and around in a few days. He left and the nurse gave me a drink of water.

It was an excruciating week to say the least. My room was full of flowers from my co-workers at the

college, Daisy, and of course our friends at the club. All the bouquets had a pink ribbon around them and a large pink bow in the front.

I had been up to use the bathroom the second day and that short trip to the john and back had practically exhausted me. I did have to smile as I watched the stream of urine burst from the small aperture where my penis had once been.

Two more days and the bandages came off. The nurse helped me take a bath where I got my first look at my new vagina. It was still tender and I was relieved that everything was healing properly. I languished in bed for several more days.

Periodically they got me up so I could walk to the end of the hall and back. The first time it was a very difficult trip. I got stronger and soon I was walking without assistance in my pink terry cloth robe and pink flip flops.

Daisy came to see me every day. Several girls from the college stopped by one evening and talked for awhile. They didn't know the nature of my surgery of course just that it was "female trouble." I wasn't sure what the reaction would be if they ever found out the true nature of the surgery. Even in liberal California you could never be too sure of anything or anyone.

Finally it was time to leave the hospital. I checked out and Daisy took me home. There was a huge pink ribbon around the tree in the front yard. She brought me inside her half of the duplex where I would stay until I was strong enough to live on my own.

As they say time heals all wounds and of course so did mine. I followed the post-operative regime to the letter. Part of that regime included "irrigating" my new

vagina with a dildo which of course Daisy was only too glad to pick out for me as well as paying for the first set of batteries.

On my first attempt at intercourse it would have gone better if Daisy hadn't broke into fits of giggling. I had no doubt that the girls at the club would soon be hearing about this too.

The procedure required by the state of California to have Donald B. Crandall's social security number, birth certificate and drivers' license changed over was much easier than I expected.

Life got better. I healed quickly and soon I was back in my own place. It was good to be among familiar surroundings. My follow up exams were all positive. Despite my initial fears like any patient would have I had come thru with flying colors and was completely healed in no time.

I went back to work and though I was very tired by the end of the day I made it thru that first week. I paid off the remaining hospital bill. I would be seeing my doctor once every three months now instead of monthly. I refilled my prescription and was no longer taking pain medication.

It was several months before Daisy and I went out to the club. Our life together resumed. Everything was back to normal again, that is if I could use the word "normal" to describe some one like me and the life I now had with Daisy in what would come to be know as an "alternate lifestyle."

That Christmas Daisy bought me a bright red satin chemise with matching bow for my hair. I had done my nails in red and wore red lipstick for the holidays. Christmas Eve we had a quiet evening at home topped

off with Daisy coming out of the bathroom wearing a strap on dildo. The chemise was off and on the floor in no time flat.

Later I couldn't help but giggle out loud when Daisy asked me if "that" wasn't better than my efforts to induce an orgasm "by hand."

"It certainly was if you must know," I replied. As I lay snuggled up next to her I couldn't ever recall being happier.

My life was as close to being perfect as I could ever have expected. I was praying to God that nothing was going to come along and screw it up. But of course since when does God listen to any of us?

It was early April of 1982. Daisy was working extra hours helping patients that had come down with a new and unknown disease. The disease didn't seem to be communicable and the only patients to date were gay men. They were calling it AIDS.

I was watching the news when a reporter from a Twin Cities TV station had a short clip about a developer who had bought some land north of the Twin Cities. The contractor was digging the ground up along a line of trees and had uncovered the remains of a parachute, an Air Force coverall, a rubber skull cap, beard and a pair of black plastic glasses. The FBI was on scene.

My heart leapt in my throat. I took a gulp from my wineglass. It was several minutes before I regained my composure. I wondered how long it took for fingerprints to decay. I had put on a pair of gloves from the time I announced the hijacking to the time I buried the remains of my gear along the tree line of that cornfield. I tossed the gloves away when I got home.

I racked my brain trying to remember all the details of my crime to see if I had forgotten something that would lead to my arrest. My mind was a complete blank. I was almost a hundred percent positive that I had covered all the bases.

I drank the last of the wine and refilled my glass. It was after midnight and another glass of wine before I had calmed down enough to go to bed. Even the softness of my pink chiffon nightgown didn't help me get to sleep fast.

The next morning there was no additional information on the news. At work my supervisor asked me if anything was wrong. I just said I hadn't slept well and let it go at that. She and my co-workers knew I had just returned from surgery and I was hoping they would chalk it up to that.

For the next week or so I almost felt like I was living on pins and needles as the story of the "D.B. Evans" skyjacking was repeated on all the networks. It was De-ja-vu all over again as someone once said and I wondered how long this new revelation would continue to dominate the news.

The new evidence hadn't yielded any new clues but the FBI agent in charge readily admitted that by finding the chute and the disguise they were positive that the edge of the farm was where D.B. Evans had landed. In addition because of the disguise the FBI was now at a loss as to a description of the man they were looking for other than his race, height and weight.

It took several weeks and the story disappeared again. It wasn't that I could breathe any easier but I resolved not to worry about it. They hadn't found me in

a month, a year and now twelve years so there was no point in beginning to look over my shoulder, besides they were looking for a man and I was a woman or at least as close to being a real woman as modern medicine and surgical techniques could make me.

Daisy and I continued our lives together. There were some hard days. In addition to working with transsexual men she was seeing a lot of men die of AIDS and was gone a lot of the time.

Gay males and lesbians had always been two very separate communities but now lesbians were beginning to mobilize to help their "gay brothers" so to speak because the government wasn't.

The president hadn't heeded the Atlanta Center for Disease Control to help them act on what was fast becoming a widespread disease though currently it was seemingly limited to the gay community. Even the majority of men and women in this and many other countries were turning a blind eye to this new disease largely because it didn't affect them. The only ones who were dying were "those people."

The nineties brought us home computers and the internet. The times they were a changing as one singer had wrote. So did fashions. I was no longer in skirts, heels and make up for work. The campus was pretty much a casual place anyway.

Never the less outside of work Daisy had always insisted on keeping me in a dress, or skirt and blouse, make up and heels. She liked "girly" girls and I worked hard at keeping myself that way. I had standing appointments for having my hair and nails done.

As much as we both loved the park and the outdoors she always insisted on my wearing a large pink

floppy hat to match my huge pink sunglasses to keep the harmful rays of the sun off of my face. My proper diet and constant exercise had kept me lean and trim. I was no longer taking hormone pills but getting injections. My skin stayed soft and feminine.

On the twentieth anniversary of the hijacking there was a recap of what the FBI had found out to date. I could only assume that after seven years my parents had me declared legally dead. After pulling my car out of the river the authorities would have no reason to connect my missing body with the hijacking.

It a sense I guess you could honestly say that I had indeed gotten away with it. Donald Brian Collins was missing and probably declared dead while Donna Brianna Coulter aka Donald B. Crandall was alive and well living an alternate lifestyle with one Daisy McCall, R.N.

In all the time Daisy and I had been together the subject of marriage had never come up. There was now the possibility that we could be legally married. It was raising a lot of controversy nationwide with the religious groups leading the protest.

We spent a delightful Saturday window shopping for wedding gowns. It was hard to contain myself as I looked at all those gorgeous white satin gowns but I didn't want to try on any of them until there was a reasonable certainty that I could actually become a bride.

By the nineties some progress had been made with AIDS drugs. A lot of people were still dying. Now it was no longer referred to as a "Gay Disease." Never the less dying continued. People in general and gay men in particular seemed indifferent to the danger of unprotected sex.

I could see the effect on Daisy because she worked with some of the AIDS patients thru her volunteer work. No matter how much information was put out there, even free condoms didn't seem to slow things done. Many medium sized cities and some small towns now had AIDS hospice units.

The new millennium came and went. The world didn't blow up and despite both of us hitting middle age I was still her "femme" or "sissy half" and she was still the assertive athletic "butch half" of this relationship.

When ever she had friends over I was happy to be the "serving wench" or "serving maid". Even at middle age I must say I still looked great in my black satin puff sleeve mini dress complete with maids' cap, fishnet stockings and stiletto heel pumps complemented by red lipstick and nails, long earrings and wafting the very sweet scent of the expensive French perfume she had bought me.

I always put a little extra "wiggle" in my walk as I minced coquettishly about the living room, perfectly balanced in those sky scraper heels and acting in an overly effeminate, floppy wristed manner as I served Daisy and her friends. I knew the girls enjoyed my "acting" as much as I enjoyed doing it.

Daisy had bought me several maid costumes and accompanying accessories. She and her friends liked the dresses with a very short skirt that rode up when I bent over with the serving tray to reveal the matching garter belt and the four rows of pink ruffles on the back of my black satin panties.

On the front on all the panties that she bought for me were the words "Sissies Only". This gave the girls an additional laugh whenever Daisy shouted "panty

check!" and I had to raise my skirts to reveal to them the script across the front to them. Of course I got just as much enjoyment out of this as the girls did. Afterwards she couldn't get me out of the costume fast enough to get me into bed with her.

At work I had received several promotions over the years. I turned down the last one because it meant relocating to another part of the state. IBM punched cards had been replaced with magnetic tape and disk. They had been replaced with tiny hard drives that were now measured in gigabytes.

We bought a home computer together and enjoyed surfing the net. Daisy found several sources where she could buy me "sissy clothes", outrageous wigs, skyscraper heels and exquisite lingerie for me. Most women, lesbian or not, would probably have put their foot down at dressing up in these costumes which they felt were ridiculous but which Daisy loved and I found to be very "girlie" and sexy.

To be quite honest I never tired of wearing sexy lingerie under a dress or skirt and frilly blouse. I loved the "girlie" costumes and reveled in applying lipstick and blusher especially when we were out in public. You could say I felt naked without being made up and of course spraying myself liberally with a sissy sweet scent of perfume.

When the World Trade Centers came down in 2001 we were all scared shitless. It happened close to the fortieth anniversary of my hijacking. D. B. Evans had disappeared from the news for many years and now with the tragedy in New York I wondered if it would ever resurface.

The country was now focusing on how and why this had happened as well as how we were going to

prevent it from happening in the future The President and the congress were intent on making us safe no matter what the cost.

Both Daisy and I felt secure in Sacramento. We were both approaching retirement. Despite the fact that we both enjoyed our jobs and were earning a decent living it was time to be thinking of our retirement. When I approached the subject Daisy brushed it off and said she wasn't ready for that just yet.

Gay Marriage had become a reality in California. Gay couples were rushing to the justice of the peace as if there was no tomorrow. I thought about whether or not Daisy would ask me. I knew what my answer was. After thirty plus years together what else could I say but yes?

For Christmas Daisy had bought me a short sleeve, black velvet dress with a matching clutch bag and high heel pumps. I wore it to an upscale restaurant on New Years Eve. I returned from the ladies room and as soon as I sat down two violinists appeared out of no where.

The music was from a favorite romantic movie of mine. When they finished the waiter placed a single rose on the table in front of me. He left and Daisy produced a small box, opened it to show me the ring and asked me to marry her.

I was overcome with emotion. I guess I was thinking about how far I had come since leaving Minnesota. After slipping on the ring and saying "yes" I lost it and let the tears flow. I had been very happy for the longest time, not just as a woman but as a gay woman with a loving "partner for life". Now that partner would be a spouse and it was all perfectly legal, at least here in California.

The next week I immediately went dress shopping. I didn't want Daisy along following the traditional adage of the groom not seeing the bride before the wedding. I knew Daisy would want me to be in something she would call "ultra femme".

With that in mind I chose to wear a floor length pink satin sheath with tiers of ruffles from the waist to the floor with a huge pink bow at the base of the back zipper. It had short but large puffy sleeves. After a final fitting I took it, the pink veil, four inch heel pink pumps and the pink lingerie home.

When I had asked about a date Daisy had simply said "ASAP." Her answer for the honeymoon destination was "to bed". That was Daisy, short and to the point. Never mind where or when, let's just do it and then hit the sack. The ceremony would be a civil one at the court house in about a month.

A friend of Daisy's stayed with me over night before the day of the ceremony. I teased Daisy about getting me a sitter so if I got cold feet I wouldn't back out of the wedding. In the shower that night as I scrubbed myself with the perfumed soap I looked at the very female body that I now had. It was a body I thought any woman would be proud of, especially a middle aged woman.

The next morning she took me to the salon for my nine am appointment. I had my hair and nails done along with being waxed and plucked. Back home I waited until noon before applying my pink blusher and lipstick to match my light pink nails. As I stood in my pink lingerie I felt a little faint. Daisy's friend helped me into the dress and zipped me up. I stepped into the pink stiletto pumps and put on the veil.

There was a tsunami of emotions flowing over me as I walked to the living room to await the limo that would take me to the courthouse to become Mrs. Daisy McCall. I thought of my parents, the people on the plane I had hijacked, and a dozen other things. The sound of a horn honking announcing the arrival of the limo brought me back to reality. I stood up, smoothed my dress and we walked to the door.

The closer we got to the court house the faster my heart beat. I thought it might burst thru my chest. We arrived and walked inside. Daisy looked very handsome in her black leather tux. The ceremony went off with out a hitch and we went back home to change for the honeymoon trip.

I took twenty grand with me to Niagara Falls, New York. Air travel had changed a great deal since 9/11. All bags were opened and we were patted down so I hid the money in the bottom of a large purse. Our two weeks there were absolutely wonderful.

I used the money to purchase an expensive watch and a pair of diamond earrings. I took them back to their respective stores just before coming back home and once again hid the "clean" money in the bottom of my large purse.

Back home our "domestic" life continued though we both maintained living in separate sides of Daisy's duplex. I mentioned once she might consider selling it and the two of us move into a large two bedroom apartment. There wouldn't be any upkeep, repair bills or taxes. She said she would think about it.

Daisy had begun to cut back on the hours she spent helping transsexual men, or trans-gendered men as they were now called as well as AIDS patients. She seemed to be tired more often and was not her usual

funny self. When I asked her if something was wrong she nodded.

“My tests had just come back. I have cancer.”

I was stunned. Within days I helped her with the chemo schedule. The doctors performed surgery and said “we got it all.” I was there the day the doctors discharged her. There would be months of post-operative care so I wanted to be sure I knew exactly what to do. I didn’t mention the small lump I had found the night before in my left breast. It would have to wait until I was sure Daisy was going to be ok.

Several months later Daisy was back to her usual self again. By now there were several lumps in each of my breasts and when I went to the doctor he came back with that “I wish you had come to me earlier” speech. I told Daisy that night and we both had a good cry.

I tried Chemo first and that really sucked. The lumps had never bothered me physically of course but the chemo treatment was almost unbearable. It would take me several days to recover from the session and then it was back for another one. I was getting plenty discouraged.

I decided to abandon the chemo and have both of my beautiful breasts cut off. I thought about all the things I had been through to get them. Now I had to face losing them to the surgeons’ scalpel just to stay alive. Daisy was with me as they wheeled me in the operating room just as I had been there for her.

The healing process began. When Daisy brought me home from the hospital there was a realtor’s sign in the yard. She had a deposit on a large two bedroom apartment in a retirement complex near the hospital. By the time I was up and around we had an offer. It wasn’t

what we had hoped for but we closed the deal on June first of 2008.

We moved what we needed to furnish our new place and sold everything else at an auction. We probably could have gotten more for some of the stuff but this way we got rid of everything. It was a relief to have it over and done with.

In September the bottom fell out of everything. The country had been on the precipice of a financial disaster. Our retirement accounts were hit hard just like everything else. We both filed for early Social Security.

I wondered what was going to happen as I saw news stories of people living in tents in the local parks where Daisy and I took our walks. Our future was pretty secure and we no longer had a house to worry about but I couldn't help but think of all those people who had lost their jobs and now could lose their homes too as the foreclosure rate soared.

Watching the news with things getting worse every day I was profoundly grateful that Daisy and I had each other. Our partnership and now a marriage had lasted over thirty years. I was still her "femme" and she was still my "butch."

By the summer of 2009 things were still not much better. We had a nice picnic lunch in the park on July 4th. There were still lots of people living in tents and the foreclosure rate saw no signs of lessening. That evening as we were watching the ten o'clock news I got a real jolt.

The anchor man's opening statements about the stories he would be covering that night included the phrase: "Does this man hold the answer to the D.B. Evans hijacking?" On the screen was a picture of Richard

Washington. His face was fuller and his afro haircut had been replaced with a close cut that was now mostly grey. He wasn't smiling.

The TV cut to commercial as I reached over for my wine glass. I took a big mouthful and swallowed hard. My heartbeat was going ninety miles an hour. I couldn't believe he was going to turn me in after all these years, Of course he only knew me as a man and wouldn't have any knowledge of my present whereabouts or the fact that now I was a woman.

When the program resumed it was the fourth story. The anchor man related the details of the hijacking with video of the hijacked plane on the ground and then taking off. There were also pictures of the airline's crew that were on board that day. When the video ended the picture of Richard Washington came back on the screen.

"This man, Richard Washington of Stillwater, Minnesota contacted the local TV station several days ago. He had been diagnosed with cancer and needed money for some expensive medical procedures. He gave no details on the phone about his knowledge of the hijacking and was on his way to the station for an interview when his car went off the road and into the ditch. He was declared dead at the scene. The subsequent autopsy revealed he had died of a massive stroke. This station has contacted the FBI. If you know or knew this man please contact the FBI at the number on your screen. After the break we will be back with the details of your weather forecast."

I took another mouthful of wine as my pulse returned to less than a zillion beats per minute. I wondered exactly what he would have told the FBI, other

than my former name, if he had not died on the way to the station.

No mention was made of my presumed death when the police found my car in the river so I could only assume that the FBI would be unable to make that connection. I was still dead as far as my parents, if they were still alive, or anyone else who knew me was concerned.

Daisy hadn't said anything as the story broke. We watched the rest of the news, weather and sports. As we went to bed my pulse had returned to normal. It had been one hell of a scare though, that was for sure. I was certain that I had just dodged a bullet.

I lay awake for some time thinking about what his statements about me would do for the FBI's investigation. If they would go thru Richard's things would they find he had written anything down that would lead them to me? I tried not to think about that as I closed my eyes and tried to get to sleep. It was still some time before I drifted off to a very restless sleep.

At the sandwich shop nearby over breakfast sandwiches and coffee Daisy looked over at me.

"Is everything ok?" she asked with a concerned look on her face.

"Yes," I replied. "I didn't sleep too good last night that's all."

We finished eating and as we left the restaurant I saw Richard's face on the cover of all three of the newspapers in the outdoor vending machines. I wondered just how long it would be until this would go away. For me of course it would be none too soon.

Another year went by. The economy was a little better but things were still not good. The unemploy-

ment rate had dropped a little but that per cent was only those who were still collecting unemployment. I wondered who was counting those people in the parks living in tents.

I was essentially fully recovered from my surgery. It was a bit odd to think of the fact that I had started this journey using weighted inserts in my bra until the hormone pills allowed my own to develop. Now I was back to weighted inserts again.

Lying next to Daisy I was envious of her breasts. She seemed to sense that and said with tears in her eyes that she wanted all of me not just a part of me. We both cried a bit and then went to sleep. The following month we were back in tears again as my follow up revealed that my cancer had returned.

The doctor outlined how we were to proceed. This time I wasn't so confident about my ability to come back from what would be a much more serious surgery. Daisy and I had made our wills out after my breast surgery. I wasn't making any changes to it but we went over them again.

When she was gone I wrapped both the "clean" money and the dirty money in ten thousand dollar bundles and addressed them to various charities in the area. I placed them back in a rented storage locker along with this ledger book that I started when I first came to California. I just had an inkling that I wasn't coming out of this in very good shape or maybe not at all.

Once again chemo sucked. I didn't want to do it but Daisy said I should try. "You've never been a quitter in your life, don't quit now."

It was getting worse. I was weaker now. There were no longer walks in the park or out to eat. Daisy was taking care of me at home. She knew I hated being a dependent but never said a word even when I got cranky. I guess that is part of what makes a loving relationship.

My beautiful hair that I couldn't wait to grow to shoulder length and put in rollers was gone now. Daisy bought me a wig. Between that and her spending time painting my finger and toe nails bright pink gave me at least the feeling of being a girl even though I seldom felt "girly" or feminine. I still had control of myself so of course she kept me in pastel nightgowns though I had to forego those high heel slippers.

The time finally came to have surgery. Chemo wasn't doing me any good. It just made me sicker. Despite the efforts of my doctor and Daisy to stay positive I couldn't see the bright side of this. I had good reason to believe that this was the end of the line. All I could do was hope for the best. I laughingly told Daisy that if I woke up then I must be ok. She just smiled.

All the arrangements had been made. Daisy checked me in the hospital the night before. I was scheduled for a nine am surgery. Daisy stayed until about eight o'clock and then went home. The nurse, a male nurse no less, gave me a shot to help me sleep. I was out like a light.

The next morning I woke up early. There was nothing to do but wait so I watched the morning news. I had just come back from the bathroom when they came in the room with the gurney. I was prepped and wheeled into the operating room. Here goes nothing I thought to myself.

Nothing would have been better. If I could have been in any more pain or more uncomfortable I can't imagine what would cause it. Even my sex change hadn't been that bad. When I woke up I knew only one thing for certain. I was never going to go thru that again.

The surgeons' remark about "getting it all" fell on deaf ears. If I ever got close to needing surgery again I was going to buy a gun, walk out in the street, and end it all with no pain. That sounds criminal I know but you aren't in my shoes.

My recovery time was much longer after this surgery. I stayed in the hospital over two weeks. There were flowers from people at the club as well as from our friends and even some of Daisy's patients who had not yet gotten real sick.

Daisy was an angel coming to see me every day. When I finally could go home there was a big pink ribbon on the door to our apartment. I stayed in bed for the better part of the next month. I only got up to use the bathroom and to eat.

I had lost quite a bit of weight but I was getting stronger every day. Soon I was up and around the apartment without Daisy's assistance. Beginning with short walks to the end of the street and back I soon gained my strength back. The doctors were very pleased with my recovery.

A year went by. We were back to walking in the park again. The economy had picked up a little and the president was talking about more stimulus money though the tent encampment was still there and so were others around the country.

D. B. Evans had once again disappeared from the news. At this point I didn't really care any more. I had been in so much pain and despite the odds made two remarkable recoveries it won't have mattered to me if they did find me. At this stage of life just what could they do to me to punish me any more?

I was off most of the meds and had come pretty close to what I would call "being back to normal" when the headaches started. They weren't bad at first but soon aspirin and the stronger stuff was helping any. I saw the doctor again and following the MRI he pointed out several dots. I had more tumors.

To say I was devastated would be a gross understatement. Daisy was supportive of course but deep down in side I wanted no part of having them cut my head open. I told the doctors I wanted more time to get some personal things in order. My surgery would take place in about six weeks.

I got caught up on this journal I had been writing. I hadn't written anything until about two months after my second surgery. It was important to me to keep this up to date as close to the time I would die as possible so there would be a record, not so much of my life, but of the crime I had committed so the FBI could close the case.

My will was in order and the packages of money, what hadn't been used to make up for what the insurance didn't cover as well as the cost of some very expensive medication, were ready to be mailed to the respective charities.

As much as I appreciated Daisy's attentiveness I knew this surgery would probably kill me if the tumors didn't. I still had thoughts about getting a small caliber pistol and killing myself. I wasn't depressed or crazy it

was just that I was sick and tired of being sick and tired.



I felt as if the only purpose I had left in this life was to pay the hospital, doctors and nurses their fees. I was essentially their meal ticket. As long they kept me alive they could count on my insurance coverage and my spare cash to pay them.

The closer the date for my surgery got the more I thought I shouldn't have it. In the end I decided to do it for Daisy. We had such a wonderful life together and they had all been good times up to the point where both of us had gotten sick. I guess I felt I owed it to her to give it one last try.

I walked more and exercised almost to the point of exhaustion. I had gained some of the weight back but I knew this surgery would be grueling too so I wanted to be in the best shape I could possibly be in before I went under the knife one more time.

My gut feeling is this is one battle I am going to lose. So I will make this entry my last until I get back from the hospital. I LOVE YOU DAISY.

The rest of the page was blank so Agent Parker turned the page to find a death certificate for Donna Brianna Coulter. She stared at the death certificate for a moment and then closed the book. Looking at her watch she saw it was almost noon. She had been reading for over three hours straight.

Putting the ledger down on the small table next to her chair she got up and took her cup into the kitchen. She fixed herself a tuna fish sandwich. As she ate she thought about the story she had just read. It was almost like a novel or the script for a made for TV movie.

Now a days' people changed their sex all the time and it doesn't cause a ripple let alone become a news-worthy item for the nightly news broadcast. Despite a time when they first appeared on talk shows and sometimes were treated like circus freaks they had become for the most part an accepted part of society.

Not that they were looked upon as "normal" so to speak but more like their decision was "just one of those things." As time wore on people and society became more tolerant though not necessarily accepting of such things.

The only exception was the recent announcement by Charlene Harmon, the twenty two year old daughter of Sammy and Elizabeth Harmon of the Harmon hotel chain, was going to begin taking male hormones to become a man. The only reason that it made headlines was because of the family's business.

Despite trying to keep busy for the rest of her time off Agent Parker's thoughts kept coming back to the story in the ledger. The man had been very honest and up front about his struggle. Despite the fact that he had committed a crime to finance his getaway and sex change he had led an exemplary life. It did seem a bit odd that he choose a woman as a life partner. If he was a woman trapped in a man's body why didn't he marry a man?

Agent Parker tidied up her place and then went out to eat supper. Sitting in the restaurant she observed the men and women there. Briefly she imagined them with the genitals of the opposite sex and dressed in the appropriate clothing. She shook her head and ate her meal.

Sunday night Agent Parker put the ledger back in the box. Tomorrow when she got back to her office she

would do some checking. Maybe this would be the end of a mystery that had baffled the FBI for over forty years.

The first thing Monday morning Agent Parker put in some inquiries to the Sacramento Police Department. She ran a check of the bills on her computer and one of them hit. It had been part of the ransom money.

Few of the serial numbers had been recorded because of the haste in getting the money to the airport according to the case file. There had been no other hits to date, presumably because of the length of time since the hijacking.

After a lengthy staff meeting Agent Parker went to lunch. Upon her return she checked her e-mail and found an answer from the Sacramento Police department. Agent Parker printed it out and then deleted it from her computer.

Daisy McCall had been found dead in a local park with a gunshot wound to the head. It had been a month since her partner Donna Brianna Coulter had died undergoing surgery for brain tumors. Daisy had settled her partners' estate and then emptied her apartment leaving her will and instructions with a local attorney.

This would close the case. There would be no other avenues to investigate since every one close to the hijacker was now dead. Agent Parker wondered if the bureau was going to give out a press release. It was certain to make headlines and if the ledger was released it would certainly make the people involved cannon fodder for the gossip shows and conspiracy theorists.

Perhaps because of the length of time that had elapsed since the hijacking and the circumstances surrounding the deaths of all the people who were linked to the case maybe it could be closed quietly without any fanfare.

She stared at the box for a few more minutes before putting it back in her desk. After the meeting with Joanna Dayton, her district supervisor, at 4pm she would ask her what to do. Hopefully the supervisor would see things the way she did.

She turned her attention to a new case she had been given at the morning meeting. Back in front of her computer she began preparing a file for that new case. She worked until 3:45 and then took the box from her desk and walked to her supervisor's office.

Following the meeting she handed the box to her supervisor with a copy of the deleted e-mail.

"Joanna this is quite a story. It solves the hijacking crime of forty plus years ago. Everybody around this individual, including the initial investigator is now deceased. I think we should close this case quietly but I would like to know how you think this should be handled."

"I see. I'll read it over and get back to you."

Agent Parker left her supervisor's office and went home. That night she couldn't seem to get the story out of her mind. It was amazing that there hadn't been much progress over the forty year span of time since the hijacking had taken place. It took nearly a full bottle of wine before she felt sleepy enough to go to bed.

Friday at 4:30 pm she was summoned to her supervisor's office. She took her seat opposite Joanna noticing that the box was on her desk in front of her. It

didn't really matter what the bureau was going to do but she had hopes that the case was going to be closed with no press release.

"You were certainly right about the book. I took it home last night and couldn't stop reading once I started. I talked with the director in Washington, D.C. We will issue a press release that the case has been solved with the uncovering of new evidence."

"That evidence, the book in particular, shall remain sealed in FBI files by order of the director herself. I agree with you completely. With everybody connected to this deceased there would be no point in digging it all up again. The case dies here today with only the director, you, and I knowing the reasons why."

Agent Parker smiled and got up from her chair.

"That's good to hear, I am glad to end it this way."

"It's for the best. I trust you are going to make the LGBT informational seminar on Saturday? There is a free dinner for you too afterwards."

Agent Parker smiled and nodded her head. As she left the office she thought about driving to their favorite lingerie shop to pick out something for "after" the dinner afterwards. It had been awhile since she had anything new.

Agent Parker loved all pastels but she would probably choose something in pink, Joanna's favorite color. Wearing some very sweet perfume along with her new outfit, pink fuzzy toed high heel slippers, a pink bow in her hair matching her pink blusher, nails, and lipstick it should prove to be a terrific weekend.

THE END