

UNEXPECTED RELIEF

By Rae Johansen



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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“UNEXPECTED RELIEF”

By Rae Johansen

A little over eighteen months ago my sister and I faced some drastic tragedy that has greatly altered my life.

It was in 1993 when the floodwaters of the Mississippi demolished our home and took the lives of my parents. My father was making futile attempts to stay ahead of the rapidly rising water of the great Mississippi that ran only yards away from our home. Without any warning the sandbags gave way burying my father under a siege of sand and water. My Mother panicked as she saw my father go under. She ran to the house for something as I grabbed my older sister Beth and jumped into our fishing boat.

The water picked up the boat in it's fury. While I was screaming for Mom to get in we saw the house collapse as two corners were just washed out. With tears in our eyes and screams of anguish my sister and I were carried rapidly down river.

Miles later we were able to reach a shoreline.

When we were found by the Sheriff's rescue squad, we were taken to a hospital to be checked. Later our only living relative, Aunt Katherine, was brought in and asked to sign some papers releasing us into her custody.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at our Aunt's home in Warsaw, Illinois, which was only forty miles away from where we had lived. The home was a small two bedroom ranch with a basement. Between tears we discussed sleeping arrangements. It seemed for a while I would crash on the couch while my seventeen year old sister Beth would take the guest bedroom. Later when we could get an extra bed I could share the room with her, or possibly make space in the basement.

The next day when I awoke I realized that I had no other clothes or possessions other than what I had slept in. I headed into the kitchen to get something to eat. My sister and Aunt Kate joined me in the kitchen, both of them looking as bad as I felt.

While sipping coffee Beth realized she also had nothing to wear. My Aunt looked her over and figured that they were close enough in size that she could share clothes with her. With kind of an odd look she eyed me up and down and was quite surprised that I also was near her size.

As she started to say, “Would you . . .”

I replied, “No thanks!”

On the radio I heard of a place in town that was gathering clothing and supplies for the victims of the flood. I asked Aunt Kate for directions and was soon walking down

the street to ask for RELIEF. I felt proud that I was taking action and handling the situation for Beth and myself.

When I arrived at the relief station I had to wait in line for nearly an hour. Then my turn came so I proceeded to explain our need for a bed, for clothes, for personal hygiene items... The lady in charge wrote down information. Name Loren Dobbs Age 15 Ht. 5ft 5in Wt. 125lbs Shoe size 8 Elizabeth Dobbs Age 17 W Ht. 5ft 6in. Wt. 130lbs Shoe size 9.... When she finished getting the address of my Aunt's home she informed me that most likely within a few days we could expect some Relief. In fact she told me that often a family with children of similar ages and sizes would ADOPT a family in need. They could then send items directly.

I walked home very sullen over how quickly my life had taken a turn for the worse. My heart was aching, but I felt a small burst of pride due to my accomplishment, getting Beth and I some help.

Arriving back at my aunt's house I found only Beth, for Aunt Kate had left for work. I explained to my sister that we could expect some relief in a few days.

We talked about enrolling in the Warsaw High School for the remaining ten weeks of the school year. Thus finishing my freshman year and Beth's Junior year in totally unfamiliar surroundings. We agreed that my spring concert which I had practiced hours for on my flute and the Drama Play that Beth had memorized lines for, were all inconsequential when compared to having our lives back together.

Beth called the school and was told we had five days grieving time `excused', and to come in next week for enrollment.

Beth had talked to Aunt Kate before she left for her business. I was then told that the house had just had a second mortgage taken on it so that our Aunt could become a partner in her friend's catering service. We were really going to be an unexpected financial burden on Aunt Kate.

The agreement was made by Beth and I that we would both watch ourselves closely and not ask for things that would burden our Aunt financially. Beth even mentioned she would ask if she could help out in the catering service.

That night at the dinner table we all sat rather solemnly as we picked at our food. Few words were spoken as we gazed around the table.

Then Aunt Kate reached out squeezed gently our hands and said softly, "Remember we are family."

After dinner we all took showers in turn. I was the last one, and I wondered what to put on as I walked back into the living room with a towel wrapped around me.

Aunt Kate and Beth were both wearing some kind of oversize sleep shirt. Aunt Kate, guessing my quandary asked if I would like a sleep shirt also.

I replied with a meek, "Guess so".

A couple minutes later we all sat together on the couch. Beth was sitting on the floor between Aunt Kate's legs as she stroked Beth's hair with the brush. My sister had long auburn hair that reached the middle of her back.

Aunt Kate had just finished putting it into a French braid. As she put the elastic tie on she looked at me and said, "Your turn Loren."

"No thanks."

She came back with the comment that everyone likes having their hair brushed.

So I reluctantly sat down in front of her to have my hair brushed. My hair was nowhere the length of my sister's, but for nearly a year now my parent's had allowed me to let it grow out. As she brushed through my locks memories of the many discussion over my hair with my parents came back to me. After only a few trims over the past year my hair was now an inch or two past my shoulders and all one length.

While my aunt was brushing my hair she noted the earring in my left ear. She asked when I had it pierced.

Beth replied casually, "a few months ago at the mall. Lots of boys have earring now Aunt Kate."

Aunt Kate responded nonchalantly, "guess so." When she took her last stroke with the brush she lovingly placed her hands on my cheeks and softly said, "Loren if your going to have long hair start using the conditioner after you shampoo."

Off to sleep went my sister and aunt while I curled upon the couch trying to find a comfortable position. Lying there I became aware of the pleasant smell from my aunt's sleep shirt. Drifting off to sleep I wondered why women's clothes always had such a different smell.

The next morning I was up before the others, and I took my dirty sweat shirt and jeans into the laundry room to wash them in the tub. I was hanging them on a line when my sister found me.

She was wearing one of my aunt's jeans and sweater. Her eyes saw my underwear hanging next to my jeans, and with a twinkle she leaned toward me and whispered, "must be feeling the breeze."

I could hear Beth talking in the hall with my aunt, and a minute later I was handed a pair of my aunt's white cotton panties. With embarrassment and trepidation I held them in my hand. Then timidly the panties were pulled up my legs and found their proper place. They were a little baggy in my rear, but other than that they fit fine. Of course I quickly made note of the fact that they had no 'fly'. When I walked into the kitchen I was asked in unison if my modesty was feeling better.

Later in the morning when my jeans had finally dried I didn't bother to remove the panties, but rather just pulled the jeans on. My shirt had a hole in it from our trip down river, so I borrowed one of my aunt's sweat shirts. While I was tying the shoelace on my tattered old gym shoes Beth asked if I would like to take a walk around town.

The weather was typical of late March with the wind briskly twirling papers across the streets. We walked to the DMV so that my sis could get a replacement for her drivers license which was lost in the flood. During the time we were sitting there waiting for paperwork to be completed, my sis encouraged me to take the written test for a driving permit. I felt I knew the rules of the road, and thus thought why not. So a short while later I was handed back the results. I passed with ninety-six percent!

We were called to have our pictures taken for the plastic I.D. cards. When we were in the little room we must have looked disheveled from the wind, for the lady taking the pictures handed my sister a brush and comb.

Beth brushed out her hair and sat for her I.D. photo. Then she used the brush on my hair, but as I sat there some hair kept falling over my right eye.

The lady taking the picture walked over to her purse to reach in and get something. She walked toward me with her brush, she brushed back my locks and I felt her slide something in my hair. She walked back to the camera to snap the shot.

A few minutes later my sister's name was called and she walked forward to get her I.D.

My name was called shortly after that for my I.D. I must have had a look of shock or disbelief on my face, for my sister asked if I was all right.

Instead I handed her my permit.

She giggled as we were walking away, for the photographer had slipped a gold barrette into my hair to hold it back. The printer had misspelled my name from Loren to Lauren. They had listed my sex as female instead of male. Beth just smiled and casually mentioned we could fix it later, for it was just a mistake.

Both Beth and I have always enjoyed reading to pass the time on boring days, and almost at the exact same time suggested that we track down the library. We asked for directions at the local drug store. Then together we leaned into the wind as we walked down the street toward the library. The sign said Warsaw library, but the building was old and rather small. Yet we entered both hoping to find some books to pass the time. The librarian was really pleasant as she spoke to us. She asked why we were not in school. For some reason this brought forth pent up tears from Beth as she went on to explain the past few days events to the librarian.

It must have been small town empathy because soon Beth and the librarian were embracing as Beth sobbed on her shoulder. Then my chest started to heave while I tried to hold back my tears. My sister saw a tear trickle down my cheek, and she reached out an arm to pull me into the circle of comfort. Soon we were all wiping our tears together.

The librarian introduced herself as Linda Marek. She was a local girl, twenty-three years old. She had just graduated from college with a teaching certificate. At present she was working in the library until she could find a teaching position.

Linda most emphatically told us that if we needed someone to talk to or to help us get adjusted in town we could call on her. With that she reached out to Beth, as she gently squeezed her hand and said, "You hear?" Then she commented on getting us some library cards for starters.

When asked if we had any I.D. with our aunt's address on it Beth handed her the newly issued driver's license. She asked Beth, "How about your sister?"

With a tear and a smile she looked back at Linda to reply that I was her brother. After hearing the explanation about my driver's permit and the misspelling of my name, she just looked at me rather quizzically.

Linda spoke to me in a quiet apologetic tone saying, "With that barrette in your hair, baggy sweat shirt,... I just assumed you were a girl."

She took my driver's permit and entered information into the computer, and as she did this she told me that when I had the permit corrected at DMV we could fix the library card. My eyes must have made some weird configuration for Linda just smiled and looked at me with warm care to tell me it was no big deal.

With a shrug of my shoulders as I headed toward a row of books I softly replied, "Yeah."

Walking down the street back to our aunt's house with books in hand I reiterated to Sis that I now had two forms of I.D. which had Lauren on them rather than Loren.

Just as we were walking up to the house our aunt was pulling into the driveway. She brought home some lunch from the catering service for us, and told us she wanted to check on how we were doing before she returned to work. The morning's events were explained to her by my sister, and I was asked to show her my drivers permit. All I heard was a, "oh, my!" as she handed it back to me.

A short while later Sis and I were left alone again. Both of us grabbed a book and immersed ourselves in the story. It at least helped to divert my attention from the emotions that I was feeling. I soon forgot all about the strange and queasy feelings that were brought up from being mistaken for a girl.

The next couple of days Sis and I helped with some chores around our aunt's home, but the majority of time we just lounged around the house either reading, listening to the radio, or watching television.

Then on Friday I answered a knock at the door to be greeted by delivery person from Flood Relief. There were four rather large boxes for us along with a used bed. As they carried in the mattress, box spring, and headboard I noted that it was a rather feminine Victorian canopy bed.

Beth and I were rather grateful and kept on thanking the men and told them to tell everyone involved how much we really appreciated the help. After the men left we were anxious to delve into the boxes.

We decided that first we would set up the bed. Both of us went down into the basement to check out if it was suitable. As we looked around at dust and occasional spider webs we both knew it would take major cleaning before it would become livable.

Beth looked at me and asked if I could handle sharing a room.

"That beats the basement by a landslide."

Off to the guest room where we went to set up the new bed. Soon we had the headboard and frame together followed by the mattress.

When Beth started to put up the canopy I told her I would take a pass on that for now. Sis went off to get some sheets from the linen closet, and came back with a set of floral prints in pinks and lavender to match the one on her bed. It seemed that our aunt didn't have any plain white linen. I heard Sis mutter that we would have to buy a comforter to match one on her bed so the room would be coordinated.

With the bed all set up we both headed for the boxes in the living room. It was at that time as we were going through the clothing that I was shocked by some `unexpected relief`.

With spring just having started the majority of the clothes were for spring and summer. Oh, there were two jackets for the cooler days. Now I am not saying that the clothes were ragged or not of acceptable up to date style.

No it was just that they were all women's clothes.

In an envelope we found the note which read Dear Lauren and Elizabeth we hope these clothes will help you as you adjust to your new home and school. The letter was signed by the Andrew's with a P.S. that Amy and Annie had gone through their closets and have shared with you personally. They are looking forward to sharing with you again this fall. They would like you to write back...

I started to panic and a few sighs were followed by a tear or two. When Beth came over and sat next to me on the floor I reminded her that we had to start school next week. What am I going to wear??

She took my hand and pulled me up as she led me over to the boxes. She said reassuringly that we would find some things that were unisex.

We started to make piles for the two of us.

My pile was considerably smaller than Beth's. There were jeans that either of us could wear. I tried on a pair of the jeans. They fit O.K. other that they were a little fuller in backside and tapered differently than what I had worn before. I saw a purple shirt with full sleeves that caught my attention, and I thought it would go well with the black jeans I had on. When I started to button the shirt I told my Sister that the buttons were on the wrong side. She laughed and said that is the way all women's blouses are made. I told her that the soft light material felt almost like having nothing on along with fact that it made my skin tingle.

When we went through the shoes I found that all the size eight were snug on my feet. Yet I had worn a size eight for past couple of years. Sis handed me a pair of women's size nine running shoes which had teal green accents. I tried them on and they fit fine. While I was walking around in them she explained that I would need nines like her in the women's shoes.

The next few days went by quickly. I became used to joining in with Sis and my Aunt during their nightly chats. After a long days work Aunt Kate would be tired, but she took time to sit and talk. Along with that came a nightly ritual of brushing out our hair, and applying night cream. I could understand the explanation for brushing our hair, but the cream??

When I was inquired Beth showed me how to use my fingertips to smooth the cream into my face. She explained that it would help protect my face from the wind and sun. Thus, I was included in their nightly rituals.

Monday morning arrived, which meant that Beth and I were about to enter our new school. Beth laid out our clothes the night before. She headed for the shower and returned to our room telling me to hurry up, for we still had to register before first peri-

od. When I came back into the bedroom Beth had just finished dressing. She was putting on her make-up while checking herself from various angles in the mirror.

I reluctantly started to dress. Thinking ahead I had brought the plain white panties into the bathroom with me. Lying in front of me was something unfamiliar, it seemed to be something like an undershirt, yet different. When I asked I was told that it was a cotton camisole, and was the closest thing available to me as an undershirt. The straps were narrower than what I was used to, and the little rosette on front was definitely not masculine. Thinking that no one would see it I put it on. Before I could reach for the blouse Beth stopped me.

She lifted my arms and sprayed on a deodorant. Now I felt I smelled like sweet fragrant lilacs.

I continued dressing in the purple blouse, black jeans and running shoes. When I thought I was all done Beth handed me a paisley vest informing me the layered look was, "In."

Along our way to school we met a girl about my age. She introduced herself as Jenny and told us that she was a Sophomore. Beth introduced herself then pointed in my direction and introduced me as Loren.

The conversation was full of question and answer topics. Mostly about favorites, likes, dislikes, and such. Jenny mentioned that she played clarinet in the marching band. Quickly I responded that I played the flute, but that it was lost in the flood. She replied that she thought the school had some second hand loaners available.

While we were walking along Jenny complimented my vest while offering me a hat that would be darling with it. My Sister smiled while Jenny said that Blossom hats give a girl a definite finished touch.

Beth matter of factly stated to Jenny that I was her brother. I was looked at with inquisitive eyes which then held a look of disbelief. We were getting close to school but Beth went on to explain the events at the DMV and library.

Thus, Jenny was told she was not the first to mistake me for a girl. When Jenny headed off towards another entrance she looked back to say that she still thought the hat would look good on me.

Sis and I headed for the student records office asking directions along the way. When we arrived Beth introduced us. We were told that our school had supplied our records. With that she handed each of us our class schedules.

I looked over mine; U.S. History 1st per., English Lit. 2nd per., P.E. 3rd. per., Geometry 4th per., Lunch 5th per., Home Economics 6th ('What?'), Band 7th per.

As I put down my schedule I asked rather sarcastically, "what's with this Home Economics?"

I was informed though that she knew I was taking Drafting before, Home Economics was all that would fit in. I kiddingly said to my Sister that the worst that could happen was that I may become a Master Chef.

From the office we went to our first period class. I climbed the stairs to the second floor in search of room 207. Finding the room I entered handing my admit slip to the teacher.

As he entered my name in his class book he motioned for to take my seat.

I saw Jenny's smiling face as I sat down two seats behind her. At the end of class Jenny asked to see my schedule, and shortly afterward she replied, "Cool, we have every class together."

When we arrived at P.E. for third period I was told that they had just started a new unit for the spring. The softball teams were filled and the only opening would be in Tennis.

I explained that I did not have any gym clothes. The coach pointed to a bin of loaners which were left after locker clean outs at the end of last year. Soon I had on maroon sweats and was headed for the tennis courts. I was given a racquet and told to practice my stroke on the wall until I was called for a match.

Jenny gave me some helpful tips on how to stand, and how to hold the racquet. I was impressed by how good a player she was.

The day went fine as Jenny and I continued to share classes and enjoy a laugh or two together. We met Beth at the end of last period for the walk home. Jenny excitedly explained that we had the same schedule. Beth started asking Jenny about some of the students she had just met. As Jenny started to split toward her house she handed me her phone number. I was told to give her a call if I had any problems with the assignments.

Dinner came and went with the first day of school behind us. We were winding down to a quiet evening on the sofa watching a T.V. movie. Aunt Kate had just finished brushing and braiding Beth's hair. She motioned with her brush for me to come sit in front of her.

I wouldn't want others to know this, but I was beginning to enjoy the feel of the brush as it stroked my hair. Tonight she dampened the brush as she stroked my hair, then braided it. Soon it was off to bed for some much needed rest.

The next morning I was late getting out of bed, but I went into overdrive to get out the door. I grabbed a clean pair of white panties from my drawer (yes my drawer) and reached for the same pair of black jeans I wore the day before. With the other hand I caught a beige sweater that Beth hurled my way.

Out the door we went.

Not far down the street Sis asked if I was going to leave my hair braided for the day.

My hand reached back to feel the elastic tie, and I slid it off the end just as Jenny joined us for our walk to school.

Beth reached into her purse and handed her brush to me.

As I was brushing my hair out Jenny commented that she like the wave.

She handed me her compact so I could see it as we walked along. I blushed as I looked at my reflection. Then Jenny took the hat she had mentioned yesterday from her back pack. She placed it on my head saying, "I knew it would look good on you."

Over the next few days I became used to wearing girls underwear, jeans and sweaters. I think my androgynous look had many students wondering as to my real gender. The few times I was asked I just replied, "what do you think?"

In the P.E. locker room I always procrastinated getting dressed till the guys were on their way to the softball field. Then I quickly changed for I would have died of embarrassment if they were to see my underwear. When I put my clothes in the locker I would hide my underwear in my sleeve.

My tennis game started to improve and I really enjoyed playing doubles whenever I was matched up Jenny's partner.

She had a way of making life zestful and full of joy.

The days went by quickly as I became adjusted to my new school and friends. Sometime during the second week my home economics teacher criticized me for having dirty nails and being unkempt.

At the time she put me on the block I thought, *I am the only male in class what does she expect me to do, wear polish?*

I guess the teachers remark must have stuck in Jenny's head. We had just finished our lunches with and had time to spare. She was sitting across from me when she reached out for my left hand. While looking at my nails she said, "let's see if we can clean them up for Mrs. Eco."

She then filed each one neatly to match hers, a stick was used to clean under, then she reached into her purse for a bottle. I pulled my hand back when she took out a bottle of polish. She pulled my hand back and told me it was only clear. As she applied it I sure thought it had a pink cast, and a definite shine. I was told as we walked to class that it was just a hardener and that it would also stop my nails from chipping.

During band that day I couldn't help but notice how my nails seem to glisten as I played my loaner flute. When band class ended I told Jenny that I thought everyone would notice it. She replied that I was being silly, and that she bet even my Sister wouldn't notice on the way home.

Well, she was right, Beth didn't notice till three days later when we were doing the dinner dishes together. I explained the Economic teacher's comment. She thought it looked nice.

The weather in April can change suddenly. As we were heading to the tennis courts one day I commented to Jenny that sometimes the sweats were just too hot.

She asked why I hadn't taken a pair of shorts and tank top from the loaner bin. I told her that they were all too big, there must not have been any 'little guys' who forgot to clean out their lockers last year.

She ran back into the girls locker room only to return in a flash with a pair of maroon nylon shorts and a white nylon tank top. She told me to try these as she zoomed off to the courts.

I put them on and found they fit very comfortably. I pulled my sweats over them and dashed for the courts. When it came our turn to play a doubles match I had already begun to perspire for it was in the 70's. I removed the sweats and stepped out on the court with Jenny.

She smiled at me as she was about to serve and said, "You look good in shorts except that your legs are a bit hairy."

We were working on a homework assignment over the weekend at Jenny's house. While exchanging research notes and information we had been able to gather on our own she stopped me.

"Wait I have something for you," I heard her say while she removed the little round gold stud from my ear. She then replaced it with my gift. I was led to her mirror as she pulled my hair back so I could see a gold, heart shaped earring with a diamond in the middle.

She explained that she wanted me to know that I held a special place in her heart. Then she tenderly placed her lips on mine. Her kiss made my head swirl. When our lips parted Jenny told me that she had wanted to do that for quite a while, but never had the courage.

It wasn't easy to keep my mind on my assignment after that. Somehow we managed to finish the report for Monday's presentation. As I walked home my head was spinning with excitement.

Where was my relationship with Jenny leading?

That night as I prepared for sleep I couldn't keep my thoughts to myself. The kiss lingered on my mind.

Both Beth and I were lying in bed with the lights out when I asked my big Sister if we could talk.

I whispered the events of the day especially the 'Kiss', and how it made me feel inside. I told her about the earring I was given as a gift. and I also shared that Jenny seems to enjoy seeing me in feminine attire.

Beth confirmed that she thought so too, but that she didn't think that it was so bad. She brought up the fact that many girls like the image of the New York Dolls (a music group of guys who make fantastic money with a 'feminine image' make-up and all!)

That night I went to sleep dreaming that I was a part of a music group, and Jenny had just finished my make up as I was about to step on stage. When I awoke the next morning I kept the dream to myself. I felt self conscious of further developing a feminine image.

I began to spend more and more time with Jenny. I was either with her at school, over at her house, or she was over at mine. Often I found myself talking with her about some new fashion style; the make up on some model in a Seventeen magazine, romance and all the trappings that go along with it.

She often made me blush by pointing to some outfit, and telling me that I would look great in it.

I was never sure if she was teasing or not.

The month of May arrived along with spring clothes. More and more of the students had started to wear shorts to school. The girls shorts were much more versatile.

One morning as we were getting ready for school, Beth asked if I was ready to set aside the jeans for a pair of shorts. That morning she had chosen to wear a light flowery spring dress with a scooped neckline and puffed sleeves. Reaching in her drawer she found a pair of khaki walking shorts which she handed to me along with a pale blue T-shirt. I was encouraged to try them on as she thought they were unisex enough.

So that day I headed off to school in what I thought were rather baggy shorts with a neat pleat down the middle. There were no pockets in the back so I put my lunch money and I.D's in the front pockets.

The weather was absolutely fantastic, the sun was warm and the air was filled with spring hope.

At the end of the school day as we were walking out a bunch of Jenny's girlfriends invited her to join them at the ice cream shop near the Square. She looked at me and asked them if I could join them. After a few smiles and `sures' Jenny and I were walking down the street with the group of girls.

I turned back to tell Beth where I was going, and that I would be home soon to help with the chores Aunt Kate left for us.

At the ice cream shop when I fidgeted in my pockets for money to pay it became necessary to pull everything out.

One of the girls took a glance at my driver's permit and library card. That's a nice photo is all I heard as I retrieved them and quickly returned them to my pocket.

She laughed and said that I needed a purse to carry everything in.

I was enjoying the ice cream the chit chat, and conversation of the girls was quite different away from school.

They started to talk about their boyfriends, their first kiss, etc. They must have noticed my blushing face. One girl asked if I could remember first time I kissed, or if I ever had.

I smiled and timidly replied, "Yes, I have"

The time went by too quickly before I realized that Sis was at home probably doing all the chores. I explained to Jenny why I should get home. She kindly offered to help with the chores since she was partially responsible for my delay.

We walked at a brisk pace back to my house. When we arrived I was right in that Beth had already done many of the chores. I checked the list and Jenny and I set right in like a trained team. The last chore was cleaning the bathroom. I scrubbed the floor and toilet while Jenny did the sink and mirror. While washing the sink Jenny was getting ready to unplug Aunt Kate's electric razor which was sitting out.

I heard Jenny yell 'Attack of the Razor' just before I heard a bzzzz and the razor ran up my calf. I turned over to say 'What' when she ran it up the shin of other leg. I giggled and in the midst of my laughter when the razor zipped above my knee.

That is when Beth came to the bathroom door asking what was so funny. Jenny held up the razor once again giggling her repeated phrase 'Attack of the Razor'.

Sis just laughed and returned to her last chore.

Jenny smiled at me and told me to take off my shoes and socks. She told me she should finish the job as I looked funny with splotches of hair on my legs. A few minutes later my legs were smooth and silky as the ads say. We swept the floor together and I gave the floor another quick wipe up.

I stood up to say that we were done with our chores when Jenny reached out to embrace me.

Once again her lips found mine, but as she rubbed her bare legs up and down against mine her kiss became even more passionate than our last.

A short while later we sitting on my bed kinda looking starry eyed at each other. Then I said something about how I had to go back to wearing jeans. She demurely asked why and added that I should not dare hide such nice legs.

Beth came into the bedroom to join us as she quickly noticed that Jenny had finished the 'Attack of the Razor'.

Jenny asked her if I had any other shorts to wear for tomorrow.

My Sister just pointed toward the drawer, and soon Jenny had picked out a pair of white cotton full shorts. She handed me the shorts as she reached for her books.

With her free hand she led me toward the back door telling me to wear white shorts and my aerobic shoes tomorrow for she thought I would look absolutely great in them.

That night as I was trying to go to sleep I couldn't get over the feel of the sheets next to my legs. The skin on my legs seemed ever so much more sensitive to touch or to a breeze. When I awoke the next morning I reached for a pair of jeans, but then I put them back in the drawer. Somehow I felt it would be a great disappointment for Jenny if I didn't meet her in the shorts she had picked out. So with great reluctance as to what comments I was about to receive from others I put on the shorts.

My legs were trembling as I headed toward the kitchen to make myself some breakfast before leaving for school. I kept thinking of how I ever let Jenny finish the job on my legs, and maybe the splotched look would be even better. However, the material of the shorts brushing my thighs gave me a tingle.

While I was standing at the toaster waiting for a 'pop' Aunt Kate entered the kitchen. She gave me a quizzical look as she headed for the coffee pot.

I was buttering my toast as I heard Beth explain to her Jenny's attack of the razor.

Soon we were out the front door and walking toward school. I asked Sis if all girls shorts were so baggy. The shorts were about a couple inches above my knees but they seemed so full. She explained that Jenny had chosen a pair of what are called skorts.