

Kept



Jeri Ellen



A "Young Adult Tv" Novel



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Kept

By Jeri Ellen

I was unaware that my birth had been preceded by my sister's birth. She had died shortly after being born. My mother was crushed of course. She had made the spare room into a little girl's room after the ultra sound had determined the baby was a girl.

Mom was very frugal. She wasn't about to redecorate the pink walls and white trim nor was she going to sell or throw out all the pink clothes she had bought. I went from being swathed in pink diapers to being kept in pink girly clothes until I was old enough to start school.

I am not sure if this had an emotional effect on me or not. I, like my late sister, was quite frail at birth and had what you might call more of a girl's body than a boy's. At home I was in panties and dresses most of the time.

My father seemed unconcerned, mainly I guess because it made my mother happy. Because of mom's diffi-

culties with her two pregnancies there would be no more children. Though mom would never have the daughter she always wanted my dad had a son to carry on his name.

Dad was an IT for a software firm and mom was a make up artist for a local studio at the mall. She also did part-time work on her own for a little theatre group in addition to making house calls for senior women who had arthritis or vision problems to do their nails and makeup.

Neither of my parents liked the public school system so it was decided that I would be home schooled. They started me early. Soon I was reading and learning math when other kids hadn't even started kindergarten. Both my parents were pleased that I showed the signs of being a very bright child.

By the age of five I was no longer in dresses. I missed the cool softness of the tricot panties. My cotton under-pants didn't feel right and neither did wearing pants. The pink Mary Jane shoes had been replaced with sneakers and my pink socks were now white.

I progressed rapidly in my studies and by the time I was twelve I was doing freshman high school level work while other kids my age were in sixth grade level work. The course work came easily to me and I always tested out with nearly perfect scores.

Home schooling does not provide for any interaction with kids my own age except for some lab classes at a nearby school to get credits I could not get at home or on-line. I made friends easily there and also participated in soccer.

I found I enjoyed the challenges of athletic competition as well as the academic ones though because of my small stature I was banged around quite a bit. As a family we all made use of a treadmill and stationery bike in the base-

ment. We also enjoyed biking, walking in the local parks, and along the lake shores. I loved being outdoors.

By the age of fifteen I received my high school diploma. I discussed furthering my education with my parents and a counselor. Despite enjoying the use of a computer at home I was more interested in history and geography. My dad made good money as an IT but I didn't really think it would be for me so I set my sights on a teaching career with history as a major and geography as a minor.

The summer I turned sixteen my parents had an argument. My dad wanted to quit his job and start an internet company along with some friends. They would need some money and mom didn't want to part with either her savings or borrow on her retirement.

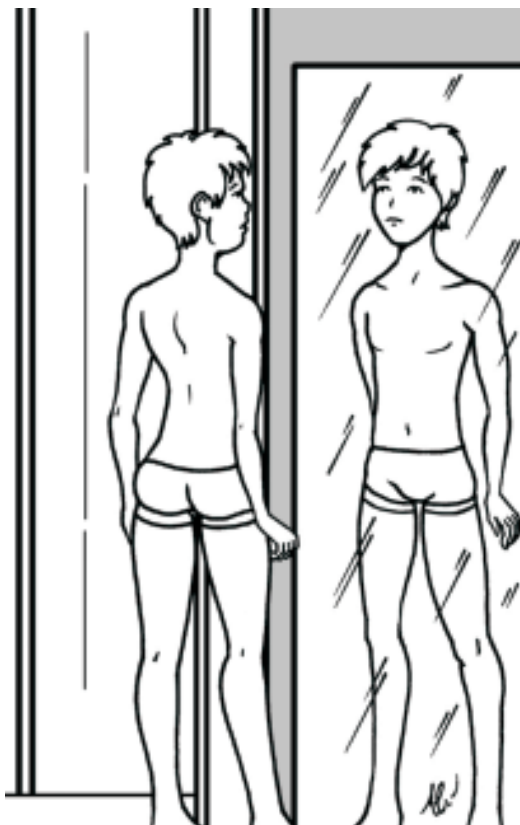
She had hopes of opening her own studio and didn't want to risk her money with my dad's business idea. In her own mind she felt the risks were far too great despite the fact that the internet was expanding by leaps and bounds.

I stayed out of their discussions which became more frequent and more heated. I didn't know how bad things were until one morning at breakfast my dad wasn't there. Mom said he had moved out and we would be alone from now on.

This came as quite a surprise to me as I always thought that despite the high divorce rate my parents were happy. Mom explained the situation. It wasn't that we were not loved anymore it was just that my dad wanted our lives to go in a different direction. It was either his business or a split so mom split.

The house was sold, the mortgage was paid off. Mom and I moved into a two-bedroom duplex. Some of the settlement money bought me a used car. I wanted to find a part time job to earn my spending money though I received a generous allowance and my education was entirely funded by my scholarships.

Most of my schoolwork could be done online which left me with time on my hands. Part time jobs were not too plentiful. I was turned down frequently and of course never found out why until on one occasion when I left a restaurant I overheard the assistant manager remark. "I need a tall waiter not a short waitress," followed by laughter from the other person in the room.



That night after my shower I stood in front of the full length mirror on the back of my bedroom door. Okay so I was short. I had a flat stomach and couldn't see why they thought of me as being feminine. It wasn't like I was an effeminate, floppy-wristed geek of some sort.

I had been dating occasionally. Girls were a little "cool" with me but I certainly didn't think I was feminine or gave outward signals that I might be gay. I couldn't help but think I was being kept in the dark about something. I wished I could find out whatever it was and change it.

Our lives continued. Mom was happy in her work and I was making good grades towards my teaching degree. Financially we were doing okay and those support checks sure helped.

My dad had moved in with a much younger woman who was one of his partners. The company was apparently doing quite well. Mom had seen him driving a Mercedes about a week before his death. In a way I was happy for him but sad for my mom.

Dad's death came as shock to both of us. When their financial bubble burst both he and his partners were caught short. He apparently lost control of his Mercedes on a sharp curve and went into the river. No one could figure out why he was on that road at that time of the night. There was speculation that he had killed himself because of his tight business situation but it could never be proven.

We didn't go to the funeral and neither of us received anything from his estate. It would make things a bit tighter until I finished school but I thought we could manage. Now I would need that job more than ever so I continued to look for whatever was available.

In late April I had just finished doing the supper dishes when mom mentioned a job I might be able to get if I were willing to wear a costume. The wages were restaurant minimum but the tips were supposed to be pretty good. She gave me the name of her client and I made an appointment to see her.

The place was called "Bea's". It was just off the expressway in the northwest part of the city. I pulled into a parking space to find a fifties style fast food restaurant. Atop the building was a huge pink letter B. The border of the roof under it was pink neon as well.

I walked inside to find several girls at the tables filling out applications. A thin woman with blonde hair came up to me with a smile.

"Hi, I am Bea Johnson. You must be Virgil Gilmore,"

"Yes I am. My mom said you were looking for summer help?"

"Fill out this application please and then I will tell you about the job."

I took the application and the pen from her. As I took my seat at one of the tables I caught a glimpse of two of the girls looking at me in a funny way and then giggling.

After I filled out the application I walked back to the counter. A young girl was walking out of the back area and Bea was right behind her. The girl looked at me and seemed to be trying to repress a smile as she passed me and walked out the door.

I handed Bea my application.

"Follow me back to my office please."

I walked with her and once inside the office she motioned me to sit down across from her. She sat down at her desk and briefly glanced at my application, then she handed me a photo of a young girl in a pink wig, with a pink satin hair bow at the top, a pink satin sleeveless blouse, a pink broad skirt with a black poodle on the front that was flared out with a pink petticoat and on her feet she wore pink roller skates.

"I only hire girls here but I know you need a job. Your mom said you had a pretty face and could pass easily for a girl. I need someone I can depend on. A lot of these girls are totally unreliable and are just looking for a few bucks to score some pot or booze. If you are hired you must wear the uniform and be presentable at all times, just like you see in this photograph. Would you be willing to do that?"

I looked at the photograph in front of me and thought back to the time when my mother kept me in pink panties and dresses. I couldn't see any harm in passing myself off as a girl. I needed the job and it would just be for a short time so I nodded and handed the photograph back to Bea.

"Yes I will do what you ask of me," I replied.

"Good. Now I have several people to interview. I will let you know in a few days and we will get you outfitted for work. Thank you for coming."

She extended her arm as she stood up. I shook her hand and she followed me out of the office to the front of the restaurant. Out front there were several girls waiting to get an application. They glanced up at me, then looked at each other and giggled.

I drove home. Over a soda I had second thoughts about what I had just agreed to do but then I wanted a job and this was better than sitting on my hands around the house.

Several days later Bea called to say I was hired. She told me to have mom take some measurements and call them in to a costume shop. I would be called in for a fitting and then be given a start date to begin my training.

That night mom measured my bust, waist, hips and head. I called the shop and gave them to the lady who answered the phone. She said I would be called back for a fitting within a day or two.

I got the callback and drove to a uniform shop in a strip mall not far from Bea's restaurant. The lady on the phone said I should be there promptly at eight am and I was.

When I arrived at the front door it was dark inside and the closed sign was in the window. Shortly a stout woman in jeans and a tee shirt opened the door for me.

"Hi Virgil, I am Linda Winslow the owner. Please come in the back with me."

I walked in the darkened shop. She closed and locked the door behind me. I followed her into the back room which was jammed with bolts of cloth, assorted boxes on tables and two sewing machines.

"Please step into the changing room, remove your clothing and put on the items in the pink box, and then come back out here."

I went inside the small room and took off my clothing. When I opened the pink box I found a pink bra and a matching pair of pink panties. I put on the lingerie and stepped out to where Linda was waiting for me.

She placed two breast forms in the bra cups and adjusted the straps. She handed me a pink petticoat. I stepped into it and brought it up to my waist. Next I tried on several pink satin blouses. She set the ones that didn't fit aside and then held up the pink skirt by the hem and

slipped it over my head. I closed the side zipper as she adjusted the hem around the petticoats.

“Take a seat at the vanity and I will get you a wig.”

I took my seat in front of the mirror remembering to smooth the skirt and petticoat with one hand just like I had done as a child when I was wearing my late sisters clothing. She tried two pink wigs and set aside the one that didn't fit. After fastening the pink satin sissy bow at the top she stepped back.

“Get up and stand in front of me please.”

I got up and stood in front of her as she requested. She looked me over and fussed momentarily with the hem of the skirt and then smiled broadly.

“Sit back down, please,” she asked.

I did so and she began sorting thru a box. She selected two cakes of blusher and two lipsticks. After taking off the covers she held them up to my cheeks and then put two of them back.

“These two will be the right shade for you to use. When you apply the blusher do it sparingly and brush it on in circles. With the lipstick less is more, use it sparingly as well. Now let's get you fitted for the skates.”

She walked over to a shelf and removed three pink boxes. I tried on all of them and found the last pair to fit me the best. When I stood up I was a little uneasy. I had been on roller skates only a couple of times and I knew it would take some getting used to. Linda grinned as I moved cautiously about the small room.

“I think they fit you just fine. You might want to practice on the basement floor or the driveway before going to work.”

I nodded and sat back down in front of the vanity. After removing the skates I stood up. I took off my costume

and wig. Back inside the little changing room I put on my male clothing and came back out.

“Come back at nine tonight and I will have everything ready for you,” she said.

I left and drove home. I glanced in the rear view mirror occasionally wondering what I would look like wearing the makeup and the costume. I had no doubts that I would be able to pass easily for a girl. I just hoped none of the customers would take to close of a look and discover that I was really a male.

That night I drove back to the costume shop. There were no customers inside where Linda was on the phone behind the counter. She smiled as I walked in. After hanging up the phone she handed me a large pink garment bag.

“You are all set. Thank you.”

I took the bag from her and put it in the trunk of my car.

Driving home once again I glanced in the rear view mirror imagining how I would look in costume and makeup. I wanted to get the training out of the way and start working. Bea had yet to call me.

At home I took the pink garment bag into the bedroom and opened it. I hung up the four pink satin sleeveless blouses, the pink petticoat and the two pink poodle skirts in my closet. The breast forms, five pink bras, five pairs of pink satin panties with black ruffles, two pink garter belts and five pairs of pink seamed stockings I placed in my lower dresser drawer. The pink wig and pink sissy bow I left on the foam block and set it on the top of the dresser. The make up along with a sheet of instructions, a package of pink press on nails, a package of disposable razors and a can of pink shaving gel I placed on the top of the dresser too.

In the basement I took off my shoes and laced up the pink roller skates. I skated slowly in circles around the basement. I became more confident. That night after dark I put on the skates again. I skated around the driveway and then down the sidewalk to the corner and back again. I felt good about my ability to handle myself in skates even if it was for an eight hour shift.

Bea called the next day and told me to report in costume for training the next evening at eight. I had pangs of apprehension. I had never ventured out in public in feminine apparel before. I would be with the other girls Bea had hired and hopefully they would not suspect anything.

The day went slowly. That evening after my shower I lathered and shaved both my legs and arms. In front of the bathroom mirror I shaved my face carefully even though I had very little facial hair. I was getting more and more nervous as the time passed.

Mom's face lit up when she saw me in my pink lingerie. I took the makeup into her bedroom and sat at her vanity. She showed me how to apply the blusher and lipstick. After helping me match up the press on nails I put on the wig, sissy bow and costume. She had me twirl around for her and grinned as I did so. I put on my sneakers and carried my pink roller skates out to the car.

I drove carefully to Bea's. This was no time to be stopped for speeding and having to explain the way I was dressed. I was more relaxed. I loved the feel of the satin panties on my skin and the pink stockings on my hair free legs. I guess you could say I felt quite girly though obvi-

ously I had no idea how girls felt about wearing such a costume or anything else for that matter.

I pulled into a vacant space at Bea's. There were several other cars already there. I opened the car door and swung my legs out. After taking off my sneakers I put on the pink roller skates and skated to the front door.

Once there I stood with the other girls at the counter. We waited about fifteen minutes for the other girls to arrive. When the last trainee entered Bea stood in front of each of us and looked us over carefully. We were introduced to each other, "Virginia" was on my name tag, and then she handed each of us a menu.

"Welcome to Bea's girls," she began. "Take this menu home and memorize it. Your poodle skirt has two front pockets, one for the order book and one for your tips. Here we pool tips and divide it up at the end of each shift. NO CHEATING! Not only will you be fired but your fellow waitresses may give you free hair removal with the French fry grease. Pay attention to the customer to get the orders right and of course always behave in a lady like manner. You may smoke on your break but do it out the back door so the customer's won't see you. Now let's go outside to see how well you can skate."

We followed Bea out the door and proceeded to skate around the parking lot. Most of the lights were out so no one would be interrupting us. All of us skated well and Bea motioned us back inside.

"Pick up a tray of water filled glasses and go back outside.

Each of us picked up a tray and returned to the parking lot where under Bea's watch full eye we continued to skate. After about fifteen minutes she waved us back in the restaurant.

We placed our trays on the counter. Next Bea trained us in the cash register system. We filled out our payroll forms and Bea handed us our work schedules.

"Be sure and let me know if you can't come in," she admonished.

We left the restaurant and skated to our cars. None of the other girls had said anything to me and Bea hadn't acknowledged me in any particular way. I was happy about pulling off my charade. I took off my skates and put on my sneakers again.

I started my car but before backing out of my parking spot I glanced in the rear view mirror. It was hard to believe the pretty girl in pink was really me. At this point if I had the other girls fooled I guess I could fool anybody. Once again I drove home carefully.

"How did it go?" asked mom when I entered the house.

"Fine," I answered.

She followed me into her bedroom. After she showed me how to remove the makeup and put the pink press on nails in their respective places she smiled at me.

"You do make a very pretty girl," she said with a giggle.

Back in my own room I took off the costume and went to bed. I dreamed of being cross dressed in all sorts of pink dresses and high heel shoes.

As I drove to report for my first shift I had those pangs of apprehension again. I knew I could do this job and I had to admit it felt good to be back in panties and wearing a skirt.

I pulled into an open parking space and turned off the ignition. Looking in the rear view mirror I smiled at the pretty girl looking back at me with a pink lipsticked

mouth, pink cheeks, pink hair topped with the pink satin sissy bow.

I glanced down at the white oval over my left breast bearing the name "Virginia" in pink script. I had left my boys watch at home and even though I was plenty early I put on my pink skates and went inside. In the back Bea looked me over and then smiled at me.

"You look great. Just relax and be yourself. You're going to do just fine."

I punched in and went out front to pick up an order book. Despite being nervous like anyone would be on the first day of a new job I took a deep breath and skated out to meet the first customer.

All in all things went pretty well that day except for two minor glitches. When Bea called out "Virginia, take your break now," I didn't respond until one of the girls jabbed me in the side.

"Earth to Virginia, time for your break," she admonished.

I skated to the back to have a soft drink. I wasn't used to being addressed as Virginia, a girl's name. I made a mental note to listen for it the next time. The other came when after my lunch I nearly walked in the men's room to pee. I stopped myself short and entered the correct rest room.

I hiked up my skirt, petticoat, and slid my panties down, than sat down to pee. It was something I hadn't done since I was kept in my sisters' clothes.

The summer went by quickly. I was taking only a couple of online credits so I had plenty of time for work. With school out the pace became more hectic during the week and of course on Friday and Saturday night "Chaotic" became a better description.

I got used to all the crazy come-ons from the hormonally charged teen age boys or single men in general. The tips were very good though my first paycheck had been a little short as the cost of alterations and being outfitted was deducted.

By the Labor Day weekend I had built up a small savings account. I was doing my own makeup and found myself loving my eight hours a day en femme. I even enjoyed posing with the other girls for a picture "Bea's Girls" that she would use in her advertising.

It sounds strange but when the restaurant was closing for the season I felt I was going to miss being able to not only wear my feminine apparel but play act or role play the part of a teenage girl. It had been more than just a role I had been playing, I actually felt I was a real girl.

All good things come to an end as they say. Bea thanked me for my hard work and said I would be welcome to come back next summer. I said I would be happy too and left the restaurant.

I turned in my wig, sissy bow, skirt, petticoat, blouses, skates and breast forms at the costume shop. Obviously they weren't going to take back worn lingerie and my makeup was nearly all used up too.

At home I hand washed my lingerie and hung it up in the basement. I felt sad in a way as I had really "enjoyed being a girl" as the Broadway show tune said.

My school continued and I was advancing quickly. I was on track to finish my B.S. and would soon be continuing on to get my Masters. The next hurdle would be finding a job.

Just before Christmas Bea called and asked me to take part in a three day business expo at the mall. Of course I agreed and spent three days cross dressed again in my

pink outfit with four of the other girls I had worked with. We handed out brochures and posed for pictures.

It was a lot of fun and I enjoyed being back in feminine apparel. When the three days were up I hated to go back to my male clothing. It was almost as if I didn't belong in them.

The holidays came and went. It was a very cold winter but I kept busy with my schooling. I had loaded myself up with a full course load. I wanted to have a light load for the summer so I could return to work at Bea's again.

That summer most of the girls returned but there were some new faces too. It was a long hot summer and we were even busier than the year before. I was enjoying not only the job but being cross dressed and acting like "one of the girls" as Bea had remarked with a grin.

At the close in the fall I told Bea I wouldn't be back as I was getting my Masters' degree and I would hopefully be gainfully employed by the next summer. She thanked me for my work and I left.

In a way I felt a little sad giving up my daily sojourn into the feminine world. I had a good working relationship with the other girls. I wondered what it would be like to be able to live and work 24/7 in a feminine environment.

I finished up my course work and by the end of January I had my master's degree. It was bitter cold in late January and early February when I began my job search. I received a monthly flyer from the University about job opportunities and who was going to be on campus to interview.

The first couple of interviews weren't especially encouraging and I never did hear back from them, which I guess was just as well. One of them was for a high school in inner city Chicago and I wanted no part of that.

March first my mom slumped over at a clients' house. She was dead on arrival at the hospital. An aneurysm had ruptured and she had bled out quickly. It was quite a shock to say the least. After the funeral I spend several weeks getting her estate in order and then when everything was finally taken care of I went back to concentrating on my job search.

I bumped into one of the guys from campus and he invited me to join him and some of his friends for a couple of drinks Friday night. He gave me the address of a club and I agreed to meet him there. I had been under a lot of stress and I felt he was right that I should go out with them and loosen up a little.

The club was an out of the way place but it was packed when I arrived. I joined my friends at a table and we ordered some pizza and a pitcher of beer. It was good to be around friends and the beer helped me to relax a little.

On stage a gorgeous blonde who called who billed herself as "Miss Stique" had walked out to thunderous applause and stood at the mike. She was wearing a pink chiffon broad skirted gown with tiers of pink ruffles, pink over the elbow gloves and pink stiletto heel shoes.

She opened her mouth and began to sing. Her voice was absolutely fabulous and the whole crowd seemed to be spellbound. After half a dozen torch songs she bowed and walked off stage.

The applause wouldn't stop and she returned, bowed again and then with a flip of her hand pulled off her wig. The impersonator grinned broadly at the audience and then sauntered off stage with a girlish wiggle.

Like other members of the audience I too was stunned. It was hard to believe that anyone who looked that gorgeous and so feminine was actually a guy. To top things off of course wasn't just his ability to look like a woman but he sang so beautifully. He had us all fooled.

We finished out pizza and had another round of beers. The conversation waned and we all left the club. I was glad I had met with the guys and I felt better despite my uncertain future.

Sitting in my car I glanced in the rear view mirror and imagined myself all dressed and made up like Miss Stique instead of my pink costume for Bea. I had been able to pass myself off at Bea's just as this man had done on stage. I wondered how he did it and how much he got paid. He obviously was enjoying himself just as I did.

I started the car and drove home. After a shower I stood naked in front of the mirror. I thought again about the way I might look all dolled up. I did the tuck and wig-gled my hips the way Miss Stique had done when he sa-shayed off the stage. I was sure I would be passable.

Another flyer arrived from the campus and I noted that a private women's college near Sacramento, California had an opening. I thought briefly about impersonating again to try and get the job. There could be problems though with a required physical and of course my Social Security number belonged to a male. I set the flyer aside to think about it.

The next day a copy of the flyer arrived in the mail. At the bottom was a handwritten note: "I'll bet you could get this job easily and then enjoy yourself 24/7". Below the handwritten note was a single letter "B".

I tossed the note in the trash but then took the campus flyer to the computer and Googled "Hartland College." I found a beautiful website detailing the liberal arts campus

and curriculum. The school had been founded by Rebecca Hartland in the late fifties shortly after her husband died. He had made his money in the oil business and she had sold his interests to open the college. Her daughter, Jessica, was now the administrator.

After shutting off the computer I went back to the living room with a glass of wine. I sat and thought about it again. I would have to call for an interview to be held on Thursday or Friday in two weeks. Once again those pangs of apprehension were poking me in the stomach.

Suddenly I had a brainstorm. I went back to the computer and using the word program wrote Miss Stique a letter explaining my situation and wondering if she, that is he, would help me.

Immediately after mailing it I began to have my regrets. What if he was no longer there and someone else opened his mail? What if his agent opened his mail and tossed it or showed it to others at the club? What if somehow the letter became public? I felt sick and nearly turned around to go back to the post office to try to get the letter back.

Later that night after a couple of glasses of wine I had settled down. I could only wait and see whether or not I would get a reply. Nothing ventured, nothing gained I guess you could say.

It was a long five days before the reply came. The envelope was pink and inside was a pink business card with black lettering. "Mystique Consulting" was at the top. "Private and confidential" was the next line followed by a telephone number.

I set the card on my computer table. I Googled “Miss Stique” and found that he had his own website too. There were photos from his many appearances at various clubs around the country as well as his itinerary for the rest of the year. There was no e-mail, street address, or phone listed.

Exiting the internet I had those pangs again. With no job prospects in sight I felt I should just take the bull by the horns and make the call. It may not help me get the job but I had no doubt his advice would be worth the trip.

The next morning I called the number on the card. I got his voicemail, left my phone number, and requested he call me in the evening. The day never seemed to end. Later that night I had just finished my second glass of wine when my phone rang.

He said he would see me at the club at 7pm the next night night, just before his eight o’clock show. I was to come to the rear of the club and bring two hundred dollars in cash, his “fee”. I agreed and he hung up.

It was a very long day. I didn’t eat much of a supper. I parked around the corner from the club and walked to the rear entrance. It was locked so I pushed the button. A voice asked me to identify myself so I did explaining I had a seven o’clock appointment with Miss Stique. A buzzer sounded so I turned the handle and walked inside.

A stout man just inside the door pointed me down a hallway.

“First room on your right,” he said.

I stopped at the door and knocked.

“Who is it,” a feminine voice asked.

I identified myself and the door opened.

Miss Stique was wearing a pink chiffon dressing gown and pink high heels. He was wearing makeup but not the

wig. It looked weird in a sense. He motioned me to sit next to his dressing table and then held out his hand. I placed two hundred dollars in his soft, girly hand and couldn't help noticing the immaculately manicured pink fingernails.

He handed me several sheets of paper stapled together. At the top was the title "Feminine Guidelines". We went over everything on the sheets, stopping only to answer my questions. He was very considerate and I found our session to be very informative.

"Showtime, ten minutes!" came a voice at the door.

I stood up, shook his hand, thanked him, and left.

Back home I sat down with a glass of wine and went over the guideline sheets. The bottom of the last page was a list of websites and stores in various cities that offered products like wigs, breast forms, dresses, shoes and makeup made especially for men trying to look like women. Four of them had an asterisk with the note at the bottom "Mention my name".

I checked out the companies on the internet and made some notes on the back of the sheet. The clothes on the website were mostly "glam" clothes as were some of the wigs. I wasn't sure what, if anything, the school might require. I decided to order a conservative brown wig, a pair of breast forms, and some foundation garments along with a package of sheer panty hose.

The next day I went to two thrift stores and a mission store. I bought a pair of black flat shoes, a black purse and a black pantsuit. I was surprised that none of the volunteer clerks even blinked when I made my purchases. Later that afternoon using my modulated voice, suggested by Miss Stique, I called and got an appointment for an interview.