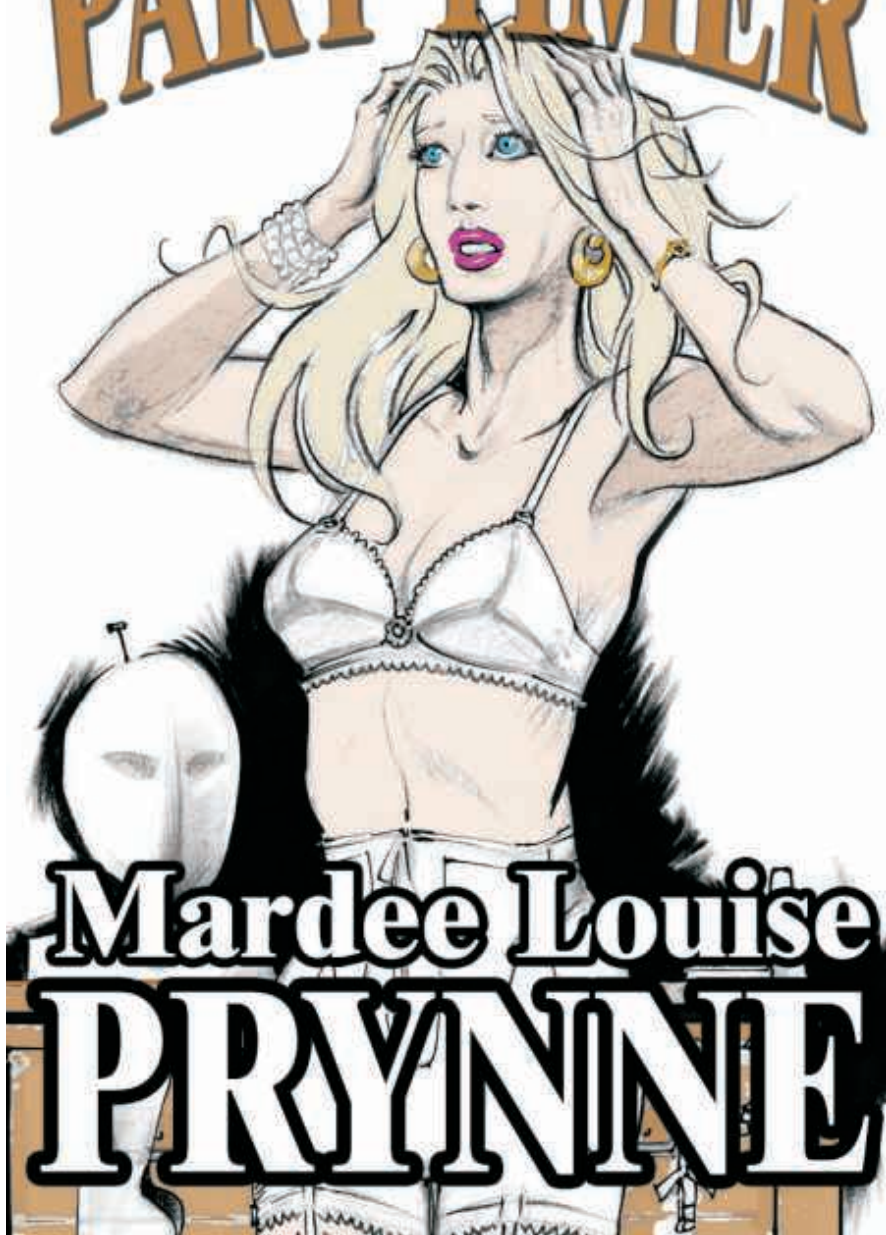


**PART TIMER**



**Mardee Louise  
PRYNNIE**

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# PART TIMER

**By Mardee Louise Prynne**

"That's a corny excuse, Mitch. You're a good athlete because you move well. And dancing is just movement. Only a real drip would be afraid to learn to dance. I never thought you would be..."

"Go ahead, Madison. Say it. You think I'm afraid to ask Joanne to the dance. Could be you're right."

"It might also be that you're afraid of what all the big man on campus types might think about you if came over to my house so I could teach you to dance. And big man on campus includes big girls on campus or to be honest, big bitches on campus. And you know that they love to wag their tongues almost as much as they love to wag their derrières." Madison stopped short. He was concerned that Mitch might pick up that slight note of envy in his voice, envy of the girls' privilege to wiggle what Madison called their derrieres.

Mitch was sitting on the back steps of the high school with Madison standing looking at the slight boy he got himself more and more worked up. He reached up and caught the effeminate boy's wrist and gently pulled him down alongside him.

"Listen, Madison. So I'm a drip about learning to dance but I really don't give a rat's ass about what people say about you. You're a good kid and that's what counts with me."

"Mitch, you're so sweet, so nice to me. I'm grateful you stood up for me when those goons gave me a hard time when Mother and I moved here. I want to show my appreciation but you never give me the chance to do something nice for you. Now's the time for you to give me that chance. You need to learn to dance and I can teach you. Stop playing at being the hard guy and let me help you..."

"First of all, you haven't been here long at all so you got no business calling my buddies goons when you don't know anything about them. And you don't owe me a darn thing because what I did for you I would have done for any helpless little..."

"Stop, Mitch. It's mean to remind me I'm helpless when it comes to protecting myself. And besides, I may not be as helpless as you think."

"Yeah, right," grunted Mitch.

Madison folded his arms across his body and pouted before breaking the awkward silence that ensued. "Mitch, don't think I'm going to beg you but I would feel that I've repaid your kindness. I thought that you might feel better about going to the dance if I could give you a few lessons. Excuse my concern about not wanting you to embarrass yourself. Last chance."

Mitch looked up at Madison. His sullen look belied the surprise he felt at this new kid's irrefutable statement that this was Mitch's last chance.

As Madison waited for Mitch to reply thoughts raced through his mind, thoughts that were very different from what Mitch could possibly have guessed. Damn it all! Helpless, am I? Sure, I've been playing that part all my life and I'm tired of it. Tired and angry, angry enough to start showing these conceited creeps...All of those creeps better start watching out. I may not be much of a guy but there are going to be some changes. Those jerks are going to have their egos bruised when I get through with each and every one of them. And Mitch, honey, you're number one on my list.

Mitch stared at the sidewalk before turning to face the persistent newcomer. "Sure, kiddo. Only stop with the whining when you don't get your way. Okay, so when do we start?"

"Saturday afternoon." Madison, usually so reserved and formal in speaking as in most other things, spit this out in a staccato and very definite statement. "This is so swank. You're really going to come over to my house!"

Mitch thought hard for a second or two as he realized he had agreed to something he didn't want to do. It wasn't that he didn't want to spend some time learning to dance and it wasn't that he found Madison's company unpleasant. Just the opposite; he got some inexpressible pleasure in being with the weird kid. Mitch was well aware of what his pals thought of kids like Madison. The only thing worse than being a faggot, a fruit, a fairy or whatever ugly word they chose to call these oddly attractive boys was to openly care about them. He, too, voiced those thoughts until a week or two ago when this eerily pretty boy registered in the high school. There was no way he could get out of this unless he was willing to break the heart of this new acquaintance. But why, he wondered, was he so reluctant to offend this weird kid.

He pressed Madison's hand in his own. A shiver ran through him as he realized that it was a boy's hand he was holding, a boy's hand he pressed gently in an affectionate manner that was reserved for girls. He wondered whether the shiver was one of revulsion at having shared so intimate gesture with a boy or was it something akin to the thrill of being near a girl one liked.

"Just come over on Saturday so we can have the whole afternoon together."

"Sure. Why wouldn't I?"

"And you can stay for dinner; that is unless you have a date."

"I have a date with Joanne."

He watched Madison's face fall.

"Okay so I'll cancel it."

Mitch was delighted at being able to change Madison's moods so quickly. He felt a sense of power over the very girlish teen seated next to him. With that sense of power came a sense of responsibility, the responsibility to never hurt the strange teen he had felt a need to protect day he appeared at school. He reflected for a moment. I don't owe this twerp a damn thing. So why am I letting her talk me into this? Shit! HER! The little fairy has me thinking like he's girl. I cancel with Joanne and I'm done as far as she's concerned. Not that she's such hot stuff, not half as hot as she thinks she is. It's just that if she drops me then... What the hell do I now?

It struck Mitch that his hand still rested on Madison's. Despite this awareness, he let it remain. He wondered why he was taking Madison up on his offer to help him learn to dance. Dancing was not something that he missed doing so why did he accept Madison's offer? Is because it'll give me a reason to hang out with him?

"Got to go now. Takes me a while to get home." Madison smiled at him with a look of gratitude on his smooth delicately featured face.

"Say where exactly do you live, anyhow?"

"Tell you later. Call me." Madison dropped his book bag on the steps and yanked out his memo pad. Balancing the small pad on his knee, he quickly wrote his phone number on a blank page, tore it out and handed it to Mitch. He waved at Mitch over his shoulder as he ran to catch the bus that had pulled up at the corner. Mitch noticed there was something awkward about the way Madison ran. It wasn't that he was slow or a klutz, but what was it? Then it struck him. Madison ran like a girl. Don't know why that should be a surprise. That twerp does everything else like a girl. Five gets you ten he's out to make a fool of me. He glanced down the slip of paper with Madison's phone number. It was an exchange that was out of the neighborhood, even out of the high school district. Wow! His family must have some good contacts for him to be able to go to this school. Wonder who they know.

"Now isn't that just too, too cute."

The voice startled Mitch. He looked over his shoulder to see Gina, a neighborhood girl with whom he had once shared a reciprocal crush, standing in the doorway looking down at him with a pleasant smile, a smile so pleasant that, under the circumstances, it had to be sarcastic.

"Gina! Hi. It ain't what you think, okay. I just didn't want to hurt his feelings so I took him up on his offer."

"Mitch, don't feel you have to explain anything to me, least of all your friendship with that weird... faggot."

"You're right, Gina. I don't have to explain anything to you. Not about Madison, not about anything."

At that instant a gust of wind lifted Gina's full skirt just enough for Mitch to catch a glimpse of her bare thighs. She made more of a fuss than necessary in pushing her skirt down. Mitch didn't catch on that she was deliberately calling attention to her own feminine graces and, of course, her charms.

"I really don't see why you feel you need to be a good dancer in order to please that snob Joanne. And even if you did, I could teach you at least as well as that fruit ever could. Looks like you let little Madison sell you a bill of goods. That queer really got you under his dainty little thumb."

"Just because he's small and skinny doesn't make him a queer. And just remember, no one, not no one gets me under their thumb, not now, not ever." Mitch's tone and expression weren't lost on Gina. The girl's thoughts were very unlike Mitch would have hoped they might be. Far from being awestruck by his pseudo-macho tough guy tone, she was speculating about what was going in Mitch's mind. Sure, the dope thinks he's being so clever insisting that Madison's not queer. If he really doesn't care what anyone thinks then why his being so pushy insisting that Madison's no queer? I get it! He's trying to cover up that he likes him!

"Sorry. Okay, so he may not be a queer but just the thought of you dancing close with Madison... Truth is I feel jealous."

"You do?"

"Of course I do."

"Then maybe you can tell me how I can get out of this without making Madison feel worse about himself than he already does. Be a pal and help me out here."

"Say, I have an idea. You tell Madison you have a date with me and you can't break it."

"Madison knows I have date with Joanne and I said I would break it."

"Yeah, I heard you."

"Just how long were you standing in back of us?"

"Long enough to know that your reputation would be in trouble if anyone else saw and heard what I did... Oh, Mitch, don't worry. I care too much about you to ever do anything to hurt you." Juts behave yourself with me, little boy, she added silently, or I'll fix your sorry ass once and for all.

"What if I call Madison's house while you're there and say someone in your family is sick and you have to come home?"

"Gina, you're a doll. That might just work. Come on, I'll buy you a soda."

"Sure thing. That'll give you a chance to explain why you got into such a snit when I called Miss Madison a queer."

"I said can it, okay?" Mitch turned toward Gina and stood almost nose to nose with the girl.

"Touchy, touchy, touchy." Gina sneered defiantly as she spoke.

Her mockingly defiant tone met no resistance from Mitch who lowered his eyes. "Sorry, Gina. I just got a little excited. You understand."

"Sure I understand. You're a real tough guy, another James Dean. Mitch, I do understand and I'm sorry you had to get yourself so worked up."

Gina's sarcasm about him being a real tough guy reminded him she knew he wasn't nearly as tough as people thought him to be. He hoped she didn't really understand why he was so sensitive to cracks about Madison's girlish looks and his effeminate mannerisms.

What's with Mitch? Gina's thoughts dwelled on the issue that so provoked Mitch. He hasn't been so touchy about another kid since we teased him about liking Lois Berkman back in sixth grade. Hey, I wonder if he doesn't have a crush on Madison. God, he'd be in such trouble around here if that ever got out. Best thing I can do for him is to get his mind off her. Her! Did I just say her? Shows how easy it is for anyone to think about Madison like he was a real girl.

She bumped her hip against Mitch's and slipped her arm around his waist.

"Friends?" she asked.

"Friends," responded Mitch as Gina patted his butt.

"Remember, Mitch, that if you really want to learn to dance, I can teach you. You know I've been studying dance for almost a year now."

"Yeah, sure. Who you trying to impress? You call what you're learning dance? Just a bunch of girls in long skirts throwing themselves around. Miserable excuse for being dancers; The Modern Dance Club."

"You ignorant piece of trash!" This time it was Mitch who suddenly realized he had gone too far. Gina was livid with rage. "I try to help you protect your feeble reputation and you make fun of things you don't understand. Just get away from me and stay away from me you pathetic jerk. And don't think you can sweet talk me."

He started after her as she walked off. He wanted to reach and grab her arm, turn her to face him. As he neared her, she stopped in her tracks and faced with a glaring fire in her eyes. Mitch was afraid to look her in the eye lest every semblance of macho pride

drain right out of him. He looked down and turned away.

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Madison got off the bus on the far side of the park that separated the world of old money and well maintained townhouses from the blue collar middle class area where Mitch, Gina, and their high school friends lived in self-righteous, unimaginative comfort. Some of the homes along Madison's side of the park were owned by artists, musicians and performers. One street especially convenient to bus and subway stops housed a number of physicians and psycho-analysts with unusual specialties. The area was culturally light years away from the middle class area of cookie cutter houses and modest apartment

buildings that was home to the blue collar and clerical middle class families that was home to Mitch, Gina and the rest of the student body of the high school.

Beyond the residential area where Madison lived with his mother and a live-in maid of all work lay a few commercial streets that were yet to be discovered by the fashionable and the trend setters. The shops along these tree shaded street had a variety of boutique clothing stores, custom jewelry makers, restaurants, cafes, and cabarets. Needless to add that these very arty mercantile establishments catered to a trade made up largely of people as arty and creative as themselves.

The slender boy clutched his school bag to his chest and relaxed now that felt safe from the taunting of the unfeeling students in his new school. It wasn't so much that they singled out Madison for his odd ways and interests in the things that made life beautiful. Mother was right when she said that anyone who didn't fit into their narrow values would be treated the same or worse.

Madison checked the cars along the street as he walked. Mother had explained to him that his father's wrath at his being so much like a girl would not end with her divorce from that awful man. That was why she used her family connections to allow Madison to attend a distant high school, one where his father would never be able to find him. He knew his father would not rest until the boy was no longer around to be an embarrassment to him. A hit and run might be the easiest way to remove that embarrassing sprig of the family tree.

Despite his focus on keeping himself safe Madison became visibly more relaxed as he walked through the quiet streets. His steps became smaller, his feet closer together, as each step he took was as if he was stepping on a narrow line or walking a tight rope.

The effect was an undoubtedly feminine walk with just enough sway of his hips to convince any casual observer noticing him that this was a petite girl.

A smile crossed his face as this closeness to his own neighborhood allowed him to stop pretending that he was something he was never meant to be. As he paused waiting for the traffic light to change, he ran his free hand through his naturally blond hair raking the front into casual bangs.

How can I be sure that Mitch isn't going to hurt my feelings or even hurt me? It's just so unfair. He bit his lower lip and fought back the tears.

The effeminate teen's mood brightened as he noticed a policeman on foot patrol approached from the opposite direction. Madison noticed how young the officer was and how his eyes moved up and down and knew that he was appraising him. Her facial expression was now a half smile for the benefit of the young cop. A friendly smile and a wink from the officer momentarily reassured Madison that there was nothing wrong with being effeminate especially if you can be taken for a real girl. Madison quickly became anxious as he wondered if the man was making fun of him but realized that was unlikely. The boy wasn't so naïve as to believe that policemen weren't capable of harassing girlish young men. It just seemed very improbable that one of them would do it in broad daylight with no provocation by the targeted queer. Madison cringed at the very idea of even using that ugly word 'queer' even if in his silent thoughts.

He wanted ever so much to turn or at least glance over his shoulder to see if the patrolman was looking back at him but somehow couldn't bring himself to do so.

Madison turned up a long driveway leading to an old Queen Anne style house sitting atop a knoll. He let himself in through a side door and went up to his bedroom.

He put his school books on his desk.

It's just too nice out to my homework now. I'll take a walk and window shop. Homework can keep until after dinner.

The teen slipped off his white buck shoes, so popular back in the fifties. He undid his shirt and threw it in the hamper. He took off his trousers and hung them on hanger but left them hanging on a clothes tree in his room in order for them to air out.

Standing in front of the full length mirror on his bedroom door, he placed his hands on his tiny waist, smiled in satisfaction at the total absence of hair on his chest and legs. He hooked his thumbs in the waist band of his white brief underpants and tugged them down in an unequivocally feminine manner. After all, he was flirting with himself but just as practice for the time when he would be seducing his lover.

Reaching into the bottom drawer of his dresser, he took out a pair of baby blue plain cotton panties, quickly determined which side was front and stepped into them. White Bermuda shorts, a style that boys were just beginning to adopt back then, followed. A vee neck long sleeved tee in medium blue was next. Crew socks and saddle shoes completed his ensemble. The effect was that of a casually dressed girl. Still, that wasn't enough to satisfy Madison's need to be as much like a girl as he dared to be. He slipped into Mother's room, sat down at her vanity and applied soft pink lipstick to his Cupid's bow lips. He took a tissue and closed lips over it thus blotting off most of the lipstick. The effect was subtle but so pleasing. The color of his lips was such that a casual observer would wonder if this were the natural lip color of a healthy girl who spent a lot of time in vigorous outdoor activity or whether she had great skill in use of makeup or, perhaps, both.

After returning to his own room Madison opened another dresser drawer and chose a small cordovan leather shoulder bag into which he threw his house keys, a few tissues, his learner's permit, and a change purse with a few dollars and some loose change in it. A quick glance in the mirror as he tilted his head and practiced his most flirtatious smile. A quizzical look as he studied his hair style. It wasn't that he wasn't pleased with it but he had to make sure it would stay in place. He took a rat tail comb from the lower of his two dressers, returned to Mother's vanity table and dipped the comb in a jar of hair lacquer before recombining his hair.

He felt like a new person as he stepped through the front gate of the house. Well why not?

He was no longer the whining little kid that Mitch complained about. Far from it, the figure that made her way along the streets was an attractive, self possessed girl. She

wandered along the streets of this new and very appealing district. There was sense of safety that this very ambiguous teen had never known when out alone even when dressed as a boy. Of course dressing as a boy was what had always been expected of her, imposed on her though she never felt comfortable that way. Madison remembered that it was hard-



est when the lonely little boy she had been was accepted among girls in schoolyard play. (Remember that in the forties girls in any grade always wore skirts or dresses to school.) She had watched them with envy as she waited his turn to 'jump in' as they played jump rope games. The girls leaped high over the rope with no thought as to whether the other girls could see their petticoats under their starched cotton skirts. The occasional glimpse of panty meant nothing since the boys were all on the far side of the yard or park. For so long Madison had been accepted as one of the girls that they took no notice if they inadvertently treated him to a glimpse of petti or of panty. They knew they wouldn't be teased by their odd friend nor would he ever get 'fresh' although they didn't know why they thought that about the only 'really nice boy.' Perhaps in retrospect some of the more insightful girls would understand that it wasn't a puerile lust that they inspired in Madison. It was envy, envy of their pretty clothes, their long hair, and, of course, their pretty unmentionables.

Madison thought back to that brief time when the girls accepted the boy she had been as just another girl. But then she remembered how things had changed with the approach of puberty. Some of the boys smiled back when Madison smiled at them and others were no longer so mean to the 'faggot.' It was about this time that the girls began to distance themselves from Madison, to torment the already lonely child with a more personal and more intense viciousness than the boys had done. They not only taunted Madison but made life unbearable for any boy who was nice to the boy who seemed to some more attractive than many of the girls. Thus it was that the period of childhood that Madison recalled so fondly ended with him in total isolation.

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An old fashioned pharmacy occupied a corner. The gold lettering in the window proclaimed 'DRUGS & SUNDRIES' below which in smaller letters was appended a cardboard sign: 'We offer a full line of cosmetics & sunglasses.' Madison paused and studied the rather artful display of sunglasses in the window with little else to distract from the glasses themselves. Madison was fascinated by the cats-eye shapes of the brightly colored plastic frames. A deep breath and then she checked her purse to make sure she had enough money with her.

Madison hesitated as the door closed behind her and a dark-haired woman in a pink smock approached her.

"Hello. I'm the cosmetologist here so please don't hesitate to ask me any questions about anything in the shop. Just take you're time and feel free to browse. My name's Helen and you are?"

"I'm Madison. I'm more interested in sunglasses right now than anything else."

"Okay, Maddie. It is okay if I call you Maddie, isn't it?" She continued without waiting for a response. "For a moment I was wondering why you want more than the most basic makeup supplies given your wonderful complexion and facial bones. And hair

like yours is a gift from the goddess."

Madison felt terribly flattered by Helen's spontaneous compliments. She wondered whether Helen was mistaking her for a girl, something which would have been so wonderful. She also wondered why Helen referred to her hair as a gift from the goddess. Of course it had to be a figure of speech, that's all.

Helen thoughtfully laid out several pair of sunglasses on the counter. She kept up a commentary on why she was offering various styles and colors for Maddie's consideration. The girl/boy was trying hard to remember why Helen thought various shapes would emphasize the shaper of her eyes or why one color was preferable to another. The girl/boy knew that she needed as much information as she could possibly have in order to 'catch up' to the real girls who had been developing their skills while Madison looked on in bitter envy.

"Gee, Helen, I never thought about all these little details. I do know that certain colors in clothes are good for me and that others are to be avoided but I never thought about all the nuances in accessories."

The woman gave Madison a knowing nod and added approvingly, "It's so reassuring to meet a young lady like you who understands accessories and has a color sense of what she should wear."

She felt her face grow warm as she blushed at the compliment, the stated compliment and the compliment of being reacted to as a real girl.

Maddie tried on different styles and shapes as Helen guided her through the process. The search soon narrowed to three or four pair and then finally to two.

"Both of those are so right for you." Helen offered but then dropped her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "This pair you can wear almost anywhere but I would be very careful about wearing this pair to school. It's just too feminine for times when you have to be a boy."

Madison blanched as her breath caught in her throat.

"Just relax, honey. You see we get a fair number of girls like you in here. They feel safe, comfortable, and above all, accepted. And don't worry; you're just so right as a girl than I wasn't sure at first. It wasn't I saw your hesitation in deciding on shapes that I realized you're not a real girl. It would be offensive of me to call you a boy when you're so natural and so comfortable being a girl.

"I only warned you about those glasses being too feminine to keep you from going too far too quickly. Don't want to see some jerks messing up that beautiful face of yours. An experience like that can frighten a girl like yourself out of becoming the real you, the you you're about to become."

"Gosh, Helen, I don't how to thank you for not making fun of me. You not only helped me pick out sunglasses but you made me feel so sure of myself..."

"Forget it, kiddo. It's my pleasure to help girls get started. Call on us again."

The boy/girl was all agog as she stepped out of the shaded entrance way of the drug store. She lifted her sunglasses from her nose and scanned the street before putting them on properly once more. A short stroll along the busier streets taught her that the sunglasses allowed her to study her effect on passersby without letting them she was studying

their reactions. She arrived home confident that she would have no trouble passing as a girl, an attractive one at that.

Maddie had to acknowledge, at least to herself, that real girls her age had an advantage in that they had their entire lives to develop their makeup techniques, their fashion sense, to chose a public persona and how to dress that persona to their advantage. Lots of girls just slavishly followed fashion, too often ending up with looks that were so wrong for their physical type and for their personality. That's never going to be me, she promised herself. I'm going to set my own style. One thing I do know and that's when you're unique you're an original so play it for all it's worth. And that's just what I'm going to do.



Madison decided on a grand entrance to let Mother know she was ready to be what they both had been hinting at but never openly acknowledged. She sat in the sun room of her bedroom, a room that served as both sitting room and study. The hairbrush ran through her hair more then the requisite forty strokes on each side. Maddie was so quietly absorbed in being an ordinary girl that she was unable to concentrate on the task at hand.

She opened the bottom drawer of her desk and took out a box of mementoes from her desk. These were keepsakes from her childhood, a time when she was able to openly experiment, to play with things feminine, things forbidden to boys. A pair of silver clip-on earrings. Had she worn them to a costume party or for Trick or Treat one Halloween?

It mattered little. What mattered now was that she was going to wear them on an ordinary Thursday evening with no pretense. There is nothing inappropriate about an eighteen year old girl wearing earrings at home or any other place.

Maddie sat reading a school text as she waited for Mother to come home. At the sound of Mother's greeting from the foyer of the house, Maddie calmly closed her book, stood up and put on her sunglasses. At first she bounded down the stairs but soon slowed to graceful walk as she reached the landing between the second and first floors. She paused with one foot in front of the other, rested one hand on her hip as she took of her sunglasses. She smiled flirtatiously, rested the end of her sunglass frame against her lip and smiled flirtatiously at Mother.

"Darling," said Mother as she surveyed her emerging daughter. "This has been so long in coming! The girl you've always been deep inside is finally able to say 'I'm here.' It's been too long coming."

Mother walked slowly up the stairs, put her hand behind Maddie's head and kissed her fully on the mouth.



It wasn't until Saturday morning that Madison again ventured out as a girl. This time she had Mother's help in choosing clothes, makeup, and in doing her hair.

"Come sit at my vanity table so I can do your pretty face."

"But, Mother..."

"No 'buts.' And you needn't be concerned about Marie. I gave her the weekend off so we can explore the new, no, not the new but the real Madison. And there's no need for concern over Marie knowing anything. She'll never betray any secrets we may have."

Maddie sat at Mother's vanity while Mother brushed her hair and clipped it back from her face with a pair of tortoise shell barrettes. She turned Maddie away from the mirror as she applied the slightest bit of eye shadow and liner to the teen's green eyes. Lipstick followed.

Mother took Maddie's hand and gently raised her to her feet. The image that looked back at Maddie from the mirror was exotically beautiful despite the American girl face that slowly smiled as she assessed herself. That the outline of her cock was plainly visible through the yellow cotton panties; that her smooth, almost totally undeveloped chest could have been that of a slender boy or of a girl on the verge of becoming a woman was what gave her the irresistibly exotic beauty that is the gift of trannies.

"Darling, you do need to get some brassieres as soon as possible. It would be very unladylike for a girl your age to be walking around with those budding nipples of yours showing through your blouse. For now this will have to do."

She handed Maddie a silken garment which, after some fussing, the young trannie held in front of her. The garment was shaped somewhat like an under vest, the sort of thing that girl might wear under her blouse until such time as she was ready for a brassiere as bras were almost universally called in that bygone and elegant era. (Training bras were all but unheard of back in the fifties.)

"It's called a camisole," offered Mother. "Just slip it on over your head."

The ecru camisole added to Maddie's sense of femininity as well as to her irresistible allure. She fingered the tiny pink rose sewn on the neckline of this article very feminine, very intimate garb.

"For the time being you should avoid skirts and dresses, at least until we can work with you on sitting like a lady. I'm sorry we can't shop together this morning but work calls. I'm going to give you some money and perhaps that Helen person you mentioned can help you choose a basic makeup selection to get you started."

Maddie stood quietly as Mother handed her a blue cotton blouse. Inexperienced as she was in donning womanly attire, she tried to put it on backwards. Even the more effeminate boys have limited practice with blouses that button up the back. Gray slacks followed but Mother crinkled her nose and ordered her newly emerging daughter to "Take them off." She delved in the back of her closet and brought out a gray a-line skirt.

"This should fit you well enough. It has enough shape to call attention to your perky tush but not so fitted that your male accoutrements will show under your clothing. We can fix that with a girdle, I'm sure but for today you'll get by with this skirt. Just pay attention to sitting like a lady and I do mean a lady. Keep your knees together and cross your legs at the ankles. We'll work on the rest when we have more time."

"Do I get to wear stockings with this ensemble?"