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# “School Daze”

**Kenneth Leigh**

I

You know, some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed.

Take today, for instance. It started out with a bang... literally! I fell while getting out of bed and struck my head a good one on the bedside stand. For a minute, I saw stars... big time!

Then, I stepped on the cat's tail and I was so startled, I fell flat on my ass, well, I fell down again.

If that weren't enough, my car had a flat tire, further adding to the things that could, and did, go wrong!

After changing the tire, the battery was dead.

After Triple A got me started and on the way to work, I ran out of gas.

By the time I arrived at work, I was steaming.

My time card was missing and I found it in Mike Swallow's slot. Why he had punched in as me, I'll never know!

And wouldn't you know? There was the big boss, Father John, checking on late arrivals... like me.

“Well, Shorty,” he greeted sarcastically, “I'm so glad to see you decided to join us this morning!”

I started to explain, but he cut me off with a short wave. “Just get to work on that unit.”

“Yes, Sir,” I mumbled and walked into the company garage where I worked as a big rig mechanic. “Old goat!” I mumbled as I walked by.

"Hey, Shorty!" Ben Dover called (Ben's the head mechanic), "That Dump Truck needs its regular check-up."

"OK, boss," I answered. Then asked, "Hey, where's Charlie?"

"He broke his finger last night while bowling," was the response.

"Dangerous business, bowling," I grinned. "Gotta watch those things."

"Yeah." He stared at me a moment, then, "The Truck?"

So, I turned to my work, and the next disaster happened. I dropped the spanner box right on my sore left foot! Boy, did it ever hurt!

"Holy Jesus, Mary and Joseph," I cried, clutching my foot and jumping around on my other foot.

"Now what?" Ben cried, rushing over.

"I dropped the damn spanner box," I snapped.

"I can see that, you damn fool!" he snapped in return. "Why'd you go and do something stupid like that for?"

"I did it on purpose just so you'd have something else to bitch about!" I snapped sarcastically.

"Watch it, Shorty," he warned, "There's twenty guys out there just waiting to have your job!"

"They can have it for all of me!"

He turned away in disgust, so I picked up the tool box and started to work on the waiting Euclid.

If you think that was the end of the things that happened, guess again!

Next, a nut twisted off and I cracked my knuckles on a hot manifold, burning my hand as well as breaking the skin and bleeding all over the place.

Then an oil line broke right in front of my face, spraying me with hot oil, further adding to my irritation.

After I had cleaned the oil off, big, clumsy Jerry Kane stepped on my already sore left foot and I screamed bloody murder.

Ben came running over. "Now what?" he demanded.

"This clumsy s.o.b. stepped on my sore foot!" I yelled in outrage.

"It was an accident, Boss," Jerry grinned.

Yeah, sure it was!

"Get back to work, the both of you! If'n I hear one more word outta either one of you, I'll fire the both of you!"

At last, I made it to lunch time without further incident, and except for my thermos leaking coffee all over my sandwiches, and my banana was smushed. It was no more than I would have expected! What else could go wrong?

Then, I started work again.

This time, I was fixing a drag line, getting the fluid cylinders balanced and realigned, when one of the cables snapped, the broken end whipping past my eye by centimeters and smashing into the cab's windows with flying glass everywhere!

Of course, Ben thought I had done it on purpose and in the ensuing argument, words were exchanged and I ended up walking off the job.

"You go," Ben warned, "don't come back!"

And, on the way back to my apartment, I was tail-ended by this ditzy blonde who had her head firmly embedded up her rear, until she slammed into me.

My car had to be towed from the scene.

Hers too.

I didn't care about her, after all, she was no concern of mine! But, I did need my wheels to get around, especially since I had to find a new job fast.

Home at last!

To a vacant apartment, and a nasty note from my now ex-girl friend informing me that she was going home to her mother.

Good riddance!

She had been a real c--- these past few weeks and I was happy to see her go. There were thousands more like her out there, just waiting to hook up with some deserving guy... like me!

Let's see: she took the TV; the DVD; the dining table and all the chairs; all the linens; she stripped the living room right down to the hardwood floor; hell, she even took the roll of toilet paper from the roller!

There was no cat to feed, no food to feed it even if I had wanted to. It was her damn cat anyway!

Yeah, the fridge had been raided too. Not a crumb was left!

I looked in our cache and the whole six hundred bucks was gone!

So, I checked the bank book that I kept in my name, and fortunately, I still had a couple hundred bucks left there.

I ate at the corner bar, and when I left, I was feeling no pain! I checked into a motel and that's all I remember of that day.

Oh, yeah, I stubbed my left great toe when I stumbled into the motel room, and that put the crowning touch on a truly forgettable day.

## II

Background.

My name is Kenneth "Shorty" George.

“Shorty...” Well, you see, I’m a mere five two standing on my tippy toes. I come by my shortness honestly. My mom was four ten and my dad barely topped out at five three or so. Being short and wiry, I was light, only ninety eight pounds soaking wet. Topping it all off, I had blue eyes and blonde hair.

I had many a fist fight with other boys because of my looks.

My parents had been tumblers in the circus and had been killed in a tent fire when I was fourteen. When the smoke finally cleared, I was sent to live with my maiden Aunt Dorcas, my dad’s elder sister.

Because I was so tiny, Aunt Dorcas soon had me in skirts and heels, and I was treated as a girl by all her female friends.

I can’t say that I rebelled too much. After all, they showered me with their love and affection at every turn, and I ate it up!

I think I rebelled when I was started on corset training to reduce my “huge” waist (I was twenty six inches!), but an hour of Aunt Dorcas’ “discipline” soon made me see the light... so to speak.

Without my stated consent, I was started on an intense female hormone regime, and I soon noticed some rather startling changes in my physical appearance. For one thing, my skin became softer and smoother to the touch, my soft, fine blonde body hair almost disappeared totally. Even the hair in my crotch got softer and nicer feeling to the touch!

For another, my chest started itching like crazy and my tiny nipples became extremely sensitive to any touch. But, when I pointed this out to Aunt Dorcas, she smiled and told me the itching would stop in time. And, it did!

But, in place of the itching, I now had definite bumps under my nipples that kept growing until there were two rounded hills on my chest. They were called “breasts” by Aunt Dorcas and I soon found myself nestled in a thing called a bra, short for brassiere, that relieved the heaviness from my chest and redistributed it across my shoulders. My “breasts” became even bigger until I had filled out a full “C” cup.

Of course this did not happen over-night, but over the course of four or five years. It was so gradual, that each change came as a complete surprise to me!

By the time I had turned eighteen and graduated from high school (a private girls’ school), I looked to be a beautiful girl, and I acted like one too!

There was nothing about being a girl that I didn’t know or practice!

Except for my social life (I had none!), I was living the life of Riley! My Aunt’s friends had tried to set me up with some of their younger male relatives, but that was one line I refused to cross, no matter how much I was “disciplined”!

What to do with me?

My Aunt’s friend, Mrs. Weston pulled some strings and I was enrolled in Miss Shyles Old Fashioned Finishing School, an Academy for young women. Old fashioned were hardly the words! Medieval was more like it! The teachers (all female as you may have guessed) all wore floor length skirts and were tightly corseted. They all wore high heeled

button boots and wore their hair coiled in tight buns at the back of their heads. They were very strict with us “girls...”

Students’ clothes were the same, except for the length of our skirts, coming merely to mid-calf instead of our shoe tops. I had the darndest time learning to use a button hook to close my shoe tops!

Beneath our skirts and high-necked, balloon sleeve blouses, we all wore rayon or taffeta, taffeta for our petticoats, lisle for our stockings and rayon for our camisole tops and bloomers. Some of our teachers were devotees of the infamous hobble skirt, and so that they would not feel “conspicuous” before their classes, several of us “girls” were “encouraged” to emulate them. Of course, I was one of the “lucky” group! Our hobble skirts and button boots with the four inch heels were a deadly combination, and we suffered many a twisted ankle before we could navigate properly and easily.

Of course we had to be properly made-up at all times, else we would face dire consequences, a bare bottom birching in front of the whole class!

A carelessly painted nail or a loose wisp of hair was a major infraction, one that I was guilty of more than once!

And, yes, I was birched soundly in front of the class, and on my bare bottom! It was very embarrassing, but I managed to live through it.

My learning consisted of the usual female things: sewing, cooking, domestic duties, sex education and secretarial skills.

Upon graduation, I was given a job as a receptionist for a local attorney who was also my Aunt’s lady friend. The pay wasn’t bad, but I was still required to stay with my Aunt until I was twenty-one. Some court order or something.

I was never too clear about why that was.

I didn’t try too hard to find out either...

At my twenty-first birthday party (the guests were all friends of my Aunt) I began thinking. And what I thought was not what I had been taught!

“Heck, I was now of age! I was my own person! I had never asked to become a girl in the first place, so why should I continue to be one?

Under my skirts, I was still a male, and an “active” one at that!

I had had several liaisons with several genetic females, and it had thrilled me no end. So, why not try to be a boy for real?

Consequently, I soon ditched my feminine attire, cut my hair, scrubbed all my make-up from my face, and faced my Aunt. She was horrified!

“What have you done, dear girl?” she demanded.

“Auntie, I’m not a girl, I’m a boy, and I want to be one.” “Not in my house!” she snapped.

“Very well, if that’s the way you want it,” I replied. “Then, leave, if you will!” she cried, starting to cry.

I almost reconsidered. Almost...

That same day I found the apartment I now had; a week later I met Jill, and a week after that, she moved in.

Because I was so small and could maneuver in tight places, I soon found a job as mechanic's helper at Father John's, and had been there for almost two years at the time this story starts.

Well, not exactly, I was still wearing some girls' things from time to time, but not every minute of every hour of every day! I had to wrap my chest tightly every morning to compress my breasts to hide them from my coworkers' gazes.

Jill caught me wearing her little black dress one afternoon, and she had been so incensed because I looked better in it than she did!

Anyway, I was still out of a job. Twenty-three years old and unable to help myself!

So I went to the under-employment office, only to discover that because I had quit rather than being laid off, I had to wait for a minimum six weeks before any aid would be forthcoming.

Figures, doesn't it? The woman acted as if the money was coming out of her own pocket! Bureaucrats!

So, I went looking.

Mechanic's helpers were not in any great demand, as I soon learned. I got so many "don't call us, we'll call you's," that I was ready to scream.

One evening, I had a visitor. It was Miss Shyles



from my old school. I was greatly surprised, to say the least.

"Good evening, Katherine," she greeted me by my girl's name.

"Miss Shyles! How good to see you!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"May I come in?" she asked politely.

"Oh, of course, excuse me, Miss!" I murmured, curtsying to her as I had been so painstakingly taught at her finishing school.

"Thank you so much, Katherine," and she swept by me.

I watched numbly as she inspected the whole apartment, noticing my total lack of furnishings. She made a disapproving noise deep in her throat, and turned to gaze at me, steadily.

I blushed fiercely. "My ex took everything and I haven't had a chance to..." "I can see that," she nodded. Then, "Are you free for dinner?"

Dinner? I hadn't even had lunch or breakfast yet!

"Yes, Ma'am," I agreed.

She looked me up and down with distaste. "Have you nothing more feminine and appropriate to wear?"

I blushed anew. "No, Ma'am," I admitted.

"Have you any money?" she demanded.

"Yes, Ma'am, I have a few hundred dollars," I admitted slowly.

"Good! We'll stop at Mona's and get those nails and that hair repaired, then on to Madame's Dress Shoppe to get you properly attired for our date," she smiled gently, her voice warning me that she would tolerate nothing less from me.

Mona gave me a manicure, painting my nails blood red. She began to trim my savaged hair, managing to give me a quite becoming feather cut. Make-up was then applied for the first time in two full years, and Miss Kathy George looked out at me from the mirror.

At Madame's, I soon acquired proper underthings, nylons, and a black cocktail dress that shimmered excitingly when I moved.

Miss Shyles smiled her approval. "Much better, child," she murmured. "Now, we have a reservation at Georgio's for seven."

I glanced at my watch.

Horrors! It was almost seven now.

"Oh, bother!" she exclaimed. "Put that stupid wristwatch away in your purse before I slap you! Here, wear this one if you must have one!" and she removed a more feminine watch from her purse and handed it to me.

I blushed, "Yes, Ma'am," and hastened to obey.

Dinner was OK. I mean, she chattered all during the meal, telling me about all the things that had happened at her school since my graduation.

I listened with only half an ear, wondering...



But I was danged if I could figure out what it was she was after!

After dinner, she took me to a lesbian club for drinks and dancing. She led as I knew she would from previous experiences in her classes. Even with my new four inch high heels, she towered over me, and it came as no surprise when she pressed my cheek to her breasts and held me close the whole time.

After three or four drinks, I became a little woozy and teetery and clung to her arm like a leech.

I was not a bit surprised when she kissed me gently. "My sweet little fairy girl," she murmured.

Hey, fairy? I was no fairy!

"Miss Shyles..." I started to protest.

"Hush, little fairy girl," she replied, and kissed me again.

My head was areel and I held on tight as I felt myself dropping into an abyss I could never escape! I even found myself kissing her back, just as fervently as she was kissing me!

I sat beside her in her car and allowed her to help me up to her apartment at her school. Another drink and she was stripping me and I was unable to stop her! I could deny her nothing!

She undressed quickly, tumbled me to the floor and fell atop my prone body.

I guess you might say that I was raped, except that I helped her!

I roused twice more that night to her overtures, and it was wonderful!

I had never thought that Miss Shyles had it in her!

"Oh, sure, I knew she was a lesbian, most of my Aunt's friends were, but I'd never thought she would like taking her pleasure with a man too!

Over coffee and toast in the morning, she revealed her ulterior motive. It had been no accident that she had come to see me the night before. My Aunt had called her and asked her to intervene... which she had.

Anyway, the upshot of it was, Miss Shyles was expanding her school and wanted me to join her teaching staff.

"I can't do that," I objected shyly, "I'm not a real girl." I shuddered when I thought of the antiquated attire her instructresses wore as their usual dress!

Not for me, I was sure.

"Not to worry," she laughed. "You look and act more girlish than many of the women I know!"

I blushed. It was true!

"But, why me?" I asked.

"Because you know first-hand what it means to be a boy in skirts and heels," she explained.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"My expansion is for unruly boys that their female relatives wish trained to be more mannerly, more feminine, if you will."

"But, isn't that illegal, if not immoral?"

"On the record, we will be totally unaware of our student's true sex, having been assured by their female sponsors that each was a girl from the start."

"I don't know..."

"Oh, Katherine... er, Kathy, may I call you Kathy?"

I nodded absently. Somehow, I just didn't care, I was so mixed up.

"Kathy, as hard as this might be for you to believe, many of these boy-girls want to be girls and are willing participants."

I just stared. Were there really boys like that?

"What would I be required to teach?" Was that me asking? It couldn't be! I wanted no part of her expansion scheme!

"I think you would do quite well in domestic skills or deportment, or even as a sex education instructress," she smiled.

Me... a sex education teacher? To girls? He—, even if they were other boys dressed as girl's! No, it was out of the question!

Not that I would ever consider doing such a stupid thing in the first place! "I... I..." I stammered.

"Think about it," she urged. "The salary would be more in standing with your educational level, and your working conditions would be much less dangerous than being a mechanic," she reminded.

"Yes, there is that..." I admitted slowly.

Good grief! Was I actually considering her proposal? Heaven forbid!

"And the personal rewards would be more than satisfactory," she went on.

I nodded and thought...

And the more I thought about it, the more appealing it was! My reservations all seemed to evaporate like so much steam as I sank deeper and deeper into that which I had dreaded most of all, a return to full time femininity!

We had moved to her living room where she was beginning to seduce me all over again. Soon we were stretched out on the floor and going at one another like mad persons in a fast and furious sixty-nine!

Twice more she had me before we took time out for lunch.

And she had me three more times before we went out for dinner!

Sunday was a repeat of Saturday. Coffee and toast, then making love. Lunch followed by more intimacy. Then out for dinner, drinks, dancing, and more loving all night long!

I was exhausted Monday morning when I awoke, alone! Hannah was gone, a short note telling me that she had to go to her office and would be back in two hours.

Well, I hurried back to my own place, dressed in my other things (male) and started looking for work. Once more, it was "Don't call us, we'll call you," and I was beginning to get worried.

To soothe my misgivings, I went into Madame's and bought a new cocktail dress to wear... just in case Hannah Shyles called...

Which she did, right at five p.m.

The conversation was pretty one-sided. "I'll pick you up at six-thirty," she stated. "Be ready!"

I barely had time to agree when she hung up!

So, a long bubble bath, a careful appraisal and repair of my make-up, and I was as ready as I could be on such short notice.

Hannah drooled over my mint green gown, telling me that I had very good taste in my selection. That pleased me very much!

I looked at myself in the mirror.

What in blazes had happened to me?

I was actually looking forward to my date, a date in which I was the girl and loving it! My heart was going a mile a minute as I thought about Hannah... about my Hannah!

And, sometime, somehow, that night, I agreed to become an instructress to her special girls! I even agreed to give up my apartment and move into one that was available on her campus.

"Later, we'll see if it all works out between us," she promised. "Then, when we prove to be compatible, you can move in with me permanently."

I agreed, my mind awl. "Yes, Hannah, whatever you decide."

I also agreed to wear hobble skirts with my button boots, "to set a sterling example for your charges!" she enthused.

I wasn't so sure about that, but I kept my own counsel.

After all, how hard could it be?

After the restrictive corsets I had been forced into, what was one more thing to hamper my every movement?

Besides, the mere thought of being so restricted in movement sent a strange thrill up and down my spine!

I could remember the same feelings pervading my whole being when I had been a mere student so many years ago!

Between kisses and caresses, I agreed to her suggestions, which were demands and requirements in disguise!

And, so it was.

I gave up my apartment and went back to stay with my Aunt until I could move onto Hannah's campus. Aunt Dorcas was delighted to have her niece back again and nothing would have it but she threw a welcome home party for me with every one of her lesbian friends in attendance.

I had a gay old time, and so did they!

### III

I packed all my girls' things, including my old School uniforms, and prepared to take up my new duties at Miss Shyles Old Fashioned Finishing School for Girls. I was greeted by some of my old instructresses, who greeted me like I was a long lost sister, or something. It was a tearful reunion.

I soon discovered that I had a roommate, Miss Fenton, a rather spinsterish, strict woman in her mid-fifties. She was of the hobble skirt school, and was one of those who helped me during my transition.

Soon, I was prancing and twirling and quick-stepping all over the place. Old routines returned rapidly as I became used to hobble skirts and heels quickly. Then, my first class. Sex education and deportment!

I was petrified! Deportment was easy, it was the sex education part that scared me.

I had thirteen students, all "freshmen," so to speak, there were six genetic girls and seven girl-boys to teach.

Jennifer Carson, Honoria Secund, Fritzzi Cohen, Darla Forrest, Donna MacComb, and Sarah Nash were the genetic females.

John (Jennifer) Slocum, Barry (Sara) Goldman, Ben (Beverly) Zormand, Carroll (Marceline) Campton, Jerry (Geraldine) Hoarsemen, Peter (Petra) Harpin, and Clyde (Marilyn) Monroe were my girly-boys.

They were a rough bunch was my first appraisal, but I was soon able to smooth out some of the roughness, and I began to have hopes for them!

Of the girly-boys, Petra and Marilyn were the better looking, obviously they had had more practice at being girls than the other five.

They, and Sara and Beverly were enthusiastic students. Of the other three, I had my doubts as they didn't even try!

I lamented as much to my roomie.

"Heavens, Kathy," she laughed. "They just need to be motivated, is all."

"But, how to motivate them?" I asked, totally at sea.

"Surely you have a birch at your disposal?" she inquired archly.

"Well, yes," I admitted, "but..."

"But, nothing!" she exclaimed. "You have it, use it! You'll find that their attentions will become focused and they will improve dramatically!"

I was flabbergasted!

"That's what I do with mine, and it works every time!" she assured me.

So, I tried it. The next time Marceline stumbled over "her" recitation, I bent her over a desk, raised her skirts, lowered "her" bloomers, and applied the birch with a will. "She" was crying openly when I allowed "her" to replace "her" clothing and resume "her" recitation.

Wonder of wonders, "she" was letter perfect!

So, when Geraldine admitted "she" had not done "her" homework, "she" was bent over the same desk with the same lack of attire, and treated to a brisk session with our Miss Birch!

No one failed to do their assignments after that!

Slowly, even the worse of them became quite feminine and with the cooperation of their sponsors, they were given cosmetic surgery to enhance their appearances.

Of the genetic girls, only Darla was a rebel.

She would try to be different and not look the same as her classmates. When she was chided, she got sassy and she found herself bent over the desk with her skirts raised, her bloomers lowered, and she was experiencing Miss Birch for the first time! It was not the last before she too saw the light and fell into line. The other genetic girls were completely passive and totally pliable.

My only bugaboo was sex education...

Had I just my thirteen to teach, I could have managed. But, I soon found out that I was expected to teach the entire School!

It took several weeks before I stopped stammering and began paying attention to what I was saying. After that, I had no problem.

Hannah complimented me on the glowing evaluation reports from other teachers. I had never dreamed that would happen! I'd forgotten all about those performance evaluations when I'd been a student. I was surprised that we instructresses were equally evaluated by other instructresses!

I was deeply gratified and pleased when my entire class, to a girl, emulated my hobble skirts, quickly becoming accustomed to their restrictions and they even became quite proficient in their movements.

It amused me that I was teaching female anatomy to boys, trying to convince myself otherwise. I taught them all about monthly cycles and pregnancies and even taught them sexual techniques, all from the female point of view! I'm sure they were quite confused, at least some of them some of the time!

At mid-semester, I called each in for a conference to discuss their gains and losses to date.

Marilyn Monroe reported that "her" mother ("her" school sponsor) was pleased with "her" progress, and wished to meet with me for a further discussion.

I told "her" to have "her" mother contact me.

Then I asked "her" what "she" thought of Miss Shyles, and Marilyn gushed, "I love it here! The other girls are so friendly, and all my instructresses are so helpful and understanding," "she" enthused. "Especially you, Miss George!"

I was truly amazed. I saw the adoring look on "her" face and it came to me that this "girl" had a crush on me!

What to do?

"She" was only seventeen, definitely j.b., jail bait, even if "she" were of a mind to be seduced!

"Her" mother confirmed my worse fears at our conference. She told me how her "daughter" constantly talked about me when with her, and how much "she" wanted to be just like me when "she" grew up!

Mrs. Monroe was quite pleased with everything her "daughter" had been taught to date, and urged me to keep up the good work. She had always wanted a girl of her own, but physical difficulties during Marilyn's birth had brought an abrupt end to her dreams.

Mrs. Harpin confessed similar circumstances about her Petra, born Peter. She was divorced and quite well-to-do in her own right, and had decided early on that Peter would become Petra, her "daughter."

She wanted Petra to become a "whole" woman as soon as possible, which had to be after "her" eighteenth birthday because Petra could not consent before then.

I had noticed Petra's total femininity in class and I was not a bit surprised by "her" mother's revelations. I promised to do all possible to keep Petra on a path to femininity, to her expressed gratitude.

Even Mrs. Campton expressed her pleasure at the change in her Marceline's bad attitude and the great improvement in her appearance and posture.

I commented that a tight corset coupled with a restrictive hobble skirt would do wonders for any "girl's" comportment. To which she agreed enthusiastically. And Geraldine's mother, Ms Hoarsemen, was pleased at her "daughter's" great improvement in attitude, appearance and posture.

When I commented that I had had to apply Miss Birch to Geraldine's bottom on more than one occasion, she beamed winningly.

"I knew it!" she gurgled. "So you still use Miss Birch, do you? I can still remember her sting on my bare bottom! Gracious, I was so darned embarrassed, but I was an attentive student after that!"

"Yes," I smiled, "most of our girls are..." I smiled. "Then you approve out discipline and teaching methods, Ms Hoarsemen?"

"Oh, absolutely!" she beamed. "After all, it worked for me and I must assume that Geraldine has benefited greatly! She does have a nice, fat bottom that just begs for Miss Birch's caresses!" she giggled.

"Yes," I agreed, smiling, "it is very nice!"

"And 'she' has become quite affectionate, quite the reverse of 'her' attitude when 'she' was still at home," Ms Hoarsemen went on. "I'm ever so grateful, both for your and Miss Shyles' attentions."

"We try our best," I replied.

My "romance" with Hannah seemed to be cooling down, much to my surprise and I began to look around for companionship.

The next time I visited Aunt Dorcas, I mentioned my plight, which didn't seem to surprise her a bit. "Hannah always was fickle, going from woman to woman with no thought to the consequence thereof."

I smiled at the truth of her statement and took a sip of tea, my red tipped nails gleaming in the afternoon sunlight filtering through the curtains. I kept my knees tight together, my mid-calf skirt wrapped about my calves.

"I have a friend..." Aunt Dorcas began.

"Oh, Auntie!" I exclaimed. "Not another lesbian!"

"Nothing wrong with being lesbian," she chided, "but it just so happens that I'm thinking of another someone."

"Who, for heavens sake?" I was intrigued.

"Your cousin, Perry George," she replied.

"Oh, come now, Auntie," I demurred. "Perry is as queer as a seven dollar bill!" I blurted. "He hates girls!" I added.

"Yes, he expresses no love for any female, except me, of course," Aunt Dorcas admitted, "and that's only because he hopes to inherit my estate!"

"Oh, come, Auntie," I replied. "Surely you jest!"

"Surely, dear Kathy, I do not jest!"

"I would never have believed it of him," I admitted slowly.

"God's truth," she continued. "Now, back to you... Perry would be absolutely perfect as your consort. Think about it. He'd put no pressure on you to return any affection nor intimacy, and he would put no demands on your virtue."

"But, he's male!" I objected.

"Nobody's perfect, my dear Kathy," she smiled.

"Perry's not even close!" I snapped angrily.

'The very idea, hook up with that... that queer!' I thought.

"Think it over, my dear," Aunt Dorcas smiled, "and give me your answer in a week."

"It'll be the same then as now!"

"We'll see," she murmured, smiling gently.

We parted soon after and I went away with a heavy heart.

Imagine, my own Aunt Dorcas wanting me to turn queer!  
Well, I was having none of it!  
No, Sir!  
Not in a thousand years!  
Not even in a million!  
No way!  
Unthinkable!  
Absolutely not.

#### IV

I threw myself into my work for the next month or so, but the thought my Aunt Dorcas had planted in my head would not go away.

I even day-dreamed about how life could be with Perry...

My good God! What was I thinking?

Then, Marilyn came to me one evening, knocking shyly at my door.

"Why, Marilyn," I cried, "whatever is the matter? Why are you crying?"

"Oh, Miss George, I'm so mixed up! I just don't know what to do!" she cried, hot, angry tears spilling from her eyes.

"Come in, child, and tell me about it. Would you like a nice cup of tea?"

She nodded as I guided her to a chair.

Minutes later, she was sipping at her tea and soon the tears abated.

"Now, Marilyn, dear," I coaxed, "tell me what's bothering you."

"I'm in love," she admitted, bursting into tears again.

I put my arms around her and pressed her head to my shoulder. I began to pat her back to comfort her and she soon stopped crying, at least temporarily.

"Love happens to all of us, sooner or later," I soothed.

"Yes... but I just happened to have fallen in love with a... a... boy!" she stammered. "I've fallen in love with my male cousin, Albert!" she wailed, crying anew. "And I don't know how it happened!"

"Does he know?"

She nodded. "Oh, yes, he's the one who noticed it first, and when I was home over Christmas and New Years, he kissed me under the mistletoe, and I... and I... I kissed him back!"

"Was that all that happened?" I pressed.

She shook her head. "N-no," she replied. "What happened, child?"

"We... we... were intimate..." "Intimate... how intimate?"