

# Look Through Any Window



## Carolyn Faith Olson

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**Cynthia Decker**

**Lowla Valentine**

**Jami Bantry**

**Vicki Rene**

Five wonderful trend-setting ladies who left us in  
2011.

They will be missed by all those they touched.



## About The Author

This is the fifth novel and sixth publication by **Carollyn Olson**, a married, straight, conservative, 50-plus year old cross dresser from California.

Her first book "**Deception**" was released in 2006 and was followed by "**TG Short Stories**" in 2007.

"**Breaking Point**" was published in 2009 and "**Tricks of the Trade – A Beginner's Guide to Cross Dressing**" was released in early 2011 and in late 2011 "**Crowning Glory**" became a top seller and all five books sold out their initial printing. Second editions are now available through Mags, Inc.

Ms. Olson has been an ambi-gendered cross dresser for more than 30 years and is very active in the community. She is a proud member and the Post Mistress of the Vanity Club (<http://www.vanityclub.com>) and

the co-founder of the Mature Woman Group;  
<http://www.groups.yahoo.com/group/maturetgirls>

"I had more fun writing this book than any of the others," Ms. Olson said. "Connecting all the characters was a bit of a challenge, but I hope I have made Danny, Taylor, Dani, Robin, Karyn, Kelly, Jimmy and Nikky life like and interesting. I'm sure you will enjoy the story.

"I would like to thank my editor, Cindy Shelton, for reading and re-reading the ever-changing manuscript and for keeping me on my heels and toes. You are the best.

"I would also like to give a big hug and kiss to my Vanity Club sister and dear friend Dani Mitchell for allowing me to use her name as one of the main characters. It was fun to unknowingly combine fiction with her real life adventures. And, thanks to all the Vanity Club members and friends who approved the use of their names and helped make the book what it is.

"And thanks to The Hollies for the 1966 hit single "Look Through Any Window." It has always been one of my favorite songs and the inspiration for this book.

"Please enjoy!!!"

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# **Look Through Any Window**

**By Carollyn Faith Olson**

## **Part 1**

### **1**

Danny Mitchell was a shy, reserved teenager, growing up in a typical middle class town in upstate New York. If it were not for sports, in which he excelled, Cold River High School would have been a bore.

In the classroom, he received A-grades without much of an effort. He had very few friends and had never dated, much to his parent's dismay. Danny seemed destined to become one of the many high

school grads who slipped through the cracks and would go to either a community college to satisfy everyone but themselves, or enlist in one of the military branches. Jobs were at a minimum or non-existent for high school students. The economy was killing the once-thriving town of 5,000. Most of the residents worked for the government in the nearby state capital of Albany.

Despite standing 5-8 and weighing 150 pounds when sopping wet, Danny was a starting running back and kick returner on a mediocre football team, a point guard on a basketball squad that lost more games than it won and a smooth fielding singles-hitting second baseman on the baseball team which did win the league championship the prior year – the first in the school's 100-plus year history. Danny was the only returning senior starter on the diamond, so a defense of the league title was slim.

His loving parents always supported Danny's efforts whether it was in school, sports or at the local community church. As an only child, they were willing to give him the world. Danny wanted more in life but he wasn't sure what that was. How many 17-year-olds do?

The Mitchell's lived on a tree-lined street of established 1950's homes, where only the paint color marked the difference between one cookie-cutter two-story home and another. The city sat on the banks of the Valley Creek River, which flowed from the reservoir outside of town. Cold River was depressing for Danny until the Robinsons moved in to the house next door the last weekend of February.

Danny had hoped he would develop a friendship with Taylor, the Robinson's son, who was the same age

and also an only child. The one time the boys met, they hit it off like long-lost friends. Unfortunately, Taylor quickly left home to remain at the prestigious Hempstead Prep School on Long Island until graduation in May.

When Danny wasn't involved in sports, he spent much of his time in his room playing video games or interacting with his Internet friends on his Facebook page. His classmates considered him a "loner".

Baseball practice had started in the heated high school gym/field house, but the snow and cold weather prevented the team from getting outdoors, once again delaying the actual season. Danny hoped a successful senior year would result in a baseball scholarship and a ticket out of this God-forsaken town.

One early March afternoon, following another long practice, Danny was relaxing in his bedroom when his mother, Marla, called for him up the stairs.

"Danny, it's snowing again!" she exclaimed.  
"Would you please make sure all the windows are closed?"

"I'm sick and tired of the snow and cold," Danny replied, as he walked from room to room to check the windows.

Returning to his room, Danny looked through the window at the white flakes. The roof at the Robinson's was quickly turning from brown to white.

"It looks like it's going to be quite a storm," Danny mumbled to himself.

Then, to his surprise, he saw a figure through the Robinson's window.

"Don't the Robinson's have only a boy," he shouted to his mother as he ran down the stairs.

"Yes," she responded. "Just Taylor and he's away at school."

"I know that. But, I just saw a girl in their house through my bedroom window."

"It could be a friend or a relative," his mother replied.

"I know that too, but I thought the Robinson's were out of town."

"You're right. Maybe they came back early."

"Maybe I'll go over to their house and see if anybody's home," Danny proclaimed. "Maybe I'm just imagining things with all this snow."

Marla had never seen her son so excited about the prospects of meeting somebody of the opposite sex.

"Are you sure you saw somebody?"

"Yes! She was really cute. She had blonde hair with pigtails and was wearing what looked like a school uniform. You know, blue and white like the kids wear at St. Anne's."

"Go ahead," she encouraged him, "But don't be too long. Dad will be home in a few minutes and we're going to Pastor Espee's tonight for dinner."

"Do I have to go? I would rather stay home."

"It's your decision, but Kelly will be unhappy if you don't come."

"I see Kelly every day at school. It seems like I've seen her every day for the last 10 years."

"Do whatever you want," his mother concluded.

Danny quickly grabbed his jacket, scarf and baseball cap and raced out the back door to investigate. His heart pounded as he ran down the driveway with the bright interior lights at the Robinson's in view. Somebody had to be home.

Danny approached the front door and pushed the button for the doorbell. He heard rustling on the other side of the door and noticed an eye looking through the peephole.

"Who is it?" came a voice from behind the door.

"It's Danny, your next door neighbor."

"Give me a minute, I'll be right back."

Danny stood under the front porch dodging snowflakes and waited to see who would appear when the door was finally opened.

After about three minutes, Danny pushed the bell again, just as the door opened.

"What are you doing home?" He had hoped to see the blonde haired girl, not Taylor, staring back at him.

"Some of the kids at school got whooping cough, so they sent us all home," replied Taylor, who was wearing a blue New York Mets baseball cap backwards on his head. "Sorry I took so long to get to the door. I spilled a drink and broke a glass in the kitchen and had to clean it up. Come in. I just got home a few hours ago."

Danny surveyed his surroundings as he entered the foyer.

"Are your parents still out of town?"

"They'll be home Saturday," Taylor responded.

"My mother and I saw the lights were on and we were worried somebody might have broken into your house," Danny said half-heartedly as he looked around hoping to see any semblance of the young lady in the window.

"Everything is OK," Taylor assured. "Can you stay for a few minutes?"

"I'm sorry, but I have to go. We have to go to dinner at some friends tonight. I don't want to go, but my mother insisted."

"How about tomorrow?" Taylor requested.

"I have school, but I can come over after baseball practice."

"Why don't you come for dinner?" he insisted. "I know my parents won't mind. Maybe I can get us a pizza."

"Sounds good to me," Danny said as he walked toward the door. "See you about 5?"

"Great," Taylor concluded. "See you then. Bring one of your video games. OK?"

"I will. See you then."

Danny walked slowly through the snow and attempted to analyze the last 30 minutes.

"I know I saw a girl. Maybe it was one of Taylor's friends. Maybe she brought him home from school? But, that can't be. I think he goes to an all-boys school."

Danny's father, Tim, had returned home from work in Albany, where he was an assistant to the State Treasurer, and asked if everything was OK next door.

"Yes, it is," Danny confirmed. "Taylor came home for a few days because they closed his school due to

some kids getting sick or something like that. He invited me over for dinner tomorrow night."

"He's not carrying any illness is he?" his father replied.

"No, he didn't say anything. He seems to be OK."

"Good, you don't want to get sick before your game this weekend. Maybe you can get to know him better."

"We'll be leaving for the Espee's in about 15 minutes," Mrs. Mitchell interrupted. "Are you going to go?"

"I think I'll just stay here. I had a long day with school and practice today."

"Kelly will be disappointed," chided his mother.

"I doubt it." He had some work to do.

"There's leftover lasagna and salad in the frig," his mother informed him. "Help yourself."

Danny said good-bye to his parents and climbed the stairs to his room. He turned on his computer and looked out the window hoping to once again spot the mysterious blonde.

"Hempstead Prep School," Danny said aloud as he started a Google search. The school website appeared within seconds. He scanned the web page and quickly confirmed the high school was all boys. He continued to survey the school site hoping to find a picture of Taylor on one of the sports teams or in a school activity. His search was fruitless.

"For a rich school, their site sucks," Danny exclaimed.

At the bottom of the web page, Danny noticed a link for Harper's Academy. He clicked on the blue lettering.

"A girl's school connected with Hempstead," he said to himself. "Interesting!"

Danny discovered the schools were only two blocks apart and had a number of coordinated activities, including sports, dances, plays and some classes. Searching the site even further, he found pictures of the girls in their school uniforms – blue and white pleated skirts and white blouses or sweaters.

"That explains it. The girl I saw must have brought him home. Maybe she lives around here too. I'll have to ask Taylor tomorrow."

Danny turned off the computer and looked out the window again. The snow was falling even harder. He prayed his parents would drive safely to the Espee's.

"I should have gone with them." He turned on the television and semi-consciously watched a mindless comedy show. His spirits had been dashed, at least for the moment.

## 2

The snow had stopped after dumping 6 inches and the sun shone brightly. Baseball practice however had been cancelled due to a scheduling conflict in the gym. Danny rushed home to finish the few chores his mother had left him on a list attached to the kitchen bulletin board. He didn't want to be late for dinner at Taylor's.

As Danny entered the back door of his house, he heard a voice which seemed to come from the Robin-

son's back yard. He rushed up the stairs and slowly peered through the blinds, hoping to not draw attention.

"There she is again!" Danny said softly. His heart skipped a beat. On the Robinson's back patio, was the blonde young lady in what appeared to be a cheerleading outfit, working on a routine. He watched intently as she did cartwheels, the splits and jumped in the air, with an ever-present smile on her face. She was good and Taylor was not in sight.

Danny, still peering through the blinds, leaned closer to the glass to get a better look, and lost his balance. The noise from him crashing into the pane of glass startled the young lady. She looked up to barely see an admirer trying to right himself in the second story window. Without hesitation, she disappeared into the house.

"Rats," Danny shouted as he moved to the center of his room and stomped on the floor. "I just ruined everything. She's going to tell Taylor I was spying on her."

Danny was hesitant, but decided he would still go to Taylor's for dinner; however, the landscape had changed. He and the blonde's eyes had met. She was not a dream. He was inclined to not say anything to Taylor unless he brought it up first.

Danny grabbed his Mets hat, said good-bye to his mother and walked out the door to the Robinson's. He knocked on the front door at precisely 5 o'clock and was greeted by Taylor, who was also wearing his Mets cap reversed.

"We already have one thing in common," Taylor said as he greeted his new friend. "We both like the Mets and I bet you hate the Yankees too."

"You bet," Danny replied, as the boys walked into the family room. Taylor gave Danny a tour of their home, which was identical to the Mitchell's, but with a reverse layout. Danny again looked for any trace of the blonde without success.

The pizza arrived and the boys ate every piece. They talked about their background, schools and favorite video games.

"Want to play Madden 2010?" Taylor asked, referring the virtual football game.

"Why not?" Danny concluded.

Taylor hooked up the television and asked Danny to select his team.

"I'll take the Bills (Buffalo)," Danny said.

"And, I'll be the Jets (New York)," Taylor opined.

As the game went on, Taylor casually mentioned his blonde friend.

"Robin said you scared the heck out of her this afternoon," Taylor laughed.

"I guess I did. Please tell Robin I'm sorry. I heard a girl's voice in your back yard, so I took a look out of my window. I accidentally slipped and fell into the window. I didn't mean to scare her. She is really cute."

"Yes, she is, and I will tell her you're sorry. She brought me home from school the other day. She goes to Harper's."

"Does she live in Cold River?" Danny asked.

"No, over in Altamont."

"I'd sure like to meet her."

"Maybe you will...some day. Let's get back to the game."

The fictional teams traded leads with every possession of the ball. Defense was lacking until the last minute when Danny's Bills blocked a field goal attempt to secure the win.

"That was great," Taylor exclaimed, as he gave Danny a little shove. Danny reciprocated with a friendly push. Within seconds, the boys were laughing and wrestling on the floor. Danny lost his hat and Taylor teased him by hiding it behind his back. Danny attempted to wrest his cap from his friend but failed, so he quickly grabbed Taylor's hat off his head.

Danny stepped back to avoid a competitive swipe of Taylor's hand and suddenly the wrestling stopped. Taylor's face turned from red to flush as his hair fell to almost shoulder's length in a shaggy blonde crop.

"I didn't know you had long hair," Danny proclaimed.

"I didn't want you to know, that's why I pulled it up under my hat," an embarrassed Taylor explained, almost in tears.

"I'm sorry," Danny added, who thought it might be time to go home. "I know lots of guys with long hair. But theirs is not as stylish as yours."

"I don't always have it this long."

"Maybe I'd better go home. It's getting late and I have school tomorrow."

"Please don't leave. I need to show you something."

Danny followed Taylor in to his father's office. He turned on the computer.

"You know I go to an all-boys school," Taylor continued, as the computer went through its sign-on process. "Every year the theatre group presents a satirical play. It's a tradition. Last year we did The Lizard of Odd, an off-beat take on the The Wizard of Oz. Two years ago we performed Cinderfella and this year we are doing Fannie, which will barely resemble Annie."

"Sounds like fun," Danny stated.

Taylor gained access to his school's website and clicked from one link to another until he found the The Lizard of Odd.

"Since we don't have any girls, a few of the boys must play female roles," Taylor informed his friend, pointing at the screen. "That's me."

Danny scanned the computer screen and saw a figure, which looked like a queen, wearing a long, flowing, sheer purple dress and a crown, waving a silver wand.

"I played the wonderful witch of the North, Glenn."

"Don't you mean Glenda?" Danny answered.

"No, Glenn. Remember the play is a farce."

"You look great," Danny responded, as he closely looked at the slideshow of pictures. "I would never have known you were a guy. You really look good in a dress."

"Makeup can create miracles. The makeup artist at our school could do the same thing with you. You should have seen the guy who played Dorothy. He looked just like Judy Garland."

Danny laughed. "I'd never do that."

"It's a lot of fun. Why don't you come with my parents to the play in a couple of weeks? Fannie is going to be so funny."

"What part do you have in Fannie?"

"I'm playing the lead. That's why I let my hair grow. We're going to dye it red...you know, to fit the part. This year is going to be the best play ever."

"So you will be Annie, I mean Fannie," Danny chuckled. "If we don't have a game, I'll go. I gotta see this."

The friends slapped hands.

"Should we make a couple of root beer floats?" Taylor asked.

"Let's do it," Danny replied as the boys proceeded to the kitchen.

Danny returned home just before his 11 o'clock curfew, thrilled to have a new friend and to learn Robin was not a figment of his imagination. Taylor had also accepted Danny's invitation to attend Cold River's first baseball game on Saturday.

Taylor, with his hair again secure under his Mets cap, sat in the stands of the historic Cold River baseball park with Danny's parents and cheered the Beavers to a 6-1 victory. Danny had been moved to shortstop and handled the position flawlessly. As the lead-off hitter, he had two singles, a double and scored two runs.

"You're really good," Taylor told Danny as they exchanged high-5s after the game.

"We're going to get something to eat," Danny informed his parents.

"You guys have fun," his father replied. "Drive carefully."

"I'll be home in a few hours," Danny replied as he walked towards Taylor's BMW.

Taylor's parents, Mark and Linda, arrived home late Saturday night and shuttled him back to school the following day. Danny felt like he was going through withdrawal with the departure of his new best friend.

"I'll see you in two weeks," Taylor reminded Danny as the Robinson's car backed out of the driveway. Danny's baseball schedule was clear, so unless there was a last minute change, he would go to Hempstead to see Fannie. He couldn't wait. Hopefully, Robin would be at the play as well.

Cold River was looking much better than it did 48 hours earlier. Could it get any better?

## 3

The next two weeks flew by as Danny anticipated his trip to Hempstead Prep. He had talked with Taylor twice on the phone and the anticipation of his visit and the performance was building. Taylor had arranged for Danny to spend the night in his dorm room, while his parents stayed in a motel.

The Cold River baseball team had won five more games. Danny's coach decided to keep him at short-stop, but dropped him from lead-off to third in the lineup to better use his batting skills.

"Just like Dustin Pedroia," Danny, who idolized the Boston Red Sox MVP second baseman, surmised. He had responded by leading the team with a .545 average including a home run, the first of his career. The team,

which was predicted to finish in last place, had won their first six games of the year and was leading the league.

Despite all the excitement, Danny was a bit perplexed about Robin. He had asked Taylor if she would be at the play and he was very hesitant.

"Maybe he just wants to keep her to himself," Danny thought.

Danny had scoured the Hempstead Prep website and found one fuzzy picture of a girl who resembled Robin leading cheers for the football team. Curiously, he could not find any trace of her in the Harper's yearbook.

"Maybe she didn't attend the school until this year," he surmised.

Friday's school schedule had been set for a limited day, and Danny anxiously awaited the noon dismissal bell to ring. He had left his backpack with Taylor's mother in the morning and she and her husband would pick up Danny at Cold River High for the three hour drive to Hempstead.

The drive to Long Island went quicker than Danny had expected. Stories literally bounced off the car windows as Taylor's father, a big sports fan, and Danny talked baseball. Danny asked a few questions and discovered Taylor's father worked as a lobbyist for a health insurance company and spent much of the time soliciting support from the politicians at the State House. His mother was a nurse at Albany General Hospital. He was tempted to ask about Robin, but decided to wait for another time.

Taylor's mother explained to Danny what he could expect at Hempstead.

"The school is a bit snooty," Linda said. "The only reason Taylor is at Hempstead is because the New York public schools are so bad. We lived about a mile away from the campus before we moved to Cold River, so it was an easy fit."

"I've only been at a few private schools and that was for a baseball game," Danny replied. "I'm looking forward to it. I even packed a shirt and tie."

"I don't think you will need it," Mark chuckled. "They aren't that stuffy. In fact, the play should be very light hearted and you'll get a lot of laughs out of Taylor's part."

"That's enough," Linda said abruptly. "Remember, Taylor asked us not to tell Danny about the play. He wants it to be a surprise."

"I already know he has the lead role as Fannie, but that's about it," Danny responded.

"I didn't know that," Mark lied. "I'll zip my lips."

"That will be a first," Linda countered, as everyone laughed.

The Robinson's car entered the school parking lot and Taylor, with his flaming red hair, rushed to the car.

"You made it," he exclaimed, hugging his parents and then slapping hands with Danny.

"I love your hair," Danny quipped.

"Wait until you see me in the show. We had one final rehearsal last night and a reviewer from the New York Post was there along with a number of Broadway producers."

"Did they say anything about you?" Mark asked.

"Of course, the reviewer said I stole the show. And a man from the real Annie asked me if I was interested in summer stock."

"What did you say?" Linda inquired.

"I told them 'yes,'" Taylor responded, trying to contain his excitement.

"Well, we'll talk about that later," his father decided.

"Let me show you my room and around the school," Taylor proclaimed to Danny, who had his backpack over his shoulder.

"We're going check in to our motel and get a quick dinner," Linda informed the boys. "We will be back in about an hour."

"Don't be late," Taylor said with a wave.  
"Showtime is 7:30."

Taylor and Danny headed off towards the big brown brick building at the north end of the parking lot. The school had been built in the mid-1900s and had more of an English style than American. The school was surrounded by ticky-tacky, but clean, houses which could have been built prior to World War II.

Taylor gave Danny the royal tour, including the modern classrooms, gym, cafeteria and all-weather football field, which were quite a contrast to the brick structure. Taylor's dorm room was a bit cramped for two students, but as neat as a mini-hotel suite, with single beds, a refrigerator, television, desk and computer. Sports and music posters covered the walls.

"You can sleep here," Taylor said as he pointed to one of the beds. "My roommate has already left for Spring Break. His parents took him to England."

"That must be nice. I've only been to Canada."

"He's originally from London, so they are going home to visit relatives and to see Manchester United play a couple of soccer games. So relax, and enjoy yourself. How's baseball?"

The boys remained in the room for a few minutes, before they joined Taylor's schoolmates in the cafeteria for a chicken dinner. Danny changed from his Levi's and sweater into slacks and a dress shirt, sans the necktie.

"You really take this play seriously, don't you?"  
Danny remarked.

"It's the biggest night of the school year, so be prepared for anything and everything. This is not your typical Annie production."

The Robinson's met the boys outside the cafeteria.

"Break a leg," Danny told Taylor as he departed for the theatre. Taylor laughed and gave Danny a hug. "Isn't that what you're supposed to say for good luck?"

"You're right," Taylor replied as he ran toward the theatre.

"I've never seen him so excited about anything," Linda said to Mark and Danny. "Maybe it's because we're all here."

The theatre resembled a classic movie house, with a balcony, elevated side seating, chandeliers dropping from the ceilings and a burgundy curtain draping the stage. Soft music played, but was drowned out by the chatter from the audience.

The fourth row seats were center stage. Danny scanned the program and read the storyline. The only mention of Taylor was in the credits: Fannie – Taylor

Robinson. He knew Taylor was playing the part of a girl named Fannie, but he didn't know what to expect. Danny was introduced to a few of the Robinson's friends, but he quickly forgot their names. Instead, his eyes were exploring the room for a glimpse of Robin.

The music blared and the lights softened. The play began.

Taylor was fantastic as Fannie. The story barely resembled the Broadway classic. Taylor was not the sweet little red head from the original production that lived in an orphanage and was fortunate enough to leave for the home of "Daddy Warbucks." Instead, Taylor was raised in a brothel managed by the evil Miss Horrigan.

As the storyline developed, Taylor grew from a little girl, who scrubbed floors and catered to Miss Horrigan's every whim, in to a statuesque young lady. Danny felt the plot was a combination of a rich-man's Cinderella and rag-tag Annie, as Fannie was always in the sights of Miss Horrigan's threats and mistreatments. Fannie's only way out was to become a lady-of-the-night where her number one customer was "Daddy Bigbucks."

Laughs filled the theatre throughout the first act and when Taylor returned as a grown up Fannie after the intermission, he raised the roof.

Danny was amazed when Taylor appeared. No longer was he a little girl in a smock, thread-bare dress and tattered shoes. Instead, Taylor wore a tight-fitting, barely thigh-high orange and gold dress which displayed every curve one could imagine. He walked naturally on 5-inch platform heels, carrying a stuffed dog in his left arm and a 12-inch cigarette holder in his right hand. Smoke filled the stage.

Danny could not believe the person playing Fannie was his friend. He looked and acted like a woman; very pretty and a bit sexy too.

Fannie is eventually swept off her feet by “Daddy Bigbucks” and escapes from the clutches of Miss Horrigan, played by Taylor’s good friend, Jamie May, who was almost as convincing in his female roll.

The play concluded with a party at “Daddy Bigbucks” home and a “Glee” like dance routine. Taylor and some of the other characters had to quickly change into school girl outfits for the final dance and sing-a-long.

“Oh my God,” Danny said out loud as he spotted Taylor’s now curly red trusses. “He looks like a red-headed Robin. Could it be?”

The curtain closed to a standing and shout filled ovation. Danny stood, clapped his hands and cheered. The curtain rose again for an encore and Taylor took the microphone. He introduced the major cast members and the music started again. In a near-soprano voice, Taylor sang the Annie theme song “Tomorrow”. The audience and cast sang along and shouted their approval. Taylor curtseyed as the other cast members followed suit. The curtain closed to another roaring ovation.

“How’d you like it?” Linda inquired.

“Fantastic,” Danny bubbled. “Taylor can really act. I didn’t know he could sing and dance too. He was so convincing that I would have never known he wasn’t a real girl.”

Linda and Mark laughed and nodded their heads in agreement.