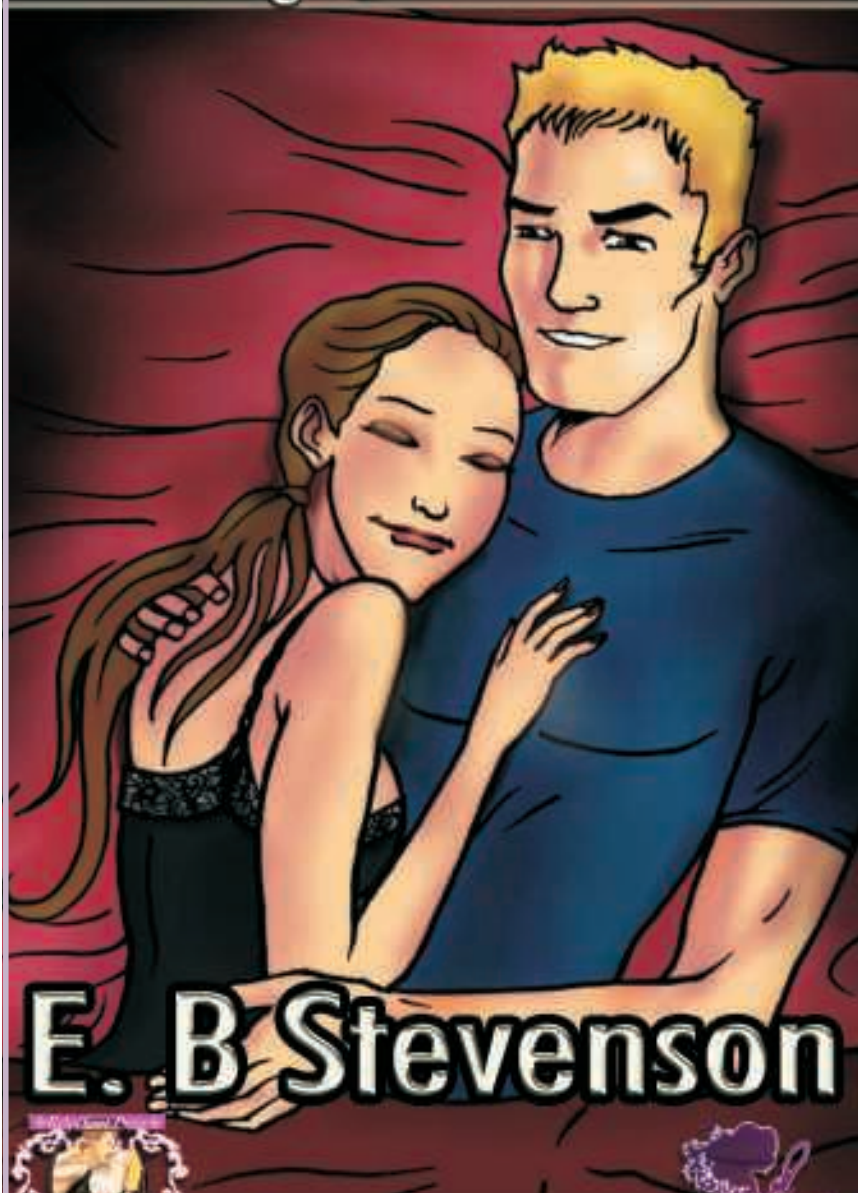


# Becoming A Woman For Him



**E. B. Stevenson**



A "New Woman" Novel



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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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# “BECOMING A WOMAN FOR HIM”

by E.B. Stevenson

## One

At twelve years of age, I had a large number of friends; both boys and girls. That’s to be expected when you’re one of the top students in your class. Every class has a person in it who’s smaller than most his or her age. Ours certainly was no exception. We had a boy in our class who was smaller than most boys his age.

It was toward the end of sixth grade; we were living in a small suburb of a major midwestern city. Being five-four with an athletic build, I was naturally one of the toughest guys in the class to the bullies, yet I was a nice guy to my friends and to the girls. I had been a friend of David Gaye since the second grade. We all knew that he was different; we accepted his eccentricities. He didn’t seem to fit the male archetype; yet,

he didn't seem to fit the female archetype, either. He had celebrated his twelfth birthday two weeks before; he was only four feet, eleven inches tall with a slender build and short blonde hair. Some of the neighborhood boys picked on him because of his size; it was something that irritated my friends and me.

Late one afternoon in May, I was walking home from school with the Schultz twins, Nick and Nigel, Edward Dinwiddie, Rachel Keller, Lori Johnston and Missy Brown. Nick and Nigel were both five-three with average builds and short, curly black hair. Eddie was five-four with a larger than average build; his light brown hair done in a crew cut. Rachel was the tallest of the girls at five-three with an average build and shoulder-length blonde hair. Lori was five-two with a slender build and long brunette hair. Missy was five feet tall with a larger than average build and shoulder-length medium brown hair. David was in the middle of the group. Andy Sadler, who was in the eighth grade at the time and the neighborhood bully, approached us with his group of friends. Eighth graders Michael Francis, Kevin Gray and Philip March, along with seventh graders Tom Roberts, George March and Joe Stein, were with him. They looked more like a street gang than a rag-tag bunch of teenage boys.

“Look at what we have here! David Gay-bait and a group of wimps; you want to know how we should kill you,” Andy said devilishly.

“What the hell are you doing here, punk?” I asked him in a sinister manner.

“I'm here to knock off a few fags and dykes,” he replied.

“I don’t know what’s gotten into you, but we’re not dykes! We like boys like Ted, Nick, Nigel and Eddie,” Missy added in a defiant tone.

“We like girls like Missy, Lori and Rachel. We’re not a bunch of freaking homos!” Eddie added angrily before reached into his backpack.

It was about the same time that Nick and Nigel reached into their backpacks for their brass knuckles. They always carried a pair of brass knuckles with them. I reached into my backpack to take out a seven-foot long steel chain. Eddie reached for his ropes and bullwhip. Little did we know that the girls were trained in Judo, Karate and Kung Fu; they were prepared for a fight.

Andy began by attacking David. He tried to defend himself, but he got a black eye in the process. Lori got him away before they began to tear at his clothing. I began to twirl the chain in the air, like a cowboy twirls a lasso. Eddie began cracking the bullwhip like a circus trainer uses one to get a dangerous animal back into his cage. Brothers Philip and George began to attack Nick and Nigel. They dashed off in opposite directions to sneak up from behind. Kevin looked like he was ready to take Eddie on in a duel to the death.

Not seeing the twins, Philip asked George: “Where are the twins? Did they chicken out?”

“No we didn’t, you bastards!” Nigel replied before he and Nick punched them in their backs with their brass knuckles. They relentlessly punched them until they were doubled up in pain. “Serves them right!” angrily yelled Nick.

Andy was now attacking Lori; she kept fighting back with a series of high kicks. He was determined to rip her clothes to shreds. “Take that, you pervert!”

she yelled while she was relentlessly kicking Andy, who kept fighting back.

Michael then rushed toward Rachel; he tried to assault her. “Michael Francis, you are nothing but a stupid pervert!” she yelled angrily before he threw a fist at her. She then put her martial arts training to use by sending a series of high kicks at him, hitting him in the head several times, and hitting his rib cage several times.

I then faced Tom, who was carrying a billy club. He was the only one who was armed. “Ted Thomas, why do you protect a shrimp like him?” he asked in a bullying tone.

“David happens to be our friend. We don’t care if he’s different from the rest of us. He’s a human being, and we feel his life matters as much as our own lives matter,” I replied, attempting to keep calm.

“Well, take this, you homo protector!” Tom yelled before he swung his club at me. I took a hit in the side. All I would feel would be a minor sting. I reached for my chain, and swung it at him. He tried to run off, but he tripped and fell on the root of a very tall tree. Lori ran up and stomped him on his chest with her left foot as hard as she could.

Eddie gave me a piece of rope; I tied Tom’s hands behind his back. “I’m going to let the cops deal with you,” I said to him, attempting to keep my cool.

“They’re going to deal with the lot of them. I just called the cops on my cell phone,” Missy added.

“Don’t these kids know that bullying is now a criminal offense?” Rachel asked me.

“They probably don’t. I can’t see why they would bully an innocent guy like David, except that he’s smaller than most of us in his grade,” I replied.

“I can’t see why, either. He’s such a nice guy, he doesn’t bother anyone, and keeps to himself a lot,” Lori added.

Eddie held Michael to the ground with his right foot. He had tied his hands behind his back, awaiting the arrival of the police. “You had to call the heat again!” Michael angrily said.

Missy had Andy tied to a tree; he was obviously humiliated. “Did you really have to call the pigs?” he angrily asked her.

“Don’t you ever call our police ‘the pigs’ again, or I’ll knock all your teeth out!” she angrily replied.

It was twenty minutes later that the police arrived. They took Andy and his gang into custody. I was taken into an interrogation room by a team of detectives, Harry Kohler and Stephanie DeRousse. “How long has this been going on?” Stephanie asked me.

“It’s been going on for a couple of years now. Mr. Sadler and his friends have been picking on Mr. Gaye because he is smaller than most of us. He’s a gentle soul and doesn’t bother anyone,” I replied.

“What has brought this on?” Harry then asked.

“It’s apparently because they show a very deep hatred to those who are different than themselves. Today, we decided to accompany Mr. Gaye home from school. All of us are sixth graders at Carter Elementary School. The instigators are seventh and eighth graders at McCarthy Middle School. They attacked Mr. Gaye before they attacked the rest of us; we

fought back in self defense,” I replied, being right to the point.

“We’re not going to press charges against you and your friends, since you did it in self defense. Andy Sadler and his gang are in big trouble,” Stephanie added.

“They probably didn’t know bullying is now a crime,” I said.

It was shortly after five o’clock that I walked in the door at my house. My father, Theo, and my eleven-year-old sister, Kimberly, were waiting. My seventeen-year-old brother, Eric, and my fifteen-year-old sister, Brittany, were at the library, studying for final exams. My mother, Corinne, passed away shortly before I started the fourth grade. “Ted, what’s this I hear about you going down to the police station?” my suspicious father asked me.

“Andy Sadler and his gang have been attacking David Gaye for the past couple of years. Today, they really wanted to finish him off. I decided to accompany him home from school today with the Schultz twins, Eddie Dinwiddie, Lori Johnston, Rachel Keller and Missy Brown. They began to beat him without mercy; his friends challenged us to a fight. We fought back; the martial arts training that the girls went through came in very handy, along with the skills we learned at the boxing club. They apparently didn’t know that bullying is now a criminal offense. Missy called the police; I went down with my friends so they could get our statements,” I explained.

“It’s very dumb to have someone attack another person just because he or she is different,” added Kimberly.

I was finishing my homework in my bedroom around nine o’clock when Brittany came into the



room. "May I have a word with you, Ted?" she asked me.

"I was almost finished with my English homework; you may speak," I replied.

"I hear you and your friends went to the mat with Andy Sadler's gang," she said with a quizzical look.

"He's been picking on David Gaye for the past two years. We decided we finally had enough of their bullying of him just because he's smaller than most boys his age. We put the louts in their proper place: behind bars," I told her.

"Did he know that bullying is now a criminal offense?"

"They probably didn't know that the law changed at the first of the month; they did it anyway."

"There's more to David than just being short and skinny."

"How's that, Brit?"

"His older sister, Bella, and I are best friends. Bella and their big sister, Adele, have been dressing David in their old dresses for the past several years."

"Are you for real, Brittany Michelle Thomas?"

"I am for real, Ted. When I was over at their house two weeks ago before Bella and I went to the outlet mall, Adele had him in her prom dress. She had already put a long blonde wig on his head, and was making him up to look like a girl. I was shocked that she would make him up to look like a girl!"

"How did this start?"

“It apparently started when he was four years old, when he put on a flower girl’s gown that Bella wore when their Aunt Gwen got married. They have been dressing him in their old dresses off and on since then, especially when their mother, stepfather and two brothers, Ben and Bob, are away from the house. He seems to be enjoying his sisters’ feminization of him.”

“This is the first I’ve heard of this!”

“I hope this doesn’t affect his gender identity later on.”

“Let’s keep this our little secret for now. The fewer people who know about this, the better.”

“My lips are sealed.”

After Brittany left my room, I continued my work on my English homework until I finished the last question on my assignment. I put my books in my backpack, took my chain out, and set it on my desk before I went to bed.

## **Two**

Six years had passed since the day we took on Andy’s gang. The whole gang was still in Juvenile Detention as we were getting ready to graduate from Van Buren High School. David was only five-five by that time; he still had a slender build, but with his blonde hair done like those guys in Roman sculptures. He had become interested in high fashion; he was planning to pursue a career as a fashion designer. The Schultz twins were both five-eleven with athletic builds; Nick was the ace of the school’s pitching staff, winning twenty games in his two seasons on

the Junior Varsity team and the last two on the Varsity squad. Nigel was the team's catcher. Both of them had accepted baseball scholarships; they would be off to Florida State. Lori, by that time five-seven with an average build, was the pitching star of the softball team; she was also going to Florida State on a softball scholarship. She had been dating Nick since our freshman year of high school. Missy, five-ten with an athletic build, played basketball throughout high school; she averaged twenty points per game in her senior year. She was dating Nigel; she accepted a basketball scholarship at Florida State. Eddie had just accepted an academic scholarship to Yale, where he would pursue a law degree. Rachel had also been accepted at Yale, where she would study accounting. I was headed to Stanford to major in international business, with an eye toward taking over the export-import business my father and Uncle Roger started forty years ago.

The six of us got together at Sal's Pizza Parlor just a week before we graduated from Van Buren High to take a look back, and look ahead to what the future would have in store for us over pizza and soda.

"I'd take it you're planning a career in high fashion," Missy said to David.

"Yes, I am planning to try my hand at haute couture. I'm going to New York after graduation to work for a top designer. I hope to enroll at a school there to get my degree in Fashion Merchandising and Promotion," he replied.

"I've really been interested in the export-import business," I added.

"Didn't your brother Eric want to enter that business?" Nick asked me.

“He wanted to at one time, but felt that it wasn’t for him. He changed to Secondary Education; he’s now teaching English as a Second Language at a school in Oslo, Norway,” I replied.

“What about Brittany?” Rachel then asked.

“She looked at that, too...but she decided to study Psychology. She’s now in graduate school, and has applied to several doctoral programs,” I told her.

“What kind of patients does she hope to work with?” Lori asked.

“She hopes to work with either transgender or autistic patients,” I replied.

“What are you going to major in at Florida State?” Eddie asked.

“I’m planning to study Atmospheric Sciences; I hope to be a hydrologist or a meteorologist,” Nick replied.

“I’m looking at possibly studying American History,” added Nigel.

“I’ve already decided on accounting,” Lori informed us.

“I have it whittled down to two: Elementary Education or Nursing,” Missy then added.

“What area of the law do you hope to specialize in?” Nigel asked Eddie.

“I hope to specialize in disability, elder and/or real estate law,” he replied.

“May I ask your opinion on something?” David asked us.

“What would you like our feedback on?” Rachel asked him.

“I know I’ve kept this from you for so long, but I am ready to come out of the closet,” he replied.

“What do you mean by that?” Nigel asked.

“Ever since I entered my freshman year of high school, I’ve been dealing with issues involving my gender identity. I’ve been questioning whether I’m really a guy or a girl. Last night, after fighting it for the past four years, I finally had to confess to my family that I am a girl, unfairly trapped in a boy’s body. From the time I was four years old, I knew that I should have been a girl. I kept this a secret from you for far too long. I hope to start transitioning from guy to girl when I get to New York,” he sheepishly explained.

“How is your family taking your decision?” Missy then asked.

“My mother said the most interesting thing to me. She asked me why I didn’t tell her this before, and I replied that if I told them that I was transgender, I would be afraid they would disown me. My mother told me that no matter what I did, she would be behind me all the way. My sisters also lent their support should I decide to become a girl. My stepfather and my brothers were surprisingly supportive. I hope you will be just as supportive as my family,” he explained succinctly.

“No matter what you do, you have my total support,” I assured him.

“We will all be supportive, regardless of what you do,” Lori added.

He then gave us a look at pictures of himself made up to look like a girl, with a brunette wig and wearing his mother's wedding gown. "My sister Bella took this as part of a fashion portfolio for one of her Photography classes," he said.

"Is she planning to be a fashion photographer?" I asked him.

"She's already working as a fashion photographer in Paris," he replied.

When I got home from the pizza parlor, I was still letting David's revelation sink in. Kimberly, by that time a seventeen-year-old high school junior who's now five-six with an average build and long medium brown hair, asked me; "What are you thinking about, Ted?"

"It's David Gaye. He told me and my friends he's planning to become a girl," I replied.

"Ben told me about it on our date last night. He's very supportive, and looks forward to having another sister," she added.

"Brittany told me about his dressing up as a girl when I was in sixth grade. I kept it a secret from everyone for so long; I'm sure she didn't want anyone else to know until the time was right."

"Ben tells me that he's ready to go through the emotional and physical pain associated with transition."

"I know more about transgender issues than most people my age. I read a lot on the subject in my Psychology class during my junior year. I also knew that my teacher in that course has a friend who went through transition and surgery years ago. We got to meet her toward the end of the class. Her friend also

went through the transition from man to woman. She had gender reassignment surgery a year ago in San Francisco; she's now working as an attorney specializing in transgender law."

"When will he start his transition?"

"He plans to start after he arrives in New York."

When we graduated from high school a week later, we kept the news of David's plan to transition to a girl to ourselves. Eddie and I graduated one-two in our class; Rachel was the top girl in our class at number four. Nick, Nigel, Lori and Missy all graduated in the top ten percent of the class; David finished in the middle of a class of 350. We would all head off to find our careers.

## **Three**

Another six years would go by after graduation from high school. I was by that time working for my father and Uncle Roger at their export-import business, Theo-Roger Exports and Imports. Uncle Roger is my mother's older brother. After graduating from college, Nigel and Missy also returned home, where Nigel was teaching American History at Suburban Community College, while Missy was teaching sixth grade at Carter Elementary School. I was best man when Nigel and Missy married a year ago. I was getting ready to take a trip to Thailand and Malaysia to buy some of that country's finest finished products for the business when we decided to get together for pizza at Sal's once again.

"How are your students treating you?" I asked Nigel.

“They’re treating me quite well, thank you. In fact, they ask more questions than I do,” he replied.

“These kids are a bit wilder than we were when we were in grade school, but we don’t have the bullying problem anymore,” Missy added.

“I remember when we had that fight with Andy and his gang of thugs twelve years ago,” I said to them.

“Where are they now?” Missy asked.

“Andy Sadler is awaiting sentencing in a murder case. He was convicted of first-degree murder in the death of a woman he was dating three years ago. Philip and George March are now at the federal pen in Terre Haute for their part in a trans-bashing incident in Atlanta four years ago; they’re serving thirty years apiece. Kevin Gray is awaiting trial on federal kidnapping charges; he kidnapped two sisters in Las Vegas, and held them in a vacant house outside Salt Lake City for three weeks before the police stormed it. He’s being held without bail at the federal courthouse in Salt Lake City. Michael Francis is now in the Witness Protection Program, living under an assumed name in rural North Dakota. He turned state’s witness against a man who was pushing illegal drugs to the Lakota Sioux nation in the Dakotas. Tom Roberts is now living in Australia, where he works on a ranch in the Outback. He went and got his G.E.D., and went to Australia when his probation expired. Joe Stein also got his G.E.D.; he went to the University of California to get a Criminal Justice degree; he’s now working as a paralegal in San Francisco while going to law school,” I explained.

“Have you kept up with David Gaye since we graduated from high school?” Nigel then asked.

“The last time I heard from him was just before I went to work for my dad and uncle. He was finishing



his sophomore year of college, and hasn't started his transition to a girl," I replied.

"He's now living part of the time as a guy, and part of the time as a girl," Missy added.

"What are the others doing?" I asked them.

"Nick is in graduate school, finishing his Master's degree. He works part-time for a television station in Tallahassee. Lori just got certified as a public accountant; she's working for an accounting firm, also in Tallahassee. They recently announced their engagement. Eddie just graduated from law school at Yale; he had just joined a New York law firm specializing in elder law. Rachel is now working for a top accounting firm in New York. They're also planning to get married," Missy replied.

"Rachel and Eddie will be getting married in the fall," Nigel added.

The next day, I would be off to Bangkok, where I found some of their best products, as well as arts and crafts. I even spent one night on the town with a transsexual girl named Winnie; I took her to dinner and she gave me a tour of the city. I would spend a week in Bangkok before going to Kuala Lumpur, where I found some fine pewter products for the business. I returned home two and a half weeks later, none the worse for wear.

## **Four**

Two months later, I would have to make a return trip to Bangkok. A local Thai-American dance troupe had ordered some new dance outfits and gowns to replace costumes that are over thirty years old. They

had contracted with Theo-Roger Exports and Imports to pick up the shipment and bring them back to the United States. The girl I went out with on my last trip, Winnie, wanted me to pick up a couple of cocktail dresses in a size 12 before I left for Bangkok. A day and a half before I left town, I took a day trip to St. Louis to pick the dresses up from my cousin by marriage, Stephanie. She's married to my third cousin, novelist E.S. Thomas.

"What brings you to my shop, Cousin Ted?" she asked me.

"I've been asked to bring a couple of cocktail dresses to a friend in Bangkok," I replied.

"What's her name?"

"Her name is Winnie; she works for an export-import business in Bangkok. Like you, she's a transsexual."

"What's her dress size?"

"She's a size 12. I was wondering if you have one in blue and one in pink."

"We've got just the perfect dresses for her," Stephanie said before she went to the rack with party and cocktail dresses, and showed me one in pink with a medium skirt and one in royal blue with a shorter skirt. "These dresses are just perfect," I told her.

"What are you going to Bangkok for?" she then asked.

"My company has been contracted by a Thai-American dance group back home to bring some costumes they bought back to the United States. I'm leaving late tomorrow night," I replied.