



Reluctant Press

Three Cheers

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A 'YOUNG ADULT' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THREE CHEERS

By Eileen Johnson

In 1955, I was entering the tenth grade in the small town of Hamilton, not far from Fort Dix. My father was a lieutenant colonel in the Army and had been reassigned there a year ago before being shipped out to Korea for a one-year assignment. On the way to his assignment, the plane crashed and everyone on board was killed.

We were a typical military family and I had lived my whole life, up to that point, on military bases. Both my mother and I were tired of base life so we decided to buy a house off-base. Mom and I thought that it would be a nice experience for me and a break for her from the rather regimented and rigorous lifestyle of a base wife of a high-ranking officer. In short, we just wanted to be alone for a while. Now we were alone mourning our loss.

Shortly after I graduated from the ninth grade, we settled into a new house in Hamilton about thirty miles from the base. It was on a picturesque street, lined with beautiful large shade trees and spacious homes; simply a dream come true for the both of us. We wanted to keep a low profile at the base, so we decided to use only the commissary and hospital. This would help free Mom of all the social gatherings that the women take part in there. Mom looked forward to her new lifestyle and so did I. At first we did not have much time to meet the neighbors; however it did not take long after things quieted down. One of the first neighbors to visit lived right next door.

She learned about Dad's death and came over to offer her condolences. I soon learned that they had a daughter named Rachel who was in the eleventh grade and active in more school activities than I could remember. During her visit we were eating some of the cake that she brought and all kinds of topics were discussed. At one point, Rachel's mother mentioned that she was currently staying with one of her girl friends across town so they could work on some of their cheer leading techniques for next fall. This was only the third week in July and it seemed awfully early to begin practice. Her mother explained that competition for the cheer leading championships was getting fierce and a few of their chief rivals were incorporating gymnastics into their routines.

The girls were determined to perfect their gymnastics skills, in spite of the fact that none of the teachers or coaches at school had any training or knowledge about the sport.

In a flash and to my dismay, my mother spoke up with a bit of trivia about my past. You see, the middle school I went to at the previous base had an excellent gymnastics program. Since the U. S. Army gymnastics team was stationed there, they better have. As a result, I had four years of an intensive gymnastics training and, I must say, was one of the best at it in the school. I even had a few trophies to show for my efforts. That is, until I fell off the parallel bars and broke my right collar bone in two places.

After several months of recovery, I was told that I could never do the strenuous events again. Tumbling, cart wheels and the like were OK, but the rest were out of the question. I had really enjoyed the sport and was disappointed that my career had ended.

Well, as soon as Mom told of my experience, the wheels began to roll in Mrs. Reynolds mind. In less than a minute, she commented, "That's fantastic. You could teach the girls how to incorporate gymnastics into their routine. I cant wait to tell Rachel and I am sure she will be thrilled."

Mom thought that was great and commented that I was free the following day. This all happened before I could say anything.

At first I wasn't sure I wanted to get involved and then the thought crossed my mind, "*Are you out of your mind? You have the opportunity to be with the best looking girls in the school!*"

They were both looking at me so I said, "It's all right with me. I'll see what I can do for them."

Both women were elated.

After Mrs. Reynolds left, it was not more than an hour before Rachel was knocking on our door.

As I opened it, I was stunned by her beauty.

"You must be Keith. I'm glad to meet you. I understand that you have been trained in gymnastics. That's great. The cheer leading squad needs all the help it can get."

I invited her in and before long, she asked if I could go over to the school with her the following day to meet the rest of the squad and see if I could help them. I agreed and after some small talk she left.

The following day, I went over to Rachel's house at 8:00 AM and her mother drove us to school. I learned that the girls practiced early in the morning and then again in the evening to avoid the heat of the day. When we arrived, the other girls were already there ready and waiting to meet me. Well, I was greeted like a hero. Each one came over to me and gave me a hug. They asked me to watch their routine and see if I had any suggestions.

They were right. They needed all the help they could get, even from an experienced amateur like myself. Within an hour, I had already shown them some tricks of the trade. Needless to say, they were thrilled. I had a good time with the girls and, consid-

ering I didn't know anyone in town, I thought it would be a way to meet other kids. We all decided that I would work with them during the rest of the week.

During the next few days, there were very few people around the school and we practiced without interruption. The only ones who stopped by were some of the boy-friends of the girls. Many of them were on the football or basketball team as one might expect and were the school "jocks".

When I was introduced as having been trained in gymnastics, they all laughed calling it a pansy sport that only girls would participate in.

I pointed out that men's gymnastics was one of the sports in the Olympics; however they simply brushed off my comment. To them it was a "wimp sport" and that was that. I didn't push the issue. As a result, they tended to keep their distance from me. For example, they didn't invite me to join them for any activities. It was the girls who insisted that I go along.

During the first week of August, we had a tremendous heat wave with temperatures over one hundred degrees. The girls were all dressed in their gym uniforms, which consisted of a one-piece outfit with blouse and shorts attached.

As for myself, I was sweating away in long pants and a tee shirt. At one point I complained about the heat and the girls quickly suggested that I wear a pair of shorts to practice. In those days it was one thing for a boy to wear shorts to gym class, but simply out of the question to wear them out on the street. The other guys would ridicule you to death. I declined to explain my reasoning.

Then, Susan wondered what I wore when I competed and practiced gymnastics at the base. She had me there and she knew it. I explained that we wear shorts for practice and competition. Within a second, the girls challenged my reasoning and commented, "Then, why not wear shorts. You are doing the same activities with us."

I still had problems with this and explained that it is somewhat like being a performer. Its one thing to wear your costume on the stage and another to wear it on the street.

They all laughed and we continued with the practice.

The weather forecast for the following day predicted one of the hottest on record. I thought the girls would want to take the day off, however they insisted they needed all the practice they could get. So the following morning, we decided to meet at Janet's house. She had a wonderful shaded yard that provided some relief from the sun.

During that practice I was sweating to beat the band. The girls were sweating, too; however I was sweating the most. All of a sudden, Janet interrupted the practice and said she would be right back and ran into the house.

We barely caught our breath by the time she returned with something behind her back. She looked at the other girls commenting, "I think it is about time he swallows his pride and dresses more comfortably for practice."

With that she pulled out one of her spare blue girls gym suits explaining, "I think it might be a little big on you but it should do for the moment."

My immediate response was, "No way!" The girls all joined in on the fun.

Cheryl offered an ultimatum. "What do you say, girls? Either he goes into the house and changes or we'll change him right here in the yard."

That was all the girls needed to hear and in a second they were all standing around me with great big grins on their faces.

All I could say was, "Please don't make me do this. The guys on the teams already think I am a sissy and I'm sure they are making fun of me."

Then, Rachel said, "We can assure you the boys on the teams will begin to think otherwise."

As I looked around, I said, "You really mean it, don't you? You would change me right here."

They all responded, "You bet!" So, off to the house I went to change.

I really felt funny in the one-piece outfit knowing that boys wouldn't want to be caught dead in such a thing. The blouse also had darts for the bust that I was obviously missing.

As I came out of the house, the girls jumped for joy and gave me a warm greeting. To my embarrassment, they commented on how shapely my legs were for a boy. Sharon suggested that I shave them while Janet commented, "If you put on a bra it would fit even better."

This brought on a round of laughter.

I pleaded with the girls not to tell the guys to help me improve my image with them. And since I was helping them with their routines they all agreed to this.

After practice, Janet suggested that I keep the outfit for the evening practice. With the encouragement of the squad I did and ended up wearing it home. When Mom first saw me, she had a peculiar look on her face which Rachel also caught and, to my relief, she quickly explained the whole thing.

I changed for the afternoon, however, before we went back to practice. Rachel came over to make sure I had changed back again. I knew it wouldn't be long before one of the guys on the team would see me in the outfit and everyone would know.

Well, I wasn't disappointed-if that was the right word.

Just as practice ended, one of the guys showed up to pick up his girlfriend. Of course he noticed right away and burst out laughing. All the girls lit into him explaining what had happened and told him to stop. With difficulty he did, but I am sure not for long.

During the next week practice went well. Mom got me a male gym uniform and I went out with the gang, although the guys still kept their distance from me as much as possible. If nothing else, I was meeting people and getting out of the house. About a week before school started, the girls were more than pleased with the results of all their hard work and I had to agree. They had a number of gymnastics stunts in their performance that made them very competitive.

A week before school started, the coach for the cheerleaders, Mrs. Wilkenson, came back from her trip out west. The girls told her about me even before I had a chance to

meet her. They showed her the new routines and she was thrilled, to say the least. When I met her, she treated me as if I was one of the squad and made me feel right at home. She explained that she would inform the Mr. Wallace, the principal, about my involvement and was sure that it would be all right for me to help if I wanted to. I was enjoying working with gymnastics once again and agreed to continue.

As school began, I found that I fit into the new environment quite well. I must admit I had some nasty comments directed towards me, as well as snickers from the boys regarding my activities with the cheerleaders, but that was about it. I liked my classes and teachers and considered myself lucky. The first football game was the second weekend after school started against one of our toughest rivals. Our team was very aggressive and wiped them out 18 to 0.

The girls put on one heck of a performance, especially when compared to the other squad. Their girls were noticeably unhappy. As they departed, we got some choice comments thrown at us from the back of the bus.

Meanwhile, our girls were ecstatic and jumping with joy. They all felt they could win the cheer leading championship this year and so did I. Mr. Wallace came over and congratulated us. Then, he went out of his way to compliment me for all the help I had given the girls and asked me to continue with my efforts right through to the championships. What could I say other than, "OK."

The following week was the first "away" game. I was surprised to learn that it was on Friday night and not Saturday afternoon. They explained to me that this school district was very rich and was the first in the state to light their field. They obviously liked to show it off. Everyone was psyched to say the least and we had improved on each of the cheers.

After class, I headed down to the gym to join the gang. As soon as I entered, some of the girls called me over to the girls' locker room. They appeared to be panicky about something.

I asked what was wrong.

Rachel said, "There's been an accident and we need your help right way. Get in here!"

They met in the girls' locker room and before I could respond they pushed me through the door. All of a sudden, I was looking at the cheer leading squad in an array of attire. Some of them were in just their bras and panties while others were half-dressed. They had surprised looks on their faces; then I was blinded by what seemed to be several flashes of light. In spite of being hardly able to see I tried to run out as fast as I could, but I was stopped by some of the girls. Now I was confused and scared. I couldn't imagine what was going on.

Then I heard Sharon say, "OK girls, get dressed while we break the news to him."

I looked up wondering what they met.

Sharon explained that they had received some bad news. Earlier in the day Linda had left school for a dentist appointment and on the way back, her mother had an accident. Linda ended up with a badly broken leg.

All I thought was, *“There goes some of the routines.”*

She went on to explain, “We all agreed that we intend to complete all of the routines so we need a replacement and you're the only one that knows all of them!”

Then it hit me. What just happened was a set-up.

Sharon obviously read my mind.

“That's right. This is the deal. We need you to appear with us in uniform as one of the girls tonight and we hope we don't have to threaten you. If you don't, we will all yell for help and show the pictures to the principal and our boyfriends. We suspected that you would be reluctant to go along with this, so we decided that we needed something to persuade you. We really do appreciate what you are doing for us and to help you out we will make sure the guys don't tease you.”

All I could say was, “You have got to be kidding! I will be the laughing stock of the school. No way!” The girls tried to make me believe I would be a hero to the school. I wasn't about to give in easily. Then someone said, “We are running out of time. The bus will be ready to leave before we are.”

Rachel looked me in the eye and said, “We really do love you and appreciate all you have done for us but we need your help more than ever. Let's go girls. Get him undressed.”

In spite of my efforts to stop them, they all seemed to grab on to something and within a minute or two, I was on the floor in only my underpants, trying to hide my manliness. I was so embarrassed and mad, my face was flaming red.

I yelled, “Is this how you show your gratitude? I hate you!” I had all I could do to hold back the tears forming in my eyes.

They obviously weren't listening as Sharon explained, “Now, do you want us to change your underpants for you or do it by yourself in one of the stalls in privacy?”

I couldn't believe my ears. They really meant it. I was so embarrassed I couldn't talk, so I got up and went in to change.

They handed me the lined blue panties that went with the uniform. As I changed, they explained they intended to dress me up as one of the girls and see how I looked. If I didn't look passable as a girl, they would give up on their idea and go back to their old routines for the time being. I hoped that would be the end of it.

Then they handed the skirt over the top of the stall. It was a very full blue pleated skirt that hung just below my knees. Once the skirt was in place, they had me step out so they could finish the transformation.

While I sat on a bench, two of the girls raised my skirt and began to shave my legs.

“You can't do that. Stop! What about gym class? The guys will see it for sure and they will beat me up or worse.”

I heard someone say, “I will take care of that.”

As I looked around, there stood Mrs. Wilkenson.

“Stop them,” I shouted!

“I can't. We need you more than ever. They explained the whole thing to me and I agree. Now, please just sit still and let them work on you so we can see how you look.” Then she left the room leaving me in the hands of the girls.

While my legs were being shaved, I was told by Rachel to hold out my arms. I thought I would faint as she placed my arms through the straps of a bra and hooked it in the back. Several tissues were stuffed into the cups to round me out.

As I gasped with stunned disbelief at the two mounds on my chest, she observed, “This will have to do for now until we get something more realistic.”

At that point I began to cry, begging them not to make me go through with this. However, they continued with a vengeance. The sweater was pulled over my head and tucked into place. I knew only too well it would do nothing to cover my newly-formed bust line. In fact, it accented it.

They were so pleased with the results their enthusiasm grew by the moment.

Several of the girls had laid out an array of make up which Susan began to apply. While she chose the make-up she intended to use, she encouraged me to stop crying or it would smear and wouldn't look passable at all. That was enough encouragement to slow down the tears. She noted that my beard had not started to come in yet and I wouldn't even have to shave. The girls were ecstatic and I was on the verge of passing out from sheer embarrassment. Everything from foundation cream to powder, eye liner, mascara, rouge and, of course, lipstick was applied.

For some reason, I wondered about my very short hair. How would they overcome that obstacle? How stupid could I have been? The answer was simple: a wig. I learned later one of the girl's mothers ran a beauty parlor and had several wigs available. They had called her and she brought one over. As soon as Susan was done, I felt the wig being placed on my head.

It was light brown in a page boy style hanging nearly to my shoulders with bangs over the forehead. Once again, I begged them not to make me go through with this. The wig fit very tightly and I was concerned that it might fall off. The girls assured me that as long as I didn't do any cart wheels it would stay in place.

I certainly hoped so.

After every hair was in place, a pair of bobby socks were placed on my feet, followed by white tennis sneakers. I was asked to stand up so they could look me over and I could see the results in the full length mirror near by. As I stood, the room fell silent. I wasn't sure what was happening.

In fact, the girls were rendered speechless by what they saw.

Rachel broke the silence, saying, “Move over and let him look in the mirror.”

As I did, I couldn't believe my eyes. I was looking at one of the girls, except that she made every move I did. I felt the blood rush to my head as my knees grew weak.

Some of the girls saw what was happening and helped me to the bench. Then everyone began to talk.

“She, I mean he, is beautiful.” “I told you he could pass as a girl right from the first time I saw him in shorts.” “I know a lot of girls will be jealous of him.”

I simply sat there in disbelief. I hoped this was just a bad dream.

Each girl came over to hug me. They expressed their gratitude and realized this was a dramatic experience for me. They assured me they would do all they could to help me through it.

Their comments didn't settle my nerves at all. My heart was beating a mile a minute and I felt lightheaded.

Mrs. Wilkenson came into the room and asked to see me. I was sitting right in front of her and she didn't recognize me! When she realized who I was, she was equally stunned.

“Unbelievable! If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe it. You look great! Let's get going.”

There was no doubt in my mind at that point that I was truly going to be one of the girls that night.

“This is the plan. First, I am going out to the bus with you girls and once everyone is seated, I'll explain what is going on to the football team. I don't want them to find out during the game and end up falling apart over Keith's appearance. Ladies, I expect every one of you to help out. Settle the boys down and explain how brave Keith is. To make sure he has time to calm down and adjust, I will take him in the car. This will also give the team time to settle in for the game.” Then, she told me to stay where I was and they went to the bus.

As you can imagine, the team went wild. What could you expect from a bunch of jocks? There were cat calls and all kinds of comments. Some of them said they knew I was a sissy from the day they laid eyes on me.

The girls went after them and finally quieted them down enough so they could leave.

As I stood up, I froze in place. How could I leave the locker room like this? Mrs. Wilkenson grabbed me by the hand and dragged me out the door. As we left the parking lot, I sat as low as possible in the seat. Looking down, all I could see was the image of a girl while my vision to both sides was blocked by my shoulder-length hair.

I jumped as Mrs. Wilkenson pinched me, saying, “Sit up, dear, we have a lot to discuss.”

“What about my mother? What are we going to tell her?” I asked.

Her response was brief.

“I thought about that as well as the principal. We'll just have to cross those bridges when we come to them.” Then she went on to explain, “As you know, the girls have had to follow every one of your moves in order to improve their gymnastics skills. Now, it is your turn. Tonight, you have to follow every one of their feminine moves until your skills at being a girl improve. I know this is a traumatic experience, but you will live through it.”

She went on to explain some of the girlish actions I would have to learn such as smoothing my skirt as I sat down and swinging my arms more.

By now, my mind was swirling and I'm not sure I understood half of what she said. How could I learn all that in the few minutes before the game and why would I have to learn it at all?

About an hour and a half later, we reached the other school. I was so scared I started to cry as I sank further into the seat. I begged Mrs. Wilkenson not to make me go through with this but she insisted that there was no alternative. She got out of the car and came around to open the door. I simply froze, thinking a stadium full of people were about to see me not only dressed as a girl, but also behaving as one. She took my hand and gave me one last alternative.

“Either you come with me now or I will have to get the girls to come after you, even if they have to drag you into the stadium.”

With that, I swung my legs out of the car and stood up.

She had told the girls to meet us just outside the stadium so I could blend in with them and pass right through the crowd. When we arrived at the gate, they were all waiting and swarmed around me as if I was a conquering hero and hugged me.

Then Rachel and the coach offered some final words.

“You know the routine as well as any of us, so just go out there and pretend it is practice. Follow our lead so you can imitate our feminine mannerisms and no one will know the difference. The more feminine you act at this point, the better off you will be.”

I said to myself, “*Yeah, right. No one except the entire football team.*” All I could think of was what was going to happen to me at school on Monday.

All of a sudden, Rachel grabbed my hand and off I went with the girls into the stadium. They were all clapping their hands, chanting, “Hamilton, lets go,” so I joined in with them. The team was in a huddle with their coach, Mr. Fisher, and it soon became obvious that he did not have their attention. They were all straining their necks trying to get a glimpse of me. The coach was furious.

Suddenly, he broke away from the team and ran over to where I was sorting out pom poms with the girls. He grabbed me by the arm and began pulling me over to the team. I could hardly keep up with him. My skirt flared out behind me and I felt like a little girl about to be scolded. I didn't know what he was up to and I was scared to death of public humiliation.

The girls were equally stunned and just stood there with their mouths open.

As we reached the boys, they all stood up. Each and every one of them looked dumfounded. They didn't laugh or make comments. As I stood along side Mr. Fisher, he lit into them.

“There, take a good look and get it over. I bet you cant wait to torment him. Well, you better think twice if you ever want to play sports again. As far as I am concerned, this guy is the bravest I have ever seen. Look what he is willing to do for the school. You guys don't even come close to his bravery. Now shape up! Let's beat these guys

and win the championship along with the cheerleaders!" Then he turned to me and said, "I want you to know that I meant every word that I said. Go get `em!"

With that, I walked back to the cheerleaders somewhat relieved.

As I joined the group, they all wanted to know what happened so I quickly told them. Then it was time for our first cheer as the team entered the field. Somehow by the middle of that first cheer I settled into the routine and presented my best feminine form. I am sure that if someone singled me out and concentrated on my actions they would have become suspicious. In the middle of the group of screaming girls, I appeared as just one of them.

Once again we gave a stunning performance and our team won as well.

As we departed the field, several of the girls hugged and congratulated me. I wondered why considering what I was about to face in school next week. I began to walk over to where the car was.

Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Wilkenson came over to me and said, "We want you to join the team on the bus. You've earned it more than anyone else."

I took this as a complement and saw the girls waving, so I returned to the bus with them.

While Mrs. Wilkenson returned alone, I sat on the bus with some of the girls. As the team arrived, they were so excited about the win they hardly noticed me. Then, as the bus continued down the road, a few of them came over and thanked me for my support. The girls couldn't stop talking about how well the routine went with me in it. I heard some of them say they felt it was meant to be. All in all, it was a lot quieter ride home than I expected.

All I could think about now was my mother.

As soon as we arrived in the parking lot, Mrs. Wilkenson came over to Rachel and me. She explained that she had called Rachel's mother and told her she would bring both of us home. As I turned to retrieve my clothes and change, she had another suggestion.

"I want both of you to go home in your uniforms and I want Rachel to join us at your house while we explain this to your mother."

I looked at Rachel and she nodded approval. "If you think it will help, its OK with me," was my response. So, we were on our way and I didn't even think about picking up my clothes.

When we arrived at the house, I had goose bumps all over. How could I face an Army colonel's wife dressed like this? She still hadn't had time to deal with Dad's death and her only son was coming home dressed as one of the girls!

Mrs. Wilkenson suggested that I stay in the car while they broke the initial news to my mother. It seemed like I sat there forever, although it was only a few minutes.

Suddenly, Rachel opened the door and said, "Lets go. Believe it or not, she can't wait to see you. Don't act too scared." As I approached the house, Rachel reached out and held my hand.

As I entered, Mom was standing in the foyer with all the lights on.

Rachel had to give me a push up the final step and in I went.

Mom put her hand to her mouth. "My God, I would never recognize you! You look wonderful!" She came to me and gave me a big hug and kiss.

We went into the living room and a full explanation was given. She listened carefully, absorbing every word. Her biggest concern was how I would be treated by the other students.

Mrs. Wilkenson assured her she would see that I was given the respect that I deserved. Mrs. Wilkenson apologized to Mom, saying she hoped Mom was not too angry over what had happened.

To my surprise, Mom said, "Well, I am surprised to say the least. If you had asked for my permission before the game, I am not sure I would have given it. However, considering it worked out so well, I'm more than willing to help."

Help with what? I wondered. I spoke up, "Wait a minute. Help with what? This is it!"

Rachel turned to me and took my hand once again. "Don't forget we have a home game next week and there is no way we can teach someone all the routines by then. You will have to join us once again on the field."

I was stunned. "You have got to be kidding!"

Then, Mrs. Wilkenson and my mother started.

"He really has to learn to behave more like a girl," Mrs. Wilkenson commented. "He will have to practice feminine mannerisms as much as possible during the next week."

I lowered my head and covered my face with my hands as I listened to them talk, knowing that there was no way they were about to let me escape from their plans.

Both Mom and Rachel assured her they would do their best.

"He is going to have to get used to wearing a skirt," Mom added, "he doesn't have any sisters and mine are too big so I will have to buy some."

Rachel jumped in, explaining that I was about the size of several of the girls and since they were responsible for getting me into this mess, they would see what they could provide. She would let us know the following morning. Finally the coach said, "Thanks for being such a good sport."

That started me off. "Good sport?" I was trapped into this. This was a nightmare! Mom interrupted me, saying, "We understand dear. It's out in the open now so we had better make the best of it. So please do as we ask." I simply sat in silence as they left.

When Mom returned, I blew my stack. "How could you go along with this? Don't you care about how I feel?" and on and on. She simply listened and after a while I quieted down. I ended up on the sofa curled up in a fetal position.

Mom came over and sat next to me. She put her arm around me and drew me close while stroking my back. Across the room a mirror hung on the wall. As I looked

into it I saw the image of a teenage girl with her mother comforting her. I snuggled in next to her and began to cry.

“How am I going to face the kids at school on Monday? Everyone will be making fun of me. My life is ruined. I don't think I can take it.”

In her soft spoken manner, Mom offered some suggestions.

“The damage is already done. Now the best defense is a good offense. For now you have to be brave and put forth a strong image; that you did it for the school and the team that you had given so much time to. I am sure you will be the recipient of some nasty comments but don't let that kind of a person scare you. I am proud of what you are doing. Now I think we should go to bed. Please let me help you change because it is different than you are used to.”

No fooling.

As I undressed, I was totally humiliated standing in front of my mother in only a bra and panties. She didn't bat an eye. She only made suggestions. I had to cover my face with cold cream to get the make up off and finally put on my pajamas and climbed into bed.

She came over and gave me a good night kiss as she tucked me in. “I know this is a difficult time for you, but please look at it as a learning experience. I love you and will always be by your side.”

I was exhausted from the evening's events and quickly fell asleep.

The next thing I knew Mom was laying something on the bed.

She commented that Rachel called to tell us that the girls were coming over around one o'clock to help me. As I looked at the foot of the bed I saw the bra, panties and cheerleader outfit.

“I want you to put your uniform on once again until we get some other clothes so you can start getting used to wearing items like a bra and skirt. I also want to put some make up on you so you can learn to keep from smearing it.”

“Mom, please give me a break. I can't.”

“If I do and you are not completely passable we're both in trouble. Please do as I ask.” She insisted on staying and helping me dress even though I assured her I knew what to do. Before I knew it there was my mother helping me into a bra. I was so embarrassed I felt like I was red from head to toe. She fussed over my shape and treated me as if I were her daughter. I could tell she was really enjoying all this. She had me try putting on my make up and laughed when the eye liner went on crooked or the lipstick was too thick and commented that I needed a lot of practice. Then, she placed the wig on my head and fussed with it for 20 minutes. When I complained, she explained she wanted me to look my best for the girls. All I could think was she meant more like one of them.

Thirty minutes later, we went down to breakfast as if we were mother and daughter once again.