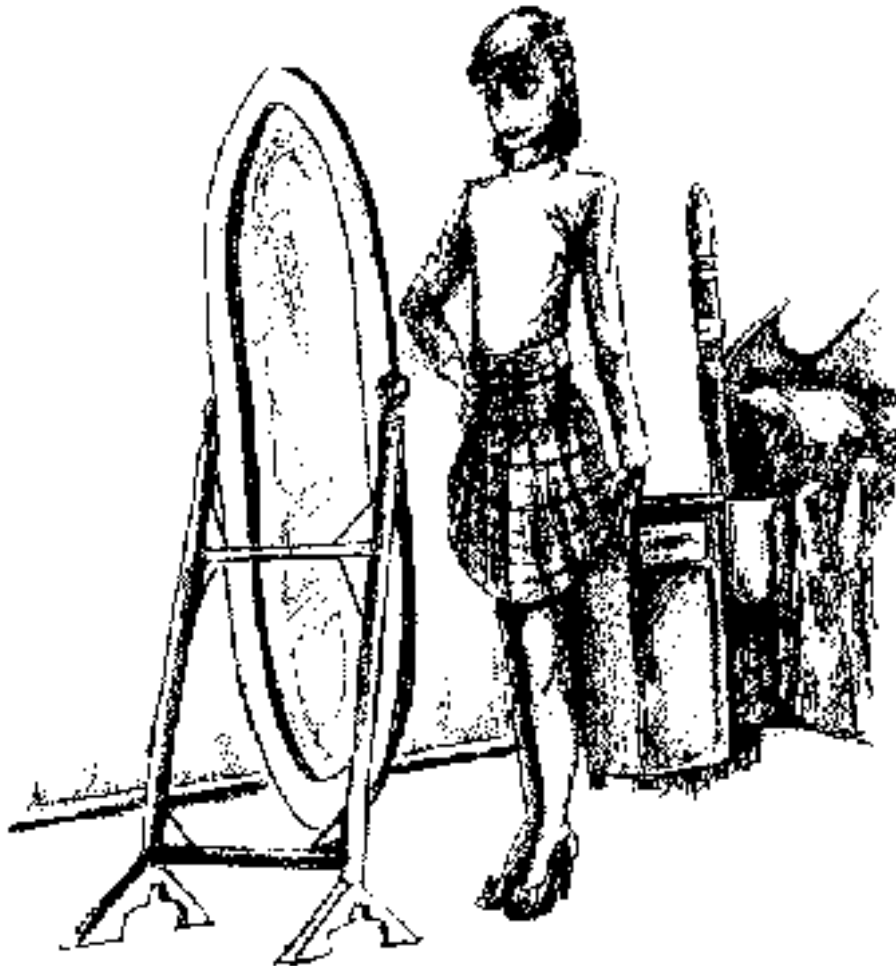


# LOOKING GLASS GIRL

*By Patricia Marie Allen*



*ILLUSTRATED BY C.Diamond*

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A 'YOUNG ADULT' NOVEL

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## LOOKING GLASS GIRL

By Patricia Marie Allen

### ALAN DISCOVERS

Alan's parents are divorced and he lives with his sister Maggie and his mother. He has an older sister Patty who was married last year and a brother Jim Jr. who decided to live with his father in Colorado when he was 13. When Jim was 12 he had become fascinated with girls and suggested to one of his friends that if Alan put on a girl's swim suit and swimming cap he could pass for a girl. Then all he would need is a little camera and he could go into the girls dressing room at the park swimming pool and take pictures of them getting undressed. Alan being not quite five at the time couldn't understand why they would want pictures of girls getting undressed.

Alan thought this was all very strange. But like he had been told many times about everything else, "When he was older he'd understand." So he put these things out of his Mind and went on living, waiting to get older. By and by he did, Jim went to live with his Dad and Patty got married and moved to California with her new husband. Then it was just Maggie, Mom and him. Mom worked, Maggie, who was five years older, went to junior high school and got home from school at least an hour after he did. Mom didn't get home from work for an hour after that. Alan was a latch key kid.

The house they lived in was pretty small and storage was a problem. Alan's bedroom had a big closet and the things that weren't needed were often stored there. They didn't have television so Alan was left to find ways to amuse himself. One day being bored, he started going through his closet and in one box he found some of his sisters old clothes. They were probably stored out of habit. Maggie had worn Patty's hand-me-downs. Mom must have put them away as usable clothing, too good to throw away. That didn't make much sense, since Maggie was the youngest girl. They should have been given away.

Just as he was about to close the box, a swimsuit caught his eye. "If he put on a girl's swim suit and swimming cap, he could pass for a girl." He took it out and held it up. It was about the right size. Was there a swimming cap? Digging around he found one. It was missing a strap. Without really deciding to do it, he took off his clothes and put on the swim suit and cap. He couldn't tell much by looking down at himself. There was big mirror in Maggie's room. Looking in the mirror, he decided Jim was right. He could pass for a girl. The suit was lined with nylon from the waist down. As he walked back from Maggie's room, he decided he liked the way it felt. And, it was kind of neat to see himself in the mirror looking like a girl.

The next day he had no more than taken off his coat after school then he thought about the swim suit. Going straight to his closet he got out the suit and put it on. Pulling on the swim cap, he went to Maggie's mirror. He turned this way and that. He was-

n't allowed to play outside or have friends in until after Maggie got home, and only then if Maggie said so. This was a way he could have someone in and nobody would know. It was only his own reflection, but it sure didn't look like him. He wore the swim suit not only in Maggie's room but all over the house. He got himself an after school snack and ate it at the kitchen table. Dancing through the living room, he somehow felt more alive. Even though he had never heard about anything like this, he knew this was something he had better not tell anyone.

The weekend was on them and he kind of forgot about the swimming suit. But on Wednesday, he remembered. He got out the suit and put it on as usual. Somehow after he looked in the mirror he felt a little let down. Even the nylon lining seemed a little boring. As he went to put the suit back, he began to wonder what else was really in the box. He dumped it out on the bed. There was a pair of pink panties with a small slit in the seam, a long nylon nightie, a skirt and a sweater. There were also some mismatched socks and a two piece swim suit that was too big for him.

Taking off the swim suit, he pulled on the panties. The seam pulled apart and threatened to unravel even more. Clutching the split seam in his left hand he went in search of a safety pin. He found one in the sewing machine drawer. Returning to his closet, he put on the skirt and sweater. He went to the mirror in Maggie's room. Well, ... it would be better if he couldn't see his short hair. Maybe, Maggie had a scarf. She sometimes wore a bandanna on her head.

He began to explore her dresser drawers. He found panties, bras, slips, socks, nylon stockings, a couple of things he didn't understand (a lot of elastic and pads in different combinations), some shorts and some sweat shirts and nighties and pajamas. Turning to her vanity, he opened a couple of drawers and found what he was searching for. Using her brush, he brushed his hair over his forehead and tied the bandanna around his head. That was better. Studying himself in the mirror, he began to wonder, if the panties and the nylon in the swim suit felt so good, what would the slip feel like?

Stripping to the panties he tried on the slip. It didn't fit right. It bagged across the chest. Then he remembered his cousins and the bras. He took off the slip and put on a bra. It took quite a bit of concentration to hook it behind his back. He didn't want to go all the way to the bathroom for toilet paper, so he just took some socks out of Maggie's drawer. He put the slip back on and followed it with the skirt and sweater. After spending considerable time looking in the mirror he walked around the house in that outfit for some time. He almost panicked when he saw the time. Maggie could be home at any minute. He tore into her room pulled off the skirt and sweater. He hurriedly put the slip, bra and socks back where he got them. He almost forgot the scarf and at the last minute he dashed back and put it away. As he left Maggie's room for the second time, he heard the front door open. He knew it was Maggie.

He ran on tiptoes, carrying the skirt and sweater, to his room. Throwing them on his bed, he closed the door softly. He stuffed them along with the panties into the box and roughly shoved it inside his closet. Quickly putting on his clothes, he walked as casually as he could down stairs.

"I'm bored." He said, flopping down on the couch.

“Too bad, short stuff,” Maggie told him. “I’m supposed to keep an eye on you and start dinner.”

He went out to the back yard because his heart was beating too fast to just sit there. He had almost gotten caught.

After that, he went into Maggie’s room quite a bit. Then he discovered the laundry basket and “borrowed” some of her underwear. Including a bra that he wore to bed on the weekends, along with the nightgown in the box. Then he decided that they really needed washing so he put them back in the laundry.

A few weeks later he happened to be in the back yard when Mom was taking the laundry off the line. She asked him to take the basket inside for her while she went to the bathroom. Maggie’s underwear was on top of the pile. He was tempted to take them, but thought that perhaps Mom would remember what was on top... so he dug down a few layers and found some panties and a bra down there. Leaving the basket on the couch, he tucked his find inside his shirt and headed for his room. He hid them in the box with the other clothes, all the way to the bottom.

Every couple of weeks, he would see to it that they got back in the wash and then try to make sure he had opportunity snatch them back.

Sometimes he would wear the panties all weekend. He only did that when he was ready to put them back in the wash.

During the summer, this was about the only dressing he got to do. If he got to do anything more, usually it was when he came back early from a friend’s.

One time, knowing that Maggie wanted to go somewhere that day, he made up a story about going to a friend’s house. Instead of visiting with his friend, however, he went to the park where he could see the bus go by. When he saw Maggie in the bus, he went back home and for a whole day he dressed up in Maggie’s clothes.

He tried on her shoes and found while the length was about right, they were a little bit narrow. He then got the idea that the nylon stockings, if he put them on, would help his feet slide into the shoes easier. He put on the garter belt and pulled on the stockings using a technique he had seen in a movie once. It worked.

The shoes slipped right on. He wobbled around learning to walk in them. He watched himself in the mirror. It took the utmost concentration to walk in them without wobbling. He had to think about every step. After a couple of hours trying, he could step right... out as long as he didn’t forget to think about keeping his ankle straight. He noticed how shapely his legs looked in the mirror.

Not knowing exactly when Maggie was coming home, he carefully put everything back about 3:30 and went to the friend’s house where he was *supposed* to be.

## ALAN RECEIVES

Eventually it came time to shop for school clothes. He really didn't like shopping so he didn't offer any advice as to what he needed. He thought last year's clothes were fine... besides, his mom never bought him what he wanted.

When they got home, Alan's mom realized that she had spent her entire clothes' budget and then some and had completely forgotten to get Alan any underwear. He really need underwear - only a few of them didn't have holes. After all, they had been hand-me-downs from Jim before he had gone to Colorado.

"Oh, now what am I going to do?" Alan's mom moaned. "I can just barely make ends meet as is. He really needs new underwear."

"Well," Maggie offered, "I just got plenty of new underwear, and I have lots of old. The only thing wrong with them is they are getting a little small. Nobody sees underwear, maybe he could wear my old ones."

Mom looked at her, then at Alan. Back at Maggie... and then at Alan again. She caught her lips between her teeth.

"Well... would that be all right, Alan? Just until I can get a little overtime? I'll get you some boys underwear then. Okay??"

Alan's heart beat quickened a little bit.

"Yeah, I guess so..." ...he tried not to sound eager.

Maggie went to her drawer and brought out eight pairs of panties.

"How will I tell his from yours in the laundry?" mom asked.

"I know," Maggie thought, "We'll use the laundry marker we used that one year for camp. It's still in the sewing machine." Opening the drawer, she rummaged a little and came up with it.

"For God's sakes, don't write his name in them, not even his initials," Alan's mom implored.

"I won't. I'll just put a little mark on the waist band on the inside by the left seam. When we see that, we'll know they're his. Anyone else who sees them will look right passed it."

"Good."

Now Alan had his own panties. *He wore them every day.*

He kept his usual bra. His new technique called for taking a clean one before giving up a dirty one. That way, he always had one. It was easy to get it in the laundry but not always to get it out.

Some time in late September, Maggie brought some clothes out of her room and put them in a big shopping bag... mostly was pajamas and nighties. There were some torn bed sheets and an old blanket that looked pretty thin.

"What are you going to do with that stuff?" Alan inquired.