

OH, CANADA!

By Deborah Leigh Johnson



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES PITTS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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OH, CANADA!

by: Miss Deborah (Debi) Leigh Johnson

The Beginning

First, let me tell you that all of the events in this story are completely true. I have changed the names of the people, and the names of some towns or cities, to protect any innocent people, assuming there *are* any innocents left in this world.

On January 2, 1960, I turned ten years old. There were only a few things that I knew for certain at that tender young age. I knew that I was pretty well liked, but I hated myself. I hated my family, because of the tremendous poverty we endured. At that tender age, I had not yet come to believe that my parents should have had to get a license before being allowed to have children, but I have come to believe it since.

My dad was a drunk, and very seldom at home. My mom, not knowing what else to do, tried to fill his shoes. She had learned from *her* father that men are not worth a great deal. Without meaning to, she passed on to me the simple concept that men were *not* to be admired.

At ten, I had my mom at home, along with two younger sisters. One sister, Sandy, was almost a year younger than me. The other girl was about eight years younger than I. My brother was already seventeen, and had moved away from the home. He left in order to get away from my dad.

The only other thing that I knew for certain, was that I terribly envied my sister Sandy for one simple reason: she was a girl. That meant that she was allowed, even *made*, to wear dresses to school. I craved to be allowed to wear panties and pretty dresses to school too. I was bright enough to know I had better not let any one know that, though, or there would be hell to pay for it.

By the time I was fifteen years old. I was living a very out-of-control life. In society's eyes, I was a street kid. I ran with a gang, and I was well-known to the city police. I was truant almost 80% of grade nine, and I dropped out of school as soon as I turned sixteen in 1966.

No one knew it but my sister Sandy, but most of the time I was truant from school was so that I could spend the day wearing panties and dresses. I loved wearing girl's clothes so much that it was the only important thing to me at the time.

A month after I turned sixteen, I arranged to move to Toronto to live with a first cousin who owned a small house there. I got a job at a daily newspaper, in the "job printing" department. That's where things like box cards, or the kind of forms that are used in normal daily business, are printed. I only lasted there for a few months.

By the time I was seventeen, I was living in an area known as Yorkville Village. Yorkville is a small section in the downtown core of the city. At that time, it was mostly three- and four-story clapboard houses which had been turned into discotheques or coffee houses. I lived in one of those clubs, and worked there as the assistant manager. That did not mean as much as you might think. All it meant was that I had a room to sleep in, and barely enough money for meals.

It became popular in the fifties as *the* place for beatniks and motorcycle gangs to congregate. By the sixties, it was where the Hippies and Flower Children lived. I didn't even know we were called Hippies 'til I left the Village. We called ourselves Villagers. It was somewhat akin, albeit on a smaller scale, to the Greenwich Village area of New York City.

It was not a good place for an undisciplined young person to live, but there I was. It was not long before I was one of those people who were stoned for weeks at a time. I don't know how I managed to avoid arrest.

The drugs helped me suppress my desires to wear girl's clothes. I also had another desire that was growing stronger by the day, but I was too scared of rejection to ever admit it to anyone.

My desire was to be dressed up as a girl, and to be with a boy, just like a real girl. I wanted to know if I could like a boy the same way girls did.

Just before I turned eighteen, I returned to Cornwall, and was arrested for two charges. I was caught by the manager in the basement of a large hotel. I'd gone there to break into the coolers and steal a few cases of beer.

The friend I was with was not caught. Before I went to court for that offense, I was caught stealing a doctor's bag from a car. We stole it to get morphine. I ended up in a training school for five months, but got out early, for good behavior.

1968 was a turning point year in my life. I worked up the courage to do things that I had never done before. It took a lot of courage to do them. I determined that somehow, I was going to see if I could really like guys, in the same way that *girls* could like guys. I was pretty sure I'd like it, but before the age of eighteen, I didn't have the courage to try it. I'd been propositioned a couple of times, but I had never been brave enough to follow through.

I was confused and alone, and I didn't know what I was about. I had not the slightest idea of who I really was, to be quite honest. No one knew the tender desires that burned within me.

The only things I knew for sure were that I loved doing drugs, and that I was *very* confused about my sexuality. I'd had sex with girls, of course, and had loved it. I loved girls. The problem was that I loved them so much, I pined over the fact that I couldn't be a real girl myself.

The setting for this story is where I was, and what I was doing, the year I turned eighteen. It was the close of the "decade of Love".

I was living on my own, in a tiny apartment in a small eastern Ontario town. I was on welfare, and attending high school, in grade eleven. I'd left home as soon as I legally could, and without having completing grade ten.

I mentioned earlier that I'd been sent to a training school for first offenders. Though I was only there for a short time, I somehow managed to get myself into the "school detail", rather than having to work in one of the trade programs. I hated the idea of working as a carpenter or a brick layer.

It was pretty cushy, really. It was there that I found out my IQ was 127. I had a very poor academic background; I'm sure if I had a better background, my score would have tested higher than 127.

When I was released from the penal school, the chaplain of the institution seemed to take a real interest in me. He arranged for me to live with a retired minister and his wife. They also arranged for me to get a job, washing dishes at a local hospital.

Things went fine for a few months. Then, another guy from the institution was released and the chaplain arranged for him to live in the same town. As things turned out, we were bad news for each other.

Though I was still under the legal age, I obtained for phony identification so that I could go with him to the hotels. Soon, I was back to using drugs again, and I had to leave the home. I moved into a rooming house. I liked it there, as I had a fair amount of privacy and freedom.

Three months after living there, I was asked to leave, because they discovered I had stolen a cache of clothing from the daughter of the family. She was a "fox", and I immediately envied her for her huge assortment of clothing.

I *loved* wearing girl's clothes; having a large wardrobe so handy to me was just too much for me to resist.

A friend of mine was leaving town and I arranged to move into his one-bedroom apartment. It had a small kitchen, a small bedroom, a small bathroom, and a nice-sized living room. It was here that I *really* began to long to wear girl's clothes. I started to accumulate a wardrobe for myself.

On January 2, 1968, I celebrated my eighteenth birthday. I'd gone home for the Christmas vacation. I rarely went home, as my parents were quite poor. I had learned to associate home life with bad feelings, mostly about myself.

The reason I went this time was that I wanted to get into my sister's closet, and take some of her clothes back with me. I had decided that I wanted to live as much as I could in girl's clothing.

I am only five foot, three inches tall. At the time, I weighed 128 pounds, soaking wet. Because of my small stature, I could easily wear my sister Sandra's clothing. She is one year younger than me, and for all of my life, I had been wearing her clothes, almost as much as *she* did.

We used to play games where she would find reasons for me to get dressed up in her clothes. She loved it because she was the dominant character; when I wore her

clothes, I was very passive and submissive. She'd discovered that when I was in her panties and dress, I would not hit her back, even when she struck me.

She liked that I did what ever she told me to do. She would make me practice walking and sitting like a little lady for hours. She'd often throw scraps of paper on the floor, just to watch me bend down to pick them up, while keeping my hem down by bending my knees, rather than at the waist.

She confessed to me many years later that she had always thought that I was too cute and "femmy" to be a real boy. What she liked the most was that I always did what she told me to, when she could dream up a reason for me to wear her clothes.

She would invent scenarios for us to play out, like she might want me to pretend to be a girl cousin who had come over to visit with her. Naturally, all of our girl cousins wore girl clothing. I never argued with her about it; I just put on the clothes, and fell into the role. I liked it a lot.

Sandra envied me, because I was the "man of the house", as our dad seldom lived with us. She knew I would have traded sexes with her at a moment's notice. She hated being a girl, and would often dress like a boy. She liked feeling like a boy, and she envied me my boyhood, every bit as much as *I* envied *her* for her girlhood. I could just never understand how she could prefer not wearing pretty clothes. I would never have worn anything else, given the option.

Since I was the oldest boy living at home, and we had a younger sister, seven years younger than me, I was the designated baby sitter whenever my mother went out to play bingo, usually once a week. I envied the way my Mom could make herself so pretty when she used makeup.

As soon as our mother left, usually after putting the two girls to bed, Sandra would get up, come down the stairs, and make me put on her pajamas, house coat and slippers. Then, she would make me go to her room, as though I were her. I would have to sleep in her bed, while she stayed up and watched television, until she woke me up to trade places again, just before Mom was scheduled to return home.

When I was twelve, we moved to a farm house. My parents were often away, leaving us alone. My Dad was almost never at home anyway. He was a drunken liar, and people razzed us kids about that. I hated him.

Sandy soon discovered that, if she found a reason for me to wear her clothes, she could get me to do all of her chores as well. No problem. I *loved* wearing dresses and doing the things assigned to the girl of the home.

Sandra would insist I put on one of her dresses, along with a pretty pair of panties, bobby socks, and a pair of her shoes. Then I would be made to do her chores. Many a Saturday was spent by us playing house all day long. I always had to be the Mommy in a dress, because my real Mother never wore anything but dresses and skirts.

I would do all of Sandy's chores, as well as my own. She would wear my clothes, sit in the living room, and watch TV all day. I made our lunches, did the house cleaning and all the other stuff that Mother had left for us to do.

I loved it. I loved every moment of it. I loved working around the house while wearing a dress, and girls' underwear.

Across the street from us lived another poor family. They had a son, three years older than me and quite a bit bigger. One day, he took me into one of the meadows behind our house. He told me what he and Cameron, the guy who lived in our house before we did, would do with each other.

They would go into the barn, or out in the field where they had privacy, and they would masturbate each other. He wanted to know if I was interested. I was. He opened his pants and let me see his erection. At that moment, his mother called him.

I remember the incident very clearly, though. I remember that it was really big and ugly. I also remember that I was enthralled with it. I wished that I was wearing a dress when he showed it to me. I knew all the jokes about guys who wore pretty dresses, but I *still* wanted to wear a dress, and to be with him.

One other startling emotion I had when I saw his erection was that I was fascinated with it. I wanted to lean over and kiss it, and take it into my mouth. I never told him that I wanted to do that, though, and the opportunity never arose again. But I always remembered how much I wanted to suck his cock, though I'm sure I had never heard that term used before that day.

Most of the time, right up till January 2, 1968, I would fantasize about wearing a dress, being a girl, and doing the same things that girls get to do. Namely, I wanted to be kissed by a male, while I wore a dress. I also had this absolute fascination with the idea of sucking a cock, while dressed as a girl.

As I said, I knew my friends would completely ostracize me if they knew what was *really* going on inside of me, but I wanted it. I *craved* it. A few opportunities came up, but I was too afraid of what my friends would think of me, to ever do it to a guy. But, as time passed, I thought about doing it more and more. It obsessed me, to be honest. As prom time rolled around, I began to fantasize about how absolutely wonderful it would be to be some boy's date, all decked out in a lovely gown.

In my mind's eye, I would be the Belle of the Ball with all eyes on me. As I entered the gym, all the girls would be jealous of my outfit, the nicest one in the room. This never came to pass, for obvious reasons, although I thought about it often. It was my favorite fantasy for about a year.

How I envied girls the ability to wear gorgeous dresses! It just wasn't right that they could do that which I could not—look pretty and make other girls jealous. Life was just so unfair! I *should* have been the Prom Queen!

In the last few weeks before I turned eighteen, I arranged to meet with a psychiatrist to discuss this yearning that was so strong inside me. He told me that though most boys grow up with a male alter ego, like Superman, I had somehow grown up with a feminine alter ego.

He suggested sending me to a hospital. I asked if I would be able to wear dresses at the hospital, and he told me that I could. He said he would have to refer me to another doctor, though, in order to arrange for me to be admitted to the hospital.

I met with this other doctor, and soon realized all he wanted to do was to convert me into a man. The only thing that I knew for sure in life was that I loved wearing girl's clothes so much that I did *not* want to be converted to a “normal” man. The last thing in the world I ever wanted to do, was to become masculine. He thought I was a homosexual and that I could be made to go straight. I did not go to see him for our second appointment.

Three months before Christmas, before turning eighteen, I met a butch named Grace. She had a good friend who was a gay hair dresser. She also had a really cute girlfriend, by the name of Sandy. Sandy used to be a beautician. I loved Sandy.

One day, all three of them were over to visit me. The topic of conversation turned to how much I liked wearing girl's clothes. David, the hair dresser, also loved wearing girl's clothes. He made no bones about the fact that he was a fairy. He just loved being feminine.

Though he was in his thirties, he still lived with his grandmother. She used to dress him up in girl's clothes all the time when he was little. He had no interest in females, aside from wearing their clothes and doing their hair.

We talked about it. One thing that came out was that David dressed “femmy” because he loved being with men, and taking the female role. He dressed that way to attract men. He'd never been with a girl, and he never *wanted* to be with a girl.

He had never seen me dressed up, and I confessed that I was afraid that I could not pass as a girl, though I really wanted to do that. He asked me to go and get dressed up.

Sandy went with me to help me get dressed for my “debut”, and she taught me how to do my makeup. Soon, for the first time, I walked into a room where everyone knew that I was a guy wearing girl's clothing. David chided me for thinking that I could not pass as a girl. He told me I was a natural. He explained that I was not like a drag queen who parodied women. When I wore girl's clothes, I looked and acted like a real woman.

It was then that I decided to go home for Christmas, to get some of my sister's clothes to wear. So, when I returned to my apartment, I had a suitcase full of dresses, skirts, blouses and lingerie. I began wearing nothing but girl's clothing at home.

I wore only lingerie for underwear for the whole next year, But I digress. I'm getting ahead of myself a bit. Please bear with me.

The Preparation

Sandy's mother died, and her brother, who was gay, came from Toronto to attend the funeral. He stayed in Smiths Falls for nearly two weeks. Naturally, she introduced us.

For the first time in my life, I *really* looked at another man, and thought that he was cute. I spent a lot of time with him over the two weeks. I began to really want him

to kiss me. I looked forward to every time I would be alone with him, in the hopes that he would kiss me. I wanted him to treat me like a girlfriend would get treated.

He was a real gentleman to me. He explained that he was gay, and that meant he liked men as sexual partners. He said that most gay men did not like “effeminate”, because they wanted to be with masculine men. I was crushed, and I wondered if I would *ever* find a man who would treat me like I was really a girl. I hoped so.

In March 1968, I was in bad shape. I was skipping almost all of my classes at school, because I was not allowed to wear girl's clothes. If I could have, I would have. I'd fallen into a depression, because I knew I would never be able to have a baby. I envied the “other” girls at school so much that I hated to see them in the class room, wearing pretty things that *I* was forbidden to wear to school. I was jealous of pretty and feminine girls, because it was *their* right to be that way, and society denied that to *me*.

What really did me in though was, one day at school this really cute girl came to school wearing a tan and white plaid miniskirt with a tan-colored suede pocket over the left thigh. I had just bought the same skirt for myself. This drove me further into depression. It was so bad that I had to leave school after only an hour. I was green with envy, and black with depression about having been born a boy.

Looking back, I wonder how many other people's personal problems are from similar causes. Gender is so basic; everything else about us flows from it. From birth, once you're determined to be a “boy” or a “girl”, you are set on a path from which it's hard to deviate. How well I knew the truth of *that*. How different life would be if we could each choose the gender role that felt best for us.

I started using more dope and drinking more and more hard liquor. I especially liked using LSD. On my trips, I usually felt like I had a vagina between my legs, and that I had real breasts. I felt so frustrated that I could not be a girl.

I certainly could not admit to anyone that I preferred wearing skirts and dresses. I had to do *something* about the inner pressures threatening to explode within me.

One afternoon, I was so frustrated that I took the chance of being rejected by a good friend. I confessed to Robert, who rented the apartment above mine, that I loved wearing girl's clothes.

I was astounded at his reaction. He said that as far as he was concerned, if I wanted to wear girl's clothes when he was around, it was okay with him, so long as I did not make any moves on him. He even told me it would be “kind of nice” to have a woman come in and do his housework for him. I was so elated at his reaction that I promised to do any housework he did not feel like doing.

He was serious, too. About three weeks after the day I had risked his friendship, he came and knocked on my door, intending to stop in for coffee.

I shook as I peeked out the window. I was wearing my sister's clothes and makeup at the moment. Since he was aware that I usually wore girl's clothes at home, I realized he knew what to expect if he came to the door unannounced.