

PRINCESS NIGHT

SOLON PLORRY



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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PRINCESS NIGHT

By Solon Plorry

Part One

It was very late before he caught a bus to the city limits and began hitching back to Straitsville. He and a pal had driven over on Friday to help the pal's uncle paint a house; the weekend was more play than work when it turned out most of the house had already been painted. Kirk had stayed over when the opportunity presented itself, telling his Ma a white lie as the uncle winked in complicity.

Getting away from the drab confines of home was a breath of fresh air to Kirk, who was "sweet seventeen and never been kissed". A little wine and several bottles of beer on Saturday evening had made Kirk relaxed. He recalled being carried to bed. As the teen anxiously waited for a ride, he recalled the weird goings-on. Kirk tried to banish the thoughts; he had been very sleepy, hadn't been on guard, so what happened wasn't his fault. A car drove past, its driver shaking his bald head in disapproval of hitchhiking. Kirk could not help but remember what had happened to him, and shame kept asserting itself. The blonde-haired boy blushed a bright red as he remembered the things he had experienced.

Finally, a car. Kirk jumped in after the driver affirmed he was heading to Straitsville. Kirk settled into the back seat as the car took off. The guy in the passenger seat looked back at Kirk for a long moment before saying "Hey, it's a guy!" Kirk shrank into the seat as the driver laughed and said "Are you sure?" The two looked back at the boy, who was blushing prettily and trying to ignore them. They were a few years older than Kirk. After the weekend he had just been through, the last thing he wanted was for sex to rear its ugly head! "You look all wore out, sweetie," one boy observed, watching Kirk as he modestly moistened his lips "Had a wild weekend?" he asked presciently. Kirk mumbled, glancing guiltily at the two, who were amused at his discomfort. Being just past that time of life themselves, they understood that secret, very bad things could happen to a kid tripping about all alone, and they were sympathetic.

The rest of the trip home was uneventful, if you discounted the suggestive tone which made it memorable to Kirk Wallerson. To put it crudely, they acted as if Kirk was female, and they were in competition for her hand! Jimmy, the passenger, playing a tongue-tied hayseed, said "Would the pretty li'l miss wanna go to a movie with me, even though I'm only a milkman's helper?" to guffaws of laughter from his mate, who assured his company that the "young lady" deserved something more substantial, like,

say, a stockboy at Safeway (his occupation). Poor Kirk could only blush and mumble while they had their fun, telling “her” their plans for trips and beautiful cars and snazzy dresses they would get her, if she’d just bless them with some encouragement. When they finally got to Straitsville, Kirk scampered from the car to whistles and loud kisses and laughter: the poor thing didn’t need that as he hurried home to rejoin his family.

Home. More like prison, Kirk thought, as he entered the back door, tossing the shopping bag which contained a change of clothing into a corner. The Wallerson house was a mess, with clutter in every room. Kirk’s Ma and Dad were watching TV, its tinny sound an electronic madness that immediately bored the somber creature as he walked into the kitchen; he was very hungry all of a sudden. Kirk inspected the fridge, getting out stuff for a sandwich. His older sister Wanda shuffled in, greeted him with “Look what the cat dragged in!” and approached the sink, filled to the brim with the unwashed. Kirky assembled his sandwich, ignoring the bitch. She bugged him every time she could, their relationship was colder than what most people enjoy with strangers. Was it his fault she was overweight and bore the features of a girl who had already given up on life? She was downright ugly with her bad-tempered demeanor. From the living room came the sound of a loud fart, probably Ma exercising her digestion.

The ambiance of the place was disgusting. Kirk looked at his dumb sister before he fled to his room, sticking his tongue out and making a face at her as he exited. “Ma!’ she whined loudly, trying to compete with the racket of TV and body gas. “Your idiot kid’s trying to start a fight again!” She was unable to disturb their mother, caught up as she was in the excitement of Blunders and Bloopers You Gotta See! The girl considered washing the dishes, which desperately needed it, but lethargy ruled her life and she shuffled back to her room.

Kirk lay on his bed; the drabness of life was too much for him. He was a little sore from the sex and he rolled on his side, adjusting his ass, reddening again at the memory. The women in his family made such a bad job, Kirk thought, of being women.

He remembered the two boys’ flirtations with him, and amid the embarrassment, he pondered how thrilling it was to be singled out, even if it was just teasing. Kirk jumped from the bed and went to the dresser mirror, looking with avid interest at the image reflected. He turned and primped, checking out the cut of his body, realizing he was put together very nicely! Kirk rushed to his door, jamming a scraper into the molding to bar its opening. Alone, flushed with a growing excitement, he returned to the mirror, and stripped himself naked. He wanted to be a girl, a she! Those boys were just having fun, but underlying it all was the fact that he really was very pretty! How enticing “her” ass was, truly a mouthwatering sight! The imaginary miss got on a chair, her breath halting. She clutched the backrest and cautiously raised herself, spreading her legs at the same time. She looked through the legs at the results.

What a dazzling sight was pictured in the mirror, her white legs perfect frames for reddish testicles hanging, glistening innocently underneath the dark and shiny area where her anus resided. The dark princess stared arrogantly back! The opening was so excited threads of gleaming wire dropped down, flopping around and sticking to whatever it touched, attesting to her readiness for anything boy or man might dare to try! Suddenly, “she” rushed to her bed, grasping her throbbing cock, squeezing it with all

her might! She fought her orgasm, trying to make it exquisite, and did she succeed! When she came, she nearly screamed from pleasure. Every sinew and fiber, even her bones, seemed to erupt! Hot bolts of seed splattered the ceiling over her bed. Kirk masturbated to a satisfaction he had never before felt and when she was done, her hands belly, face, hair and the ceiling all cum-splattered, she could only gasp for a long time in an unsuccessful attempt to restore normalcy. The stinging orgasm had been so intense “she” nearly fainted, would have had she been with a lover, a guy! The girl’s nuts were tender from the tension they’d been under prior to relief. Kirk was, amid his huffing and puffing, newly aware that life could be a lot of fun!

The next day was a schoolday, something Kirk usually greeted with angst. All through high school he had been an outcast, a sissy and not very good at social politics. College was proving no different. He was a burden to any team he joined, and therefore never joined in the sports which were the arena where the Straitsville pecking order was determined. On the totem pole of status, he was way down, though being a good-looking white blonde gave him a distinction he couldn’t appreciate. Their parents were an embarrassment to both kids, and the two just didn’t like each other. Indeed, Kirk felt very uncomfortable around all girls; he’d seen too much. Woman seemed to be always creating waste, shit, vomit, piss smells and dirt too awful to stand! Men, on the other hand, seemed remote. “Kirka” had masturbated again and again the night before, dreaming of a man to take her away from all this. If she met Jimmy again (he was so good looking, she recalled), she would floor him with witty replies to his impudent suggestions. These she practiced in her mind as the school day unfolded. When “Kirka” wandered home, looking shyly at every boy she saw, she saw clothes drying on a clothesline a few streets away from her house. and she noticed woman’s things amongst them! An idea Suddenly, into her pretty head, popped an idea.

Late that night, the boy crept from the silent house, slipping along in shadows to the place where the linen waited. There were two lines, so he was able to hide in between and shop for what was needed. His little brain fired on all cylinders; within minutes “she” was horny again, her horn hurting, confined as it was in jeans. Kirka took all she could and scampered home. The wind moaned softly about him; he/she could hear the sound of dogs barking far far away. She slipped into the house quietly and jammed the scraper home, creating a private world for herself in “her” room.

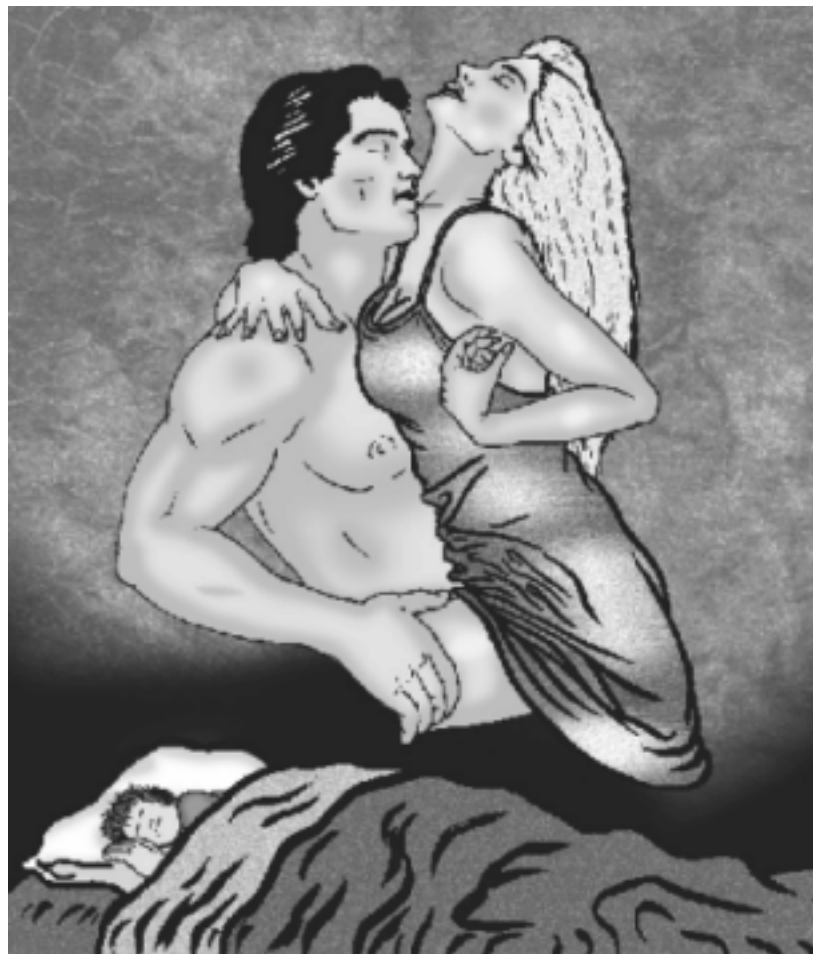
Whoever the woman was to whom the stolen goods belonged, Kirka just didn’t care. What mattered was that she was roughly the same size as Kirka. Almost everything she brought back fit reasonably! Miss Kirka Wallerson fitted herself with the basics of womanhood. Her supply of seed seemed inexhaustible as she interrupted her fittings and preenings to masturbate again and again, careful not to mess her new belongings. When the night sky lightened, she sat recovering from an imaginary session with a homeroom kid named Paul. He was very quiet and so awfully cute he made Kirk shiver even before “Kirka” took shape in his mind for this session. The house was still, a pre-dawn chill quieting the very wind, it seemed. Kirka had grown aware something was missing from her repertoire: highlight for her pale cheeks and shadow....her lips

were too wan. Kirka quietly opened her door, listening to the peaceful silence when it was ajar. Bare-assed, in garters and hose, she flitted down the hall, past the doors to the other bedrooms to the toilet, closing its door behind her. In the cabinet was a mad clutter of things she had never paid attention to before. Now she went on another “shopping spree”! Hands full, she boldly sauntered back to her room, wiggling her pretty butt in the hall. On the way, she stopped by Wanda’s room, flaunting her nakedness to the silent door. When she got called for school a couple hours after that, she felt tired, but very much alive!

Paul was sitting in an unusual place that morning. The seating arrangement in all classrooms was determined by a variety of factors, the main one being who maneuvered to share space with the in crowd, the boys and girls who mattered in college society. Kirk was mid-row, two rows in from the wall in the twenty-plus desk room. The very back row by the window was the preserve of the “Shmucks from Loserville”, the tough kids. It was also the best place to be distracted by life going on outside. “Nerds-ville” was, of course, front row center. Usually Paul was fourth row in, two back of mid-row along with the other quiet kids. Now Paul was sitting third row in, just back of mid-row, and that put him next and just back of Kirk!

A couple of times during class, Kirk saw Paul looking at him. One time their eyes made contact, and “Kirka” maintained contact for a heartbeat before Paul glanced away. Kirka’s heart was pounding! Paul was sitting where he was by choice, having changed places with Jenny Lindsey, who was pleased at her improved station. The more observant kids in the room knew a drama was unfolding. A whole other world existed that Kirk (or Kirka) had no idea of, where things happened because people wanted them to happen. Straitsville was a square little town but it had an intelligencia as sharp as anywhere, and some of these kids would one day wield influence over millions. Paul belonged to that class, and Kirk grew aware that Paul was interested in him!

Paul wasn’t the only one. Football jock and boyfriend to Christa O’Neil, Steve Hanford, also unexpectedly talked to Kirk. Hanford, like Paul, had that social skill of including someone without making them feel insecure. All “Kirka” had to do was stay cool, follow the conversation and, if “she”



slipped, Hanford would cover it with a quip that made life comfortable for everybody. By day's end, the young transvestite knew "she" was noticed; at least part of the reason was her newfound confidence born of commitment and direction. Kirka had begun to accept certain things about herself, and she was building a life for herself based on her discoveries of the past few days. The first people to notice were the select group of kids who sat atop the hierarchy. Their lives revolved around things, some illegal, some immoral by Straitsville standards, and some quite in line with Miss Kirka's new interest.

A transvestite, no matter how pretty, would never exist openly in a place like Straitsville, the town's very name mocking all who defied the moral code. At best, Kirka could exist at the very edge, in the dark, an outcast. The other world, the one Kirka had glimpsed, had freer rules and lots more opportunities, if only because its inhabitants had plenty of money. Money was power. Love, or pairing off, was possible in that world, but membership was exclusive, very much so. It wasn't *what* you knew, it was *who* you knew that mattered.

After the class day was ended, Kirka was at her locker, happy in her innocence, when a guy named David Clerkre asked him if he wanted to go for a snack, out at the Roadhouse. Kirk had heard about the Roadhouse Restaurant and Tavern; apparently teen drinking parties had occurred there, with Straitsville's taxi fleet standing by to get all the rich kids and their cars home. He had talked with Clerkre before, Dave's family lived near Kirka's. They were a bit poorer than Kirk's clan, with a family member in jail even! But Dave had a gorgeous sister named Sherry who was "very close friends" with one of the children of the town's best-connected family. Dave worked part-time for the biggest car dealership in the area. He got his hot wheels for nearly nothing, the kids said, some of them implying that Dave sucked dicks to get what he wanted. Shyly, and with a little trepidation, he said okay to the invitation.

Part Two

(A Girl is Her Daddy's Reflection)

Paul and a friend sat in a corner booth near the back of the Roadhouse. Places came and went, but Rudy's had served generations of local youngsters who first tasted the sweet fruit of adulthood within hailing distance of the dead and forlorn moose gracing the façade above the entrance. Paul chatted with his friend who leaned back and downed his glass of Tab, the ice cubes clicking in the dark liquid. Happily, Paul looked around at the activity, checking to see who was there and who they were with. Paul was twenty and his narrowed gaze at the assembled kids hinted of craft and guile which clashed with his team jersey and college boy mien. Outside, David and Kirka pulled up in Clerkre's Camaro. Its rumble announced that it was a big-engined car fitted with semi-legal Ricky Shelby mufflers, sans a few baffles. Kirka sat silently the whole trip, the roar of the gas-guzzling polluter making chatting difficult because everything needed to be shouted. Clerkre liked Kirka, patting her knee from across the bucket seats a few times, once grabbing his passenger uncomfortably close to the groin when he leaned across to hear what Kirk said, some pleasantries about it looking like maybe rain, tomorrow, next day. Kirka blushed, pulling away and feeling small. When they got to Rudy's, David pulled up near the back entry, shutting off his car to tell Kirka Paul Stanglar was inside and he'd join them after he parked the machine and wiped the dust off, if he had time. Kirk got out, feeling a bit lost.

Kirk/Kirka wished she had gone home to her mom. He wasn't even supposed to go into a licensed establishment, yet what the hell else could she do? Timidly, he grabbed the door handle when the door suddenly burst open. A couple of laughing kids erupting into the fresh air and brushed past him as they hurried away. The door swung slowly shut, giving the curious Kirk a peek at the darkened interior. Kirka took a deep breath and pulled the door back before it closed. He/she slipped inside. Inside, he looked around the way people do when they find themselves in places they don't belong. For most, this invites contempt, but for pretty teenagers it can be very charming. A girl whom Kirka knew slightly came over, greeting her with a smile. Paul was indeed present, and the Good Samaritan led Kirka in and around a jukebox, then toward the rear where there were a few booths. Paul and a trim-looking youth were there and as soon as Paul espied the approaching girls, he got up and made room for Kirka, exchanging jibes with the young lady before nodding in appreciation.

Kirk slid into the booth, glancing at the guy across the table, who watched the proceedings quietly. Paul sat down beside Kirka, leaving room for her to breathe. "This is Kirka," he told the other, who smiled and said "Hi, Erika," apparently misunderstanding Paul's intro. Paul smirked, then stood to summon a waitress, twisting in his seat to do so. The friend inquired if "Erika's" hair was natural or did she highlight? "No, I was born this way," Kirka (or Erika) responded, sending the two young men into gales of laughter. Through a series of slight moves unnoticed by the young fairy, Paul asked the other boy for privacy, which the friend granted cheerfully. "Who was that?" Erika asked as he left.

"Just some guy," Paul said. It was the first of many, by no means the worst, lies he was to tell her.

Stranglar had watched his pretty classmate's feminization over the past few weeks, with leaps occurring within the last few days. It had been hard not to notice the shy sissy as "she" began accepting what fate was dropping on her doorstep each day. Stranglar was a twin whose sister had died. He was from Sin City as Cincinatti was called, where his family dabbled in real estate, transportation and other lucrative operations. He was the youngest son, and he rebelled somewhat at the hand-me-down status that position gave him. His family had sent him to school in Straitsville because the school had a good reputation, and to get him away from the memory of his dead twin. Despite neglecting his studies, he had done okay, though he should have done better. He was a young man with a lot of secrets.

Kirk found Paul's mishearing of "her" name amusing, so much so, in fact, that she decided on the spot to adopt it permanently. Erika tripped off the tongue more naturally, anyway. Paul felt out the youth, exploring how Erika worked. With her small white teeth and eager eyes and her way of shyly smirking to herself, as if she felt herself getting stronger, she was quite beguiling. Erika was thrilled by Paul, by his easy charm and how he effortlessly kept the crowd away, avoiding having to introduce Erika, whom they knew as "the kid with the second hand jacket". She was delighted by the personal attention, and the adventure of her first exposure to the casual fun people had, laughing and great music.

Erika needed to use a toilet. Even that was no problem; a unisex washroom in the corner took care of those needs! Erika had a great time. When they split a milkshake, their heads together and sucking noisily on the two straws, it was Heaven to Erika. As Kirk, she had never had a girlfriend. To Paul, though considerably more worldly than the younger kid, her failure to establish herself was amazing, indicative that there was plenty more to her story (which he intended to find out). Erika didn't know it, but the summons to Rudy's had a larger purpose than just socializing among classmates- Paul was marking his territory!

Home Troubles Burning

Erika was late, and her Ma was mad. When Paul dropped off the lass next to a huge puddle where the alley in front of the Wallerson home drained onto 165th avenue, it was nearly eleven. Mrs. Babs Wallerson was a stickler about rules. Naturally, Wanda was hovering nearby, to reap the benefit of the asshole's (Kirk's) transgression. Erika made her way down the alley, avoiding the worst bogs; it was dark and she hoped she could make it home without getting soaked. As Babs and Geary's only son, great weight rested on the slim shoulders of the delinquent schoolboy, who was having a hard time keeping her mind on the task at hand. She overlooked the obvious fact that her mother and sister would have missed her at supper and would be watching for the prodigal son. In the Wallerson home, a crude strictness was applied to the children, especially Kirk. The mother was slightly mad, the father also. They were both overweight loners who grunted in communication with each other. Geary Wallerson ran Straitsville's "landfill operations" (AKA the town dump). He drove the garbage truck three days a week; he had done that seemingly forever. He worked, watched television and slept; that was his life. The wife attended to the house, paid the bills and took care

of the kids. It was a very dysfunctional household, though none of them besides Erika, had any complaints. Erika was a flower blossoming on a manure pile.

As soon as the boy/girl entered, the shouting started. Flustered, Erika tried to make up an explanation for his missing supper, coming home very late and neglecting to phone on the fly. His mother harassed him, demanded an accounting, and poor Kirk couldn't come upon one before Babs noticed the mascara and shadow the kid had foolishly left in noticeable traces on his face, so distracted had he been by the evening's date.

"What's this?" his mother yelled, furious. "You've been painting your face again! You're not a child no more young man. Now go to your room!" she shouted, chasing her youngest down the hall. Before Kirk could escape, she grabbed him and began whacking away to the accompaniment of screams and pleas for mercy from the culprit. A short distance away, Wanda savored the sight of the beating her brother was getting, pleased by his distress. Wanda hated her brother.

She never knew why, but it was clear to any observer. Kirk was better-looking than she was, smaller and finely shaped. He had a peaches and cream complexion many girls would die for, the kid didn't seem to sweat! He would look attractive in a gunny sack! When his hair wasn't combed, he was breathtaking! She resented that he ate like a pig yet was so light he could jump over a fence with his arms crossed, She hated boys in general, they had everything, she had nothing. Hatred burned in her guts, and the wailing of the errant young man was music to her ears .

In a rage, Babs went into Kirk's room. To her eyes, it didn't look like a boy's room, or what Bab's idea of what a boy's room should look like. She looked in the dresser drawer, finding tubes and bottles and small makeup cases. Stunned, Erika's mother stumbled around, gasping at discovery after discovery. Both her offspring watched from the doorway as she pulled bottles and tubes of makeup and mascara from the dresser drawer. Then came the woman's clothing: nylons, garters, dresses, bra's and blouses...where did it come from? In the closet, the mother lifted high-heeled shoes, waving them around in futile dismay.

Erika yelled "Stop, mother!" as she continue to uncover her secrets. She was still on the floor, with Wanda standing beside her, looking down on her doomed sibling. "It's just playing!" Kirk tried to lie, but it was evident that a whole life had been in progress within this room, a life the family had no inkling of. "Gather up this stuff, you!" she yelled at Wanda, uncertain whether to cry or scream. She had no idea that her only son was well on his way to becoming a practicing female, and she wouldn't have understood that even if she had known. She was totally disconnected from her child.

She shouldn't have been. Many years earlier, Babs, with the baby in the back seat, was returning home when she spotted a hitchhiker. He was some guy just out of jail, a lost soul in dirty white jeans and billowy shirt. Geary was working late, as usual, and she was so lonely and young. He needed money. Barbara took him to the house, to give him something to eat. A note from Geary said "Don't wait up!" Babs remembered he was wearing garters and nylons under his jeans! They ended up in bed and Babs knew within a few days that her pickup was potent. When Kirk came along , Geary

acted like it was another daughter; he wanted a son and somehow or other he seemed aware that Kirk was....different.

Babs sometimes saw the father: when Kirk caught the light a certain way; he looked exactly like his dad, whose name she never learned. What happened to him, she had no idea.

Wanda was in Seventh Heaven “Woo, he’s one of them queers!” she announced. “He must be a homo!” she gleefully carried on. She was stunned when her mother turned on her and furiously shut her up. Kirk was no such thing, he’s just a baby, she argued defensively. It was simply more than she could handle; people had died, been killed and committed suicide over this type of thing. It was a big mess they had stumbled into and now Babs wanted out.

With the room in shambles, Babs withdrew, saying, ‘You’re grounded!’ again to Erika, who flopped on his bed teary-eyed. Wanda gasped aloud. ‘That’s all? The fucker’s grounded?’ she shouted in amazement. “You watch your filthy mouth in this house, young lady!” Babs shrieked, totally enraged at Wanda. She reentered the room and hit the girl. “You’ll be grounded, too. I’m your mother!” she raged, exhausted. Wanda ran from the room, her face dark and her chest in a knot. Babs was hyperventilating; she was an old fat woman and she was missing Lovely Discovery which was her usual eleven o’clock appointment. The TV could be heard from the big room, where Geary slept in front of the tube. When her bulk retreated, her in-progress daughter flitted off the bed, closed the door and jammed home the scraper.

The Affliction

Erika found school different once she connected to Paul and his friends. For one thing, people who had cruelly ignored Kirk now smiled and sought her company. Paul bought her a trim blue leather jacket that perfectly suited Erika’s hair color and complexion. Paul’s car, a single wheel of which cost more than Dave Clerke’s entire noise-mobile, purred softly when she rode with him. It smelled of taste and class unfamiliar to kids like Erika, who thought Heinz was the ketchup the well-bred used, instead of watery store brand. She and Paul began to spend lots of time together. Paul had his own place, out on Fringe Road, a small house set back amid cedar and ash. The house belonged to an uncle, who was supposed to keep an eye on things, but was too busy wining and dining an ex-model he’d met at Balmarine. After the death of his sister, Paul had discovered the boxes of her clothing stacked in the hall, with “Goodwill” magic marked on them!. They was now kept in a locked room. Paul was developing a good feel for Erika; with the spring prom fast approaching, he decided to enlist her in his scheme.

He was allergic to women. He could be around woman and carry on as normal, but he couldn’t be too close to a woman more than a half hour or so. The allergy reacted to each woman or girl he was near, and if she didn’t move on, it asserted itself severely! If he defied the allergy (and he had done so in the past just to see the repercussions), a variety of awful afflictions beset him. Paul had lived with the problem for a long time; there seemed no solution. As Paul reflected on a few occasion “We sure raise lively ones in Coy County, don’t we?”