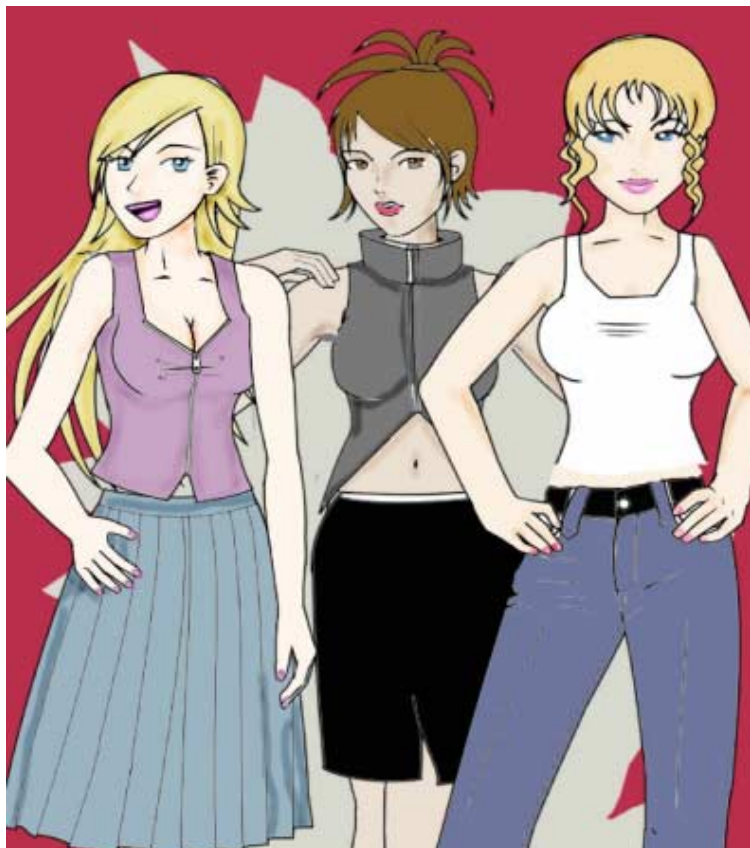




Reluctant Press presents:

Transgender Menance

Dee Dee Perri



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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The Transgender Menace

Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1

John J. Winters was one of those people that tried to blend in with the laid-back Southern Californian natives who constituted the bulk of the students, colleagues, friends and neighbors that formed our Los Angeles community: the expensive blue jeans that had been stone washed until they were all but worn out and to which the label 'blue' no longer truly applied, the equally faded and exquisitely soft cotton 'blue' workman's shirt and, of course, the surfer-dude bleached blond hair worn long and tied back into a pony tail that hung half way down his back. But Dr. 'just-call-me-Jack' Winters was an obvious East Coast transplant, worse, a New Yorker as in- from the Big Apple. I mean he hadn't a clue as to how to be real So-Cal. There was a nervous-aggressive energy that radiated from him like neutrons from an atomic pile approaching critical mass. And a conversation with 'Jack' usually felt like an argument no matter what was actually said; I mean words were not merely sounds projected from his mouth but became sharpen sticks and jagged rocks to be thrown or at least to be waved aggressively in the face of the listener. Perhaps it was just the machine gun delivery and the way he tended to cut one off that disturbed me but I think it was more than that. I'm fairly certain that I wasn't alone in this negative assessment. I doubt very much that if he had not been so productive as an academic when he first got here, he would have never made tenure. At the University the students feared him, the secretarial and other support staff despised him and his colleagues, or at least the ones I knew, avoided him when ever possible. The fact that at fifty he was still a bachelor would hardly come as a surprise to anyone who had an opportunity to interact with him. I'm not saying that he couldn't be personable, he could lay on the jam with the best of them, but he didn't have relationships he had 'projects'. He used people, pure and simple and then he threw them away as soon as they had served his purpose, whatever it was. He was a true sociopath.

I'm certain that Jack was totally ignorant of how he was generally perceived. No hide was ever thicker, no soul less sensitive than that worn by Jack Winters. Maybe that's characteristic of a true sociopath, I don't know- ask a psychologist. This insensitivity to others was particularly ironic considering that he was originally trained as a Psychologist, that is to say doubly ironic in that he believed himself to be particularly 'sensitive', more in tune with others, in fact gifted with empathy- hmm? He told me that himself- swear to God following a faculty 'tea' affair a couple of years ago. According to Jack, he was driven by his sense of 'historical purpose', superior intellectual talents and his extraordinary 'people skills, well he was the Vice-President at the University and the Head of the Office for Grants and Research among other things- enough said? Truth to be known, I think he was just smarter than most sociopaths, ok? I mean one has to wonder how many bodies were hidden in his back yard. And as Head of Grants and Research he had a chance to play God, the old testament God no less, least-wise when it came to research related equipment, support staff or campus facilities one was completely at his mercy. "This proposal of yours seems, well, precipitous Frank."

Trust me I wasn't there to socialize, indeed if there was any other solution, I'd be somewhere else. I tugged at my wrinkled and worn tweed jacket and made an effort to brush off some of the chalk dust that had accumulated on the right sleeve. Jack, sitting behind that big, expensive desk with his thick, lush carpet and picture window view of the campus from ten stories up, the jeans and workman's shirt seemed so- wrong. At least he could *look* like a Vice-President- right? "Bureaucratic bullshit." I said, calling a spade a spade. And it was, of course, bullshit. My Federal grant would readily cover the cost of the expansion of the rodent colony so I wasn't asking for any of the University's money and converting a storage room to a rodent facility was, well, reasonable. God damn it he knew that, the details were in my written request. My heart sank as I saw the light bloom in Jack's eyes. Like waving a chocolate éclair in front of a low carbohydrate dieter, the Vice President liked nothing better than a chance to gain a concession, something of value, from a colleague. "What I mean is..." Of course I wouldn't be allowed to finish my defense. I leaned forward as a man might do in the face of a powerful storm driven wind and let the expected tirade I'd unleashed wash over me. The role of University oversight, bah, bah, bah. Jack's voice was shrill and condescending and in rapid-fire mode. Fortunately for me, I could simply tune it all out without fear of discovery; Jack was too much in love with his own voice and his perfectly reasoned logic to notice my lack of attention. And then there was an abrupt, pregnant pause. Oh shit, he must have asked me a question. "Sorry, what was that?"

Jack leaned forward, his elbows resting on the desk, and he slowly made a steeple with his out stretched fingers, "A simple summary of your current line of research hmm? Enough for me to make an informed decision."

I felt nausea, a bitter upwelling from my gut. So that was it. It was the camel's nose under the tent, the pickpocket's fingers in my wallet. The son-of-a-bitch sniffed something potentially valuable and wanted to be invited in for a share of the spoils. I'd heard rumors of course, about Jack. Now too busy with his administrative responsibilities to keep his own research current he was trying to weaseled himself on to various research projects with an eye to eventual co-authorship or at least that was the gossip. The bile lingered. I wanted to shout 'fuck you' but that wouldn't play at all well; perhaps I could just throw

up on his nice carpet but I decided that didn't play any better. Maybe I could put him to sleep, I did it all the time with my students. "It's a rather a long story." I began with my best bored lecturer's voice. I saw an involuntary glaze cover his eyes. Yeah, this might just work.

"I'm sure it is." Jack said rubbing his eyes, shaking his head. But then he leaned back into his chair. The glaze was gone and his face set with resignation and determination. "Go on."

Son-of-a-bitch, he hadn't retreated in the face of impending boredom. Ok, I cleared my thoughts before starting. I have a lot of skill in presenting a tedious monologue and there was nothing quite as boring as a lot of Latin names followed by detailed anatomical/habitat descriptions right? "It all started with my work on the Wasses family."

"Wasses?"

"Fish, Jack. Boney fish. Mostly small reef dwellers. The ocean is big and most member of the Wassel family are solitary. Territorial; they don't form schools as adults." I preceded to list all the species, twenty-two in fact that I had studied out of the nearly eighty known species, adding citations when appropriate- hell I knew my own Vita well enough. I could see his eyes glaze over once more and that was a good sign. I saw him jerk himself awake and fix me with a stare.

"And why these particular creatures hmm?" He said interrupting my monologue at about my fourteenth specie. I had eight more to identify and describe.

I lied. "I was just interested..."

"I can read you know Dr. Drake. Can I paraphrase one of your comments in the last paper you wrote?" He didn't wait for me to respond, the request was obviously rhetorical. "When they meet another of their kind, it's a reproductive opportunity that just can't be missed, OK? If they are of the same sex, one of them changes." I jerked my head, yeah that was pretty close to a good paraphrase. "And the Parrot fish is a particularly potent model."

"Yeah." I shrugged. "Extensive neurological changes in a few minutes followed by obviously altered behavior appropriate to the 'new' sex."

"Seventy minutes more or less to adopt the external morphology, under three hours to go from sperm production to egg or the converse." He stopped and looked at me, "There is nothing quite like it for both the magnitude of the change and the rate at which it is accomplished. Is that a fair paraphrase also?"

"Yeah."

"So why drop such a hot topic and go back to a mundane population like rats?"

"Mice." I corrected him. "I got bored?" I said hopefully.

"So let me understand, you ah- applied the inhibitory RNA found in those transitioning fish to mice?"

"How in the Hell..."

"Surprised? I have my sources." He said smugly. What was I going to do, deny it? I just nodded "That was brilliant, stupid but brilliant. Fish to mammals? My God Frank, you

couldn't have possibly hoped to succeed and yet you went ahead anyway." He shook his head as if amazed and more than a bit amused.

I felt myself react to his insulting tone. Maybe that was what he wanted, I mean he was a sociopath after all, but at the moment I just wanted to defend myself. "I don't know whether or not it was stupid. It worked damn it." In for a dime- in for a dollar. If he already knew, why this little show and tell? "I have extensive pilot data on male to female transitions and female to male in *mice*. I've done histologies on over a hundred subjects already. These results have been extensively replicated." And then I concluded, "That's why I need to expand my rodent colony. Enough said?" Actually too much had been said. I'd given him precisely what he'd wanted I realized as the anger finally burned away.

"We need to talk more on this ah- paradigm do we not?" He added.

"Not really." I spat out the words. For Pete's sake he was a pseudo-scientist. Did I really want or need his input?

"Frank you must know that what you did was illegal. The Federal government could pull all the funding from this University." There was growing menace in his voice, "And you *could* be terminate."

I felt the blood drain from my face, my tongue seemed too big for my mouth and that was a most unpleasant sensation. "Ridiculous." I said but there was uncertainty in my voice that slipped out against my will. "Why?"

"No prior approval by the University Animal Subjects committee. The unauthorized use of those mice in your pilot research was..."

"Its... its done all the time."

"I'll pretend I didn't hear that Frank. And genetically modifying those bacteria. Adding fish genes hmm? The federal prohibitions against unauthorized..."

"My lab meets the minimum Federal standards for genetic manipulation of..."

"Ah but you had no *prior* Federal authorization as required by law to do that work, did you Drake? You could be excluded from receiving Federal funding...forever. I mean, if one were to actively pursue such a charge..."

"Damn it Jack, what do you want from me anyway?"

"Between you and me Frank, none of the pilot data was collected. The transfer of fish genes to bacteria ah- remains just a proposal, an idea hmm? And we will go through the proper channels, meet all the requirements..."

"We." I said deliberately interrupting him.

"Yes. My God there are substantial psychological questions that might be answered."

"Psychological questions? Not my thing Jack. Besides, you ever try to hold a conversation with a mouse?"

"I was thinking a little more higher up the evolutionary ladder. Human."

I blanched and my ears rang. "No way."



I was glad that they had come. Petro my illegal Soviet, I mean Russian, immigrant, was the keystone to my laboratory operation. He was actually the one who had inserted the genes into the e-coli bacteria using a viral carrier. His real name was Gorgomanysof Petro-pantronvichshje but, well, that was a mouthful and it was either Gorgo or 'Petro', the latter worked for me and satisfied him. Todd King was a colleague and friend, a Neurologist who knew far more than I did about the neurological changes we'd observed in the mice and was also a co-investigator on the on going project. And last but not least was Andy my older brother. He was a chemist but not, decidedly not, an academic. He did research for profit, that is he and a few other cynical souls had set up a corporation across the border where the regulations were ah- less confining. Anyhow, he'd come all the way from Baja in response to my e-mail. Of the three of them, he knew the least about the current project and, of course, nothing about Dr. 'call-me-Jack' Winters. I'd just finished relating the particulars of my encounter with the vice-president.

Todd was obviously agitated as he blurted out, "Like the bumper sticker says- just say no."

"No?" Petro looked ashen faced. He was certainly the most vulnerable of us. He needed this job and well, his student visa had expired years ago. He looked at me for support, "In my country..."

"Yeah," I said interrupting him, "Petro I can guess. In your country one doesn't go against the bureaucrats even if they are assholes..."

"Assholes?" Flared Todd. "He's a fucking mega jerk." He flashed a look at my brother, "What I mean is we can't trust him- *ever*."

"Yeah that thought had occurred to me as well. If something goes wrong with the experiment, he'll tie that around my neck- not his. Andy?"

"You're screwed." My brother said. "It's a no-win situation and you can't blame this on your vice-president, OK?" I glared at him. He waved his hand and stood up, "Look, the guy is right. You broke the rules even if *you* think they are dumb rules. I doubt very much that you'll lose your job over it but, well... take it like a man. Tell him to take a flying fuck on a rolling donut."

"But everything will be destroyed. The lab..." Petro was almost in tears and I wasn't feeling a lot better. For one thing I'd lose the means to perform genetic manipulations and, in turn, my supply of inhibitory RNA. The research would be dead-dead-dead.

But Andy wasn't dissuaded, you could see it in his eyes. "And if something happens in the human experiment, something unexpected and bad, then what? I'll tell you what. Lawsuits if you're lucky and criminal indictments if you're not. And you will lose your job, your career, everything. Frank you'd be stupid to let this man blackmail you."

"Just say no." I answered hollowly. "And my research?"

"I'll talk to the guys, my guys. What you can't do here, you can do in Mexico."

"Mexico? I'm not leaving the University..."

“Maybe you will not have to, OK? If it is a bluff, you’ll know soon enough.”

“And if it isn’t?”

Andy grinned, “We could ship you the IRNA from our lab, you know, if you were to help us setup the process.”

I almost yelped, “You’d do that? Jesus, that takes a lot off my mind.” I grinned, “OK Andy I’ll just say no.” I looked around. Todd seemed comfortable with the decision and Petro, well he was as pale as a ghost. “It’ll work out.” I said in an attempt to comfort my able assistant. It didn’t seem to do much good but my intentions were sincere.

~oOo~

Sociopaths know the difference between right and wrong, they just don’t let moral values rule their actions. For a person like Jack Winters the questions to be answered were as follows. First, what is it I want. Second, how can I get it. The *moral* question eliminated- *was it the right thing to do*, there only remained one additional question, *can I get away with my actions without undue personal cost*. I knew he wanted to use my inhibitory RNA on someone, as to why, I hadn’t the faintest clue. As to how, well, like my brother had said, I’d created Jack’s opportunity and it was my job to terminate that situation.

I had to admit that my curiosity was stimulated. Both the ‘who’ and the ‘why’ of Jack’s intentions might be worth knowing. The possibility of ‘counter blackmail’ might very well end this assault upon my project. I couldn’t imagine how he could have recruited a subject unless it was someone afflicted with a gender disorder, one of those ah- transsexuals at the University Gender Identity Clinic. Perhaps he wanted to try the process on himself. Naw. Too risky and Jack wasn’t one to take chances if someone else could be made to do it for him. Now that was a thought; his attempt to blackmail me might very well be the normal mode for him, I mean blackmail... he had moved up the administrative ladder all too rapidly- hmm. Andy was right, as he always was, the sooner I was out from under Jack’s thumb the better. Let him do his worst and be done with it. The elevator door opened and I entered the hallway of the sub-basement of the Psychology building. Two stories underground, I’d entered a world of concrete and florescent lighting and began heading for Jack’s Laboratory. A chill wormed its way down my back, I was arriving empty handed to confront a monster in his own den. Well I knew it wasn’t going to be easy.

“Frank.”

I stopped and turned. Dr. Winters had emerged from a room at the other end of the hall. I had planned to lead him on for a few minutes with the hopes of discovering his intended victim but good sense had ruled that out. That is to say, on impulse, I confessed: “I didn’t bring it.”

“Ah.” He said taking it quite calmly, far more calmly than I’d expected. He turned and then looked back at me expectantly before motioning me to follow.

I remained rooted there in that long, sterile hallway. “I think our business is done.” I said as I watched him walk away.

“And that illegal alien, Petro-something-something-something?”

"Damn you Jack. Damn you to Hell."

"I'll trade you a Russian without a green card for a few moments of conversation." He said grinning expansively as he again motioned for me to follow. He disappeared into the room from which he'd initially emerged.

I followed. He had put about every hook he had into me. I doubted that there could be more. As I entered I said, "Shoot."

He laughed as he handed me a glass filled with a vivid purple liquid. "Port. And very good port if I say so myself." He lifted a similar glass and took a sip before smacking his lips. "Sit." He nodded to a pair of overstuffed armchairs that sat facing each other. "I didn't really think you would bring the inhibitory RNA."

"No?" I said as I eased down onto the chair nearest the door. I sniffed the port and then set it aside.

"Not your thing?" He said looking at the abandoned wine. "Or perhaps you don't trust me." He said following that statement with a grin. "Whatever." His face grew more serious as he sat down. "Whatever else you think of me, I am a scientist."

I'd checked out his campus web site, I'd even glance through some of his publications. Though it was mostly psychobabble, there had been some hard bits of science in the mix and a couple of papers published in the Journal Science, well that had to be respected. "Yeah." I admitted grudgingly. "You *were*."

He laughed at that. "You mean before becoming an administrator." He shrugged. "I've always been a sucker for power." He took a long breath and then a large sip of port before carefully putting down the glass. "And I don't intend to be old and gray when I become President of this University."

"Right." I muttered under my breath. "And Dr. Davis is just going to step down?"

"More likely Hank will step aside, when the time is right. But enough of that. As you can see, I could make your situation here very, very comfortable hmm? No more wasted time in the classroom or committees, and unlimited access to the resources of the University."

So the stick hadn't work so Jack was going for the carrot. Brother, did he think I was stupid or what. "To continue my research?"

"Absolutely. You really have no idea of just how much potential your work has, do you?" I felt my anger flare but I didn't respond. Instead I picked up the glass of port and took an angry sip. Let him hang himself. "Utopia." He said.

"Yeah, you mentioned that in one of your articles Jack."

"Application of technology to the social environment."

"A perfect society." I added and that brought a smile to his face.

"Too many males chasing after too few fertile females."

"The last I heard the ratio was nearly fifty-fifty."

"Yes Frank and that's the problem. Males are inherently polygamous and female monogamous. Worst yet about five percent of the males father ah- forty some percent of all

the babies. Almost thirty-five percent of the males never reproduce and twenty odd percent are functional virgins."

"I read that. Somewhere. So?" I stifled a laugh as I began to realize what part of that population old Jack was a member. No shit. If it weren't for whores, he wouldn't have a chance to get laid. I had an urge to ask him and then thought better of it.

"The impulse to war, murder and other acts of violence..."

I laughed, "Because they don't get laid?"

"Because they never had a fair chance to reproduce."

"So a rapist is just trying to make babies." I snickered. "I don't think so."

"At the unconscious level. Yes, that's precisely the mechanism."

"You ever publish that argument?" I asked with a sneer. He just glared at me. "Look Jack my research isn't going to solve... your reproductive issues, ok?" I rolled my eyes.

"It *could* be a start. Imagine humanity based upon, say the social model of the sheep-head fish, you know the specie."

I stared at him like he'd lost his mind, which of course he probably had. "Jesus!"

"Only one male in any social group whether it be two or two thousand. The strongest impregnate their social inferiors. All get a fair chance to reproduce and..."

"I assume you expect to be one of the ah- males."

He spayed out his hands, "Of course. One need not play fair. I retain my original genetic code while others around me have, well, like the parrot fish...ah- someone has to be female."

"You're mad." I said and then finished off the port. "Besides, the effect of my inhibitory RNA..."

"Is unknown of course. That's why I need to run the experiment."

"Lots of luck." I said as I tried to stand up. My legs were numb and non-responsive. "Son-of-a-biiiiitch!" I shriek.

He was standing now looking down at me. "Petropatronvichshje." He held up a small plastic container filled with gray-green fluid. "He traded this for the mere promise of a green card."

I tried to say something but the world was growing dark and I was cold and... terrified.

~oOo~

"Oh there you are."

I blinked trying to re-orient myself. Above me, in silhouette, was Jack Winters' head. I jerked to pull myself up only to discover the restraints: wrists, ankles and waist all firmly held me in place. "Son-of-a-bitch." I flopped back, my head was still fuzzy from- *whatever*. I opened my mouth to tell him just how much trouble he was in.

"Don't bother Frank. I already know what you are going to say and, well, yes I will get away with this, thank you very much."

He disappeared from my field of view and I cranked my head around to assess why my arm, at the elbow, was screaming. There was a horse needle inserted into a throbbing vein; surgical tape held the hollow metal lance in place. I followed the tube that ran from the oversized needle up to a reservoir that was positioned above and to my right. It was filled with inhibitory RNA, leastwise it was the correct color. Near the beginning of the tube was a clamp that appeared to be blocking the flow. So he hadn't started yet. There was a white sheet covering me and, well, nothing else. I let my head flop back against the cold metal table a bit more vigorously than I'd intended. Apparently the sound of my head hitting the metal had brought my host back for once more he loomed above me. "Fuck-you." I growled.

"You were out a lot longer than I expected." He shrugged or at least I thought he had considering I was seeing his silhouette from behind and above. "I confess I got rather bored. So I shaved your legs and chest."

"Huh?" Up came my head again. Jack whipped off the sheet. "And everything else it seems." The truth was I was utterly hairless. "You're some kind of nut- right Jack? Something ah- real kinky?"

"Hold still." He said as he loomed over me and began plucking my eyebrows. I began to jerk my head from side to side until one of his hands gripped my throat rather more firmly than was really necessary. "This will be done whether or not you want me to." He continued plucking and the force of his grip gradually decreased as I quit struggling until finally his hand came away from my throat. "The fact is there is no reason to assume that this treatment of yours will have any effect on body hair, am I not right?"

"Fuck-you."

"I didn't think so. I mean, if women naturally had hairless legs they wouldn't need to shave. Oh I assume that the hair follicles on your face might be effected but..."

"Jesus Jack, what does this have to do with anything?"

"Oh... nothing really. Like I said, you were out so long I got bored. And, well once getting started I couldn't very well leave you half finished now could I."

"A compulsive disorder?"

"Very funny." He continued to pull hairs from my eyebrow for at least another five minutes. "How's your head?" He said finally.

"Ok, no thanks to you. What did you put in my drink?"

"It hardly matters Frank. Now watch, I'm opening the flow. Now."

I lifted my head up to see for myself. It was a drip system, which, considering the size of the reservoir, might take an hour to empty. "Clever." I muttered.

"You really think so? I wasn't sure of how much to use and then I started to think about getting a even distribution and... well anyhow, I'm pleased you agree with my solution."

"Just how kinky are you Jack?"

"Not at all. Just... significantly curious hmm?"

"There must be a better way for you to get laid."

"Oh heavens. That you could think such a thing about me... I have nothing but a clinical interest in the process. You feel anything happening?"

"Fuck you." I growled and closed my eyes.

"I'll take that as a no."

I felt him move away from me but he couldn't have gone far for I could still hear him breathing. I thought about falling asleep and then decided against such a plan. The fact was I was at least as curious as he was. If my brain were beginning to change, and the histologies performed by Todd on our mice said it would, would I *feel* it? I mean like would my mind become mushy and confused or perhaps I'd start imagining myself on the receiving end of a prick or even get all teary-eyed over nothing- like a baby? Or maybe it would be same-old, same-old and then suddenly, 'gag me with a spoon' valley girl, I mean like she'd come into focus all of a sudden- blaam. Of course there were other possibilities, like ah- an entirely new consciousness, you know utterly foreign and the next thing I know she wants to exist even if that means I have to be destroyed, that is the male me or... something. And then there was one more possibly, not a damn thing would happen, I mean like most of consciousness isn't about sex or gender. The furniture that gets moved around would mostly remain the same- right? I'm an American and ah- this is still summer break and, you know... stuff. So I just laid there staring up at the ceiling and listening to my heart. Every beat moved a few trillion-trillion bits of protein through my body. The intercellular spaces were probably full of it now. They were so small that they passed easily through the cell walls and, swept up by the currents inside the cell would soon be drawn into the nucleus. We still didn't know how many distinct shapes the inhibitory RNA took and it appeared to be a matter of shape- a kind of lock and key that would disinhibit one gene or inhibit another.

"You still with me?"

"Huh?" I said jerking my head up. "Like where would I go asshole?"

"It's been almost an hour."

"So?"

"You don't feel anything?"

"Like I'd tell you Jack." I tilted my head as far forward as it would go to get a good look at my body. Everything looked normal once you discounted my recent shave. I dropped my head back but this time caught it before it slammed down on the stainless steel surface. "I got to piss really bad."

"So urinate."

"And lay in it? Yuck."

"If you can hold until the delivery is complete, say another eight minutes, I'll let you up."

"Cool." I laid back and waited. Yeah I had to take a leak but not *that* bad. Unless something really potent happened in the next few minutes, I'd punch the living shit out of the

mother as soon as I was free. I imagined punching him in the face over and over again and it felt *good*. I began a systematic test of my limbs, working against the constraints just to be sure they'd function.

"Still nothing? A civil response would be appreciated Frank."

"Fuck you."

"I could let you just lie there in your own urine."

Jesus, the man was quick. Give him a hook and he uses it. "Nothing. Zip. Zero." And I was being honest. "My brain is bigger than a whole colony of mice so..." I felt *something*. A defuse, un-localizable... I might not have noticed the faint, fleeting sensation except I had nothing else to focus upon.

"You were saying Frank?"

"Ah- nothing." I felt... Mom used to say, like someone had just walked over my grave. Something less than a chill or fear, a brief, unexpected anxiety. God knows anxiety was certainly a *reasonable* reaction considering my brain was under assault. More time passed. Now the need to pee was sincere. I looked up at the vial, it was empty, well near enough. "Damn it Jack, can I take a piss now?"

Jack was no dummy. He removed the needle and then the shackle around my waist, then those around my feet and then, finally, my left hand was free. He left the right handcuff attached to the cot and backed out of reach. With his foot he pushed a pan over beside my bed. "Urinate."

I took my time, making sure my limbs were functional and then awkwardly I shoved the pan with a free foot and stood over it. "Do you have to watch?" I said looking over at him. "Or is that part of your perversion."

He didn't react.

"Damn. Well, enjoy the show." I said as I reached down and grabbed my cock for perhaps the millionth time in my life. I read once where a woman, after what doctors described as a minor stroke, woke up one morning only to discover that her left arm didn't belong to her. That is to say, it was an alien appendage. No its not fiction, it's a report that came out of U.C. San Diego medical school about ten years ago. The woman 'knew' that it was her arm in a kind of factual manner- like she wasn't crazy. And she remembered going to bed with two arms the night before the stroke. In fact her wedding band was on the hand of the alien arm and she was certain that it was her wedding band. But logic aside, it simply wasn't her arm anymore. It could have been constructed of wood or metal and it could not have been more ah- wrong. *IT WASN'T MY PENIS!*

Jack jumped back as my urine began to spray everywhere though most of it was now running down my legs. I was whimpering. Logically I knew that prick was mine but I was as certain as I could be that it didn't belong there. No, that wasn't strong enough. It had become a *growth, a cancer*. It wasn't fair. I mean, I'd felt nothing, absolutely nothing and yet I knew I was no longer me. All my pent up anger dissipated in an instant to be replaced by helplessness. I mean, I hadn't even noticed my passing. As the last dribble of urine leaked out of that foreign appendage, I whimpered, "Help me Jack. Please, please..." And then the tears began, a torrent, an unstoppable, irrational flood of confused emotions and unfa-

miliar feelings. I was broken, lost and I had no idea of how it had happened. Worse, I looked at Jack as if, somehow, he could magically make me whole again. Through my tears and sobs I wheezed out, in an almost child like manner, "Hold me. Please?" Somehow I knew, just knew at a gut level, that if he did wrap his arms around me, I'd be ok. He didn't, of course and I was left floundering in distress.

Chapter 2

I guess I always assumed that one's essential identity, self or consciousness was composed of a very large and unique collection of memories, facts. Like my name is Frank and I went to school at New York State University. Odds and ends like the color of my first two wheeled bike was red and Linda Clark once gave me a blow job but refused to have intercourse with me. Well it was all there, unaltered and accessible. I could still remember my favorite lines from the Movie 'Young Frankenstein' and anything else I cared to examine. My memories were like books in a large, poorly organized library. But when I went to re-read them... they weren't like I remembered. There had been a profound change in my *perspective*. The facts hadn't changed but what they meant had altered profoundly. Confused? That was pretty much the state of my mind when Jack handed me a wet wash cloth so that I could wipe the urine off my legs.

I was free now of the constraints and standing well away from the mess I'd made on the floor but all thoughts of punching out Jack had morphed from certainty to irrelevant. I had my own demons to contend with, inside. The rest of the world, including Jack would just have to wait. I'd wiped both legs and feet but carefully avoid contact with that *thing* between my legs. I guess Jack must have noticed that.

"How do you feel." He said for the umpteenth time. And then he corrected himself, "What's happening?"

I still didn't respond as I stood there for a moment longer looking down in horrid fascination at that *thing*. I hadn't grown stupid, I damn well knew that was my dick and that it *should* be there. In my brain there was a dick-less void which produced the impressions of *wrongness*. I didn't want to share *that* with Jack. I held up the wash cloth as if expecting him to take it from me, which obviously he wasn't, so I walked across to the sink and dropped it on the counter, that loose tube of flesh flapping against the side of my thigh as if demanding attention. There must have been something odd about the way I was moving because Jack was staring with obvious fascination. "What?"

He shook his head and then laughed. It was a mere chuckle. "Do it again." He said twirling his finger like he was stirring cream into a cup of coffee.

"What?" I said, my hand cupping my out thrust hip with my weight centered on the other leg. The hand that had carried the wash cloth still hung motionless above the sink from a flaccid wrist.

"Just walk around."

"Why?"

"Oh... never mind. Its not really necessary I guess."

"What are you talking about Jack?"