



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Dream Girl For Life

Norman Way



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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# DREAM GIRL FOR LIFE

**By Norman Way**

My parents divorced when I was very young. It was right after my baby sister was born. I have no recollection of my father at all. I do recall hearing my mother crying at night.

The most vivid memory of my childhood is standing in the yard holding my teddy bear in one hand and a brown envelope containing my birth certificate in the other as I watched a roaring fire consume the house. I stood there transfixed at the horror in front of me until a lady cop came and led me away.

My mother had gone back inside the upstairs apartment to get my baby sister and never came out. An elderly man who liked to smoke cigars had fallen asleep downstairs. The fire killed him as well.

I was placed in the home of a retired couple who got me some clothes and took care of me until my mom's sister, Sandra Thomas, arrived from Minnesota to take me back to live with her. I had just turned five and would begin school and a new life far from the tragedy I had endured and the awful heat of Atlanta, Georgia.

We had a nice flight to Minneapolis. Sandra's husband David met us and took us home. I was introduced to their two daughters; Denise, who was eight, and Trudy, ten. Both Sandra and David sold real estate. They had their office in the basement. The Thomas' slept in the master bedroom; the two girls would now share the larger of the two remaining bedrooms and I would have the small bedroom.

Sandra made up the bed for me, then unpacked what few clothes I had and put them in the dresser drawers. After supper that night, Sandra took me shopping and bought me

some additional clothes. I remember overhearing one of the clerks remarking that I was the prettiest boy she had ever seen.

I was required to do my share of the chores. I learned how to wash and iron clothes, wash and dry dishes, vacuum and dust as well as mow and trim the lawn. Everybody pitched in to get things done.

Sandra and David were gone a lot, so I was left alone with the two girls. They seemed to take great delight in making me wear one of their pink ruffled aprons when I did the dishes or vacuumed the carpets. I overheard Trudy remark about wanting to see me in a dress, which brought the giggles out of both girls.

I was registered for the same school the girls would be attending. It was only six blocks from our house, a very nice walk when the weather was nice.

Over the years, I settled into a routine. I no longer had nightmares about the fire. I earned good grades in school. I wasn't interested in sports. The two girls liked playing soccer but I found martial arts more to my liking. I worked out hard. I took out my anger at my father's abandoning us and my hate for the smoker who killed my mom and sister on the bag with kicks and punches as hard as I could. In the evenings, I would jog or ride the stationery bike in the basement.

The combination of a healthy diet, exercise and a positive family environment was good for me. My sisters began getting taller, but I did not grow as quickly. Sandra said I would have to be happy being a short man.

Because of the Thomas' work schedule, it wasn't very often that we could do things together as a family. When we could, it was usually a picnic in the park or a drive to a scenic place or a museum visit.

I kept pretty much to myself despite being happy to be in a family unit. At school, except for the martial arts club, I made few friends. I was getting along OK and for the first time in my short life, I was reasonably happy. At least now I had some stability and the opportunity to build a future.

A real estate convention took Sandra and David out of town around Halloween weekend. Trudy was left in charge. I never cared for dressing up on Halloween but was glad to hand out candy to the neighborhood kids. Trudy would be sixteen on Halloween and had permission to have a party at home despite an absence of supervision due to the convention.

I had agreed to help the girls out by setting up the tables and chairs as well as put up some of the decorations. I was finished by 4 PM. It was an all-girl party so I ate a Sloppy Joe and some chips before the guests arrived. I planned to stay in my room while the girls ate in the dining room, then watch some movies in the living room.

I was in my room, lying on the bed, reading, when Trudy, dressed as a witch, and Denise, dressed as a sailor, came in.

"We're playing a little joke on the girls this year. We need you to help us. You don't mind, do you,?"

"Well, I don't know," I answered. "I thought it was an all-girl party so I should stay here,"

"It is an all-girl party, that's going to be the joke on the girls. See, we are going to dress you up like a girl. At the end of the party, you will take your mask off and surprise everyone. Neat idea, huh?"

Both girls were sort of leering at me.

"Well I don't know, I..."

"C'mon, be a sport. It will all be in good fun. Besides, if you do this for us, we will take your turn doing the dishes as well as the laundry next week. Now what do you say?"

"Okay," I answered.

Both girls' faces broke into grins with my positive answer.

"Good. Now go into our bedroom, get undressed, and put your clothes on the chair. Put on the clothes on the bed and come out when you are finished,"

I went into their bedroom. I undressed and put my clothes on the chair. On the bed was a pair of pink panties, a pink garter belt and a pair of pink stockings. I stepped into the panties and, after pulling them up, marveled at how soft and wonderful they felt against my skin. I put on the garter belt and then rolled the stockings down, put them on, and hooked them to the garter belt. I opened the bedroom door and stepped out into the hallway.

Both girls were all smiles.

"Okay, back inside. Let's get your costume on," ordered Trudy.

Back in the bedroom, Denise fitted me with a training bra and stuffed a cotton sock in each cup. Trudy held up a pink petti-slip by the hem. I put my arms through the straps as Denise pulled it over my head.

She adjusted the straps so it fit right over the training bra.

This was followed by a pink, puff sleeve, chiffon dress with a small pink satin bow in the front and a large pink satin bow in the back. Denise quickly zipped me up and hooked it at the top.

"Step into these," said Trudy as she put a pair of shoes at my feet.

I slipped one foot into a pink patent leather shoe with a strap across the instep. It fit a little loosely so Denise tightened up the strap, then I put the other one on.

"They are called 'Mary Janes,'" announced Denise. "In fact, that is who you will be this afternoon. Mary Jane Williams, our cousin from Georgia. Now come over here to the vanity. Smooth your dress with one hand like this before you sit down," she instructed as she made a motion with her left hand behind her.

I followed her instructions. Trudy applied pink lipstick to my mouth, then smoothed pink blusher over my cheeks. From its stand she removed a blond curly wig and placed it over my brown hair. At the top of the wig, she pinned a large pink satin sissy bow. Last, she placed a pink mask over my eyes.

"Perfect!" squealed Denise.

"Magnificent, if I do say so myself," said Trudy. "I told you he would look great, didn't I? Now stand up, Mary Jane, and let's get a good look at you."

I stood up and both girls admired their handiwork.

“Now, remember you are a girl. Speak in a soft voice. Keep your elbows in and smooth your dress when you sit down,” said Trudy. “Now walk over to the full-length mirror on the closet door and look at yourself,”

I did so and couldn't believe the reflection in the mirror. I was a very pretty girl. What's more, I felt good in the lingerie and dress. It was almost as if it was the natural thing for me to be wearing. I felt very calm and relaxed. The door bell rang and Denise ran to answer it.

“Oops, almost forgot these,” said Trudy as she clipped a pair of dangling earrings to my earlobes. Then she squirted some very sweet perfume behind each ear. I loved the scent of it. It made me feel all the more wonderful. She handed me a dainty pink purse and opened the bedroom door.

“Time for you to meet our guests,” she said.

Trudy introduced me to the six girls as “Mary Jane,” their cousin from Atlanta as planned. I did an impromptu curtsy as I extended my hand to each girl. The guests wore a variety of costumes from a pirate to Abe Lincoln. Many pictures were taken as the evening progressed.

I helped serve the soft drinks and sandwiches. I was careful not to spill anything and tried to act girlish like I had seen other girls do. When they were finished eating, I helped clear the table and we all sat down to watch a movie.

After the movie, Denise rewound the tape and Trudy stood in the middle of the living room floor and clapped her hands for attention.

“Thank you all for coming. As I told you, I have a special surprise for all of you. Mary Jane, step forward please.”

I got up from the sofa where I had been sitting between two of the girls and stood next to Trudy.

“Last year, I gave a prize for the best costume but this year I'm not going to because I knew it would be no contest. Let me introduce my step brother, Timothy!”

With that, she reached behind me and grabbed my wig and mask with one hand and pulled them both off.

There were several gasps as the girls looked at each other and then back at me again. Several of the girls took pictures. Then they broke into applause. Denise stood on the other side of me and both she and Trudy grabbed the hem of my dress and pulled it up to reveal my pink panties and garter belt. More pictures were taken.

There were hoots and whistles and again the girls broke into applause. I stood quietly and let the girls enjoy their joke. OK, big deal, I thought.

As the girls got up to leave, Trudy handed me the mask and wig. I walked back to the bedroom with Denise. I put the wig back on the stand. Denise unhooked and unzipped the dress. She helped me get it and the petti-slip off, then put them both back on hangers. After unhooking the training bra, she stepped out and I took off the lingerie. I put my regular clothes back on. Denise came back in and I sat at the vanity. She took off my earrings and,

with some face cream, removed my makeup. Trudy came back when the last of the girls had left.

“Thanks again for helping Denise and I out. You were the absolute hit of the party!” I smiled a tight smile. “Sure, no problem,” I answered.

Later that night as I showered with some masculine-scented soap, I thought about my little masquerade. I actually had felt more comfortable in costume than I had in my regular boys clothes. After drying myself off, I put on a clean T-shirt and briefs. My cotton underwear felt almost like it was the wrong underwear. As I lay in bed, I wondered why I had enjoyed the feel of the tricot panties, sheer hosiery, and the whisper of the chiffon dress over the petti-slip. Boys aren't supposed to like such things.

Sandra and David returned from the convention and asked how the party went. The girls just giggled and said everything was fine and that everyone had a good time.

Several days later, a large manila envelope arrived in the mail addressed to Trudy. Later that evening, I could hear giggles coming from their bedroom. I was certain that some of the photos of me at the party had been blown up to 8X10 and sent to everyone who had attended for their private amusement.

I could find nothing on the computer under “My Pictures” since both girls had password protected files and I knew better to ask to see what they were keeping in there.

The girls said nothing to me about the party thereafter. Once, when all of us were at the mall, one of the girls who had attended the party waved to Trudy and pointed to a store display. The mannequin was wearing a cocktail dress and heels. She made an “OK” sign with her fingers and pointed to me with a smile. Trudy laughed and nodded approvingly.

Things continued as they had. Another two years passed. We were all doing well in school and as the holidays approached, I was looking forward to a couple of weeks off from my schoolwork. We had a wonderful Thanksgiving dinner; Christmas was just around the corner. I had no idea that this Christmas would be a changing point in my life.

Prior to our Christmas at home, we always went to a dinner given by the realty company that Sandra and David worked for. It was a small company with only about two dozen agents but they were responsible for a high percentage of sales.

Before dinner, the owner would present awards for the top listing agent and the top sales agent. After the award ceremony, we would all sing a few Christmas carols and then eat. This year, a karaoke machine had been set up. After leading us in a few songs, the owner passed the mike around to anyone who wanted to solo. At our table, Trudy, Denise and I began singing Silent Night, Holy Night. When we finished the room broke into thunderous applause, then someone called for an encore. We did White Christmas. When we finished, there was a hearty applause.

Following the dinner, several of the agents came up to us and suggested we form a singing group. I was flattered but didn't think much of it at the time. I was sure they were just being complimentary. I had heard Trudy and Denise singing at home along with a musical on TV and once when they were playing some CD's but I didn't really think their voices were more than average. I had never done any singing at all and hadn't really given my own voice much thought since I had no particular interest in music.

On the way home, Sandra remarked how good the three of us had sounded.

"Maybe we *should* form a group," noted Denise. "We'd make more money than part-time jobs pay around here."

"We'd need to hook up with an agent too," added Trudy. "Plus we'd need costumes, musicians, arrangements, and we'd have to decide what type of music we'd be doing."

I kept silent because I really didn't want any part of this thing. I had no particular fondness for the loud rock music most of the kids listened and danced to. Nor was I a fan of the cowboy stuff with the fiddles, banjos, guitars and some guy whining about his divorce or a wrecked pick-up truck.

I had a small portable radio in my room and liked to listen to the FM stations that played soft, quiet music. "Mood music" is what they called it. Sometimes I would listen to classical music. It had a very soothing effect. I felt it was easier to relax while this type of music was playing.

Almost two months had passed and nothing more had been said about forming a group. One Friday night after supper, Trudy announced she had set up an audition with a local talent agency. We would have to be at the studio at 1 PM Saturday.

It took me completely by surprise. I raised my objections but Sandra shot me down, explaining it would do me some good.

"You spend altogether too much time alone in your room. When you're not in school or martial arts class, you are on the bike or treadmill by yourself. You need to associate with people more and develop some social skills. This will be good for you," she said.

I nodded my assent and wondered what the next Saturday would bring. I wasn't anti-social and got along well with most everyone. I guess I just didn't see the need to be an entertainer. I had reached a level of proficiency in my martial arts class that would allow me to enter more demanding competition next year and that was enough for me.

Friday night as I lay awake, I had hopes the agent would say, "Thanks but no thanks." In a city of this size, there was bound to be lots of people with the talent and desire to get into this business. They would turn us down since this was something of a lark for us, not a real career endeavor.

After lunch on Saturday, Sandra drove the three of us to the downtown studio of the Lynndale Talent Agency. The mother of one of the girls at the Halloween party said they were quite reputable.

The receptionist checked us in and told us to have a seat. Mrs. Lynndale was with a client and would be with us shortly.

The walls of the outer office were decorated with autographed pictures of local and nationally known celebrities alike. I really couldn't see myself going through all this but it wasn't my choice.

Shortly, a heavy-set, overly made-up blonde woman came out and introduced herself as Doris Lynndale.

"Please come with me," she announced.

We followed her through a door and down a long hallway to a studio at the end.



"You three stand before the mikes. Sandra, come with me to the control room," ordered Mrs. Lynndale.

We took our places as a technician adjusted the microphone height. When he finished, he signaled the control room and left.

Mrs. Lynndale's voice came through the speaker.

"Each one of you will sing a chorus of "Happy Birthday," then all three of you will sing together. Now listen for the intro and then begin. First will be Denise, then Trudy and finally, Timothy,"

She pointed to the piano player behind me and he played the intro. After each one of us sang our part, we stood around one of the microphones and sang together. When we finished, Mrs. Lynndale told us to come back to the office.

After we were seated, she placed her hands on her desk in front of her and smiled.

"That was pretty good," she announced. "Above average certainly. With some hard work, I think we can get you an engagement or two. Do any of you have any previous musical training?" she asked

We all shook our heads.

"Hmm. I think the first thing we should do is sign you up for some voice lessons. I actually like you better as a threesome rather than individually, except for Timothy here. You have quite a soft, melodic voice!"

I was a little embarrassed at being singled out but said nothing.

Mrs. Lynndale handed my mother a sheet of paper.

"Here is a schedule and our hourly rates. Pick out the ones that best fit your schedule, then let me know by 5 PM Monday at the latest, whatever works out best for you. Thank you for coming,"

She stood up and shook hands with us as we filed out of her office. Back in the car, Sandra expressed surprise at the fees.

"They sure are expensive. I'm not so sure we should be spending this kind of money unless you guys are really serious about this kind of thing,"

That evening, Sandra and David talked things over. They agreed that two months of once-a-week lessons was enough to start with. So we began.

At the end of the first month, it was clear that while Trudy and Denise had nice voices, they would never be able to sing professionally. I, on the other hand, was able to more than hold my own. There was just one problem. My soft melodic voice, as good as it was, was not the voice of a man. I sang like a girl.

Mrs. Lynndale never came right out and said those exact words but I knew from listening to the playback that I was not going to be a male lead anywhere. For that reason, the second month was spent learning to harmonize as a trio. Our voices together were much better than the girls were individually.

As we neared the end of the second month, I was not eager to continue and told Sandra my feelings. Her answer was, "Well, let's just wait and see,"

On a Wednesday night of the third week of our harmony training, an exasperated Mrs. Lynndale called Sandra and said she had a last minute cancellation and needed the three of us to sing at an anniversary party that Saturday afternoon. There was one catch. The trio that had canceled was an all-girl trio. In order for us to accept the gig, I was to be dressed the same as Trudy and Denise.

It was a chance to make two thousand dollars, which after the agency's ten percent was taken out, meant we would split eighteen hundred dollars three ways. That kind of money was too good to pass up. Sandra said it would be up to me if I wanted to do this as Denise and Trudy giggled behind her back. No doubt they were thinking back to the Halloween party which I'm sure Sandra knew nothing about.

We got our union cards and because we were still minors, Sandra signed the contract for the Lynndale Agency to be our agent. From six to ten PM, we began rehearsing the songs we would be singing at the party. It was a 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary party and the music was from the era of the McGuire Sisters, the Andrew sisters and the Big Bands. I was glad we would be singing this type of music as opposed to the wild and crazy modern stuff or something just as bad. We finished the evening being measured for our costumes.

The next night, we rehearsed again. We made the final selection of the songs we would be doing at the party. Before we left, Mrs. Lynndale took Sandra and me aside. She explained I would have to be at a salon called Dynamic Cuts in a nearby shopping mall at six PM for what she called "preparatory work" and then come back for the costume fitting. Both Trudy and Denise were giggling in the back seat all the way home while Sandra just smiled and said nothing.

Friday night, after my martial arts session, Sandra took me directly to the beauty shop. The receptionist smiled broadly as she checked us in.

"Val is waiting for you. It's the last booth on your left at the back,"

We walked to the back of the shop where a tall young woman in a pink smock was waiting for us.

"Take off your uniform and stand still with your legs apart," she instructed.

At my age, I hardly had any body hair at all. When Val was finished with the clippers and the wax strips, my skin was hair-free and as smooth as any girls.

"Sit in the chair now and don't move," Val said.

She proceeded to curl my eyelashes, then she plucked my eyebrows to form a thin line with a slight arch.

"Okay, we're done. You can put your uniform back on," she said.

While I got dressed, she picked out several makeup items and put them in a small bag. At the desk, Sandra paid the bill. As we left, I could hear some giggling coming from the back room. For some reason, women seem to enjoy this sort of thing.

Saturday morning we went to the agency, arriving about ten. Sandra took me to a separate room where I was fitted with a strapless bra and a panty briefer. After putting a small pair of breast forms in the cups, she handed me a pair of pantihose and I put them on.

Next, I stepped into a floor-length petticoat and brought it up to my waist. Again, I was surprised at how wonderful I felt.

"I'll be right back with your dress. Try on the shoes and see which pair fits you the best," said Sandra.

I sat on the chair and took the first pair of pink high heels out of the box. They were too small so I tried on the second pair. They fit perfectly. I stood up and carefully took a few steps as Sandra returned with my dress. She unzipped it and helped me slip it over my head. After adjusting the hem around the petticoats, she zipped me up and closed the top hook.

"That's a perfect fit. Now try on the gloves."

I struggled to put on the long gloves. Lastly, she placed a nylon wig cap over my hair and then a light brown shoulder-length wig.

"Now, let's show the girls," she laughed as I walked out ahead of her.

Trudy and Denise's faces brightened when they saw me. Mrs. Lynndale had her back to me. When she turned around, her mouth fell open in amazement.

"You look fabulous! I know the three of you will be a big hit," she said as she handed my mother a slip of paper.

"Here is the address of the reception hall. Be there at three to meet with the coordinator. You will perform at three-thirty. After the performance, you can go home. Bring your costumes in Monday and I will have your check ready for you. Any questions?"

There were none.

"Good. See you back here Monday."

I went back inside the small room and changed back into my regular clothes. The wig and costume were put in a garment bag and we went home. Lunch was a quiet and nothing was said about my dressing up.

At two PM, Sandra helped me get dressed. With great care, she applied my lipstick, blusher and eye makeup. Last, after she attached a pair of long earrings to my earlobes, she adjusted the wig cap and wig. Trudy took several pictures of me, then Sandra took several of the three of us. As we walked to the car, I took smaller, more mincing steps. Walking in high heels was not hard but I wanted to be especially careful not to trip or twist an ankle.

We arrived at the reception hall just before three and entered through the rear door. We talked briefly with the piano player and she was satisfied that we were fully prepared. Promptly at three-thirty, the piano intro started and we walked out to the small makeshift stage.

The two girls seemed a bit nervous but I felt very at ease. I was quite comfortable in the pink floor-length chiffon gown and heels. I was relaxed and as we began to sing, I had no fear of performing in front of the fairly large crowd.

Everything went off without a hitch. The crowd was very appreciative of our performance. We exited to a lengthy and loud round of applause.

Back at home, Sandra removed my earrings and makeup. My costume and wig was placed back in the garment bag. I showered that night with some masculine-scented soap. I felt good about earning so much money for so little effort.

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I slept well that night. Still I wondered what there was about being dressed to the nines in women's clothes that made me feel so good. I had never felt that way before. Of course, I had never cross-dressed before either. The effect of sheer pantyhose on my smooth legs, the chiffon dress on my bare shoulders, the satin gloves on my bare arms and the way the dress flared out by the petticoat moved as I walked in my high heels all contributed to a strong feeling of femininity. I was safe and secure in my feminine environment. I loved the way the audience looked up at me as I sang. The way some of the men were staring at me gave me a secret thrill. I enjoyed fooling them. If they only knew what was under that gorgeous gown and petticoat!

At the end of the month, Trudy and Denise wanted to continue but I didn't. I was adamant about it.

Sandra and David accepted my decision. I knew Trudy and Denise were mad because they saw a real moneymaking opportunity going out the window.

Things got back to normal and we were nearing the end of the school year. Three weeks from graduation, Sandra got a phone call from Mrs. Lynndale. She wanted to talk to both of us in her office ASAP. I didn't know what was up but Sandra drove me to the studio after school the next night.

The receptionist had left for the day and Mrs. Lynndale met us at the door. We followed her back to the office and sat down opposite her desk. She had a rather stern expression on her face.

"I'm sorry you elected to discontinue your training, Timothy. You are very talented. Your sisters, on the other hand, were average at best, which brings me to why I asked you and your mom to come here. I suppose you have heard about the private jet that crashed near Vail, Colorado recently. One of the girls on the plane was a singer with a local college band.

"This band is scheduled to play at Hancock High School's Prom in about three weeks. Their theme this year is The Fabulous Forties. The dead girl was to be the lead singer with the band. The arrangements are from the music of the big band era. Now, I know you didn't want to continue singing but hear me out. You will be paid three thousand dollars for this one-night gig. The band will play for about forty minutes and then you will be introduced as Tina Williams. You will sing six torch songs. There will be about a thirty-minute break, then the band will play for another forty minutes. You will come out again and sing another six songs, then you will be finished. I want you to think about this opportunity for a few minutes before you answer."

Sandra sat mute as I pondered what Mrs. Lynndale had just said. Three thousand dollars was a lot of money for a couple of hours work. I hadn't even spent the money I earned

from the anniversary gig and now I had a chance to make five times what I had made that afternoon.

"Well, I guess I *could*," I answered somewhat hesitantly.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Mrs. Lynndale as she handed me a large brown envelope. "I'll let the band director know you've agreed and we will set up the rehearsal dates. In the meantime, here are the songs you'll be singing. Memorize them as quickly as you can. I'll call you when things are set up."

We had no conversation on the way home. I was wondering what Trudy and Denise would think when they found out I was going to be singing again.

That night, I looked over the sheets Mrs. Lynndale had given me. I already knew some of the songs from hearing them on the radio. I knew it wouldn't take much work to memorize the rest. I spend about an hour each night going over the selections. All that was left was to meet with the band and rehearse.

The next week, Mrs. Lynndale called with the schedule and Sandra took me to one of the university extension buildings for my first rehearsal. We entered a small concert hall; a thin bald man with thick glasses met us at the door and introduced himself as Mr. Christian. Most of the band members were already assembled on the stage.

"Sandra, please have a seat down front. Timothy, stand in front of the band at the mike," he instructed.

As we took our places, the rest of the band had already taken their seats. I adjusted the floor mike for my height and then gave the "testing 1-2-3" count to see if things were working properly. They were.

I stood patiently as the band went through a warm-up number. Then Mr. Christian announced the opening number. When I finished, we went through five more, then I took a break. As the band went through several more numbers, Mr. Christian leaned over and whispered:

"You're doing fine. Stay relaxed and concentrate on the lyrics."

I nodded and waited for the band to finish. I took my place back on stage and sang the rest of the repertoire. After the last song, Mr. Christian waved me off stage. I sat down next to him as the band went through several more arrangements.

"You are very well-prepared. I appreciate that more than I can say. For someone so young, you handle yourself like a professional,"

"Thank you," I answered. "I want to do a good job for you."

Sandra and I left and went to the agency.

"I just got off the phone with Mr. Christian and he is delighted with your performance," announced Mrs. Lynndale as we entered her office. "Your costume and shoes are here. You need to try them on for fit."

I went in a small adjoining room and put on the foundation garments again. When I came out, she removed a gold, satin sheath gown from its bag and unzipped it. I stepped carefully into the dress and she zipped me up and adjusted the straps. The dress fit pretty well. The hem had to be raised about an inch and taken in a little around the waist and

hips. The gold over-the-elbow gloves fit OK. The shoes had four-inch heels instead of the three-inch heels I had worn before. I was a bit concerned with the additional height but the size was a good fit and I walked around the room several times without any difficulty.

“Just remember to pull the dress up slightly when you go on and off the stage,” admonished Mrs. Lynndale.

Sandra unzipped me and I took off the dress. I changed back into my male clothes and we went home.

The next rehearsal was a week away and I felt pretty good about things. It was hard to conceal my happiness with the dress. The satin sheath had felt so good against my skin. I had difficulty comprehending why I should be looking forward to getting dressed up again.

The week flew by and the last rehearsal went smoothly. I was surprised that no one in the band or Mr. Christian had made any comment about my being a male at rehearsal and performing dressed as a female. At any rate, I felt more than ready for my first solo performance.

On the way back home, we stopped at the agency and I tried the dress on again to be sure of the fit. This time I would be wearing a platinum blond wig as well. Mrs. Lynndale put everything in a garment bag and we went home.

I studied for my final exams all week and felt equally prepared to pass them as well. On Friday, my final grades were three A's and two B's. Sandra and David were very pleased.

