

He Became A Sweet Farm Girl



A "Her Tv" Novel

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He Became a Sweet Farm Girl

By B. C.

Sandy Compton's life was shattered after the death of his two loving parents. He sat at the long dining room table taking a break from his chores and reflecting back on the past year. It was a year of confusion, disappointment, hurt and a terrible loss. Then came a complete change of his lifestyle. Sandy was creative and had a wonderful and vivid imagination, but even he with all of his wild thoughts and dreams couldn't have visualized how his life would change to what it had become.

He shifted in the chair he was sitting in with his legs crossed. He pulled the hem of his dress down and went back to mending his new brother's jeans

and sewing a few buttons back on his brother's shirts. He still couldn't get over just how feminine and pretty his long oval fingernails were with the sunlight coming through the kitchen window, reflecting off of the shiny red polish.

He couldn't imagine seeing his friends from his old school back in San Francisco, looking like he did right now. He wondered if any of them would even recognize him, the way he looked today. He even wondered if his own mother would be able to recognize him this way. Then he began to remember how all of this came to be.

He was shattered when he learned of the automobile crash that claimed both of his parents. He was lost and lonely, hurt, and confused as to what would become of him. Then a man came and took him to the shelter until his remaining family members could be found and notified and arrangements could be made for his accommodations to join them.

Sandy was devastated; at 17, he couldn't imagine what was to become of him. Sandy's Aunt Peggy, his mother's sister, flew in the next day to be with the distraught young boy. It had been years since Peggy had even seen her sister because of the distance between them; she and her husband Paul and their four children lived on and ran a family farm back in Indiana.

Peggy's husband Paul flew in the next day after finding a neighbor to watch over the kids and keep the peace until they could return. The rest of the week and part of the next seemed to just fly by. Arranging for the funeral and getting the household furnishings that Sandy didn't want to keep ready for auction was a major task. Sandy's father Bill made things as easy for them as he could by having a liv-

ing will naming Sandy as the sole beneficiary of everything, but, naming his sister-in-law Peggy as the executor until Sandy turned 2. He left strict instructions on what he and his wife's wishes were in the event of something like this happening to one or both of them.

Sandy's parents had a small insurance policy that was just enough to bury them and not be a burden on any other family members in the event of an event like this. The three of them, Sandy, Peggy and Uncle Paul worked morning and night to get things taken care of. Uncle Paul arranged a deal with the Realtor to sell the house for as much as possible, take out his commission, and forward the rest to them at their home in Indiana. The family lawyer would act on behalf of the Comptons and send the proceeds to the Masons who were to be Sandy's legal guardians.

After only a week and a half with everything done except for the sale of the house, Sandy found himself boarding a plane with his Aunt Peg and Uncle Paul, flying back east to Indiana to begin what would be the start of a new life. He might have run away if he'd had any idea what was to become of him.

They talked on the four and a half-hour flight; Aunt Peg showed Sandy pictures of his cousins. It had been years since he'd last seen them when his family took a two-week vacation and drove back East to visit. Sandy could tell from the pictures that they had all changed a lot since he'd last seen them.

Billy, the oldest, was 18 now and Ben was 17, just a couple of months younger than Sandy. Butch was 16 and Becky, the baby of the family, was 13 and a half now. Sandy was 17 and a senior in his

high school but because of his size and overall appearance, he looked closer to somewhere between Ben's and Butch's ages.

Aunt Peg and Uncle Paul Mason learned that Sandy's father's parents had been deceased for 6 years now. Sandy's grandparents on his mother's side were quite elderly and lived in an assisted-living complex so they could not have been counted on to take Sandy in. His mom's only other sister, Kathy, lived in Chicago in the city; she worked as a flight attendant and that kept her away from home more often than not. So the only options left were Aunt Peg and Uncle Paul and their four kids or the foster care program which the state didn't like to resort to if there were any family members available.

Sandy sat looking out the window of the plane and thinking of what was to happen to him. He remembered the last time he visited his Aunt and Uncle Paul's farm. He was small and scrawny compared to his four cousins and that included Becky, the youngest one of the bunch, and she was a girl.

Sandy had long hair back then just like he still did now and he remembered how they teased him the whole time he was there. Unfortunately, Sandy had inherited his mother's genes and was frail and small-framed. Sandy could just never put on any weight or muscle, no matter how much he ate or worked out. Nothing he did ever seemed to help and his features remained soft and borderline feminine. He still wore his hair 'much too long for a boy' and could still hear his father telling him over and over again to get his hair cut, that he looked like a girl.

Sadly his mannerisms were not very manly either. This bothered his Dad and Bill always tried to

keep this fact to himself. So when they visited the farm the last time, it was easy for his rough and tumble country cousins to pick on him for his looks and outperform him in all of the outdoor activities. They were not malicious but they easily could beat him at almost everything and made him feel inadequate. He didn't need any help with that as he already felt that way most of the time because of his small stature. As time went on back home in sunny California, Sandy learn to deal with his size. He loved the beaches, the warm climate, and the ocean, even though he didn't have the strength or balance for surfing.

The flight being a long one, he finally fell asleep for a while as he'd just had a very trying week, physically and mentally. Once they landed, they collected their bags and hopped the shuttle to the parking area where Uncle Paul left the mini-van. It was about an hour's drive to get back to their farm from the airport.

Once they arrived and parked in front of the big farm house, Sandy's cousins all came running out to welcome him to their home. They each expressed their sympathy for his loss and gave him a hug. They helped grab his two big bags , Becky grabbed his backpack for him and they all started into the house.

The big old farm house had four bedrooms. Aunt Peg and Uncle Paul had their bedroom of course and Beth, being the only girl, had a room to herself. Ben and Butch shared a room and Billy, the oldest, had a room of his own. Peg told them that Sandy would be sharing a room with Billy.

Everyone tried hard to make Sandy feel at home and part of their family. He felt strange in the new

surroundings; it felt like being out in the middle of nowhere. It was so very quiet here too, nothing like the big busy city with people moving and talking and the sound of traffic all hours of the day and night along the coastal highway near his home.

Ben and Butch asked Sandy if he wanted to see the place and offered to show him around. Sandy was still quite timid and shy and almost all of the animals scared him even though they were locked up in their pens. He was also afraid of the big tractors and the other large farm equipment and didn't have any idea how to use or operate any of them. He still hadn't even gotten his driver's license as most things back home were within walking distance.

The boys were careful not to make fun of him or tease him as they'd been warned by their mom very adamantly. She'd told them to have some compassion for the poor dear boy after what he'd been going through, and to cut him some slack until he began to feel like part of the family. She told the children how Sandy's whole life had been turned upside down and how lost and afraid he was now. She told them to just put themselves in his shoes to see how they would feel if it were she and their father that had just been lost in an accident, leaving them all alone.

The boys took Sandy back out with them; Mom and Becky got dinner cooking as they did their evening chores. He tried to help but just got in the way and made the job a little harder and longer. He managed to trip and fall over a pitchfork in the barn, cut his hand and tear a long rip in his good pants. They had to stop and take Sandy back into the house so mom could wash his cut and bandage the wound which turned out not to be serious.

They all pitched in and helped each other finish up just as the dinner bell sounded from the back porch of the house. They all took off running; poor Sandy fell behind. There was a big wash basin and sink just inside the old back porch. All of the kids as well as Dad were washing their hands when Sandy finally strolled in. Becky advised him that he'd better wash up.

“Rule Number One around here is nobody ever comes to Mom’s dinner table with dirty hands. Mom always inspects everyone’s hands. If they aren’t clean or there is dirt under your fingernails, you get no dessert and one whack with the old paddle right on your back side. She writes it down and keeps track. If you get caught again, the whacks double with each additional offense,” Becky explained to the newcomer. Sandy washed up quickly and joined the others at the big long family table.

Sandy sat down and started to reach for one of the dishes on the table. Becky was quick to raise an eyebrow. She gave him a big frown and tried to warn him by shaking her head no. Aunt Peg quietly said, “Sandy honey, you’re new here and I’ll try to be patient with you while you adjust. I know that you’re not used to our way of life here or our rules but you’ll soon learn that these rules apply to everyone.

“First, we always wash our hands and face before every meal, no exceptions, then I’ll be checking your hands and fingernails at every meal. Our kids get a good whack with the oak paddle for breaking these rules. That includes you, honey. You’ll soon learn that other offenses are messy rooms, unfinished chores, fighting, or foul language. We may be farmers but, there is no excuse for bad manners or disrespect for one another. Which brings up another

rule. We always say grace and give thanks to God for everything in our lives before each meal.

“Just follow the rules and you’ll never be in trouble around here. Until you get used to everything, I suggest you just observe the others, follow their lead and you’ll be just fine, dear,” she told Sandy with a big warm smile.

“I know that you haven’t grown up around a farm but I also know that you’re a pretty smart young man so you’ll get the hang of it after a while. I promise you’ll be a different person come Fall,” Paul told the boy. No one at that table had any idea just how true that statement would turn out to be.

Throughout the dinner they all kept asking him about what it was like living in California. Becky asked if all the boys out there wore their hair as long as his was now? He told them he didn’t really have a lot of friends. Dan Donnelly was probably his best friend in the world and they used to go to movies, play video games, No, he didn’t see a lot of movie stars in San Francisco. No, he didn’t have a girlfriend and no, he wasn’t a surfer. Yes, a lot of guys wore their hair pretty long where he lived.

When Aunt Peg said that they could all be excused and go finish up their night chores, Sandy waited until the others started to get up. He thought if he just watched and observed the others, he’d soon learn what was expected of him without getting himself into constant trouble. He stood up and began to pick up his dishes to carry them into the kitchen to help out Aunt Peggy and Becky.

“Hey Sandy, come on out to the barn and help us finish feeding the hogs and cows; the dishes and

kitchen work belongs to the womenfolk around here,” Uncle Paul told him.

Sandy followed them out to the barn to help with the feeding and cleaning up in a couple of stalls. Uncle Paul told him that Billy and Ben could go up and get the hay down. “We can’t have you falling out of the hay loft every day, now can we?”

Once they got out to the barn, Ben showed Sandy how much feed to put into the hoppers and where to put them. They scared Sandy half to death and he climbed the fence around the pen as fast as he could move, letting out a high-pitched scream. The others came running when they heard the scream. Ben was the first one there. When he saw Sandy up on the fence, he started laughing. “Don’t worry Sandy, they won’t eat you, they just take little bites,” he teased and that scared Sandy even more.

Bill told Ben to stop freaking Sandy out like that. He told Sandy to go up in the hayloft and throw down two bales for the cows and told Ben to finish feeding the hogs. Sandy looked up in the loft and began to panic. He didn’t like heights at all. “Uncle Paul said I didn’t have to go up in the hayloft. I really don’t like heights,” He said

“Come on, dude, you are a seventeen-year-old boy. It’s not that high up. Even Becky goes up there and gets hay down sometimes and she’s only 14 years old. Just don’t stand too close to the edge,” Billy told him.

Sandy was shaking but he started slowly up the ladder, holding on for dear life to the handrail. About halfway up, he froze and couldn’t move.

“Come on, dude. Are you a guy or a little girl?” Billy said.

Sandy very cautiously started moving one step at a time. It took forever but he finally got up in the loft where he found that he couldn't hardly budge the heavy bails alone. He pushed and pulled and all of a sudden his foot slipped. He tripped over one of the bails he'd been standing on. He fell back and went right over the side and fell to the floor below for the second time that day.

The fall had knocked the wind out of him. His arm hurt like hell and as he looked over at it, he saw blood coming through his sleeve. It almost made him faint right there and then. Billy ran over to him.

"Are you alright, Sandy? I told you to be careful up there," he said to the boy who was now getting tears in his eyes.

"I think I'm OK. It's just a cut, I don't think that anything is broken," Sandy said through his pain.

Billy helped Sandy up to his feet and they walked back up to the house. Sandy limped all the way and he held his hanky over the cut on his arm. At the house, Mom asked what happened.

"Sandy has had a very rough first day here, Mom. He let the hogs run him up the wall and spilled the feed. Then he fell out of the hayloft, trying to get a bale down for the cows," Billy told her, thinking it was going to be a full-time job looking after his cousin while having him 'help' in the barn, or around the animals.

"Sandy honey, you really have to be more careful when working around the farm," Peg told him. "Well, you'd better just stay in and take it easy for the rest of the night. Why don't you go in and watch TV for a while?"

They put Sandy in the room with Billy, thinking that Billy might be able to guide Sandy in the right direction and be an example to him. Uncle Paul thought that Sandy would come around faster with Billy as his role model. Sandy went in , washed up a bit, then put on a pair of pajamas. He could see that there was a fold-up cot in the room that he figured was for him. Aunt Peg had told him that they would go into town on the weekend and buy him a bed of his own and a new dresser, but he'd have to make due for a couple of nights. By the time he was heading into the family room to watch TV, he could hear the others coming in from the barn.

The others joined him shortly; they watched a couple of sitcoms and at 8 p.m. he couldn't keep his eyes open any longer. This new experience had worn him out. He asked if he could turn in. He went up, brushed his teeth, then stretched out on his make-shift bed and fell asleep.

As the days began to unfold, Sandy didn't get better at any of the tasks he was assigned to. Each new day brought about another accident or screw-up of some kind or another. Paul couldn't believe that the boy failed miserably at even the simplest of tasks. He would get scared when trying to feed and would either spill the food all over or end up letting the animals out of the pens because he said they were after him. He left the water running when filling the water trough and ended up flooding the pens. He broke the handles on several tools and even broke a window in the truck putting cord wood in the back of the pickup bed.

Aunt Peg had to take him to the Doctor's office twice within the first four weeks for stitches and a tetanus shot after stepping on a nail.

Then after that during the end of that forth week, Uncle Paul had spent hours trying to teach him how to drive the tractor to haul hay over to the neighbor's farm. This was after he had fallen off the hay wagon several times as they were trying to load it. He thought Sandy could at least drive the tractor; it seemed easy enough for a teenager.

It looked as if he was starting to get the hang of it when Paul had him back up to the trailer while he was holding the tongue of the trailer by hand. A bee flew around Sandy's head and he began hollering and swinging his arms wildly in the air to chase the bee away, afraid of getting stung. His foot slipped off the clutch and the tractor jerked backwards, almost pinning Uncle Paul between the tractor and the trailer, and knocking Butch and Ben right off the trailer. Luckily, the tractor stalled out and Paul barely jumped out of the way in time.

"Oh. My. God. Uncle Paul, are you alright?" Sandy said, jumping down off the tractor. "I'm so sorry. I...", he started to say and was cut off by Paul. The look on his face scared the hell out of Sandy.

Paul raised his hand and pointed towards the house. "Right. Freaking. Now." he said, pointing towards the house again. "I can't do this anymore. Sandy, you get your ass up to the house right this damned minute before you kill us all out here. You are a danger to everyone, including yourself," Paul said disgustedly.

‘Uncle Paul, I’m so sorry. It was a big bee. It was trying to sting me,’ Sandy tried to tell him. This only made Paul madder.

He hollered at the boy. “A bee!?! Are you kidding, me boy. Christ, you could have killed me over a damned bee. Please...,” he said, trying to calm himself down before he took a board to the boy. “Please just go on up to the house and see if your Aunt Peg can find something for you to help her with in the house,” Paul ordered.

Sandy sadly climbed down off of the tractor and started for the house with his head down and tears running down his cheeks. He felt awful letting his Uncle Paul down yet one more time. He didn’t fully understand the significance of what he’d almost done to his uncle and two cousins. Aunt Peg had seen him coming through the window and wondered, “What now?”

After assuring his Aunt that he wasn’t injured, he tried to tell her the story of what just happened out in the barn yard. She turned almost white listening to his story. “Was anyone hurt, Sandy?” she asked.

“No, Aunt Peg, but Uncle Paul was pretty upset and ordered me to come up to the house and stay here. He told me to ask you if you needed any help with anything. I didn’t mean to hurt anyone, Aunt Peg, a huge bee was trying to sting me.”

Peg rolled her eyes and thought to herself. “Oh my God, this child is afraid of his own shadow. Paul’s right, it’s just not safe having the boy working on the farm around others. It’s a wonder that he hasn’t killed anyone yet.”

She told Sandy to gather up all the dirty clothes upstairs and bring them down to her. "Check all the clothes hampers too," she told him.

He was no sooner out of the room when Paul came in and walked right over to Peg. "Look," he told her, "I haven't been able to find one single chore around this entire farm that the boy can handle. He's afraid of the animals and I mean *all* of them, even the damned chickens. He's can't climb up into the hay loft and he can't lift the bales if someone else goes up and throws them down to him.

"He can't shovel manure or work with tools or work in the garden without killing everything he touches in there. He damned near killed me by running me over with the tractor, and he knocked Ben and Butch plum off the hay wagon. Peg, I don't know what to do with him. I really thought that after he got the feel of things I could find something he could handle without hurting himself or one of us. I have four other kids out there to worry about. Hell, even Becky can do almost any of those chores in a fraction of the time and without any mishaps or danger to the others.

"I don't want him out in the barnyard anymore. He's just not cut out for farm work. So as of right now he's yours to deal with. He'd be more help to you in the house cleaning, cooking, washing, and ironing clothes. I thought I could make a man out of him but I don't believe he has it in him," Paul said.

"I hate to admit it, honey, but I believe you're right. We can't very well allow Sandy to loaf or just go through life without having any skills or ability to contribute. He'll need a skill set of some sort to get

him through life. It's not fair to our other four kids to let him off and make excuses all the time, so I'll make up a list of chores. He'll start learning to take over some of the household responsibilities. He and Becky can share chores in here. that is when Becky is not out in the barn helping you and the boys," Peg said.

"Good then, it's settled," Paul said just as Sandy was entering the room.

"What's settled, Aunt Peg?" he asked.

"Your uncle and I have come to a decision about your responsibilities around her from now on. Your chores will be here in the house with me and Becky when she's available. , we are very worried about your health and the well-being of the other kids with your working out on the farm. , there are people who just aren't meant for certain jobs. Sandy, you are one of those people. It's not your fault, , but at the rate you are going, you're either going to kill yourself or someone else if we continue to try and make a farmer out of you.

"Understand me, please, you are a full-fledged member of this family and you will be expected to help out and contribute in a meaningful way. Now don't think that this means that you get out of any hard work because you are going to find out just how hard and tiring running a household on a farm can be. I'll assign you a complete set of chores that will be your responsibility and yours alone.

"I'm going to work with you until the end of the week. Next week, you will be held accountable for your duties. If they are not done, or not done properly you'll be punished," she said. The expression on

his face said he didn't fully understand what was happening.

"Aunt Peggy, I'm just starting to get the hang of working with the guys here on the farm. Can't you be just a little more patient with me? I know that I can learn to do most of the things that the other boys do, if I can just get a little more practice. I feel like I'm getting better every day," Sandy told her.

"I don't want to be mean, honey, but no, you're really not getting any better," Aunt Peg informed him with authority.

Poor Sandy really felt like a loser now. His pride was hurt and he was totally embarrassed to face the other kids. Deep down he knew that everything that Aunt Peg had just said was true. He just hated being a failure at anything.

Sandy stayed in the rest of the day and did little odds and end chores that Peg gave him and he helped with dinner. She sent him to wash up just before the guys came in from the barn. Once they washed up, they all gathered at the table for dinner.

"Why didn't Sandy have to come back out and help us, Mom? It's not fair if he doesn't have to work just because he isn't good at anything," Ben asked.

"Sandy will be getting up at 5 o'clock every morning and help me get breakfast ready for you to eat before you go out to start your day. Then we have to make the beds, pick up all the dirty clothes and start washing for 7 people. Then we start picking up and cleaning the bathrooms and living room and make sure we've taken something out for dinner that evening. We run back downstairs, check on the laundry, and see if the clothes are dry.

“Then we pop back in the kitchen and do the breakfast dishes just in time to start preparing lunch for you all so we can feed you boys. You may think running a household is easy work but my day starts before yours does and I’m still going strong well after yours ends.”

Dinner now over with, everyone except Peg, Becky, and Sandy went into the family room to watch a little TV. Peg watched them complete the clean-up tasks to her satisfaction, then let them join the boys for an hour or so of TV time before bed. All the chairs and the couch were full so Becky and Sandy sat on the floor and watched the show.

At nine o’clock, Aunt Peg told them it was time to go to bed. Sandy was the only one to comment that it was pretty early to go to bed. The others didn’t say a word, they just got up and went upstairs to do their nightly rituals and get to bed. They all knew that they’d be getting up early just like every other day.

The next morning at 5 a.m., Aunt Peg came in and woke Sandy up from a sound sleep. “Come on sleepy head, get up. We have to get breakfast ready and on the table for the guys” she told him.

“You’re kidding me, right, it’s still pitch black out,” he said, wiping the sleep from his eyes.

“I get up every day at 4:30 and you, my friend, are going to be doing the same thing from now on. So put on your happy face and let’s get started” she told him.

Sandy started to say something but the look on Aunt Peg’s face told him that she wasn’t fooling around and he’d better wait for a better time to ob-

ject. “Where’s Becky, Aunt Peg? Isn’t she getting up too, to help us?” Sandy asked.

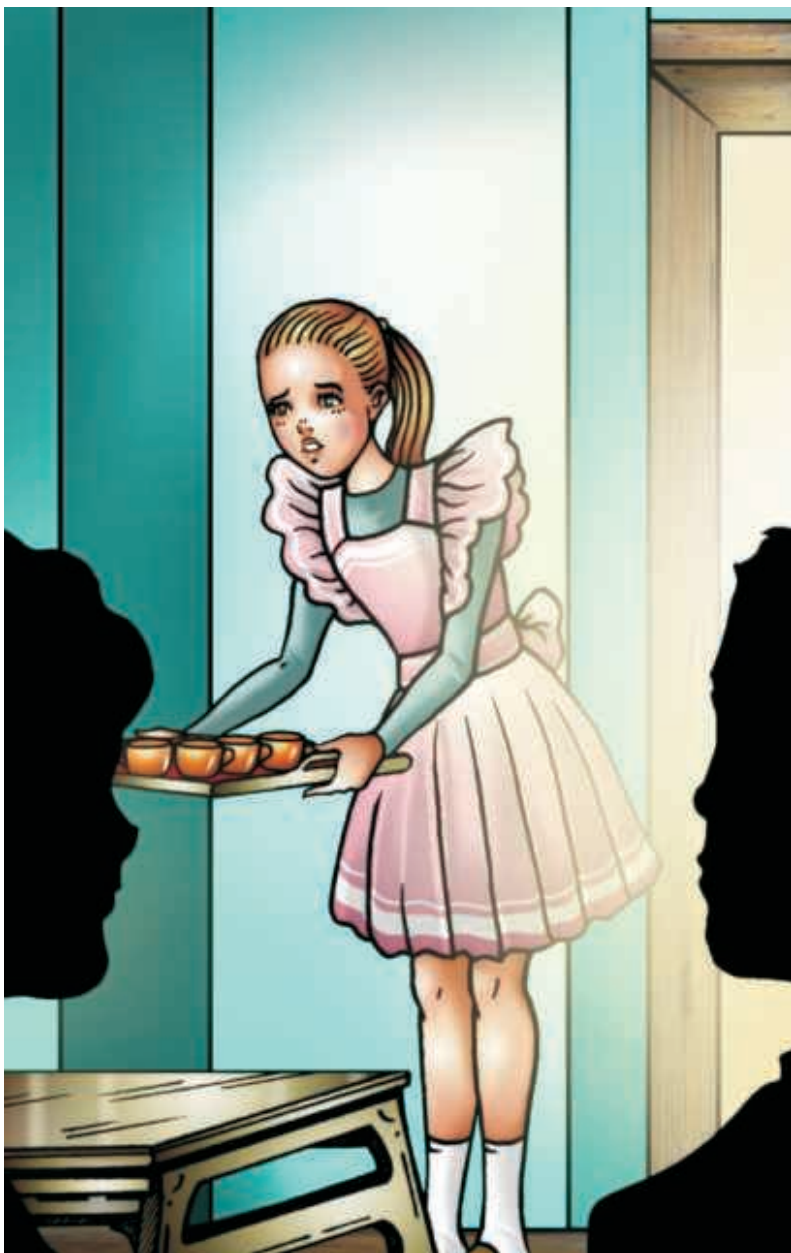
“No honey, breakfast almost all the time will just be you and me,” she told him . Without another word, Sandy followed his Aunt down the hall and into the kitchen.

Once there, Peg pulled out a full pinafore apron and put it over Sandy’s neck. As she drew the belts together and tied them into a big bow behind his back, Sandy said, “Aunt Peg, are you kidding me? This is so embarrassing, please don’t make me wear this. I don’t need this huge apron. It looks more like a dress on me than an apron and the others already think I’m a total wuss,” Sandy told her with tears immediately forming in his pretty green eyes.

“Oh yes, you *do* need this big apron, young man, I don’t want your clothes all dirty and covered in breakfast fixings or grease. You’ll be wearing one of these whenever we are working in the kitchen or preparing food,” she ordered.

After washing up, Peg showed Sandy how to make biscuits. Aunt Peg wrote everything down on a 3x5 card for Sandy and started a recipe file for him for future reference. Next she showed him how to make the gravy, then wrote all that down for his file. He made a lot of bacon and told Peg that he thought it was way too much. Peg assured him that none would go to waste with four hungry kids and a man who loved a good breakfast to start off his day. Peg continued to instruct Sandy on each step and he did all the actual cooking. He was just finning up the scrambled eggs when the buzzer went off indicating that the biscuits were ready. To his surprise, just as

he took the biscuits out of the oven, the whole family came strolling into the kitchen and sat down at the big harvest table ready for a nice big breakfast.



“Sandy made this whole breakfast all himself, he didn’t have any trouble at all and not a single accident. It looks to me as though we’ve found Sandy’s nitch in life maybe. The boy is a natural,” Peg said.

Under his breath, Ben said, “Right, the little sissy.”

Sandy was a little embarrassed but as he watched them all dig in and start eating everything, secretly he couldn’t help but feel a sense of pride as everyone thought that the breakfast was really good. Everyone began to compliment him and they were not mocking or teasing, they seemed genuine and sincere. Then he suddenly felt a little embarrassed as he realized that he was still wearing the pinafore apron, which looked like a dress on him. Plus he’d forgotten that Aunt Peg had pulled his hair back and put a big yellow scrunchie around it high on the back of his head in a ponytail. As he stood and saw his image in the mirror on the dining room wall, it slowly dawned on him that the image of the girl in the mirror was in fact his own image looking back. He looked like a high school or college girl, even without makeup. No one said anything about how he looked or what he was wearing nor did they tease him about his hair; Peg had told them in the hall before entering that the first smirk or comment by anyone would be dealt with severely.

Everyone just smiled politely and went about the business of having their breakfast. Sandy sighed and began to eat his own breakfast. He didn’t eat that much this morning; soon he was up, clearing the table and taking the dishes out to the kitchen sink.

The others said, "Thank you for a very good breakfast, Sandy," and they went out the back door to begin their own work days.

They had no dishwasher so he and Becky began to do the breakfast dishes and clean up the kitchen, putting everything back in order. Aunt Peggy took out meat to thaw for dinner, then she excused Becky to go do the feeding in the barn and catch up on her outside chores. Peg handed Sandy step by step directions on what he'd be serving for lunch that day. After he looked it over, she took the page and posted it on the front of the refrigerator so he'd know in advance what to expect and how to get it ready.

Next they went through the bedrooms, picked up all of the dirty clothes, stripped all the beds, and put everything in the laundry room.

"Now, do you have any questions so far? I think that everything is pretty straightforward and you seemed to grasp things quite easily so far," Peg said.

"Well, I'd rather be out with the boys Aunt Peg but yes, it's all been pretty simple so far. I guess I don't have any questions. A five-year-old could probably do this blindfolded so far."

"You may think that your new tasks are not important but you've a lot to learn, my young protégée. You already saw how grateful the whole family was this morning with your cooking skills, and that was the easy meal. Wait until you get into the real cooking and baking, you'll find that a bit more challenging. You'll also learn that each and every task we do here in the house is important and lets the guys be able to do their jobs on outside. I think after this

week is done, you're going to find out just how tiring keeping the household running is."

Then back down in the laundry room, she explained how to run the washer and drier. Peg told him about separating the whites and colored clothes and about the amounts of soap and fabric softener to use. Then she explained about the bleach and how it was to be used. She made a special point of how to handle her and Becky's feminine lingerie. "These you must always wash by hand and hang out to dry. On rainy days, you can hand them inside," she told him. Sandy blushed when she showed a pair of panties to him and she added, "You do know the difference between panties and underwear, don't you, honey?"

Sandy turned red and shook his head yes. Peg handed him a pair of silky panties. "Here, feel the difference," she said. When he hesitated to take them, she said, "They won't bite you and I want to make sure you know how to tell them apart."

Sandy slowly took them from her, squeezed the panties, quickly tossed them down, and started a pile off to the side for the girls' things. Then Peg further embarrassed him by handing him a couple of bras, a slip, a pair of stockings, and a thong of Becky's that really turned his cheeks red.

"Don't worry, honey, you'll get used to them and they will soon be just another item of clothing to you. I just wanted to make sure you know what to look for," she told him.

The rest of the morning was one new task after another. It seemed that there was no end of things to do. Aunt Peg made him a chart to put on the cork board in the kitchen of the tasks and the order he

should follow so that he'd be able to get everything done on time. She got him started in the living room running the vacuum cleaner and dusting. She stood by and watched him work; as he moved back and forth across the living room, she noted that he'd taken his hair down from the feminine-style ponytail she'd put it in earlier. As he moved and turned, his long auburn hair kept swishing from side to side and getting in his face. Sandy was constantly stopping and taking his free hand and moving the long auburn locks back off his face. He would try and tuck it behind each ear and a minute later it would be flying loose and hanging right back in his face again. The action was repeated over and over.

Aunt Peg finally motioned for him to stop for a minute. "Hold still a minute, your hair is driving me nuts," she said "Sit down over here and let me fix it again. This time, I want you to leave it up," Peg ordered

"Aunt Peg, I don't want it pulled up like a girl wears her hair. It's bad enough that you are making me be a housemaid. My hair is OK this way and it's not bothering me," he told her

"Well, it's sure bothering me, young man. If you are going to insist on having such long girlish-looking hair then you are going to take care of it properly and keep it neat and tidy or I'll have Uncle Pal take you out to the barn and give you a buzz cut. Would you like that?"

While talking, she brushed it back high on the back of his head and again put it back into a high feminine looking ponytail. Peg pulled a long yellow ribbon off the desk and tied it tight around the ponytail, then tied the long ends into a bow. When Sandy saw what she did, he started to complain and

reached up to untie it. Peg slapped his hand quiet hard, surprising him and making him pull his hand back quickly.

“I don’t want to hear it. You’re the one who lost the scrunchie. If you would have left it alone, I wouldn’t have to had to use that. Now you can just leave that alone and quit whining and get back to work. It’s almost time to start lunch,” she ordered.

“But Aunt Peg, the whole house hold already thinks I’m a big sissy. Now I’m going to look like one too,” he pleaded.

“Nonsense, you look just fine and I’ve told you before that I don’t like hair flying all over the place. You’ll learn that I also do not like telling children the same thing over. You’re not a little child and you’re also not a woman. Don’t worry about your hair or would you rather I have Uncle Paul give you that butch cut that I mentioned earlier?” she asked.

“NO WAY!” he replied.

“Ok then, if you want long hair, it’s going to be well-cared for. I want you to start washing it daily and it must be pulled back or we’ll cut it so short that you won’t have to worry about it any longer. Is that understood, Sandy?” she asked in a serious tone.

“Yes Ma’am, I understand.”

“OK then, let’s finish up in here quickly, it’s time to get lunch ready for the guys. They’ll be in soon and will be hungry and thirsty.”