



Reluctant Press presents:

Escape For Life

Norman Way



A 'Her TV' E-Book

Copyright © 2011, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. *You* make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

ESCAPE FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

The title of the movie was "Gone". The critics were pretty harsh, but not from the standpoint of the actors. There were no big names in this low budget movie but the character's roles were well played. The problem the critics had was that the story line was so old. It had been updated for the times of course but in so many ways the movie was too predictable so after a couple of weeks it went straight to DVD rentals.

Essentially the movie details a man's humdrum life. Periodically he loses himself in his dreams and fantasies where he escapes to start life over again. He has a new identity, new job, new everything. Here he is successful, looked up to, admired and respected. He is financially sound with no worries or cares.

I enjoyed the movie very much because I had occasionally seen people like the lead character.

Once at a family reunion picnic I saw one of the men with his wife trying to control a couple of rowdy kids. Later I saw him look wistfully in the distance as he attended the burgers on one of the grills. I am sure at that moment he was a million miles away either alone or with someone at a place where it was quiet and peaceful. There he had no responsibilities and everything was the way he wanted it to be. In that special place and time nothing would change.

Another time I saw my mother at her vanity brushing her hair. She didn't seem to be looking in that mirror as she whipped the brush thru her brown hair. It was like she was looking into another world. She was somewhere far away. Maybe she was doing the things she dreamed of as a little girl but never achieved for one reason or another. I walked past her open bedroom door without saying anything.

My class got a tour of a local factory and as we walked thru the loading dock area of the warehouse I saw the foreman take off his white safety hat, wipe his forehead, and then put it back on again. He wasn't looking at the truck backing up to the dock. He appeared

to be staring at the horizon with a far away look in his eye, like he was searching for something. Something he knew he had no hope of ever finding.

These things had an affect on me. I knew I was going to have to be careful about what I chose to do in this life. I didn't want to get "trapped" so to speak into a life I thought was going to be good and then find out later in life that it wasn't what I had anticipated.

The divorce rate was fifty percent and the number of skilled people who lost jobs and had to either get re-trained again or accept work that paid much less just to keep their heads above water was too numerous to count.

I can't say I was looking for Utopia or a Nirvana. Just exactly what constituted those two things I didn't know either. I did know that I did not want to become trapped like so many men and women. They all felt encumbered by jobs, family and financial responsibilities. They couldn't leave and they were slowly going crazy where they were with no solution in sight.

So what was the solution? Damned if I knew. Maybe the best thing for a kid to do was to keep his eyes and ears open for any opportunity that came along. Of course opportunity sometimes comes disguised. A person wouldn't always recognize it. Even if he did, would he be in a position to seize that opportunity and make the most of it?

Chances are that it would come along once in a lifetime and if he missed it there would never be another. He would have to act quickly or spend the rest of his life regretting it. This would result in an unhappy life and thoughts of "oh if only, yeah once I had the chance to, I shoulda-woulda-coulda but I didn't."

How many people had a chance to buy Xerox at a dollar a share or Microsoft when they first started up? A man gets out of the service and several friends try to talk him into taking his service pay plus his life savings and join them in a venture where they are going to sell chicken in a bucket. Of course the man passes on the offer when family and relatives caution him against taking that kind of risk. Thirty years later he is laid off again, nearly broke, while the partners sell out their interest in a dozen of those chicken places to an investor group for a zillion dollars and now they all live in Maui, rich and retired at age fifty-five.

I got the feeling that if the devil showed up and offered any of these people a way out in exchange for their soul they probably wouldn't even hesitate. They would be gone in a flash without the slightest hesitation. At the extreme point of their desperation even their soul was worth giving up just for the pleasure of being "gone".

Naturally as a child you don't know the ways of the world. You are shielded somewhat by living a secure life with you parents and siblings. You have no thoughts of escaping because you are in a comfortable situation and besides you have no place to escape to.

Even as young as I was I knew that deep down inside there was no point in busting your ass over anything because you were only going to wind up with a busted ass. But just what was I going to do to avoid the same trappings that get everybody else? It wasn't going to be from working for someone else that was for sure. I had to work to some degree to get money. For what I still didn't know. But at a very young age I made a resolve that no-

body was going to get me. I was going to make every effort humanly possible to insure I was not going to be one of "them".

As an only child I was never spoiled. I had chores to do and responsibilities like most kids. My schoolwork, of course, was number one with everything else second. Mom was a waitress. She made good money because she worked at an upscale restaurant affiliated with a private golf course. She ran her butt off for her customers and made more money from Friday night thru Sunday night than most people made all week. Dad liked his sales job but it did take him away from home a lot. Together they had a comfortable living.

Despite their above average income both were able to stretch a buck. My dad always bought used cars that were three to five years old after selling his current car and then dealing cash. Except for shoes and underwear mom shopped at charity and mission stores for her and me. When they bought a house it was on a land contract dealing directly with the seller instead of going to the bank. The price was cheaper, no application process, and of course no realtor commissions just an attorney's fee to check the papers.

I never lacked for anything I needed for school but I didn't have or want a lot of the gadgets many of my friends had that all add up to more money than you might think. We had an older TV that worked fine. The rabbit ears brought in five local channels. Enough for the little time that any of us did watch it and saved the cable or dish money for more important things. I was raised to be frugal just like they were.

For my twelfth birthday Dad bought a used lawnmower. He taught me how to use and maintain it. That first summer I made about a hundred dollars a week mowing lawns for a dozen seniors in the neighborhood. At that age other kids were still asking their parents for money.

Before the first leaves began to fall I had paid Dad back and added a sidewalk edger along with some assorted hand tools to my inventory. I had just over two thousand dollars in my savings account. I continued by raking the leaves later in the year. Just before the snow flew I bought a used snow thrower at an auction and two snow shovels at a thrift sale. I was ready for earning money in the winter too.

Besides my own house cleaning chores I had begun to clean for some of my customers. Most of these were women who had arthritis. I did the dusting, vacuuming, cleaned their windows and scrubbed their floors as well as their bathrooms. I was very meticulous like my mother had taught me.

I made good grades in school and was able to schedule my work around my school hours. I was putting most of my earnings in the bank. I knew if I was going to find a "good racket" as one friend of Dad's put it I was going to need some money to start with.

There were no kids in my neighborhood. The area was made up of mostly working people whose kids were gone and seniors. As a result I was alone most of the time. That suited me just fine since I was working for my neighbors when I wasn't doing my homework or helping around the house.

I had stayed away from sports because of my work. I was a short, small frame boy so except for soccer or tennis there was not a lot sports I would be eligible to participate in anyway. My work plus the treadmill in the basement kept me in good physical shape as

did the fact that we ate healthy meals and rarely did we go out for pizza or burgers and fries.

By the time I finished middle school I had several thousand more dollars in my savings account. Unfortunately I also lost several customers. These seniors had sold their homes and moved to a retirement apartment complex. The people who bought their homes were young married couples who took care of the yard and cleaned for themselves.

With my business cut back I began checking the want ads to see what type of employment was available to me. I didn't want the fast food environment so I looked at the ads for part time retail jobs that would fit around both my school and work schedule. I didn't need a job just yet but I thought it would be a good idea to keep track of the various openings.

A week before Easter Sunday I had just finished cleaning Mrs. Levin's house. She paid me in cash as usual and then held up a fifty-dollar bill.

"I need you to do me a big favor," she began.

"What is it?" I asked. I was mildly curious as to what she would need me for.

"My niece is coming here from out of town for Easter weekend. I made her a beautiful dress for Easter Sunday. She is a little taller than you but has about the same build. Would you mind slipping it on so I can see if I have the size correct?"

I was more than a little surprised at her request but that fifty dollar bill in her hand meant more to me than spending a little time wearing a dress so she could see if it was going to be a proper fit.

Ok, I guess. Did you want to do this now?" I asked.

"If you would please. Go down the hall to the bedroom on your right. Take off your shirt and jeans. Put on the petticoat and then slip on the dress. Come out here when you are ready so I can take some measurements."

I walked down the hall to the bedroom and undressed. The petticoat and dress were on the bed. I stepped into the petticoat and brought it up to my waist. The purple dress was made of a shiny, slippery fabric. I picked it up by the hem, put my arms through the sleeves, and then pulled it over my head.

The fabric felt good against my skin. The stiff petticoat made a rustling sound under the dress as I walked out to where Mrs. Levin was standing and a smile lit up her face as I approached her. I stopped in front of her and she motioned me to turn around. When I did she closed the back zipper and adjusted the hem over the petticoat.

It took about fifteen minutes for her to take some measurements. She continued to fuss with the hem and then the elastic on the short puff sleeves. After fastening some pins along the hem she stepped back and looked at me.

"Turn around please," she said.

I did so and then she asked me to turn around again. She walked behind me and unzipped the dress.

"That should do it. Be careful when you slip the dress off so you don't pull out the pins," she ordered.

I nodded as I walked back to the bedroom. Carefully I took off the dress and laid it on the bed. I slid the petticoat off and put it next to the dress. I got dressed and went back to the living room. Mrs. Levin handed me the fifty-dollar bill and I went home.

After supper that night I couldn't seem to concentrate on my homework. I kept thinking about my reflection in the full-length mirror on the closet door. If I would have been wearing makeup and had longer hair I could very easily have been mistaken for a girl.

The soft, shiny fabric had felt so good on my skin and the rustle of the petticoat under the dress had given me an exhilarating feeling. Why was that? If I felt that way and looked that good in a dress should I have been a girl? I tried to put those thoughts out of my head as I finished my schoolwork.

A month before the school year ended I turned seventeen. I got a work permit that limited my hours during the school year but not the summer. I enrolled in Drivers Education too. As much as I enjoyed riding my bicycle, whether I was towing my yard equipment behind it or not, I knew I would eventually need a car to get back and forth to work.

With few employment prospects because of my age I decided to try a temp agency. I got an interview with the first agency I called. The manager of Top Temps, Alice McCann, was a rather stern faced woman. She wore no makeup, had a short hairstyle and wore a black pantsuit. She was impressed with my self-employment activities. She said she was certain she could find something for me that would enable me to work around my yard care and cleaning business.

I left the interview feeling good. There was something a bit odd about the way she and her secretary had looked at me when I first came in. I couldn't quite put my finger on it. As I left the office both of them were giggling about something.

In another month I had my license and purchased a two door Honda Accord with my savings and a loan from my parents. Between the car and insurance for a seventeen year old I was now just about out of money. I knew it would take me a while to build my savings back up but I had a set of wheels in case the temp agency called me.

I got a call Friday night to report at eight am to a local department store at the mall that was closing. I would be packing up the unsold merchandise from their close out sale for shipment to some of their other stores. The pay wasn't much but it was a start towards building a job resume and I felt I had to take it.

When I reported for work at eight I met my supervisor Delores Raymond. She took me to the cosmetics department first. There was a tape gun and a stack of small folded up cardboard boxes near the shelving unit holding the makeup items.

She spent a few minutes explaining the different products and how to properly label the boxes once they were filled. She left and I unfolded the first box and taped the bottom seam. I began with all the nail polish, remover, manicure kits and cotton balls. Next I boxed up all the lipsticks, lip pencils, blushers, and liquid make up. Followed by the eye shadow, liner, mascara, eyebrow pencils, tweezers and eyelash curlers. Last were the perfumes, body powders, bubble bath and lotion sets.

Delores stopped by with a handcart. She was pleasantly surprised that I had everything done so quickly and exactly the way she wanted it. She inspected several boxes to

see that I had things packed properly and then verified that I had the right label listing the contents and how many of each item were inside.

“Okay Eddie, after you take the boxes to the back room, meet me in the toiletries section,” she said.

I made three trips to the loading dock with the cosmetics and then proceeded to the toiletries section where she explained how she wanted that done. I unfolded several larger boxes and began packing up the shampoo, conditioners, hair spray bottles and cans.

Delores checked back with me periodically thru out the morning. Each time she checked less and less items apparently feeling I didn't need to be so closely watched.

We stopped for lunch. The other temps were all women so I sat by myself. I thought it was a bit funny their conversation stopped when I walked in the lunchroom. I guess being the only guy there it gave them something to talk about.

That afternoon I worked with another woman packing up formal apparel and accessories. The bridal, bridesmaid and prom dresses had to be packed with great care, first in a plastic bag and then in the cardboard boxes. The shoes and accessories were last.

Delores came by at five and asked me to come back the next day though it may not be for a full day. I agreed. As I passed the women's restroom I heard several women laughing after one of them remarked “How I would love to see him in that pink chiffon gown with lipstick, blusher and heels!”

As I drove home I wondered if it was me they were talking about. At home I looked at myself in the mirror. Is that what everybody saw? I asked myself. Was I that feminine? I didn't think so. I knew I had looked good in the purple satin dress and petticoat Mrs. Levin had me wear.

That night as I lay awake in bed I had difficulty in going to sleep. The woman's words kept echoing in my head. I thought about all those bridal and bridesmaid gowns along with the prom fashions that I had helped pack up.

I saw myself in them with the long petticoats, heels, gloves and a veil or tiara. Were they right? Would I have made a better girl than a boy? I tossed fitfully for several hours before finally going to sleep.

My alarm clock shocked me awake. I felt tired as I got up and dressed. After breakfast I looked at my reflection in the bathroom mirror as I brushed my teeth. Momentarily I saw myself wearing pink blusher and lipstick with a purple tiara in my hair to match the purple satin dress I had once worn for Mrs. Levin. I blinked and saw my male self again.

I drove to work and spent the morning packing up women's clothing, shoes and accessories. That afternoon we finished up with the fixtures and shelving units. I was tired and glad to get home.

It was two weeks before I got another call. Alice wanted me to come to the office on Saturday morning. She explained her secretary was going on vacation and she needed me to do some clerical work and answer phones for the next two weeks.

I agreed to come in. That morning I learned the phone, computer and filing system. She bought lunch and then we resumed my training by showing me how to audit some recent

applications, entering them in the computer and also how to proctor the pre-employment testing exams. Everything seemed pretty straightforward. I already had a computer and an accounting class in school so it was just a matter of adapting what I had learned to the system used by Top Temps.

The next two weeks was hectic at times but I enjoyed the challenges of the job. I spent my evenings doing yard work and cleaning homes for my regular customers. I slept very well during those two weeks. When Alice's secretary came in late Friday afternoon to ask how things were going I just smiled and said "ok".

She walked into Alice's office and shut the door. I assumed she was talking about her vacation as I entered some additional information into our computer. The office wasn't entirely sound proof. I was standing near Alice's office door filing some applications when I overheard the secretary's remark: "and so you couldn't talk him into a tight skirt, frilly blouse and heels?" followed by laughter.

I said nothing as I returned to my desk. The secretary left with a smile on her face. Shortly I punched out and went home. That night after my shower I stood naked in front of the full-length mirror on my closet door.

I saw myself in a black skirt and a white blouse with ruffles down the front. I guess my lack of masculinity or somewhat feminine face had been apparent to Mrs. Levin, the women at the store and now my boss and her secretary too.

It had never occurred to me that I was pretty enough to be a girl. I certainly wasn't effeminate by any means. I had never been called a sissy or a girly boy. I went to bed and had a lengthy dream about being Alice's secretary. I was wearing makeup, a tight black skirt, frilly blouse and high heel shoes. My fingernails were pink just like my blusher and lipstick.

Alice had me walking around the office in stiletto pumps. After work she took me out to dinner to an exclusive restaurant almost as if she were showing me off to her other business friends or the general public. She even told me to freshen up my lipstick at the table after we finished eating.

The next morning I looked at myself in the mirror over the bathroom sink. No blusher or lipstick was visible. It really had been a dream. I was beginning to wonder if there was something wrong with me. Why were women seeing me this way but no one else was?

It was month before I got another call from Top Temps. I was caught up on my cleaning and yard work. I lost two more customers when their homes were sold but I gained one through a referral. I still had enough of a customer base to keep making my car loan payments to my folks.

This job involved working late afternoons until midnight for a small cleaning company. The company mainly cleaned offices and was called Carol's Cleaners. I was given the address of an office building and told to report there at four thirty Monday night. Someone had quit without notice so the job would last about two to four weeks until they could hire someone permanently.

I met Carol at the designated time and place. She handed me a pink smock and a pair of pink latex gloves. The other woman I would be working with was dressed the same

way. After I put on the smock and gloves we began our work. We finished around midnight and then carried the garbage bags out to the dumpster.

Carol asked me to come back the next night at a different address and I agreed. As I walked out of the building to my car I overheard the woman I worked with say to Carol: "Isn't he a doll? He'd be so gorgeous in a dress!"

I drove home, washed up and went to bed but I couldn't get her words out of my head. I was trying to understand why so many women saw me for my feminine features. I had never been seen or thought of in that regard by any of my teachers or the guys at school. Was this something that only the women could see? Did they have some sensory ability that men didn't have?

My cleaning work ended in two weeks when Carol hired a permanent replacement. She said she would keep me in mind if she ever needed someone on short notice. With school starting up again soon I knew I probably wouldn't be getting any more calls from Top Temp but it was good to know that both the agency and their client were happy with my work.

My junior year began and once again between my studies and my business I had very little time for anything else. The courses were stiffer but I took everything in stride and made good grades. I didn't have a social life yet except for an occasional gathering of friends after a football game at a local pizza joint.

Halfway thru the first quarter I was in the men's room when I heard one of the boys shout: "Teacher coming!" I heard the bang of the trash can lid as I opened the door to my commode and walked to the sink.

Several jocks were hurriedly exiting the rest room as Mr. Glendon, one of the shop teachers, strode in. He was glaring at them as they left and then he watched me as I washed my hands. Satisfied that nothing was going on he turned around and left.

I finished drying my hands. I opened the top of the trashcan to see several magazines lying on the top. There was a beautiful girl on the cover of the top one. I grabbed them and stuffed them in my notebook. I was curious what had made them ditch those magazines in such a hurry. I had one more class before the end of the day so I stuffed the magazines in my locker. After class I slipped them in my notebook with the rest of my homework and went home.

That night after supper I got the magazines out and spread them on the bed. They were all titled "Mimic Monthly." The current issue was marked "Final-We're Now Online!" and there were two previous issues. I opened the current issue and began paging thru it.

As I began reading and looking at the photos I found to my surprise these were not beautiful women at all but men with very feminine features who were made up and wore dresses. The articles were instructional ones on how to use makeup, wigs, so these men could, as they put it, "pass". There was also an interview with the "girl" of the month.

I was very surprised to see this. Occasionally I had seen comedians or actors "do drag" as they put it but they were very obvious and you would have to be blind to not recognize that they were really men in dresses, wigs and makeup.

I read the articles about the proper techniques of applying makeup, wig, hair, nail care and something called a gaff. Despite my initial reaction I became intrigued. The magazine contained no pornography at all but I was certain it had been purchased at an adult bookstore.

I spent several more hours gazing at these beautifully transformed men in their sexy lingerie, gowns and high heels. Some of the pictures had been taken in nightclubs where these men sang or danced.

I noticed on the inside of the front cover the publishers address was listed and it was right here in the Twin Cities. Two of the nightclubs named in the articles were also here. There was also a subscription rate but I knew I would not be able to download this magazine on my parents' computer.

I placed the magazines under my mattress. I knew models made a lot of money so I supposed that these men must make a pretty good living. Performers usually had agents who negotiated contracts for them and I was aware they had unions to insure a decent wage.

From time to time I thought about what that must be like. Work a couple of hours a night and then have the rest of the week off. I didn't know anybody at school who had any knowledge of the business. There were only a few kids in school that were interested in theater and drama. I didn't know any of them so I had no real source of information. I tried the Internet but it only gave me the address of the two local unions. The yellow pages listed numerous talent agencies and it would be difficult for me to pick one to call just to get information.

I continued working for myself but spent more time looking at those magazines. I guess I found it difficult to believe such a startling transformation could take place, let alone make a living from it. After their shows I wondered if they dressed as women to go home or wore men's clothing to and from work. They looked so totally feminine I wondered why they would go back and forth. It seemed it would be the logical thing to just stay cross-dressed.

One Saturday morning I drove to the address of one of the clubs. It was not a particularly good part of the city. A number of the buildings in the area had been boarded up. There were no pedestrians and few cars on the streets. I drove to the other one that was on the west end of the city limits to find it was located in a little better area just off a freeway ramp. When I got back home I took the magazines out and read them again. I wrote down the addresses of the publisher and the two clubs then tossed the magazines in the garbage that night.

I kept thinking about the words of my father's friend "find a good racket" If those men were making a good living just based on the way they looked then maybe I could have a shot at it. I had to get more information but didn't know where to look. I was still a minor so I couldn't sign contracts to get work unless I had parental consent.

School was going fast. I was busy between my business and doing some additional office work at Top Temps. October brought many people out for Oktoberfest. I went down to see the parade by myself. There was one float called "Drag Fest". I recognized one of the impersonators from his picture in the magazine.

When one of the tires on the float went flat the truck pulling it maneuvered it to the curb where I was standing. The mimics disembarked while several men jacked it up to change the tire. The tall blonde wearing a sash over her gown that said "Lolita" looked right at me. He smiled as he walked over to me.

"Hi," he said in a soft voice. "Are you eighteen?"

I shook my head no.

"Call this number when you are," he said as he took a card from his purse and handed it to me.

He walked away and a few minutes later waved to me as the float made its' way back into the parade.

I looked at the card he had given me. "The Pink Pussycat" was the club on the west end of town that I had driven by earlier. Jo Laird was listed as the manager. There was a phone and fax number too.

I had been standing alone off to the side as the tire had been repaired. I wondered why she, that is he, had walked over to me while they waited for the tire to be replaced. I thought back to the remarks about seeing me in women's clothes made by several of the women I had done work for. Was he trying to tell me something too?

I put the card back in my wallet and watched the rest of the parade. That night in bed I closed my eyes and saw myself on the float waving and blowing kisses to the crowd like Lolita had done. I was wearing that dress and looking as gorgeous as the other mimics.

The Holidays were soon upon us. Top Temps had me doing some more cleaning for Carol. She had landed a new client and wanted me to start right away until she could hire two more additional people. I found the pink smock and gloves to be just a little more appealing as visions of the mimics on the float flashed thru my mind. I continued my self-employment duties as well adding to my savings account.

With school out for the holidays I had a little more time on my hands. I did some cleaning for a recently divorced schoolteacher who had been given my name by one of my customers. She had just purchased a new computer. We were talking about it after I had finished cleaning when her phone rang.

"This will take a few minutes, surf the web if you like," she said.

I immediately went on a search engine and typed in "Mimics". There were plenty of sites. I clicked on Mimics Monthly and paged thru their sample pictures. The left hand menu had a bar for employment so I clicked on it. "New girls apply Wednesdays only, 1 to 3pm, ask for Jo" it stated.

I visited several other websites and when I heard her hang up I returned the computer to her home page and cleared my history. She handed me my check and I left.

I wrote the day and time for the interviews on the sheet with the addresses I had at home and then taped the business card to the sheet. I placed the sheet under some old clothes in the bottom drawer of my dresser. That night I thought about what I was going to say at the interview if I went there. It wasn't going to be like registering at Job Service or Top Temps that was for sure.

The second semester started and I got back into the routine of classes and work. Top Temps called me in February for a two-day job. I was sent to a formal apparel store where I spent a Saturday hanging tuxedos on racks as well as dressing two male mannequins for the window display. Later I helped put prom and bridal fashions on racks and dress four mannequins in gowns for the window display.

I watched as the other temp I worked with applied lipstick and rouge to the mannequins after we had finished dressing them. At breaks and lunch I closed my eyes and saw myself in those beautiful dresses. I seemed to be thinking more and more about it since seeing the Mimic Monthly magazines. I wondered if I would be able to look that good.

We finished up stocking shoes and accessories late Sunday afternoon. As I passed the front window I saw myself standing there in white satin or pink chiffon. I shook my head and tried to clear the images from my mind. I must be going crazy I thought.

These desires seem to be more and more consuming as I got older. I had been several years since I had tried on that purple satin dress for Mrs. Levin. If they kept getting stronger what was I going to do then?

The cold weather stayed thru March. I lost two more clients and hadn't had a call from the temp agency since February. I was still making enough to keep up my payments but I hadn't added to my savings account in several months. I was a little concerned as I always had money coming in freely and now that was beginning to tighten up.

I didn't date very much because I had my business. I usually met friends for pizza after a football or basketball game. I asked a classmate, June Leighton, to the prom and she accepted. I had known her for about a year. She had registered from out of state when her father's employer transferred him here. I liked her because she was quiet and soft spoken as well as being studious. She too had worked up a cleaning business in the neighborhood where she and her father lived.

I passed my final exams with no sweat. The prom was the following week. June looked good in her pale blue chiffon gown. The theme was "Romance Is Always In". Most of the girls, like June, wore long gowns and over the elbow gloves. I couldn't help but wonder how I would look in those beautiful clothes as I glanced around the gym. I took June home after the closing music from the big band era.

"Dad's gone for a week, why don't you come in?" she asked at the door.

I followed her inside and took a seat on the couch. She put her purse on the bar and came over to me with a soft drink in each hand. I took one from her and she sat down next to me.

"I don't care for alcohol," she smiled as she took a sip of her drink.

"Me either," I replied.

She set her drink down and wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me hard. It took me by surprise. In the back of my mind I recalled one of the guys saying "watch out for those quiet, mousy types."

She smiled as we broke and took the drink from my hand. Without a word she grabbed my hand and led me down the hall to her bedroom. She turned around and I unzipped her