

My Beginning

by Rosalyn Lynne

My beginnings were simpler than that of creation. I was starting high school back in 1963/64. For no apparent reason I felt that I wanted to wear girl clothes. I didn't know why nor did I attempt to figure it out. Not at first anyway. It was something I wanted so I acquired some clothes that fit and wore them around the house. At the time, the house consisted of one room I shared with my father and a community bathroom. Since he worked days it was easy to dress without a problem. Most of the other tenants on our floor were also at work so I had the run of the place after school anyway. I also used the cellar a lot too. None of the other tenants really used it and we had a room to store our things so I had a safe place to hide my clothes. Since I was also old enough to take care of myself, my father often went to Pennsylvania to visit his folks on long weekends. This allowed me to be all girl while he was gone even to sleeping in girl pajamas. At times I would stand in front of the mirror and pull my penis back between my legs to see what I would look like as a girl. I liked the view. With my mothers fair skin and youthful looks I could, then anyway, easily have passed for a teenage girl if I had long hair to go with it. Breasts were easy. Socks stuffed into a bra filled me out nicely. Some nights, late, I would go for long quiet walks. I stayed mostly to back streets and avoided the more busy areas. Some people saw me and no doubt thought I looked out of place at least, but no one bothered me.

What I enjoyed most about the clothes was the feeling of relative freedom especially when wearing skirts or dresses. I also liked the bright colors as well. My boy mode was mostly dark clothes, blues, browns and blacks. Shirts were generally solids. The only plaid shirt I ever wore was one a girlfriend made. She had made matching shirts for each of us. We enjoyed movies, ice skating, bowling, ice cream at the ice cream parlor and hanging around the parks or riding our bikes together. He hadn't discovered sex.

Most of my life I had been a loner. Separate from others, no peer group. I had learned to be distrustful at an early age. My first was with one of my early foster families and the incident involved a discarded cocoo clock which I had dismantled much to the displeasure of the daughter of the people with whom I was living. She had left me in the yard after declaring that she was telling on me. Sometime later when she came out to inform me that I was wanted by her parents, upon going inside I immediately told on myself. She hadn't said a thing about the old clock and the reason I was called in was to be told I was to have an allowance. Money for chores accomplished to spend as I wanted to. Obviously my confession ruined that and I learned one of the first lessons: keep your mouth shut till you find out what is going on.

In fourth grade I learned to keep my mouth shut even when I knew something because my fellow classmates didn't like that I knew the answers to questions they didn't know. I was pleased with my knowledge but this only served to isolate me from those who should have been my peers. After so many time of being told, 'you think you know everything,' I learned to shut up. Clearly no one cared that I knew something if it made them look bad. I ended up just staying clear of almost everyone over time.

That same year I also learned that even adults could not be trusted. Once incident I recall imperfectly stands out with the clarity that comes from knowing you NEED to remember this so as to avoid it in future. I remember being in a house across the street, in the closet with the man there who was showing me his gun. How I got in the house I don't recall to this day. Neither do I recall how I was talked into going into the closet with this man with the door closed and being in the dark. I do clearly recall something hard on my hand that was also warm. This I was told was his gun. Today I KNOW what that was but I did not then. I also do not recall leaving the closet or the building but I clearly remember walking away from the house when I was already some distance away from it. Did we do anything else that day? Damned if I can recall. It wasn't my first lesson in the untrustworthiness of adults, but it was my first exposure to a pedophile.