

**J O E   S I X   P A C K**

***FROM PALS  
TO GALS***

**“Mandate of the People”**

As previously published at [TGstories.com](http://TGstories.com)

**A Stories of the Supernatural Story**



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# MANDATE OF THE PEOPLE

“Milton J. Mossley, Magic Man” Read the plain white business card. It was printed in that cheap raised ink that so many people mistook for ‘classy’ lately. It had a blobby clip-art picture of a magic wand and top hat in the corner.

“So what do you think?” Milton said, beaming with pride.

Jeremy flipped the card over in his fingers. He was hoping a punch line was printed on the back of it. It was blank. He glanced at his pal Stewart and they exchanged expressions of two boys who knew that they were in the company of true gullibility.

“Uh, guy, how much did all this cost you?” Stewart said, taking the card in his hand.

Milton looked around the small, cramped storefront. “You wouldn’t believe the deal I got, boys!”

Stewart and Jeremy looked around as well. They were just two teenage boys wandering around the ‘Woodland Creek Emporium Shoppes’ strip mall looking for cheap eats. They found an abandoned and forgotten little dump with only this one store open. It wasn’t actually open, either. The inside of the store was raw concrete, full of cement dust and bare wires, indicating that no one had ever actually moved into this unit in the strip mall. This, despite the fact that the building was obviously designed and built in the 1980’s.

The mall was convenient to an off-ramp and toxic fumes. This area of town was industrial, located under the freeway. It was miserable and isolated.

The store wasn’t empty, though. A pile of white cardboard boxes, all marked “MAGIXCOR MADE IN CHINA” were stacked along the back wall.

The two boys wandered in, curious, when Mr. Mossley had accosted them with kindness. He was tremendously happy just to see that only hours after he had moved in, he had customers. He knew then that this was a gold mine.

Milton patted one of his boxes. “It’s all here, the secret to instant wealth-building power!” He walked around his pile of boxes, admiring them. “With only a small investment, I received all this fabulous merchandise. And it’s all ready-to-sell!”

“So, you’re selling... what?” Jeremy asked.

“Dreams!” Milton proclaimed with enthusiasm.

“Dreams.” Jeremy repeated with well-deserved skepticism.

“Wishes! Desires! Power!” Milton said, projecting his voice to the roof.

Stewart sneered. “I think you’re crazy.”

“Crazy to be selling magic at these prices!” Milton proclaimed.

“Yeah, well good luck, guy.” Jeremy said, handing back the card.

Milton refused it. “No, no. You keep the card. If there’s one thing that helps getting a business off the ground, it’s word of mouth.” The two boys then shrugged and turned to leave.

“Fuckin chump ass loser.” Stewart mumbled to his friend.

Milton then had an idea. “Wait boys! Wait a second!” He turned to his nearest box, and opened it. He rooted around inside, and then picked out a musty burlap pouch. “You boys take this.”

The two boys both had their hands in their pockets and seemed too uninterested to take the item. They just stared at Milton.

“It’s magic!” Milton said. “Go on, think of it as a free sample.”



Finally Jeremy took the pouch, picking it with two fingers to avoid touching too much of the old thing. “Uh. Thanks.”

“Yeah, thanks.” Stewart said with enough sarcasm to kill a bull elephant. “Thanks a lot.”

Stewart and Jeremy exchanged another look and they left.

“You boys have fun with that! And let all your friends know!” Milton called out as the two boys got into Jeremy’s truck. Milton confidently returned to his store. He knew now that he had a bona-fide moneymaker on his hands. He would do this full-time. Tomorrow, he’d tell Mr. Blumsley to take his accounting job and shove it!



*Thunk. Thunk.*

“Quit it!”

*Thunk.*

“I said quit it!”

Jeremy tried to look surprised. “Me?”

*Thunk.*

The exasperated girl sitting in front of Jeremy picked up her books and moved to the farthest desk away.

The haggard low-wage teacher at the front of the class droned a warning. “Stop kicking people’s chairs, Mr. Tyler.”

Jeremy acted offended. “What?” He said. The teacher sighed deeply and went back to grading pop quizzes. Stewart, sitting next to Jeremy, gave him a low-five.

“Kggcch!” The ancient speaker above the classroom doorway choked to life. “Attention students. This is Vice-Principal Patterson.”

Stewart pretended to be the voice from the speaker. “And I like it up the ass.”

Jeremy and Stewart lost control of themselves in convulsive laughter.

“Mr. Tyler! Mr. Dantz! I don’t want to have to write you up!” The teacher said, trying to sound like he cared. The two boys calmed down. The rest of the class silently suffered through it.

The speaker continued to prattle: “...JV volleyball squad is to be dismissed at 1:15 for their game against Puttsville. I would like to congratulate Ryan Wells

for his third-place showing at the imagination fair. A big BHS cheer to Mr. Wells. And now the nominations for prom queen...”

Both Jeremy and Stewart started to chortle. “What?” Jeremy asked Stewart, suspicious of his friend’s attitude.

“Nothin,” Stewart said. “What’s your problem?” He had a similar concern.

“Nothin,” Jeremy said, grinning.

The Vice-Principal rolled off the names: “...Theresa Simmons, Virginia Derickson, Patricia Minniweather, and... last and certainly least, Jeremy Tyler.”

Stewart laughed out loud at the top of his lungs. “Hah! Jeremy’s gonna be the prom queen!” He slapped his leg while cackling.

Jeremy was not amused. He tensed his jaw in anger.

The Vice-Prinicpal wasn’t finished: “...and Stewart Dantz.”

Now Jeremy had his turn at laughter. “Gotcha!”

“Dude, I nominated you.” Stewart said.

“I nominated you.” Jeremy snickered.

“Oh man.” Stewart sounded disappointed. The two boys stared at the floor, in a masculine version of pouting. “Fuckin’ ruined a good joke there.”

“Yeah, no kidding.”

The bell for the end of the period rang, and it was time for lunch. Stewart and Jeremy voyaged out into the sea of humanity pouring out of the classes into the hall. The students who knew them laughed as they walked by, making fun of the two unwilling candidates. But really, their popularity was limited in this school. Few knew who they were, and Jeremy and Stewart pretended not to care. They followed the prevailing current of the mob and went out into the commons.

The boys wandered out to the parking lot and jumped into Stewart’s old Mazda and headed off for KFC. They punched Stewart’s Metallica tape into the player and turned it up to eleven, letting everybody know who the big bad-asses on campus were.

Once they were out of earshot of their schoolmates, they turned it off.

Stewart put on his silver wire-rim sunglasses and opened the window a little more to let his brown unkempt hair fly in the wind. Stewart’s pale, greasy face smiled. He thought he looked pretty cool. His thin, junkie-like physique inhabited a faded T-shirt that had an old 70’s sports team logo on it, along with several small holes. His tattered cargo pants bunched up around his ankles around his retro jogging shoes. “Fuckin’ ruined a good joke there.” Stewart repeated.

“Yeah.” Jeremy agreed. “Hey, you got enough for half a bucket? I’m starved.”

“Lemme check.” Stewart emptied his pockets of change, and tossed it to Jeremy. He sloooowly counted. Jeremy was the slightly more stable of the two. His brown hair fell limply around his head, in a modified bowl cut. His face was trying to grow a beard, but had not been able to get more than a patch of stubble on his chin and at the sides of his mouth. He liked to wear an orange pullover hooded sweatshirt, and desperately needed to wash it on a more regular basis. His carpenter pants were slung low on his butt, which let an inch of his boxers elastic waistband visible. Such things were fashionable. Last year. He too, thought he looked pretty cool.

“Short a dime.” Jeremy reported.

“Check the glove compartment.” Jeremy suggested.

Jeremy punched open the glove compartment, and rifled through it. A map, a few burnt fuses, napkins, plastic forks, a sock, and an old burlap pouch. “Guy, you kept this?”

Stewart saw the pouch. “What is that?”

“The magic rock!”

“I guess.” Stewart was uninterested. “What about the dime?”

“No,” Jeremy said, “No money. Guy, I wish we had that dime. I’m so fucking hungry.” Jeremy checked the empty compartment again. “Oh wait, here’s a dime! Yes! Bucket!”

“Bucket!” Stewart chimed in.

Jeremy opened the old pouch and dumped out the contents, a smooth dark rock with a chinese glyph painted on the side. Some kinda magic, thought Jeremy. He remembered back to that night when they had stopped by that loser’s magic store. When they got back in the truck, all that was in the pouch was this stupid round rock. They considered going back and tossing it through the guy’s store window, but by the time they had come up with that brilliant plan, they were too far down the freeway to go back. They forgot about it, and somewhere along the line the rock found it’s way into Stewart’s glove compartment.

Stewart and Jeremy got their precious bucket of chicken after relentlessly hassling the poor girl on the drive-thru, and forcing her to count out five dollars in change. It was a nice day, so they stopped off at a local park to eat – and heckle the passers-by.

“I think you should run, dude.” Stewart said, spraying a mouthful of crispy breading.

“Where?” Jeremy said, gnawing on a bone.

“No, dude. Run for Prom Queen!” Stewart said. “I saw this movie once...”

“Shut up.” Jeremy said. “Runnin fer prom queen. Stupid idea. You run.”

Stewart was bristled. “You don’t want me to run.”

“Yeah?” Jeremy tossed the bone at a squirrel.

“I’d whup yer ass.”

Jeremy sounded amused. “Yeah. Whatever.” He got up and flung the empty bucket off the table. “Let’s go.”

The two boys got back in Stewart’s car and made their way back to school. Jeremy had picked up the rock again, and started to pretend he was throwing a curve ball.

Stewart’s brain sparked up a thought. “Hey, if we ran and won, we could get on the news or somethin’, I bet.”

Jeremy nixed the idea. “Who cares?”

Stewart couldn’t fight that logic. But at least, he did figure out a new angle to irritate his friend with. “So you’re scared.”

“Scared of what?”

“Losing.” Stewart said.

Jeremy laughed at that. “Fuck that, man. I bet I get more votes than you do.”

“Dreaming.”

“You think you can get more than me? Try.”

“Yeah? Well, we’ll see.”

“Uh-huh.”

Stewart grabbed the rock from his friend’s hands. “By the power of the magic rock, I will be Prom Queen!” Stewart said mockingly. He tossed it back at Jeremy.

“You’re scaring me, dude.” Jeremy said. “You ain’t right.”

Stewart ignored his friend. “I bet I can get at least Tony, Dean and Kevin to vote for me.”

Jeremy wasn’t impressed. “No. No way Dean’s gonna vote for you. And I’ve known Kevin longer than you.”

“Yeah? So who’d be stupid enough to vote for you?” Stewart asked.

Jeremy thought. “Kevin would. And Chad. Maybe.”

“Not a chance.”



“We’ll see.”

Stewart peered at his delusional pal. “Yeah. Well, you better use the magic rock, cause that’s the only hope you have of beating me.”

“Hey, magic rock,” Jeremy said, shaking the rock awake. “Gimme some votes. I wish you could make it so I can get people to vote for me.” Jeremy paused for effect. “And fer Stewart too. Just so he doesn’t feel too bad when he loses.”

Stewart snickered.

“Whoa!” Jeremy yelled.

“What?”

Jeremy brushed his hands. “The rock. It just like... Disintegrated.”

“Huh. Cheap piece a shit rock.”



Dean Carslyle had been looking forward to this egg-salad sandwich for four long periods. Which is what set Dean apart from the rest of humanity. Otherwise, in every possible way imaginable he was average. He held no opinions on any subject. He had nothing bad to say about anyone, but nothing good either. He was so ordinary that he faded into the background, unseen and unnoticed by the rest of the student body.

Of course, since Dean had no real opinions about anybody or anything, it wasn’t long before Stewart and Jeremy had descended upon him. He was someone you could tease, embarrass and humiliate repeatedly without any objection. No one cared what you did to him, and he didn’t care much about being tricked.

So, he was not only the perfect victim, he was the perfect voter.

Dean had his mouth wide open, about to taste the wonderfully ordinary blandness of his sandwich when he noticed he wasn’t alone. On one side, Stewart sat looking directly at Dean. He had a wide smile on his face. On the other side sat Jeremy with the same expression. Dean didn’t move his head, he just looked to his left, and to his right, and back again.

“H... H... Hey, whassup, guys?” Dean said, with due trepidation.

“Hey Dean.” Jeremy said, menacingly.

“How’s it goin’, Dean?” Stewart said with the same tone.

“Gonna eat a sandwich.” Dean said, displaying it.

“Good deal.” Jeremy said. Dean was pretty sure whatever the two were gonna do to him would be done in the next second or two, so he just clenched up his body and waited for it.

“Hey Dean.” Stewart said, making Dean even more anxious. “Who you gonna vote for fer Prom Queen?”

“Um. Yeah. I heard that you guys were nominated. Pretty funny.” Dean gave a polite laugh.

Jeremy got in closer to Dean’s face. “You gonna vote for me, right?”

Stewart got in even closer. “No. Dean wants to vote for me, right Dean?”

Dean now had serious doubts about ever getting to his sandwich. “Um.” He pointedly said.

“We’re friends, right Dean?” Jeremy asked.

Dean stated the obvious. “I was gonna vote for a girl, actually.”

“Don’t waste your vote on a girl, man!” Jeremy shook his fist in the air. “Make a *statement* with your vote.”

“Yeah, dude!” Stewart seconded the idea.

“Look guys, I don’t think I’m gonna vote after all.” Dean said, trying desperately to extricate himself from the situation. He decided that was his best chance to get to his sandwich. He took a giant bite and laboriously chewed.

But the boys didn’t give up easily. Dean realized this when he started to run out of food in his mouth. He kept on chewing air in the hope that they’d get bored and go away. But they didn’t go anywhere. Finally, Dean had to stop acting.

“So, which girl were you gonna vote for?” Stewart asked.

“I dunno.” Dean said. “Maybe Wendy Fischer.”

“Why?” Jeremy wanted to know.

“I just, I guess, well... She’s got nice hair.” Dean was almost embarrassed to admit he found any girl attractive. That was just the way he was. A total wimp. “I like that short bobbed hair she has. I guess.”

Stewart was disappointed. “Oh.”

Jeremy, however, saw an opportunity to point something out. “Like my hair?” He said. He shook his bowl-cut hair back and forth.

“Yeah – like your hair.” Dean said. “Okay, Fine. Maybe I’ll vote for you Jeremy.” He took an even larger bite of his sandwich.

Stewart fumed in his seat.



“You won’t be disappointed, dude,” Jeremy said, slapping Dean on the back. Dean choked. “Polls say Jeremy has a one vote lead over his competition.” Jeremy gloated. He got up left. Stewart followed.

“Okay, well... Dean’s a homo,” Stewart said with not an ounce of resentment. “You can have his homo vote.” Jeremy and Stewart scanned the lunchroom for a familiar face.

“Chad!” Jeremy yelled, spotting one. He jogged across the lunchroom and went to go talk to his prospective voter.

Stewart stood around and looked around to see if he could spot someone he knew. He found the chubby frame of Kevin, the human lint trap.

Kevin always wore sweaters and corduroy pants, and seemed to generate his own field of static electricity somehow. Thus, all lint or fluff in his area would wound up on Kevin eventually.

“Kevin! My man!” Stewart said, coozing up to him.

Kevin was immediately suspicious. What he knew of Stewart told him that anytime he was nice meant that something fairly unpleasant was in the works. “Hey, Stew.” Kevin said. “Tryin’ for Miss America next?”

“That’s just what I wanted to talk to you about, Kev.” Stewart punched him in the shoulder. “Vote for me for Prom Queen.”

Kevin shook his head. "No way, Stew. I'm voting for Tamara Shays." Kevin lowered his voice. "She's got one fine pair of tits."

Stewart cursed at himself. He was in total agreement about Tamara. It would be a crime not to vote for such fine examples of mammarian perfection. If he had tits like Tamara, then even he'd get some votes.

"But, you know... You've got a nice rack as well, Stew." Kevin said.

Stewart arched his back a little to show off. "Yeah, I think mine are better, actually." He pulled his t-shirt tight to further enhance the large, pert breasts that were now on his chest.

Kevin rubbed his chin. "You make a good point, Stew. Two good points, actually. Sure. I'll vote for you instead."

"Cool!" Stewart said. "You rule, dude!"

Kevin laughed. "Anytime, Stew. Good luck."

Stewart looked around to see where Jeremy was. He was all tied up in votes with him now.

Jeremy returned from his campaign visit with Chad. "Well, Chad's not gonna..." Then Jeremy's meager powers of observation kicked in. "Guy, you have tits."

Stewart looked down at his chest again and shrugged. "Yeah? So?"

Jeremy looked at them. They must be fakes. His friend was pulling a joke on him. "Take those out, you look stupid."

"Ha. Ha." Stewart said, not finding this funny. "You take your head off, then."

Tony Pickens, a guy they both knew, walked by. "Hey." He said, noticing his friends. He continued on his way.

Jeremy was confused. Why didn't Tony say anything? It was pretty damn obvious, wasn't it? Maybe Tony was in on the joke. He looked around. Nobody else seemed to notice anything wrong. Was everyone in on this? He quickly grabbed Stewart's shirt and lifted it up, so that the fake breasts would fall out. Instead, two large globes of very real flesh shimmied there.

"Hey!" Stewart said, pulling his shirt back down. "What's your problem?"

Jeremy stood there for a minute as his tiny brain trembled, shook and shut down. Luckily, it then fired up again, and he grabbed Stewart by the arm and dragged him off behind a wall for privacy.

"You... what the... Jesus fuck!" Jeremy uttered.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, Dude?" Stewart asked.

"You have tits!" Jeremy screamed at a low volume.

“And?” Stewart said, “Don’t tell me you just noticed.”

Jeremy grabbed his friend by the shoulders and shook him. “Listen to me! You! Have! *Tits!*!”

Stewart seemed a little confused or possibly irritated.

Jeremy tried to state his case in simple terms. “You’re Stewart. You’re a guy. And guys don’t have tits!”



Stewart seemed to slightly comprehend the logic. You could practically hear the pistons try to fire in his brain. He rose a hand to protest, but was still too involved in thought to speak.

“Did you have tits yesterday? This morning? Five fuckin’ minutes ago?” Jeremy continued. “Think!”

Stewart’s mind was starting up like a car left in the snow for a week, inching its way towards reality. Then he made the connection. “Tits!” He yelled aloud. “What... I... Oh, Christ!” He grabbed at them in horror, felt them and then flung his arms back as if his chest was 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. He tried to back up away from them, and then tried to shake them off. None of it worked.

Stewart let out a kind of whimper. So did Jeremy.

His fear was causing his hands to shake violently, but Stewart slowly convinced his arms to work and come around front. He gripped the collar of his t-shirt, and after many deep breaths, quickly lifted and looked under his shirt. Then again. And again.

He let go. With one hand flat, he tentatively patted the front of his expanded chest to see if it felt as real as it looked. It was definitely real.

He looked back at his friend in stark terror, unable to vocalize or even blink.

“I don’t know!” Jeremy said, answering the unspoken question. “I don’t know!”

Stewart looked back down at his impossible appendages. He looked all around him, as if there was someplace he could run to escape this. His head then snapped forward. “Rock!” he said. “The fucking magic fucking rock.”

“No way.” Jeremy said. “That thing was a stupid joke.” Stewart made a vague, spastic motion at his chest, pointing out how real the situation was. “It was actually magic?” Jeremy asked rhetorically. “Fuck!”

Stewart finally found his voice. “W... we... you... I... wished that w... w... we could get votes f... f... for P-P-Prom K-K-K-Queen!”

“The rock gave you...”

“I asked K-K-K-Kevin to vote for me and he said he was g-g-g-gonna vote for Tamara.” Stewart had to catch his breath. “Because of her tits. I thought that if I had those tits, I c-c-c-could get his vote.”

“That was dumb.” Jeremy crystalized the obvious.

“And neither of us...” Stewart tried to say.

Jeremy interrupted. “You guys didn’t notice any change. Shit. It’s like it changed reality on everyone.”

Stewart suddenly realized something. “It was the vote! I got tits because I got his vote!” He started to roll his hands in circles, indicating that he was onto an idea. “Tell me you’ll vote for me!” He said.



Jeremy didn't get it. "What?"

"Tell me that you're going to vote for me because you want a man as prom queen!" Stewart said with urgency. "Say it!"

"Uh."

"Say it! Now!" Stewart demanded.

"I... I'll vote for you..." Jeremy started to say. He then rose his voice so that any unknown presence in the area could hear him. "...Because you're a man, and I want a man as Prom Queen." He quickly added: "A man without breasts!"

As soon as he said it, they vanished from Stewart's chest. His shirt deflated and his body returned to a familiar shape.

They both stood there for a moment before they allowed themselves to feel relieved.

"Thank fuck." Stewart artfully said.

With that, the bell rang for the next period. The two boys stared at each other for a moment, until Stewart decided to move. They both then started to walk briskly, eager to leave the area like a bad dream.



The next day, Jeremy had been making a list of people he could get to vote for him. Oh sure, the two boys had just gone through the strangest incident in the whole of recorded human history, but Jeremy's pride was at stake. And besides, Stewart would never see this coming. It was an opportunity.

He looked at his short list of guys he could depend on for a vote, and he had a grand total of two. If he was going to make Stewart eat his words, he was going to have to get a whole chunk of votes at once.

He thought for a moment and came up with ideal bunch: The Mathletes Club. They were total losers, each and every one of them. But fortunately, they were all outsiders who would probably cast "joke" votes for cartoon characters anyway. It would be easy to get them to cast "joke" votes for him. He figured he could get five or eight votes that way.

The head of the Mathletes was Shaun Rimsdale, a pasty little kid who could sway the group in Jeremy's favor. He sought him out in between classes.

"Rimsdale, bud." Jeremy said, wrapping his arm around the smaller kid. "Have I got the funniest joke for you."

Shaun adjusted his coke bottle lenses to check to see who it was. He saw it was that jerk Jeremy Tyler. He started to squirm out of his grasp. "Just lemme alone, Jeremy." He whined.

"Here's a wicked idea Rimsdale. Instead of voting for Batman or Homer Simpson this year, vote for me for Prom Queen." He forced a laugh to indicate exactly how amusing it was. "Now that's funny!"

Shaun wriggled out of Jeremy's hold and started to run-walk away as fast as he could. "Don't hurt me!" Shaun whimpered as he tried to get away.

Jeremy went after him for a couple of steps, but then gave up. He wasn't worth the effort. "Man," he said to himself, "What does it take to get a vote around here?"

Then, a creepy little idea germinated in his noggin.



The next period, Jeremy tracked down Samantha "Sam" Wallace, the big dyke on campus. Sam was a stereotypical lesbian, short hair and buttoned-up collared shirts. The look was a kind curious androgynous turn on the outfit of the Hitler youth. Subtlety is not appreciated when you're seventeen years old, and Sam was not a subtle lesbian.

Jeremy applied the same lack of charm on Sam that he had applied to Shaun. "Hey, Sam I was wondering who you're gonna vote for Prom Queen." He smiled broadly.

"Get the hell away from me, jackass." Sam growled.

"I bet you're all pissed off about the tokenization of women this whole process encourages, am I right?" Jeremy had gotten those words off the internet.

A wave of surprise washed over Sam's face. "Uh... Well, yes..."

"And you probably were thinking of voting for a lesbian."

Sam was dumbfounded. This jerk actually had it figured out. "I... was..." How had this brain donor figured out her brilliant, subversive plan?

Jeremy was on a roll. "So a lesbian would get your vote, right?"

"Yeah, but..."

"Probably the most mannish, hardcore, tough-as-bullets lesbian around, correct?" Jeremy prodded.

"Uh... I guess."



“And every one of your lesbo friends would do the same, right?”

“I suppose...”

“Okay then.” Jeremy said. He walked off, and exited the hall.

Sam looked around for the candid camera.

A moment later Jeremy returned. “Hey, Sam!” He called out.

“Hey, Jer!” Sam acknowledged.

“Can I count on your vote for Prom Queen?” Jeremy said.

“Fuck yeah!” Sam rose her fist in solidarity. “Let’s show these people what dyke power can do!”

“Smash the status quo!” Jeremy replied, matching the fist gesture.

“Woo-hoo!” Sam shouted, as Jeremy proceeded on to his next class.



Stewart was waiting for Jeremy to show up for English, every few moments idly scratching his chest to make sure everything was still okay. Other than that, he had practically put yesterday out of his mind.

Jeremy came in and seated himself next to his friend with the sort of smile on his face that filled anybody who saw it with dread. He was up to something. “Hey.” He said, plopping himself down in his seat.

“Hey.” Stewart replied. He sensed something askew with the world all the sudden, but Stewart’s blunted ability to interpret the world around him was getting in the way to figure it out. He puzzled over the situation. There was something definitely weird going on here. What was it? There was something different about Jeremy, but Stewart couldn’t place it.

The teacher started to hand back papers from yesterday. She started down Stewart’s aisle and dropped a “62” scored paper on his desk. The usual.

“Stewart, please try reading the assigned chapters.” The teacher commented. She then continued on, and then returned to give back Jeremy’s paper. “Jerrie, you also need to read the assignments.”

Jeremy smiled nervously at the teacher and then avoided eye contact with Stewart by intently staring at his “65” on his paper.

Stewart was dumbfounded at his friend’s behavior. Something was definitely very odd. He watched Jeremy open his notebook – adorned with gay pride stickers – and pretend to write things. He saw Jeremy scratch his ear – with the

five piercings in it.

Well, if there was something different about Jeremy, he couldn't quite figure it out.

Class went on as usual, the two muttering insults and put-downs back and forth like they always did. It wasn't long before class was over and it was time for lunch.



“Jeremy, you up for Burger King?” Stewart asked.

“Hey, why don't we try Subway today?” Jeremy suggested.

“You've turned yourself into a lesbian!” Stewart suddenly blurted out. “That's what you did!”

“Shhh!” Jeremy begged Stewart to be quiet.

“You turned yourself... *Into a girl!*”

“Hey, I can always turn back.” Jeremy said under his breath.

“What are you *thinking?*”

Jeremy looked almost exactly the same as he always did, with the exceptions of the earrings. And maybe a little puffiness at the chest and hips. Did he actually do this? Was he that dumb? Stewart looked at his friend as if Jeremy had betrayed everything he had ever believed in. Which might actually be the case.

A girl by the name of Pat Fredrickson walked by, and gave Jeremy a high five. “Way to go, Jer!” Stewart carefully replayed that last moment in his head. Pat was suspected of being a dyke by lots of people. That she'd be friendly to the ‘new’ Jeremy made sense, but Stewart wondered: what was the high-five about?

Pat made it easy for Stewart by continuing: “What will they say when they crown the first lesbian Prom Queen!? They’ll have to take us seriously now!” And with that comment, Stewart finally got it.

Jeremy nudged Stewart with his elbow. “I’m gonna feel myself up after school.” He said, looking very pleased with his ingenuity. “And I get to go in the girls’ locker room.”

“Votes?” Stewart shook his head. “You want the dykes to vote for you?”

Jeremy beamed a wide smile.

Stewart was aghast. “You lost yer...” He pointed at Jeremy’s crotch. “Deal!”

“It’s reversible! And besides, I don’t really notice it – much.” Jeremy observed.

“You are sick.” Stewart sneered.

“I may be sick, but I’m a winner.”



Stewart spent his Earth Sciences class in a daze. He always did, but today it was even more intense than usual. He had just witnessed his good friend of many years turn certifiably insane in front of his eyes.

Certifiably insane like a fox, he concluded. Stewart realized that Jeremy had taken advantage of his momentary weakness and leapt ahead of him. He had been so preoccupied he had let the whole competition slip into the hands of his friend. This was now a war.

Jeremy had scored the votes of every lesbian on campus for Prom Queen, which totaled about six – maybe eight if all the rumors were correct. Stewart knew that he didn’t have the numbers to match the lesbo voting block. What he needed was a master stroke. Something that Jeremy would never even consider he was capable of.



Jeremy was out in the parking lot, idling his car as he waited for Stewart to show. He was gunning the motor whenever anybody came within fifteen feet of him, just to see if he could get people to jump. Finally Stewart made his way to the car, and Jeremy shoved in the Metallica tape and they were off for parts unknown.

“Whattayawanna do?” slurred Jeremy. It was his usual after-school question.