

Tammy Won't Be Lonely: Pretty girls get all the breaks...

TAMMY WON'T BE LONELY

Amanda Hawkins

All right, go ahead and turn me into a girl. What does it matter? I was never the kind of guy who was ever gonna get a girlfriend anyway. I was never gonna plant my seed or be a father or hang out with the guys or go golfing, or whatever else it is men do. So why the heck not be a girl? I'm no damn good for anything else.

They want me to be Tammy? Fine. I'll be Tammy. It's a pretty name, and I'm on my way to being pretty, so I guess I'm her.

Oh, man... Timothy, I cannot believe how pretty you're gonna be when we get through with you. These extensions look sooo realistic, and they match your hair color perfectly. They won't be coming out anytime soon either, but trust me--- you won't want 'em out. Just wait'll you see how sweet and femme you look. Sherry's an awesome makeup artist, and those nice high cheekbones made it that much easier to turn you into a girl.

Wait 'til we get you all decked out in the pink dress I wore for prom. No one will ever guess you're a guy. One of the guys is bound to ask you out, and you better say yes. Don't make me hhh-urt you.

Hmm. It looks like my nephew might just be the prettiest girl in the family. Good thing I'm his legal guardian now, with my sister in jail. I could get in big trouble for doing this to the kid. It's all for the best, though. The only way Timmy is ever going to get a girl is to be a girl. Tammy won't be lonely.

I wonder what it'll be like, being a girl... I'll have to do my own makeup every day, style my own hair. I'll have to wear pretty dresses and high heels and perfume, and dangly earrings and stuff. I'll have to date guys---Aunt Sherry told me so. I guess I'll hafta put out too, eventually. Whatever. I'll do it.

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With a final flick of her hairbrush, Sherry stepped back from her creation. It was done; her nephew had been utterly transformed. With his blonde hair set into a high ponytail and wavy tresses falling across his shoulders, he—no *she*—was now the kind of girl guaranteed to turn heads. She felt another pang of guilt over what she'd done, but quickly put it aside. She had no choice.

"I'll get her dressed, Sherry." Giggling to herself Mindy whipped away the salon cape and led to newly minted woman into the change room. Ten minutes later they were back, with Tammy now clad in a pink satin party dress and a pair of strappy open-toed heels.

In spite of herself, Sherry was impressed. The dress, the pink hairbow, colorful earrings—everything had come together beautifully. Timothy had become far more of a woman than she could have imagined—a paragon of feminine beauty. "My goodness," she exclaimed, "my sexy niece is going to break some hearts tonight."

A frightened look crossed the girl's face. "Tonight?"

Mindy took the opportunity to spritz the blonde with a flowery perfume. "What'd you think, we did all this just for fun? Tonight's the big dance and you're the new girl in town. You're gonna dance with lots of guys, maybe kiss one or two of 'em, and when someone tall, dark and handsome asks you out—you better say *yes*."

"You'll get all kinds of dates now," Sherry said, relief washing through her. "But don't you worry, Mindy and I will be right here to help you get ready. You'll soon be able to get pretty on your own, but until then we're your pit crew. Think of it this way," she added, "you're now the kind of girl who can get away with *anything*. You're free now, Tammy. You're free!" And she smiled.

