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approx. 500 words

THOSE POTENT PILLS

When I left the hospital following my last operation, the doctor gave me a batch of little pills and told me I would have to take such pills the rest of my life or run the risk of having my ailment come back on me. In about two week my chest started turning to a breast (You know, according to the doctors chest is masculine and breast is feminine),

"Hey, what's going on here?" I asked myself. "Am I turning to a woman?"

"No," I consoled, "that can't be. I'm not an oyster. I can't change sexes. ~~in a fortnight.~~"

Worried, I made inquiry and learned that the little pills contained female harmones.

"Oh heavens above," I moaned almost tearfully, "it's true. I am turning to a woman."

I then fell to reflecting about my situation, and I wondered what it would be like being a woman. I saw myself a woman down at the bargain counter with arms loaded, kneeling and elbowing my way through the crowd and pronouncing maladictions on my fellow shoppers in a vain effort to beat some prospective buyer to that last bargain. I saw myself in a kitchen, baking, broiling, basting and burning; and yes, sweeping, swabbing, sweating, and swearing---swearing because I felt the old man didn't appreciate my sacrifices. I pictured myself down on the bathing beach in a two-thread bathing suit with my skinny legs and narrow buttocks exposed to the world

and no boys whistling at me. And I thought of how awful that would be. I imagined myself in the nursery pinning you-know-what on baby Anne and maybe---heaven forbid---tending three or four other little fellows. I visioned myself ^{pushing in a baby buggy} strolling down Main Street, bearing a shopping bag and wondering if folks didn't think I had the sweetest and prettiest baby in all the world.

I visioned myself a debutant in chic attire, bepainted, bepowered, and beplucked and with teeth glistening and eyes sparkling, tripping down the avenue with the boys whistling at me. Then I "kinder" came to myself.

"Oh no," I said, "that doctor might be able to change me to an old woman, but change an ugly old man like me to a pretty young woman---well, that's more than any doctor could do, be he ever so skilled. Nobody could do that but the good Lord himself, and I don't imagine He's much interested in this affair."

I became alarmed at my predicament, not because I thought it a disgrace to be a woman but because, after all these being ^{years} a man, I felt I wasn't equal to the role.

My chest continued to grow, and it soon looked as if I were well on the way to motherhood. It soon took on proportions that made it a very respectable size breast---one any young woman would be proud of. Quite distraught I tried to figure a way out of my predicament. I have one of two choices, I reasoned. I can quit taking the pills and die ^{or} and continue taking them and become a woman. I decided I'd rather be a woman than be dead; so I continued taking the pills. About the time I began to fear I would soon be forced to don feminine attire. my chest or breast (Call it what you will)

ceased developing.

"Oh glory be," I exclaimed, I won't have to undergo the
the exigency of transmutation in my old age after all."

But it's begining to look as if I rejoiced prematurely, for I
have reasons to believe that my trouble is returning and I shal have toⁱ
be operated on again. If that happens, I probably come home wearing
'll
a dress and with my nose powdered.