

So You Want To Be a T-Girl

This story (book) I read a few years ago was given to me by a friend and I want to share it with you. It is honest, it holds nothing back and it "*could*" happen to you, why I think you should read it.

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A Realistic Guide to the Transitional Journey

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Introduction

This will be long, and I promise it will not be too pretty, but you came here for a reason, so bear with me.

First of all, I wish to state clearly that this book is intended for those considering the transition. It's sole purpose is to teach, educate, and help those in need, not to divide, anger, or upset. It is written in three chapters outlining the three phases of the transition one goes through from beginning to end. It is intended to be read at three different points in your life; as you enter each phase, read that particular chapter. If you are just now starting out and you insist on reading the entire book, then do so, but when you finish, go back and reread the one particular chapter that pertains to your current life so you keep things in perspective.

There is a lot of information on the net, on the streets, and in the media. I am here to tell you that it is mostly garbage... if something is made for public consumption, it is slanted to satisfy a particular motive... most of it cannot be trusted. So why can you trust me? Two reasons: one, I have no ulterior motive. I am asked constantly to help girls out and I cannot help them all. It takes too much time and energy, and no one really wants to hear the truth anyway. All the girls want to hear is that the life of a transsexual is all roses and laughter, silk and tight corsets, having fun playing girl, and wearing sexy lingerie. Well, bullshit. Not even close! And second, I have been there. And so have my friends, lovers, acquaintances, and the hundreds of people I meet on a daily basis. I LIVE the life, and so do my friends... we know the truth, we live it, and our lives are not special, not charmed, and certainly not easy. Read on. After all, you asked for it.

I will take for granted that anyone interested in this oration is interested in the male-to-female transition. Though there are many female-to-male transsexuals out there, and I personally know a few, I am not as acquainted with that world though 90% of it crosses over and applies to them as well. But for the sake of simplicity, let's just discuss the M-F transsexual.

And before we move on, I will say this clearly... I am not an expert and I will never claim to be. I am asked constantly for advice, to take on projects, and for help in exploring a person's sexual curiosity in these matters. I will pass along very few of my personal experiences, and I will pass along many facts established by the medical and psychological community, but I will not pass along specific books, websites, or other technical information. I will not be held responsible. I have found in life that people hear what they want to hear, and do not hear what they do not want to hear. I will do my part, to help educate the curious, but I will not be responsible for what you do with this information. If you need more facts, more supporting evidence of what you find in this book, look it up for yourself... it is out there!

And finally, I will make a few bold statements... this book has been online for just over 5 years since the last update, and in that time it has been accessed over 20 million times, translated into dozens of languages, and is used by thousands of psychologists, psychiatrists, counselors, and therapists as required reading by their patients. At least twice it has been presented to the board of the Benjamin Guidelines. I have received thousands upon thousands of positive comments from readers who mostly state that it is an exact truth about our life, and only three negative comments in all that time, two from 20-something kids pretending to know it all, and one from a full time activist. I will state again that if it is in the media, or stated by "girls" that are "out and proud," especially those that claim to represent us to the world, it is slanted, wrong, and merely garbage used to promote their skewed version of the world, and usually for personal gain. This is reality, like it or not.

Also know that each of these three chapters were written as I experienced them, they were not written in retrospect. I wrote the first chapter about the initial transition as I completed it. I wrote the second chapter about limbo while I was in it, and I wrote the third chapter about stealth after I was stealth for a very long time. So each chapter has a different feel, and each chapter includes only information relevant to that particular process, and leaves necessary information out that only pertains to the following chapters, and thereby, the later phases of the transition. In other words, I could have wrote this book in it's entirety in retrospect, but I chose not to because it is important to understand that you as a person, and as a woman, will feel, react, and behave differently throughout your entire transition. Your reality during the initial transition will definitely be different from your reality afterwards, and this book is intended to portray that reality. What you believe, your experiences, and your attitude towards the world and your situation at first will change as time goes by, just as what is stated in this book changes the further you venture into the following chapters. So keep in mind that there are apparent inconsistencies until you have read the entire thing, and know that until you actually experience all three phases, some of this book will seem a bit contradictory. Have patience, the transition takes time, effort, and a very open mind, as does reading and completely understanding this book. In the end, your life, and the information found in this book, will change. What is important to keep in mind is that both are a journey. Let's keep it all in perspective as we make this journey together.

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Chapter 1

Phase I: The Initial Transition and Reality Check

The Definitions

I will start with the most confusing and misunderstood of all... what exactly is a transsexual. My god, so few really know and understand it! If you are delving into this world, forget what you know and get with the program. All stages of the transgendered are misrepresented in public and the media, so take the time and learn a bit... it will really help you out!

First off, lets start from the beginning. And when I speak of and define the forthcoming terms, remember that each generation puts their own spin on the English language, and the terms used here. I will use the terms and definitions that are mostly used by today's generation. Simply keep in mind that these are the most widely used at the present time, and that others that came before you and those that will come behind you may see things a bit differently.

Transgendered is an umbrella term. It encompasses the entire spectrum of the "sex". All of the following people are transgendered... a crossdresser (CD) a transvestite (TV) a drag queen, a she-male, and a transsexual (TS). And there are people out there who simply refer to themselves as a "transgender" or TG. The term transgendered itself refers to anyone who shares a physical or mental need to align themselves with the opposite sex. So a CD, TV, she-male, drag queen, a

TG, and TS are all transgendered. Now, let's get to specifics, trust me, it is important to you, and to this writing.

A crossdresser is someone who simply wears the clothes of the opposite sex, almost exclusively for sexual gratification. A man who puts on just a pair of panties, or just pantyhose, is just as much a crossdresser as a man who wears an entire outfit, wig, make-up, and jewelry. The amount of clothing, or the type of clothing, does not separate him from the CD group... he is a crossdresser, period. And these people almost exclusively put on women's clothing for sexual gratification only. They put on a silk slip, masturbate, and take it off... then they go on with their typically all male lives.

A transvestite is a little more serious about it. And actually, it would not be right to include all TV's into one group.... there are sub groups. For instance, a TV is normally one who dresses completely.... entire business suits with bras, slips, stockings, garters, pantyhose, shoes, make-up, wig, jewelry, perfume, purse, accessories... the whole nine yards. But more importantly, what separates a TV from a CD is the fact that the TV does it more to complete their inner being than as a method of sexual gratification. No longer is it enough for this man to put on a garter and hose and masturbate, he must dress all the way. And no longer is it a sexual thrill alone, but more of a completion of who and what he is as a person ... he must express the feminine side of his personality.

So, he dresses all the way. And he practices walking, talking, dancing, sitting, standing, and graduates from masturbation to having sex as a woman. He begins to live a serious part of his life as a woman, chooses a name and begins to form a female persona... and most importantly, he begins to live two lives. And THAT is what separates a TV from a CD... a TV begins a new, female life. Almost always in private, limited to a few sexual playmates, usually other TV's, and he sooner or later begins to venture into the real world as a woman. Here, we begin to break the TV into separate sub-categories.

A typical TV is quite closeted. He has a separate and unique side to his personality, that is certain, but he is deep in the closet still. He may have a few friends, or a few select sex partners, but he is, for the most part, very, very closeted. Then there are the ones taking the next step, steps towards becoming something resembling a true transsexual though most TV's never cross that line. But he begins to go out in public, to bars, out shopping, maybe to the movies or dinner, and subtle but serious changes begin to take place. The serious TV learns that women do not always go shopping for blouses at Wal Mart in six inch stilettos and short leather mini skirts, and they stop wearing blue eye shadow and false eye lashes... they become more of an every day girl. They simply get better at it.

While the CD and typical TV are completely satisfied with extremely tight corsets, six inch pumps, and silly girl giggles, the serious TV begins to take herself and her female persona much more seriously. She buys clothes and applies her make-up to befit the situation, and starts blending into society better.... she is simply better at being a woman, a lot less inconspicuous about it. She may eventually begin to live her entire life as a woman except for one or two things.... her job, and her family life. A serious TV is almost indistinguishable from a TS, but only at first glance. The differences are in fact, monstrous in scale.

Drag queens are the most obvious in society, the ones most often seen and heard. They are loud, flamboyant, crass, and quite visible. The drag queen is commonly accepted in society as a transsexual but the truth is very, very different. A drag queen is a gay man in a dress, period. Most try to pass themselves off as a transsexual but they are not! A CD or a TV may very well engage in homosexual behavior from time to time, but they live the rest of their lives as normal straight men. They are married and have children mostly, or are very deeply closeted bi-sexual men who live and work in a very straight society. But a drag queen is an openly gay male that usually only dresses as a woman for drag shows and prostitution. A drag queen is a gay man, who lives almost his entire life as a gay man... at work, at home, in bed... he is a gay man. In his heart and mind, he is gay and proud of it. But a drag queen can become quite a convincing woman... they rarely alter their bodies in any way, but they learn the tricks of the trade... lots of padding, tons of make-up, and big hair. And they are only "women" for very short periods of time... to put on a show, or to have sex with men. And they have sex, like about half the CD's and TV's, as gay men. They not only receive, but they give... they are versatile... both tops and bottoms.

"She-male" is a term taken over by the pornography industry. In Europe, it is a common term used to describe a transsexual, but in America, it is considered a derogatory term when used to describe a transsexual, as insulting as "nigger" is to a black man. But a she-male is a drag queen, a gay man in a dress, that has sex for money, usually in the pornography or prostitution business. She-males make most of the x-rated movies you hear about and see. "She-male" is also very commonly used term used to describe a man who fully "transitions" but keeps his penis. We will get into this in detail later, but a "woman" who keeps her penis is hardly a woman, and most of these people will openly describe themselves as a she-male rather than a transsexual anyway.

So, what separates a transsexual from all the rest? Well, opinions in the medical and psychological community slightly disagree, as they do with all the above descriptions of the CD's, TV's, TG's, drag queens, and she-males above. That is what they do, debate and treat such things. I do not. It is not my place. I am here just to give the broad, most accepted descriptions, not to quibble over the details. But what makes a transsexual a transsexual and not a CD, a TV, a TG, a drag queen, or she-male, are indeed major things, major differences, as you will see.

A transsexual is a person who feels deeply that they were born into the wrong body. From birth and earliest memory, they knew something was wrong. They take drastic steps to physically alter their bodies because they finally face the reality that they cannot change their insides, so they change their outside to match how they feel inside... they get implants, surgically remove the hair from their bodies, start serious and dangerous hormone treatments, get castrated, have any number of facial reconstruction surgeries to feminize their face, and have many, many other things done to themselves.

Now, you can say that a TV or a drag queen can and have been known to do some of these things. You are correct, in today's society it is very, very easy to get your hands on hormones, grow or implant breasts, and change your name, but all of that is meaningless. Exactly what or how far a man goes to transform his body does not in itself make him a transsexual. In other words, if that were the case, then defining a transsexual would be easy. Let's say that the medical, legal, and psychological communities all got together and established that a specific

number of medical alterations had to take place before a man can be considered a transsexual. And let's say that it was a specific number of physical alterations and/or a specific hormone balance. Then the definition would be something like this: A transsexual is defined as a man who has breasts implants and at least 15 out of 25 possible facial feminization surgeries, and has a estrogen level of at least 385 and a testosterone level below 50. Well, life, and human sexuality, are not that simple. Surgeries alone do not define a transsexual, and it can safely be argued that they have nothing to do with it at all.

A transsexual so feels that they are trapped in the wrong body that they simply begin to live their entire life as the sex they feel they should be. Real simple, and real complicated at the same time. You see, a true TS always lives full time, regardless of the dangers, losses suffered, and problems incurred. They ARE women, mentally, emotionally, spiritually, financially, sexually, and last but not least, take serious steps to physically alter their bodies to make them female. A transsexual cannot change all the other things, she was born that way, but she can change her outsides to match her insides. A transsexual lives, thinks, loves, works, and *is*, a woman.

Though every member of the transgendered community feels a serious connection to the world of the opposite sex, a transsexual is one who feels that from earliest memory that they were born into the wrong body and take serious steps to correct the problem. They live their lives as they feel it was meant to be lived, and in every aspect of life, quite naturally think and behave as a woman. They receive no thrills or gratification from women's clothing, wearing such things is simply a reflection of who they are, period. For all other transgendered people, living as, feeling like, or having sex like a woman is a choice... they choose when and where, what and for how long. A transsexual has no such choices to make... she was born that way... a woman in a man's body. A genetic and hormonal birth defect. The topic of our next discussion!

The Facts of Human Sexuality

Oh boy, just take my word and do your own research on this one! But here I go, shaking up the real world with what every psychological and medical professional already knows (except for the Bible thumpers, who still hold that a 600 year old man built an ark, and people walked on water) but, it has been established, and here we go:

All mammal babies, and we humans are mammals too, were conceived in our mothers womb as females. In nature, when mammal sperm hits egg, a female is created. In the case of humans as with other primates, a series of hormonal baths pour forth from the mother and over the fetus. There are three main times this happens... the first effects the brain and it's functions, and remember that the brain is the biggest sexual organ, and the second determines the physical characteristics of the fetus... it gives it either a penis or a vagina. The third hormone bath sort of cements the whole thing together.

Now, these are not the only times a fetus receives hormones, just the main times. And let's break this down a bit further. A man produces testosterone in about 12 different places in his body and estrogen in about 3 different places. A woman produces estrogen in about 15 different places in her body and testosterone in about 5 different places. Now, let's take a closer look at that pregnant female, producing all that estrogen and testosterone and other sexually defining

chemicals throughout her body... maybe she was under physical stress for a few days and mental stress for a week a while later, lost a lot of sleep another time and ate the wrong foods a few other times. Maybe she had too much of one food and not enough of another. But each person is different. Each person is unique... no two women produce the exact same amount of estrogen and testosterone during pregnancy. And even if they did, it would not matter, each child born into this world will still be uniquely different because of the variations in the hormone production due to the lifestyle of the mother before and during pregnancy.

But let's just say that every mother ever to have lived produced the exact same amounts of hormones, and that they were released at the exact same time on every baby ever to be born... each child would still be uniquely different because of genetics.

The "gay" gene has been around since the dawn of time. The first plants and animals on the planet were asexual or close to it. From these simple single celled things, all life evolved. All mammals have what can only be considered "gay sex"... males that have sex with males, and females that have sex with females. That is a fact. All of the mammals, all of the apes, and we are apes, engage in homosexual behavior. Homosexual behavior is universal, and normal, and quite natural. And, it is passed on through sex... we pass it on through our genes. There is no such thing as a perfectly straight human... everyone is gay to a point, whether or not we act upon our impulses and desires or not, we all at least *think* gay. It is part of being human, part of being an animal, and part of being a living thing which evolved on this planet.

Now, take both ideas and combine them and you have the full spectrum of human sexuality. No two people are the same. That is a result of genetics. No two people behave the same way. That is a result of genetics and experience. And no two people's sexuality is the same, that is a result of genetics, experience, and hormones. There are over six billion people on the planet. That means that there are over six billion different forms of human sexuality. Like snowflakes, the sexual orientation of a human being is as different and unique as any other... no two are the same. We are all the result of genetic and hormonal birth defects when it comes to our sexual orientation... the same as any other birth defect... like retardation, autism, missing a limb or digit, or cancer. And we are all gay, to a point. These are facts... look them up! But a true transsexual? Well, that is a person that was given a female brain and a male body. Just another one of the six billion birth defects out there!

And remember, we all started out as females and were either made to be more or less female as a fetus. This explains why the vast majority of transsexuals are males... nature is not perfect... it does not make mistakes, *it simply makes variations*. All human beings are nothing more than variations of a female animal. We are already mostly female! Give us a penis in the process, you have a transgendered person! Give it a mostly female brain with a penis, and you have a transsexual.

We can talk about this for hours, but there you have the basics. Now, why is all this important to you? Well, most people who are taking the time to read this need help. They are either transgendered themselves and are asking themselves tough questions, or they are attracted to the transgendered sexually and asking themselves a lot of questions. Now you have your answers. If

you need more, it is out there, look it up for yourself! But let move on to the real reason you are here... you want to be a woman, right?

The Transsexual Story

I have noticed that when transsexuals get together, they talk about the things any other group of women talk about. They rarely talk about their lives as a transsexual because the life of any one transsexual is the same as any other. There is a saying in the TS community: "Every transsexual has led the exact same life... just change the names, the dates, and the places, and they are interchangeable." So when two or more TS's gather together, they talk about movies, dating, the weather, and planned vacations. When CD's and TV's get together, they talk about clothes and high heels, dressing up and going out, and the thrill of being a woman. My point to all this? Listen... all TS's have led the exact same life, only the minor details change. Is it yours?

In the beginning, it is all the same... somewhere between ages 4 and 6, a TS feels different, that they are a girl. At some time shortly after, they discover they were born a boy... and that's when the real trouble starts. What to do? Well, most immediately start dressing, others wait until they are in their teen years, and here is where the same TS story differs in minor details.

There are basically two types of TS's, those that begin the transition between 16 and 20 or so, and those that begin their transition very late in life, around 38-45. Let's talk about the least common first, the early transitioners.

These are quite rare. And they are rare not because they are rare in life, almost all TS's would transition at age 16 if given the chance, but as we will see later, very few are given the chance. Parents play a huge role in this. Some are pretty intelligent and recognize a problem; they seek out psychiatrists and doctors for their child and try to right a wrong they have come to accept. They place their 15 or 16 year old boy on hormones and pay for the professional care that will see them through the change. And with a young body, one that has not matured, once on hormones, the changes are immediate and drastic. A young man on hormones quite literally turns into a woman, they are so much more effective on a young body, one that has not fully developed yet. Breasts grow large, female shape in the hips and thighs and rear develop, and a thick head of hair blossoms. The voice changes even more, everything gels, and by age 22 or 24, they are 100% passable, blending into society and never heard from again. They go into what is referred to in the TS community "stealth mode". The rest of us are not so lucky.

These are the rare TS's, you can see many of these young ladies from time to time before they go stealth. They are the very young, vibrant, loud and fun loving girls bouncing around out there, fully enjoying the ignorance of youth in a near perfect body with most of their problems solved! They can find work and friends, are accepted and pass, do drag shows and get dates, and sooner or later get married and just plain disappear. A wonderful life story, but very, very rare.

The typical TS story goes like this... a child grows up thinking she will be a woman when she gets older, so somewhere between 4 and 6, they start dressing like it. Their parents discourage it, chase them around and yell at them, threaten them and beat them, call them names and say things like, "something's wrong with you!", and "do that again and I will beat the shit out of you!".

They are told that they will end up in hell, that nobody will accept them, and that they are in fact boys. And society helps... they get beaten up at school, called "queer" and "faggot", and are continually ridiculed. So, they immediately start to hide who they really are.

The secret crossdressing begins, usually about age six. Maybe with panties under the jeans, and literally in closets, basements, and attics. Anywhere where Mom and Dad won't see. Beatings are common, yelling is normal, but an overwhelming feeling that the child is "not right" is prevalent. So, the child learns to hide it. And to please her parents, she becomes a "man" and this sets a dangerous and wasteful life-long pursuit. The young feminine boy learns to hide his real self and project an almost unreal, macho persona to the world. A typical TS spends her teen years, her young adult years, and eventually goes into middle age doing typically macho things... joining the military, jumping out of airplanes, getting into fights, working in construction, driving trucks, getting married and having children... all to hide who she really is. A TS spends most of her life doing typically male things, overcompensating to hide her true, female self. And eventually, it all falls apart.

The psychological community which deals with the transgendered has a set of guidelines they use... after generations and generations of transgendered folk were studied and analyzed, they came up with this age formula... the typical transsexual begins the transition from male to female between ages 38 and 40, add approximately 2.5 years for every child she has.

Why does this formula work, and why is it so accurate? Listen closely young ones... many things happen to you as you approach age 40. One of the biggest is that your body seriously begins to decrease its output of testosterone. This is serious business, hon, without testosterone, you no longer can do all those things that overcompensated for your female side... sports decline, sexual appetite for women declines, you stop working out, you stop feeling like a man, and you stop feeling that you should continue to act like a man. And your feminine side explodes in the vacuum left behind. You dress more often, you take more chances, you buy more clothes, you see more men... you become more of a woman, physically, mentally, spiritually, and sexually. The stop-gap measure you have been hiding behind for so many years simply disappears... you are in trouble. But there is more.

Around age 40 or so, people in your life start having heart attacks, are diagnosed with cancer and other diseases, and begin to die. This gives you a firm sense of your own mortality and you begin to reorganize your priorities... you realize that life is short. And your crossdressing and transgendered behavior increases in amount, quality, and chance taking. Maybe you ever get caught about now. Then, enter the children thing.

Transsexuals get married and have children at a young age, almost all do, in an effort to hide who they really are. They fill the traditional role of the male of the species... they become husbands and fathers. But around age 40 or so, your children begin to near maturity. We marry young and have children young... so say you marry about age 18-20 or so, have children, and they grow up and either leave at age 18 or stick around a few years for college and leave at age 20 or so. Do the math... marry at 20, kid leaves at 20, you are 40... ha! Now, add another 2.5 years for every other child you had and the formula begins to take shape... you transition after your biological needs and purpose have been met.

You hid who you were your entire life, you overcompensated to hide who you were, you fucked up and got married and had children. You binged and purged, bought and threw out your clothes, hid them in boxes and bags in the closet, attic, and office. You had secret meetings in hotels and the back of adult video theaters and your own bedroom where your wife sleeps... but now, now you can see the light at the end of the tunnel... your testosterone level approaches zero, you realize that life is short, and your children are almost grown... your bell is about to go off. You are about to start your transition.

The Bell Going Off

This is a little story I invented and like to tell. It has started to spread among the TS community because it is so fitting... I actually had it told to me once by someone who heard it from someone who heard it from someone who heard it from me! I call it, "Your Bell Going Off".

You see, every transsexual is like a thoroughbred horse. A thoroughbred is born and bred to do one thing... to run. Its genetics combine with its training, but you are talking about an animal simply born to run. Have you ever been to the horse races? At first, the horses are in their stalls being groomed. They know this place, they know these smells and these sounds and these people. They know that sooner or later, a bell will go off and they will run. But for now, they are safe in their stall, surrounded by comfortable things, they have time.

Soon, they are saddled and taken for a walk, down past the people and onto the track. The jockey mounts them and they know that the bell is getting closer. They do not know exactly when the bell is going to go off, but they know it will go off soon. They get a bit more excited, anxious. There is a nervous spring in their step, and anxiety begins to mount.

Then they are taken to the track. They know this track, this dirt. They perk up and it takes a jockey and another rider to keep him calm, he knows the time is coming... soon, he does not know exactly when, but soon, the bell will go off. Then he is placed in the gate... he jumps and bucks, the excitement is feverish, it's close! He can tell! The jockey holds him in tight and tries to calm him, but he knows soon, the bell will go off. Then, suddenly, the bell goes off. And what does that horse do? Does he sit and wait, relax? Kick back and saunter out of the gate? No, he runs. And he runs like hell. He runs like hell because that is what he was born to do, when the bell goes off. Transsexuals are like thoroughbreds... when their bell goes off, they run like hell too.

Crossdressers, "transgenders", transvestites, and she-males, they are horses, but they are not thoroughbreds... their bell never goes off. All TS's will hear that bell go off sooner or later, or they are not a TS. And when that bell goes off, they run... they have no choice in the matter... it is what they were born to do. As you approach 40 and all the things combine... the lack of testosterone, your age and mortality, your biological duties fulfilled, your feminine side screaming at you to explore and live the way you were meant to... your bell goes off... you have to live as a woman or put a bullet in your head.

When your bell goes off, you simply shut down. It is very similar to a nervous breakdown where all systems fail at once. You are helpless, it is not a choice. You realize that you can no longer

function in society as a male, at all. You can no longer function as a male physically, mentally, emotionally, spiritually, sexually, or financially... all maleness disappears, all the years of pent-up femininity explode, and the conflict completely and totally shuts you down. It is agonizing, it is real, and it is NOT a choice. Your body tells you... your bell goes off, and you run. You become a woman or you commit suicide. It is not something you hope for or want, trust me.

So, here you are... what it is to become a woman. Most of you are here because you have this choice to make, you want more info and you think it would be cool to be a woman. I hear it all the time, how it must be wonderful to be living as I always hoped, how great it must be to wear women's clothes all the time, how proud they are of me for my courage, how great I am for handling it so well. And I am sick to death over all the comments about the "choice" I made. It is not a choice... there is no wonder to be found in clothing, and it has nothing to do with courage. It's genetic and hormonal, your bell either goes off or it doesn't, and if it does, you either run or you hang yourself. Read on.

The Choice

Most of the transgendered have a choice, but no transsexual does. As a CD, a TV, or a she-male, you can choose when and where, what and for how long. You can decide to go out Saturday or to date some guy tonight... as a woman or a man. A transsexual has no such choice. Listen closely...

Transsexualism is like a tornado. The tornado is the only force in nature that is entirely destructive. Fires destroy everything, but they clear away dead underbrush and fertilize the soil... it even is required for many flowering plants and trees to germinate. Hurricanes, rains, floods, mudslides, wind, earthquakes, all destroy but build... marshes and wetlands, mountains and valleys... all violent forces of nature in effect are required for life on this planet. But not a tornado... it is just a violent force of nature which destroys and leaves behind nothing but desolation.

Transsexualism is like that... it destroys everything. It takes away wives from husbands and husbands from wives, children from their fathers... It destroys families and friendships, it takes away all jobs and sources of income, your life insurance, your medical and dental insurance, your eyeglass insurance, your retirement, your house, your home, your everything. Everything you knew and loved, were once comfortable with, were happy with. It takes it all.

It takes all you have, but yet you must rebuild. You must build a brand new life with no tools, no money, no help, no family and no friends... You must create an entire new life, an entire new person, from scratch, with nothing. You surrender all you knew and loved, all your hope and self respect, and you trade it all for nothing more than a closet full of slutty club clothes and a few spike heeled shoes. You give up everything and what do you get in return? Prejudice and anger, misunderstanding and ridicule, beatings and death in the streets. You cannot get a job, you have no money, and the world insists that it constantly remind you that you do not belong... because you made a choice... a choice to live as a 6 foot tall, broad shouldered, ugly, hairy man in a dress. A choice to give up all you had for the right to wear pantyhose in public. Right.

Most of you reading this still have a choice. Others who are reading it already had their bell go off, and trust me, they remember that day. They had to sit down their wives and children, explain to their families and friends, decide how they were to do this, figure what to do for the job, and a million other things. It hit them hard.

But you others? You still bounce from man to woman with ease and just dream of days of satin and hosiery, of going to grand balls in elegant gowns and being swept off your feet by a tall dark stranger. Ready for reality? Let's take it one step at a time...

The Wife

All of you who are married or have a significant other most likely they already know about your crossdressing. Maybe they even go shopping with you, buy you earrings and skirts for your birthday and Christmas, maybe they even go out with you on occasion as "girls" and everything seems alright. Let's look at this closer.

She married a man and ends up with a crossdressing freak who looks better in heels than she does. She watches you primp and preen in front of a mirror and laughs. When you first told her, her immediate response was, "Are you gay?" No, you insist, it is just another part of me, a lot of men do it. True, so true. Millions upon millions of men do it, they keep Fredericks of Hollywood and wig manufacturers very wealthy, in fact. An entire industry has arisen, from hair removal products to specialty shoes... a multi-billion dollar a year industry. So, fool her for now and tell her it is only a part of you, that this is all there is to it. Like so many other men out there.

Well, let's be for real here. No matter your age or phase in this transition or journey you are on, go back and remember for me a bit. It started out small... your mothers or sisters pantyhose, dressing in the basement when no one was home. Then you got older and went to amazing lengths to gain women's clothing, stealing them from girlfriends, going through resale shop dumpsters, telling the clerk it was for your wife. As you got older, your crossdressing became more and more serious, complicated, and often... what does the future hold? What? The urge to dress will lessen? It will level out? It will never be more than this? Do not kid yourself... it has always grown and it always will. Now, talk to your wife again.

Tell her this is it, but the next thing you know, your dressing in full with half of the stuff you are wearing coming from her closet and half from the stuff in your hidden boxes, with a splash of things she bought for you on the side. Think back to how things have progressed and look at her honestly and tell her you can control it. Go ahead, fall for the trap we have all fallen for... after all, you CAN control it, just like you always have... right?

But you know your life and your wife better than me, so you start going out. A few times a year, and then once every few months, and then once a month. Maybe you travel a lot and bring special clothes, maybe she travels a lot and you dress at home and have company over. But as time goes by, your secret female life grows. While out, you meet others like you, and you are encouraged. And you begin having more sex behind her back. You are out, dressed in drag, going to bars, having sex, and acting like a woman, and your wife, who married a man, is home

relaxing, reading a good book or watching a movie, patiently waiting for her "man" to come home from the gay bars. Right. This will have a happy ending.

If you are going out to gay bars in drag while your wife is at home, please accept the reality of the situation and know that she is doing something just as outrageous. I know, I don't know her, I don't know everything. Well, I do know the world of the transgendered, and this is more common than anyone suspects. Plus, I know human nature. You see, all humans lead three lives... a personal life, a private life, and a secret life. All people.

You act one way around your family, you act another way around your friends, co-workers, and the strangers you meet on a daily basis, and you act another way when you are alone, don't you? Well, so does your wife. If you expect her to go along with this forever, you are seriously mistaken. First of all, what she is going along with was a seed once.... now it is a large tree. One day, it will continue to grow into a tall oak. And she knows this. Maybe you, she, or both of you are in denial, but that does not last forever. It gives way to anger, pain, accusations, suffering, confrontation, and the deal.

The deal never works out... you have had a taste of it, what it is like out there, what it is like to be like, dress like, and have sex like a woman. But you have made a deal... you will stop or curb it, and she will be happy. Okay. Whatever. You cannot stop, and she will never be happy. I have no advice for you when it comes to your significant other. All I can tell you is that what you feel now always has and always will become stronger over time, and that she eventually will not put up with it. Fool yourself, but do not fool me.

But let's say your bell goes off... well, I will let the statistics speak for me. About 75% of marriages can withstand an affair, the odds seriously decrease when the one partner cheats with the same sex. But one out of a thousand or so marriages can withstand a transsexual partner... if that. I have seen them on television but I have never known one personally or heard about one from a friend who knew a friend type thing. It is unheard of, except on the Discovery Channel specials about the transgendered, and almost always involving people who have hit the age of retirement. Why retirement? Simple... At age 60 or 70 or so, what do they care? Sex is pretty much out of the question, perhaps no longer a part of their lives, but the relationship still exists. Who wants to start over, dating at age 65 and going on the hunt for the person who will see them through death? Parents are no longer alive, the question of work is mute, and no one really cares about a 70 year old man in a dress. But can it happen to you at age 40 or so? Sure, and you can win the lottery too. But be prepared for a miserable, dramatic, and heart-wrenching time dealing with this when it comes to your wife. And then, there is your family too. You see, here is what you can expect when you tell your family... to your wife, your children, your mother and father, sister and brothers. It is treated exactly like a death, they all go through all the same emotional steps: surprise, shock, denial, anger, acceptance. At first, they will be stunned, and want to know if you have gone crazy. They will plan an intervention and make excuses for you, treat you as if you went insane, but you have finally convinced them... nope, I need to live the rest of my life as a woman. Then they become angry. They accuse you of misleading them, lying to them, and they become violently angry towards you. They ask questions like, "How could you do this to me?" and "What am I gonna tell my family/friends?" Ironic, isn't it? They want to know how something you were born with is responsible to their happiness. Answer that one!

But the anger phase can often last forever. You will most likely never hear from any family ever again, that is just the odds at work. Why? Read a book or two. I can tell you but I would need a book or two, and you don't really want to know all that, do you? And what about your children? Well, I can throw more statistics at you if you like. Most children of a transsexual find out when they are teenagers. If they are going through puberty at age 14-17 or so, they never understand, fall into depression, blame you, and hate you for "doing this to them". And think about it; how can you blame them? Here they are, going through puberty themselves, just now finding out and struggling with their own sexuality, sexual identity and feelings, and here you come telling them that their Dad is really a woman. You will hear from them again when they are about age 30 or 35, after they become parents themselves and want their own children to know their "grandmother" before she dies. You typically will be in your sixties, long past the glory days of satin corsets and spike heeled patent leather pumps.

Children who find out as youngsters, long before puberty, have a better chance of accepting the situation, yet as they grow older, they tend to distance themselves from such a serious source of embarrassment. But it is this group that statistically tends to keep the relationship open throughout life. Children who find out beyond puberty, as young adults (18-24 or so) usually come around in about five years, they get over it quicker because they are in a better position mentally and sexually to deal with it to start with. The danger is hitting them during the sexually formative teen years when they are just learning the truth about their own sexuality... then, you throw them this curveball... their father is a woman. Ouch.

And then there are your friends. The friend thing is funny, but quite understandable in the end. You will lose all of them when you transition, just accept that. And think about it for a minute before you deny that. Yes, your friends are your friends. You became friends because you bonded and you bonded over things you have in common. Now, tell your beer buddies, your softball buddies, your hunting and fishing buddies, and your co-workers, that you are a woman. See what they do! Most simply freak out... they wonder, "Why was he interested in me? Was it a sex thing?", and then they freak out even more. You will never hear from 90% of them again. The other 10% will stick around for the "curious" factor... they want to see you as a woman, see how you act, see how you look... they are just curious, and they will behave well at first, just like old times. They may even go out with you, to clubs, dinner, to see a band or have a drink... but eventually, nothing is the same.

If you think that you will transition and still be the same person, you have no idea of what you are doing. Go back to Start, rethink, and begin again. You are transitioning because you ARE different, and this is what makes all the difference to your friendships! What drew you together, what kept you together, is gone now. If you think you will still hunt and fish and play ball and chase women together, you are wrong... Talk to me a few months after you get on hormones and start wearing a skirt every day. You may still do these things from time to time, but they are no longer a way of life, a life you shared with other people. The bond is broken, and the friendship will dissolve, given time.

Some friends do try their best. They go through the same sense of loss and ask the same questions and get just as angry as your wife, children, and family did. Then they come around, thinking to themselves, "Jeez, he lives as a woman but he is still the same person inside". True,

sort of. But the mechanics and the dynamics of the relationship change, permanently and drastically. All T-girls experience it. A few friends stick around, out of curiosity and love, but eventually, one by one, they fade away too. It is inevitable, just realize it now, accept it, enjoy it while it lasts, and move on with your life.

But let's put things in a true perspective here. You see, when we all start out, we do in fact think stupid things like "my friends, family, and children, even the world, should understand! I am the same!" Hey, Sparky, no you're not.

If you are a real transsexual, you were born a woman. All you did after the childhood beatings and ridicule was designed to cover up the truth through exaggeration. You learned to become a man, to project the image of a man to the world. You were not though. It was, in fact, all a lie. Many of us do not fully understand this until well after we transition, but the truth is that they cannot possibly stick around afterwards, most of them, anyway. You *are* different, you *did* lie to them, it *was* all fake, you are a mystery to them, and you are a different person than the one they knew! Like idiots, we transition and expect them to understand. No, they won't understand. They will be confused, angry, sad, and sometimes furious with you. Sometimes a single lie can destroy a relationship... think about what 40+ years of lies will do to them. Now, with all this said about wives, family, friends, and children, you have to face a certain reality... you will lose most or all of them given time. This is very hard to take, and very hard to handle at first. You want them to understand, accept, and go on like nothing happened. But something very big has happened... you have taken the steps to live your life as a woman instead of the person they knew. All you can do is love them, help them, and try your best to keep any sort of relationship going. But sooner or later the reality becomes obvious, and you must let go of the past. You must move on with your life.

The Life

Oh my god, the life. So you want to be a T-girl? Fill your life with silk and roses and all things feminine... live happily ever after? Right. Hon, it is a tornado. It strips you of everything and leaves you with nothing. And you have to start all over, create an entire new person, and entire new life... with nothing. It is not all silk and roses.

You become a woman. So what. There are over 3 billion other women in the world, hon, and their lives are not all silk and roses! Besides, they have a leg up on you... they were born women! And their lives are still difficult and there is still prejudice and they are still at risk. Transitioning is difficult at best, but when all is said and done, you are still a woman... the weaker sex... the underpaid sex... the sex object of men. You still have to eat, get a job, make money, and step outside. Every day. For every reason. Your life as a person changes; you become a woman, big deal. Now you have to face the world every day the same way you did as a man, only now, you are a tall, ugly, hairy, deep voiced, broad shouldered woman. And it gets worse, much worse for you.

Think about it from here on out. Every time you go somewhere, do something, step outside your house... think about doing whatever it is you are doing now, only as a woman. Just because you transition does not mean that you are going to stop living life. You still have to go to the post

office and mail things off. You still have to go to the hardware store for nuts and bolts. You still have to go buy milk, and butter, and ice cream. You still have to go argue with salesmen, cut the lawn, and wash the car. Whatever you do, every errand you run, every person you stand in front of, every person you meet for the next few weeks, imagine that you are in drag... a tall, hairy woman. In broad daylight. Standing there, talking to them. Trying to get things done.

And that broad daylight, face-to-face thing is for real. You may be used to dressing in your own home. You look good in front of the mirror, hon. And maybe you venture out, go to a gay bar or two at night for a few hours before all you have created falls apart and you have to run home like Cinderella. And maybe you even go out in daylight once in a while, shopping or out to eat. That is fine, hon, good for you. But things are different now... they are every day. They are every minute of every day, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year... forever. But now, step outside in the broad daylight, where every closely shaved hair protrudes just a little bit, where your heavy make-up will melt in minutes, where you are under the microscope, looking directly at a man across a counter, literally two feet away, explaining in detail what you want or need. Think about it, and think about it hard. That is all I have to say about that.

But you still wish to transition... Hell, your bell went off, or worse, you have made a decision, and you will do it. Okay, do it. But be prepared. Of the millions of men who attempt the transition, less than 15% make it, and that 15% certainly does not have it easy. Think about this too... the 85% that fail? They go back to living as a man, in the comfortable world they knew and can function in. They have it easy. It is the remainder, the ones who stick it out, the ones who face complication and uncertainty, laughter and ridicule and anger and hate every single day... it is they who *have* to do it. No one gives up their wife, their lover, their best friend, their children and their family, their house and their home, the family pet and all their friends, their job and their security, their insurance and their retirement, their comfort and their safety, just to prance around in a dress in public.

The ones that see it through, the ones who give all this up just to be snickered at in public, they are a true transsexuals. And dear, the honest truth is that thousands upon thousands of people who attempt it end up committing suicide. A repeated truth in the media and among the circles of professionals that care for us through the transition is starkly ugly... up to 50% of us end up committing suicide. Am I trying scare you? No, just trying to prepare you. Oh, but you are strong, you can handle it. Read on, pumpkin, things change. Rapidly, severely, and mercilessly, but they change for everyone. And you are no different than anyone else.

The Transition

Oh my, every T-girl on the planet can tell you how to do this; they are all experts, they know it all, and they did it right. Sure they did. That's why the vast majority have to go back to their self-destroyed world and try to patch things up as a man again, or end up with a suicide note next to their bloody head asking to be buried in their best pink chiffon dress. How do you transition? Well, honestly, that part is easy. Dealing with your new life as a woman on a daily basis, well, no one and nothing can prepare you for that.

But the actual transition easy. I will direct you to one resource and only one resource during this entire, long-winded oration. And they are the Benjamin Guidelines for the Care and Treatment of the Transgendered. Find them on the net, read them word for word, and understand everything they say, and I mean it. Why did I take the time to write this little book of mine? To make money? Influence people? Win friends? Nope, none of the above. I did it because so many people need help and there is so much bullshit information out there.

You have looked at all the silly feminine websites out there from Crossdresser Sally and Terri-the-TV to Jean's World and The Rose Garden... you know, the giggling female wannabees who have websites with flowers and pink scripted writing all over them. They talk about their wonderful lives in spike heels and satin corsets, giggle about the silky clothing, and flirt with the boys as if they were a 45 year old schoolgirl. You may have admired them, tried to contact them, maybe you even met a few in hotel rooms for sex. But you had to meet them in a hotel room... a transsexual does not have to.

Or worse, maybe you have found "real" transsexuals on the net... famous, infamous, and very public transsexuals... you know, those "transsexual success stories". You have visited their sites, been on their chat lines, bought their products and bought into their world. You have been listening to the wrong people, searching out information in the wrong places. Find the Benjamin Guidelines, forget the rest. And soon.

The Benjamin Guidelines are where to start, and end, your transition. You need nothing more. If you get past the technical information and you still feel the need to transition, they tell you how. Real simple, only three steps. Find a psychiatrist, get your walking papers, take them to a doctor, get the hormones, take all that documentation to a lawyer, get your name and gender changed, start living full time as a legal woman. Ta-daa! You have transitioned! Easy, but not easy. Read on, young lady.

You do not go to just any psychiatrist; you go to one that specializes and deals only in the care and treatment of the transgendered. You do not use yours, your wife's, your brothers or your friend's psychiatrist. You do not use a family one, and you do not use the one another girl used... you seek out and find one that deals directly with the transgendered for a living, even if you have to travel across state lines. And even if you have to go for a year. Or two. Or three. I cannot over emphasize how important this is, though it will be brought up again and again. And, we have already covered many of the reasons... you lose everything, you have nothing, and you are faced with the most difficult life any human being can possibly be faced with... you have to change sexes. Go to an expert. Go to a pro. Go to your buddy's recommended psychiatrist and you will fail... miserably.

These people know what to look for, and can fix what needs fixing if the need be. You need this, you will have to start with an expert. Not to do so is a critical error and you are wasting your time and money. You will talk to them and tell them your story, and then they will talk to you and figure things out. You may be there for a few months, you may be there a few years, but without their approval and advice, you will get nowhere. Have girls done it other ways? Yes, and everything Donald Trump touches turns to gold. These are the exceptions. Be smart. The odds are heavily stacked against you already... the odds are that you will fail. Do not increase those

odds... reduce them. Go to a psychiatrist that specializes in the transgendered. Talk, listen, and learn. Go from there, heed her advice, learn from her!

But, eventually or immediately, you get your walking papers. This is a simple document, nothing more than a letter actually, from the shrink stating that you are under the care of a professional and working towards a sex change operation or a gender change. This is fairly meaningless to a cop when he yanks you out of a car and throws you into a male holding cell while your wig is at the Sergeants desk and you are being eyed by Big Bubba. But it helps, a lot. You need it, it is nice to have, and it explains things if the need arises. And just because you are transitioning does not mean that you will be left alone by the cops, or not given hell in a restaurant for using the ladies room, or kicked out of a mall or Six Flags for violating their "family friendly policies". It is not a magic wand, but it does help.

But more importantly, this piece of paper is necessary for the next step. The shrink recommends a doctor, and again, it is not just any doctor, it is one that specializes in the care and treatment of the transgendered. You do not use your family practitioner or one recommended by TV Tessie from the internet; you go to an expert. Hormones are very dangerous drugs and can kill, maim, and destroy human beings. Go to a pro. Discuss the options, the drugs, and the side effects... and pay for the tests! Do it right! But you have to do it because of the third and final step... the name and gender change.

And again, dammit, do not use the family lawyer, your buddy's lawyer, or CD Mary's lawyer... Find one who has done this before. If you have to look for months, travel out of state, do whatever it takes, but go to the right lawyer. Now a lot of transsexuals will tell you all about how to do it yourself for \$65 at the local courthouse. Don't do it. They either got very lucky or they only partially succeeded. You do not need failure, you will have enough of that. And you certainly do not need partial success, all your legal documents split between a male and a female. Do it right. It is not the lawyer, but who the lawyer knows. You do not need the right lawyer, but a lawyer that can get you in front of the right judge... *that* is the key. Get the wrong judge, you are screwed—and hard. The right judge and you have your name and gender legally changed, and can have your drivers license and social security card changed that same day, sometimes in the very same building! I had my court date and both documents changed inside of 45 minutes. I did it right. You do it right too.

A side note here: since 9-11, most states have changed their rules when it comes to name and gender changes, and things are not so simple in most courts. For instance, many require you to show a birth certificate when trying to get a drivers license from another state, or when changing the sex on one from the same state. Increasingly, many states allow a gender change on a drivers license with a simple note from a doctor, *any* doctor! But as simple as that is, you have to ask yourself when will you be ready for such a drastic change... immediately upon your transition? Or after you work out a few bugs, like a steady job and family knowing. Now, of course, if you had the letter from a sex change doctor which can get your birth certificate legally changed, then you do not have a problem. We will talk about all that later on, but you do need to know the laws in your state, and you will have to tread very lightly, do your homework and a lot of research, and perhaps spend a lot of time and money on this. But if you are a TS, then you will find a way.

Now, once you have your drivers license and social security card changed with your new name and gender, you take those to everyone you owe money to... you change the information on your credit cards, your utility bills, your rent, mortgage, even your magazine subscriptions...everyone. You have your car title and registration changed, you change your name and gender on insurance documents, wills, anything and everything that has your old name on it. You just do it. I sat down in front of a computer, a phone, and a fax machine and changed 95% of all of it in a three day period. Not easy, but you will be surprised. If you do it right, no one can argue... all they simply need the supporting documentation, and you have it: a court order, a drivers license, and a social security card. Your old name and gender will not exist in a week; the new you will have completely, totally, and legally replaced him. Forever.

And of course, you will hear the stories from the transgendered community, how Billie changed her name herself. Great... anyone can change a name, it is simple and quick. You can change your name to a symbol or number for \$65, but who cares? You need a gender change. A legal and lasting one. You need that judge, you need no restrictions, you need it clean. Don't listen to them, listen to Doctor Benjamin; the entire medical, psychiatric, and legal world does, but some of these idiot girls think they know it all. I have meet serious TV's and actual transsexuals who never heard of the Benjamin Guidelines! Want to hear a story? Listen to theirs! Talk about a hard life!

So now you know how to do it. As I said, the mechanics are easy, the rest is hard. Let's begin by talking about those hormones...

Those Hormones!

Oh my, my... all the wonderful things you hear about hormones! The magic pills that grow boobs! The wonderful drugs that give you a feminine figure overnight! Make the hair on your arms disappear! The Life Blood of a T-girl, the Elixir of Life!

Get real, hon, right now, and I mean it. You are fucking around with serious mind and body altering drugs that leave permanent scars and cause irreversible effects, complications, damage, diseases, and death. Now here is where every T-girl I ever met swears up and down that they know it all. You most likely have already heard fantastic stories about them, how easy they are to get, and which ones to take. My god, grow up. So you want to be a T-girl? Be a living one. Be one without permanently damaging your body. Be one that does not drive herself insane. Be a smart one.

Research the drugs from reputable sources, Not Transvestite Tootsie from iwannabeagirl.com! Then go to the doc and talk! A lot! Ask questions, get answers, seek out options, get on a plan, and get tested regularly! Spend the money!

The normal routine for the transition consists of three drugs; two forms of estrogen (usually Estradiol and Premarin) and one form of anti-androgen (a testosterone blocker, usually Spironolactone). These are effective drugs, they do in fact work, and they are in fact quite easy to get from the net, Mexico, or the streets. But they are quite dangerous... each of them. And more

importantly, the forms they come in each have their own benefits and drawbacks, and all are severe in nature. DO YOUR HOMEWORK! Talk to the doctor, and above all... go slowly!

I hear all the time how wonderful it must be to finally be on them! How great they are! How well they work! I hear from crossdressers and transvestites how they long for them, can't wait to get on them, that they absolutely need them! Let's be for real here.

Yes, a T-girl pretty much needs a hormone treatment to go full time, and it is pretty much a necessity if you plan on the actual SRS, or GRS, Sex (or Genital) Reassignment Surgery. Can you transition without them? Of course... just follow the three steps and start living as a woman! Besides, it is done all the time! Many people cannot take these drugs simply because they *are* drugs, very dangerous drugs, and not everyone can take every kind of drug out there. But my biggest concern are those who pine away for them, cannot wait to get on them, and "need" them. No, you do not need them. I look at it this way... if you need hormones to become a woman, then you are only playing woman... it is a choice you are making. Either you are a woman from birth, or you are deciding to become one, and I have never agreed with the decision to become one.

If this is you, if your bell has not gone off, if you have no intention of ever going full time, then stay away from these drugs. Period. They are not magic bullets, but they are bullets! They can kill and seriously destroy you! Listen up...

I am no doctor, but I do know a few things. For one, any form of estrogen being introduced into a male body has side effects. And some quite serious side effects. Mainly, they cause blood clots in lungs and the legs. These can break away, travel to your heart and brain, and you die. Hon, if this happens, you will be dead before you hit the floor. Quite a price to pay for itty bitty size A tits. One out of every 5,000 men who start a hormone treatment will die from it. If you smoke, you lower the odds to one out of 3,000. Still sound wonderful? There is more.

Some of the effects of estrogen are reversible if you stop taking them, others are not. Let's say that you are on them for a year and you fail in your transition, go back to being a man again... well, some of what grew on you will fade, some will not. Ever. Some results are permanent. Which ones? Talk to a doctor, I am not a doctor. I will tell you this though, and this is a biggie...

When you are conceived, your brain becomes hard wired for certain things... it is hard wired to do things like allow you to breath and eat, learn a language and motor skills, but most importantly, your sexual orientation is hard wired as well. You are born with so much of your brain as a female and so much of it as a male. A little too much of this, you are a heterosexual, a little that way, bi-sexual, a little of this and that, and you are born gay or somewhere on that long list of the transgendered. But, you are hard wired from birth. Hormones change that... hormones rewire your brain... permanently. That means that there is no going back.

And this is very, very serious business. Remember a while back when you were thinking to yourself, "Oh shit, that won't happen to me, I am strong, I will win this one". Remember that? When I told you that most fail and half of us commit suicide? Or when I spoke of your friends and family not understanding that you have changed? Oh, hon, start hormones and you will change. You are not so tough that you can beat the laws of physics! Are you?

Taking female hormones changes what little male brain you were born with to a female brain. This means several things: 1) it is permanent, it cannot be reversed; 2) it means that you will, in fact, start thinking more like a woman. You will cry at commercials, you will ditch the porn collection, and you will stop masturbating, in many cases, altogether. And remember those stupid movies your wife likes to watch endlessly? They will now captivate you. You will carry around tissues and have a stash in every room in the house because you will cry at the drop of a hat. You will cry, swearing that you cannot cry any more, and it goes on for days on end. And afterwards, you will scream, "I have no more tears left! I cannot cry any more!" but you cry for more endless days. Hormones MAKE YOU THINK, FEEL, AND BEHAVE AS A WOMAN! And now, for the worst part...

Remember saying to yourself... no, not me? I am too strong for that? Well guess what, you are right. But what you fail to understand it that you will no longer be you. Get this through your head right now: you are not immune to the laws of physics... your brain will change. That means that the one and only weapon you have is now lost. Forever. That means that the "you" that was strong and predictable is now someone else. That means that what you used to control your world, what you are now using to make everything alright, is now permanently stuck in PMS and hot flashes. It's gone. The one thing keeping you sane, the one thing you knew best, your brain... has changed sexes and is dragging you along with it, involuntarily.

Oh, I know, you want to be a girl! You want all of this. No you don't. You want the positive mental and physical effects, you do not want the blood clots and destroyed liver and mental instability. Do you think that all of those millions upon millions of "quitters" and suicides happened because they were weaker than you are? Or dumber than you for making the wrong decision? Oh come now, they were like you, *just like you*. Remember I said that every T-girl has the exact same story, just change the names, the dates, and the places? You are not special, you are not different; you are the same. And you will feel the effects of these hormones just as they all did. And you will feel like you are losing control, going insane, and you will contemplate suicide sooner or later.

So what can be done? This little book has one recurring theme... have you figured it out yet? If you have to do it, then do it right. There is a right way and a wrong way to take hormones, too. First off, learn all you can about each, and in every form it comes in. They have different doses, and come in different types... pills, patches, and shots, and each has it's own benefits and drawbacks. Second, talk to a doctor that specializes in male to female transsexuals. Go to her, ask all your questions, get all your answers, and heed her advice. Third, get the blood work done! It is a bit expensive, as are the hormones themselves, but you need to monitor your system. You do it for your car, so do it for your body. And fourth, DO NOT take hormones from the Internet, from the street, or from a friend unless they have been prescribed for you! Death and misery await you if you do.

And finally, the key is moderation. I hear from these uneducated CD's and TV's all the time... they have waited so long, they want it all now! Right now! So they gather up all the hormones and anti-androgens they can get their hands on and start popping pills like a madman. How stupid.

You take a fully male body, shock it by immediately stopping all the testosterone from being produced, and then pour into it a ton of mind and body altering female hormones at the same time. Talk about shocking a system! Suicide and heart attacks await these ignorant people. But go ahead, you want to be a woman so bad! Go ahead. But when you listen to all the great stories of how well they work and how wonderful they are from Marsha Mellow and her Internet friends, dig a little deeper and find the dead ones, or the ones who went crazy, or the ones who can no longer take hormones and anti-androgens at all because of the damage they did to their bodies. Talk to the 24 year old TS who has to wear support hose for the rest of her life because of the tremendous amount of varicose veins on her legs, or the 45 year old man who went back to his old life after suffering his third and almost fatal heart attack. But you want to be a woman overnight... I gotcha.

Grow up. You are contemplating the biggest undertaking any human being can ever undergo; an actual change of sexes. In a world that does not want, need, understand, or accept you. And you want to further complicate it with your own little version of a hormone treatment... good thinking, Susie. But let's talk a bit about what they *can* do... there are a lot of myths out there thanks to the Internet.

Hormones can and will grow breasts. It is almost unheard of that they grow bigger than a full A, and perhaps in about a lucky 15%, they grow larger. Stop taking the hormones, they may go away. But while you are growing them, which is pretty much for the rest of your life, they will be remarkably sore, tender, and in constant pain. This may stop in a year or three, it may not. Each girl is different. But I hear that if your mother had big boobs, you will get big boobs... show me and I will believe it. Until then, I will believe the entire medical and psychological community that specializes in the care and treatment of the transgendered... the best you can hope for is about a size A.

Now, some women do actually lactate, and for quite some time. You are literally growing a female body (and mind) so prepare yourself. Will you spend all day touching them and caressing them in a sexual manner? Nope, far from it. The same hormones that give you the breasts give you a female brain and a female sex drive. Within a few months, they will just be sore, in the way when you shoot pool, and very uncomfortable to sleep on. And, they require bras; not the most comfortable item in the female wardrobe. Big whoop... small boobs.

What else do they do? Well, if you are a teenager, then the results can be quite fantastic all round, especially in the hip, thigh, and rear, where women traditionally are shaped well. But those who begin their transition in their 40's may not experience anything for years in this area, and what they do get is barely noticeable in most cases. Will you get a female shape from them? No, afraid not. You will get help, but nothing dramatic, no matter how many pills you pop.

And your skin does get softer, that is a fact. But with that comes the inability to heal itself. This may change in time, but get ready for it. And then there is the long running debate on hair...

For a T-girl, there is nothing more important than hair; it makes you and breaks you at the same time. I hear stories of increased hair growth on the head, minimal at best. But if you need a wig now, you will need it after 10 years of hormone therapy, too. And then all the stories of

hormones making the hair you don't want grow slower, finer, thinner, and all that. Again, the best results a few experience is something so minimal that if you have to shave or cover it up now, you will in ten years too. Nothing dramatic here. So what *don't* they do? Oh, brace yourself!

They don't make an Adam's Apple disappear, they don't fill in bald spots, and they don't make your shoulders less broad. They do not give you a classic figure, or give you perfectly shaped legs, and they don't have anything to do with being a woman. If you need them to feel like a woman, you are a man... stay that way. If your bell has gone of, they really only do two things for you: give you small but natural breasts, and a rewired brain. Do not count on much else. Talk to your doctor, please.

Now, let's touch on the anti-androgens. They block testosterone, they reduce its production in the body. As long as you are on them, your body will produce such a minimal amount that technically you will no longer be a man. On paper anyway. If you take these, all the man stuff does not disappear; the bald spot, the beard and mustache, the Adam's apple, etc... they all stay the same. No, all the anti-androgens do is allow the estrogen to work full time, that's it. A booster of sorts... the estrogen does not have to work so hard to overcome the effects of the testosterone... good and bad news here!

The good news is that if you take them, your body will react better and faster to the estrogen. The bad news is very serious! You will see a dramatic effect on your penis. It will shrink, and your testicles will too. It will be harder and harder to not only get an erection, but to maintain one and ejaculate as well. Now, estrogen has a similar effect, but it is not until you start taking anti-androgens that you really feel it. Imagine a few months after starting a hormone treatment that you have an orgasm and nothing comes out! Sort of scary, but a price you pay for basically little more than soft skin, small boobs, and the overwhelming urge to cry a lot. So if your penis is important to you, and it is something you want to use in bed, then prepare yourself for it's loss. And honestly, if you want to keep your penis as a sexual device, what the hell are doing transitioning anyway?

But there are dangers too, very real ones. Anti-androgens like Spironolactone are very hard on the heart. They can easily cause permanent damage, heart attacks, and strokes. If there is anything wrong with your heart now, you will kill yourself by taking these drugs. For real. And if you cannot take them, you have to seriously consider spiking up the dosage of estrogen to over compensate, which can also kill you. So pick your poison. What do most girls do?

Honestly, most girls do no research, do not see a doctor, get their information and drugs from other sources, and start taking everything and anything they can get their hands on. They take way too much of them and when the money runs out, they have to stop. Until a few months later, then they start up again, taking more to make up for lost time. They kill themselves, hon, or cripple themselves. Or at the very least, ride an emotional roller coaster that they themselves cannot even stand to be on. But almost every girl I ever met did all this and more. They OD immediately on them, trying to become a woman overnight.

They take Premarin, Estradiol, Spironolactone, and every conceivable form of estrogen they can get their hands on, whether it is prescription, over the counter, natural, or from a supermarket. All at once, overnight. Then the shit really hits the fan. They totally flip out!

You cannot do this. You cannot make such a drastic change in your life and your body over night. That is just stupid and irresponsible. Just plain dumb. GO SLOW. Start with the doctor, of course. But remember, she is in business too. She will sell you what you want the same way Wal-Mart will sell a gun to anyone, and both can kill if abused. The smart girls get tested first, spend the money up front so they have a marker for the next test. Then they start on safe, natural hormones, and take them in very small doses, increasing very slowly, and finally graduating to just ONE of the recommended three of the hormone therapy... Estradiol or Premarin. Take that in moderation at first too, then slowly get up to the recommended levels. Then get checked again. See where you stand. Talk to your doc.

Believe it or not, too much of a good thing is bad. Go slow. And most girls need little more than an estrogen pill or shot, and no one really needs the anti-androgen. But you certainly, definitely do not need all three at the same time, immediately upon starting your transformation. At the very least, you will drive yourself insane. Hell, the smart ones start on a hormone treatment under a doctor's care for a year or more before they go full time. THAT is the smart way to do it... get on the hormones, grow your hair long, and prepare for the day your bell goes off. If you are a transsexual, you will know if it will go off, you just do not know when!

Something to *Forever* Keep In Mind...

This is perhaps one of the most important concepts you need to be aware of, and before we go any further, it is imperative that you understand this clearly: You are beginning a new life, literally. No matter your age when you begin the transition, you are starting all over in every way humanly conceivable with only a few, slight exceptions. Let's say that you are 40 years old right now. That is only in physical years. The day you go full time, you are only 16 years old in most aspects of human existence. You may have the body of a 40 year old, but due to the changes that are to come about by HRT, your body is only 16. For instance, your breasts will begin to develop just as a pubescent young girls does. They will be small, sore, tender and in all reality, grow almost exactly as a young girls would over time.

Mentally, you may *have been* 40 years old, but all of that is about to change quickly. Once again, you are only 16 years old in most aspects. And the same goes for your sexual and emotional state. Realize now that in most aspects, you are nothing more than a 16 year old girl. Let's explore this a bit...

No matter your current understanding of the world, little of it pertains to you any longer. Just like a 16 year old kid, you have to learn all the physical and social skills of a woman. You have to learn the every day things such as hair and make-up, dressing and walking, talking and interacting as a young woman... the exact same way *any* 16 year old girl has to. Your social skills as a woman are honestly terrible right now, and just like that 16 year old, you need to experiment, learn, expand, and continually perfect them. Mentally and sexually, you are also beginning all over again, at the very awkward and miserable age of 16. At this point, what do

you really know about sex as a woman? Well, about the same as any 16 year old does. It is new, exciting, dangerous, fun, and very often painful physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. At this point, if you are to fully transition, realize now that you are literally entering the world of a 16 year old kid, and that you are in for the same experiences physically, mentally, emotionally, and sexually.

Does this change? Well, honestly, since you do have the life experiences of a 40 year old, albeit the experiences from a male perspective, as each year passes, you do grow more rapidly than the typical 16 year old. But not all at the same time. For instance, a year from now, you may be two or three years ahead of the typical 16 year old when it comes to how to present yourself physically to the world... you may be just as good or much better than her with your hair and make-up because you had 24 years head start in observing other women, etc... but emotionally, you may be the same. True, once again because of life experience, you may be a year or two ahead of her, but that only makes you 18 or 19 at age 43. And sexually, you may even be behind this typical young lady. She has a vagina, and her sexual experiences are normal. You have a penis, and you have serious obstacles to a normal sexual relationship in front of you.

My point to all this? From your initial transition on, you are 16 and growing physically, mentally, emotionally, spiritually, and sexually as a woman, a person, and as a human being. In some aspects, you will grow faster than a typical 16 year old, in others, you will remain the same or fall behind. This is a difficult proposition not only to understand, but to deal with for a person who used to run a multi-million dollar a year division of a large company. But deal with it you have to. The pressures put on you now in your life are enormous, simply by virtue of the transition alone, but this is one aspect of the transition that almost ALL fail to take into account as they throw away their male clothes and venture out into the world of the TS. But don't worry, if you do not fully understand or appreciate all of this right now, you will soon enough. There is no escaping it. So honestly, it is best to start dealing with it, and accepting it now. Just know that no matter how awkward and stupid you feel now as you grow in these areas that not only has every woman on the planet gone through the exact same things, but that you are destined to overcome them faster than they did due to your age and life experience. In other words, as difficult as it is to start all over physically, mentally, emotionally, spiritually, and sexually, your progress in most cases will be much more rapid than the average GG.

Before the Transition

Wow. What a proposition. So your bell goes off and you are compelled to live as a woman. Boy, do you have some decisions to make. This is the worst of times, believe me. What do you do? How do you do it? Where do you begin? There is only one answer to all of these questions... DO IT ALL BEFORE YOUR BELL GOES OFF! Period!

And you will know when yours is about to go off, trust me. Just as the thoroughbred horse nears the gate and knows he is about to run. So I will not bore you with every if, and, or but. Deal with it honestly, deal with it quickly, but *deal with it*. Or you will fail.

You have a wife, children, family, and friends. Dig up research, buy the books, bookmark the websites... Get as much research together for you and them to go over. You cannot expect them to accept it, that is almost totally out of the question, unrealistic, and a waste of time. All you can do is gather enough information so that they *understand* it. That is all you can hope for; that they understand it. If you leave it up to Jerry Springer and Oprah Winfrey, or the fool "transsexuals" who are publicly out and all over the media, you, and they, lose. Get the facts, and get them from reliable sources. Then get counseling.

Your first step is to get counseling. And get it from everyone you can. Start with a psychiatrist that deals with the transgendered, she can help you sort these things out. Go to trusted friends, family members, your wife, your priest... anyone that will listen... but go to them. Start talking about it. Start trying it on for size and start preparing them and yourself for the tornado that is coming. It will come, and it will destroy everything. Be prepared.

The Job

Oh god, the job. The death knell of every T-girl ever to venture into the New World. Trust me, transitioning is difficult, almost impossible, and if you do it, you will have beaten some serious odds. But without a job, you are just plain screwed.

There is nothing more important to a TS than her job. You need it. You need the money, you need the insurance, you need the security, you need the stability, and you need a reason to get up in the morning. If you do not have a job, you not only lose all the above, but you lose self esteem, pride, dignity, and the ability to support yourself. Hear me now and hear me clearly: *There is nothing more important to a T-girl than a job. Without it, you will fail. Period.*

Let's look at this closer, it deserves it. You will eventually lose everything; that fact has been beaten to death. Understand it, accept it, it is the truth. But without a job, you lose the last remaining vestiges of hope... you lose all that the tornado may have left you: your pride, your dignity, your self respect, and your ability to take care of yourself. Just imagine how you feel after finally transitioning... your friends, family, house... all gone. You have been abandoned. You are on hormones and freaking out at coffee commercials. You have to start an entire new life as a woman and you are still very much trapped in a man's body... with hair, and height, and fake boobs, and broad shoulders, and size 12 feet. And all you have in your closet are crossdresser slut clothes... you do not even own a pair of jeans... and you need to move, resettle, and start a new life with no money.

Hon, get the gun, put it to your head, and pull the trigger now. It's over. You will not win this one.

Most girls have this fantasy of becoming a woman and being taken away from it all by tall handsome men in Cadillacs and whisked away to elegant balls where champagne flows like the hems of gorgeous silk and lace gowns. Snap out of it, hon, you have to eat. And pay bills. And buy an entire new wardrobe.... casual, business, evening, and everything in between... for Spring, Summer, Winter, and Fall. You need more than six inch stilettos; you need business, business-casual, casual, and bumming around shoes. You need all this in heels, and sandals, and you need

one of every color and style. And you need flats and sneakers, and loafers and slippers. You need 50 pairs of shoes alone. Now... shall I get into the clothing? The underwear? Or the jewelry? Or the make-up? Or the millions of other things you need?

No, how about if we just concentrate on a place to live and utilities... you know, the basics. You need a job, hon. If you do not have one, you are a dead duck.

And get rid of the idea that a job will come. Oh my, stop talking to these online idiots who pretend to be girls at night and on weekends, and talk to the "real deal." Talk to a transsexual who lives full time. Ask them about a job... they will start their response with, "Oh God," and end it abruptly with one more word... "shit". I promise you that. We do not immediately get jobs, period. Not jobs we can support ourselves on, anyway.

Now let's not get into the Donald Trump exceptions, maybe 2 or 3% of transsexuals can write a book, get a part in a James Bond movie, or become a model for Victoria's Secret. They can go on tour, get television and radio talk shows, and make a living telling yours and my story... just by changing the names, places, and dates. And a few others marry wealthy men and live happily ever after. But they are the exception. Forget about them.

Professionals and CEO's to bus drivers and street sweepers transition, and they cannot get a job afterwards. Men who made six-figures running an entire division of a company cannot get a job at 7-11 selling Slurpees to teenagers after they transition. Ask around. If you are counting on quitting your job, transitioning, and trying to get back in the same field you were in as a man, all I can say is good frickin' luck. Unless that job is highly understaffed, such as almost anything in the medical field, or unless you go against all the odds and actually find what every TS spends her entire life looking for—the job—count on being in the same boat as the rest of us.

Look at it this way, when you apply for a job, you are talking to one of two people; the owner of the business, or someone placed in charge of hiring for a business. In either case, their job, and thereby their livelihood, their ability to place food on their own table, rests on their ability to hire people that will continue to make the company a success. Now here you come, an obvious transsexual, plopping down in front of them for the coveted and very rare job interview. A man in a woman's business suit. Right. They are going to lay their reputations, and the reputation of their company, on the line for you when there are a dozen other girls waiting out in the hall for the same job. Think like them for a minute...

If hired, you will represent the company. You will *be* the company. You will have contact with the customers... They will see you and hear you and deal with you. Nope. They won't. They don't want to be waited on or have their house designed by, or are looking to purchase a pair of shoes from a sexually confused, child molesting, hairy faggot in a dress with a deep voice who is going straight to hell for breaking "God's Law." So the man will not hire you. Is that his fault? Or yours? Hell, you cannot help the way you were born, and he may even congratulate you on your courage, but he damned sure is not going to hire you. His customers, and his business, and his ability to feed his own family, would go right out the window. Anyone's fault? No, it does not matter... welcome to being a woman.

Now, you can get mad, go on a rampage, and scream about the rights of the transgendered, but get real... you need a job. How many stories do you want me to tell you about the people I know personally? Or have heard about from a friend? Or read about on the national TG boards and papers? Why should anyone hire you when there are real men and women out there looking for the same job? You need to accept that your wife, your children, your friends and your coworkers will not accept you for your "choice". All you can hope for is that they understand what is going on. Well, a prospective employer feels the same way your teenage son feels... Oh shit, what am I going to tell my friends? Well, this employer thinks, "Oh my god, what will my customers think?" You already know what they will think, so get over it. You need a job.

So what do you do? Get a job that does not deal in customers? Well, how is your phone voice? Sound convincing? Or maybe you get a job with no customer contact... You still have to deal with co-workers, vendors, suppliers, and a million other people. Now, put yourself in this employer's shoes again... honestly, what would you do? Take a chance on running your business into the ground, upsetting the work environment, and having your own sexuality questioned? Just to give a transsexual a chance in the work place? No, you would not. You would simply avoid the problem entirely by hiring someone else. No matter how qualified you are for the job. Or how much less you will work for. Or if you give up the right to insurance. Trust me, we have tried it all; no one will hire us. But yet, you have to work, you need to eat... How do all the others do it?

Well first off, most transsexuals live in communes... 2-5 in a house or apartment. Share the rent, live in near squalor, no privacy. That is one way to combat it. Or they live with their parents, at 47 years old. Three years ago they made \$120,000 a year as an executive... today, they deliver pizzas, work as hair dressers, or dance on stage for dollar bills as Liza Manly, if they are lucky enough to pass! They share living expenses and take any menial job they can get; that's how most do it. But hell, just try finding a menial job... it takes most girls a year to do just that. Honestly.

So, there are 100,000 or so post-op transsexuals on the North American continent as of the last poll, and it is very expensive altering a man's body and world to that of a woman.... most spend at least \$50,000 and up to three times that in the average five years or so it takes to become a post-op on just their bodies alone. So how do they come up with the money for that, and to eat, and to live? Take a guess, hon. Most will do anything. And many become escorts. More on that later. But reality bites.

You have few options when it comes to a job. The lucky ones, the very few and very fortunate, transition on the job. They go to their boss, sit him down, tell him the story, and go home on Friday as Joe and show up on Monday as Mary. I can go on about this forever, the details and all, but honestly, it is so rare and if you can do that, you already know it and you do not have a problem! Life will be good! But fewer than 10% of all transsexuals can transition on the job, and almost all get out of even that job as soon as possible. We will cover this in detail later on, but for now I will tell you this: you cannot fire someone for their sexual orientation these days, but there are many ways to get rid of a disruptive employee now, aren't there? You figure this one out. Even if you can transition on the job, do not count on it for long. Your best bet? Transition quickly and become a very convincing woman fast. Then leave town before you are fired for

leaving donut crumbs on the floor, and fade into society as a woman... go stealth, in a city where no one knows your old name.

The other best option? Well, that is easy—become self-sufficient. Invent the wheel, the new hula hoop, or the next Cabbage Patch Doll.

But reality? Well, this takes some planning. There are many ways to go about it, but just prepare for it. Learn a skill you can do as a woman; hairdressing, nails, whatever... Just make sure you have some place to work! Or better yet, cross train into a badly understaffed job such as nursing, or medical billing, or dental assistant. These jobs are so needed that they would take Sasquatch in a dress. But be smart. Prepare. Look around. Ask questions. And remain open and down to earth. Do not have unrealistic expectations; do not expect to be a flight attendant, or an executive secretary, or the best salesman on the floor... you gave that up... for the dress and heels, remember? But you can find work, and the more you can pass, the better your prospects will be. Remember that the biggest reason we are not hired is because most of us do not pass! Make up for your shortcoming in some other way... open your eyes and look around... everything in the world still needs to be done, and someone has to do it.

All I am saying is that before you transition, have some way of bringing in enough money to be able to support yourself. How you do that is as varied as the number of jobs and businesses out there. But either way, get used to rejection... it takes a while to get that job, trust me. Until then, do whatever you can; deliver pizzas, clean houses, be a courier, and many girls find work by taking on volunteer work... it may take many months, but you just may find yourself getting hired on full time. If anything, volunteer work builds up a resume as the new you; prospective employers have someone to call and ask about your performance, etc.

Your best bet with a job? Become self-sufficient, transition in your own company and deal with the consequences as best you can. The next best thing? Transition on your current one. Next best thing? Have a stash to live on while you seek employment as a woman... it will take some time, however you decide to go about it. Have a stash and a plan, and make it work. And good luck to you!

So, what do you do when your bell is about to go off? Seek professional help, first and foremost. Devise a plan to deal with your loved ones and your source of income, and have more than one! Expect extreme difficulty and work your way through it. And start the transition now! Very few women just wake up one day as Mike and go to sleep that same night as Mildred... The average transition takes between 5 and 10 years to complete and most spend their time bouncing back and forth between the old world and new as they settle in, deal with family, friends, the job and the legalities. That said, let's move on and talk about the actual transition.

The Transition

Okay, we discussed the preliminaries, and if you do it right, all this means is that you prepared enough and worked things out so all you need to do now is throw away your man clothes, pornography collection, and toolbox, and start living full time as a woman. Let's say that this is the case, let's get to the nuts and bolts here.

There are other things you need to start living without, like blue eye shadow. And while you are at it, throw away that childish, immature, rose-colored image you now have of what it is to be a woman. Or what a woman is supposed to be. I have seen the most ridiculous trend among the transgendered... each "girl" either emulates a real life woman, or has this image in her head of what a woman is supposed to be, and they run around trying to be that woman. How stupid. How far are you going to get in life by pretending to be someone else? Just how long does that last? And more importantly, how long can you put up the false front and get away with it?

If you have some ridiculous notion that a woman is supposed to be like some movie star, or is restricted by your own set of laws or rules, then you are a drag queen. Drag queens pick someone such as Marilyn Monroe or Lucille Ball, and walk, talk, dress, and act like them. Others have this mental image of what a woman should walk, talk, dress, and act like, and walk around trying to be this imaginary perfect girl. Look, women fart...and they pick their noses...and they cuss. If you have to invent a woman, or if you have to model yourself after one, then you are a man pretending to be a woman. If you are a woman, then be the woman you are meant to be, and quit worrying about what Marilyn would do or what your imaginary perfect princess would say. Just be you.

Now, to be honest here, I will say this... yes, it is true... most transsexuals are more feminine than the average genetic girl (GG). You see, we have decades of pent-up feminine sexuality in us and when our bells go off, and it just explodes out of us. On top of that, we lived as men once, we know what men like and we give it to them... and above all, we have to (once again) overcompensate to hide things... we dress, act, move, walk, accessorize in an exaggerated feminine manner. If done right, wonderful. But let's talk about that a bit, because it is never done right in the beginning.

You want to be a T-girl, not a drag queen. Don't overdo anything anymore. The idea is to draw as little attention to yourself as possible, as much as that sounds like something you do not want to do. I know, I know... a woman always wears skirts, heels, and stockings... Sheesh, what world do you live in? Look, hon, no they don't, and neither should you.

If you want to live as a woman, then live as a woman and not a drag queen. Every T-girl started out thinking the same thing (real women don't wear pants) but soon learn the truth. And the truth is that you DO NOT want attention drawn to yourself. You will get more than your share of it, trust me, and is not all in the form of roses handed to you by Prince Charming. Remember, you need to start stepping out, in broad daylight, doing all the things you do now, only now as a barely passable (if extremely lucky) woman. Go to the transmission shop and see how many women walk in there wearing a leather mini skirt. Go to K-Mart and see how many women are walking around in a sharp business suit with big hair. Get with it. When you go out, start looking at how real women dress, and start buying, and wearing, those same clothes. When in Rome, do as the Romans do.

Dress for Wal-Mart when you go to Wal-Mart, and dress for a casual dinner at a sit down restaurant a bit better, but not much. And I mean ALL of it... lose the big hair, get something more realistic, manageable, and versatile. Learn morning, noon, and evening make-up, not just the night time plaster on with a paint roller kind. And get more natural with it... less is more,

natural colors look better than blues and greens and yellows! And your jewelry and accessories... tone it down, about 50 decibels! There is a difference between casual jewelry and business jewelry and evening jewelry... and accessories, and shoes, and purses, and everything!

The transitioning T-girl gets caught up in the overcompensating bit... they go too far and all learn the hard way... they get spotted, clocked, made... once too often and their first reaction is to get MORE feminine! They do not believe the older, wiser TS's that have been telling them to dress down, they listen to the old world of the crossdresser and transvestite which tells them to look MORE like a woman! And what happens? They get made even more often, maybe even openly laughed at or pointed out... ridiculed in public.

If you are going to try and blend into society as a woman, then try to blend in! What is so hard about that? You will spend months over doing it and then one day you will break down, buy the jeans and tee shirt, take off the heels and put on sneakers, and toss the big hair for good and settle for a simple, honest cut. Then, you will really see a difference! You will see nothing, actually. No looks, no stares, no comments, no pointing, no laughter, no pulling the children out of your way... you will see nothing except for what every other girl out there sees... the real world.

And you thought that your first time out to the gay bar in your slut clothes was a thrill! Wait until you go shopping all day at a dozen different stores, and then get gas, stop by the bank, and eat lunch... and never once get a look. Want to be a woman? Be a woman. And not a slut, whore, drag queen, transvestite, or crossdresser. Just be a girl.

The Voice

Okay, yet ANOTHER most important thing for a T-girl (get the picture yet?) but without a feminine voice, nothing else matters. You can fool them all, anywhere you go, everyone will think you are a woman... if you have learned your lessons, spent your money well, and practiced putting it all together, you will rarely be clocked in public. Until you open up your mouth to talk.

Oh God, what to do. This is a biggie, hon. Can I tell you how to solve it here? No, but there are excellent websites and wonderful programs that can help you with it. All I can tell you right now is that it will take a very long time, constant, and I mean constant practice, and a very conscious effort where from first light to bed time, every single time you open your mouth to speak, you have to think about it. And practice, and adjust, and then pick it up a notch, and then think harder, try harder, and never, ever stop. With many years practice, you can become convincing, almost perfect; but, hon, you have to start now, I'm telling you.

Your first attempts at it will sound ridiculous, and they may very well be! But you have to try. And learn, and read, and move on. And try again. But the sooner you get it down, the better off you will be. Work on it, work hard on it, and never, ever stop improving. You want to pass? Talk like a woman...

The Surgeries

Woo hoo! The fun stuff! Right. Girl, you need some money. What does the average transsexual do? They remove most or all the hair from their bodies permanently... they go on hormones... they have breast implants... they get anywhere from 10-20 facial feminization surgeries... they get hair implants on their head... and they have their Adam's Apple shaved. All this in total cost? Oh, about 40-50 thousand dollars. And some women spend that on feminizing their face alone.

Then a lot of them get castrated or have another half dozen or so facial feminization procedures done as well. They have skin rejuvenation procedures, chemical peels, and plastic surgeries to create hips and thighs and butts. And some have their voice box surgically altered to heighten the pitch in the voice. And many have the actual GRS which alone can cost 10-25 thousand dollars, plus time off work to heal. Girl, you can spend \$100,000 becoming a woman, and the average transition takes 5-10 years. And the average transsexual lives with mom and delivers pizzas... get my point? Hon, what no one will tell you is that the average TS becomes a prostitute on some level, at least, for a period of time. More on that later...

But exactly what is facial feminization surgery (FFS)? Oh, about 20 or so separate little surgeries, often done at the same time, which slightly alter a single part of your face to make it more feminine. Things such as lowering the hairline an inch or so on your forehead, lip implants, work on your cheekbones, jaw line and chin. Maybe a brow shaving (yes, they peel back your forehead and literally shave your protruding Cro-Magnon brow) or an eye lid reduction. And then there are the little things that make a big difference, like shortening the distance between the bottom of the nose and the upper lip... a shorter distance on a woman than a man. All fun, expensive stuff which requires money, and even more money to support yourself while you heal!

And then, there is the ultimate dream... the GRS! Genital Reassignment Surgery! Boy, there is a lot to say about this! And, dammit, do your homework. I get so tired of CD's and TV's talking as if they know all about it. If they did, the talk would follow more closely to the actual surgery—very few would opt to get it.

For every girl who does actually get the surgery, another ten do not. At last count there were 100,000 post-op TS's on the North American continent. That means that about a million pre-op TS's are out there! And why? Because of the money? Nope... A girl will spend \$15,000 on hair removal, \$20,000 on facial feminization, and another \$20,000 on clothes, but not \$20,000 on the ultimate girl-creating operation? Pray tell, why?

I'll tell you why... simply put, a true transsexual is rare.

First off, depending on which national poll you adhere to, somewhere between 60 and 80% of all transsexuals are lesbians. That's right... most TS's are lesbians. So, the penis may come in handy from time to time. A small percentage are bisexual, again, the penis comes in handy. And as for the rest... most never get it, lesbian or straight, because the risks, trouble, and reality of it seriously outweigh the gains.

I will not go into all the details here, this is something you need to seriously consider for yourself. And it needs to be tirelessly researched. But in a nutshell, having your penis surgically turned into something resembling a vagina is a huge step. The truth is that advances in GRS have

been so rapid that the chances of success are almost guaranteed. But, for a cost conscious girl, the chances decrease. Unless you go to a reputable surgeon, there is no guarantee that the surgery will be a success, cosmetically or functionally... it may look terrible and/or you may never have an orgasm again, and actually, the ability to still climax is rare even in successful cases. But in either case, it needs to be maintained excessively in a variety of ways... and it becomes a lifelong problem... it must be dilated with progressive size stints, starting almost immediately following the surgery every few hours, then up to every few days, and continually for the rest of your life. And for what?

The best way I ever heard it put was this way: "The best reason to get the surgery is because 'I am a woman and a woman does not have a penis'". Simple.

But this scares me... It is common knowledge that the vast majority of TG's who have the GRS do so because they feel strongly that it will make them *feel* more like a woman. You are either born a woman or you are not, it is that simple. Hon, if you have to mutilate yourself in such a way just to feel more like a woman, cut off something that no one can see anyway, then you have a psychological problem much deeper than being transgendered, and you may want to reconsider why it is you are undergoing the transition in the first place. Really. If the GRS is simply the "ultimate wardrobe-accessory" for your "girl-suit," then it will not "make you a woman."

To a great many girls, their penis is little more than an irritation, something that gets in the way, like a fly at a picnic. Outside of going to the bathroom and the occasional masturbation, it is useless to them. They do not use it in the bedroom; hell, even having an orgasm during sex is a minimal requirement that can be discarded all together... but it is an annoyance, and little more. Yes, they were born with it, it has caused all their worldly problems, but overall, it is not something they cry over, fret over, or have to see a shrink over... It is just there. No big deal. One of the things that separate a TS from a drag queen, she-male, a CD, or a TV, is the fact that all the others are proud of their penis and use it in bed. A TS can care less about it, but the fact remains that they are a woman and a woman does not have a penis. Real, real simple!

The hard truth about the surgery is that just about anyone can get it. All you really need is two pieces of paper and the money. These doctors are in business. They will install a vagina on anyone with those two pieces of paper and the money. And they do. Look closely at the community. Men buy them. Gay men buy them. Drag queens buy them. Crossdressers buy them. Transvestites buy them. They buy them because they want to experience being a woman. They buy them to *make* themselves a woman. They buy them so they can have sex like a woman. Understand yet? Why do *you* want to buy one?

In reality, the vast majority of T-girls should not get the surgery, and most opt not to once they start the process. In fact, about 75% who begin with a therapist of some kind drop out during the required one year "real life experience" phase. Just as with any form of sexuality, levels and types vary widely and few transgendered folk actually need the surgery to be complete. To most, it is just a dream, a wish, a hope, and not a necessity. Where is the line? Only you can answer that one for yourself, but for most girls, the best place to spend your money is on your face, hair removal and skin; the most important being your face. These are things that you present to the world on a daily basis, the things everyone sees, looks at, admires, watches, falls in love with,

and judges you by. Remove all your hair, tone, lighten, and clean your facial skin, and be done with it until you strike it rich or marry a millionaire.

Most T-girls use electrolysis to remove hair permanently, a very painful, invasive, and time consuming process. But in recent years, advances in true lasers, not the pulse light lasers that have been around for years, have far surpassed the older, more invasive electrolysis. A true laser permanently removes all the hair on your body, from your penis down to your toes, from your face to your fingertips, forever. The entire process is completed within months where electrolysis takes years, and overall, costs much less too. The average girl can spend 12-15 thousand dollars on hair removal, but damn, is it worth it! Both procedures are quite painful, but the with the laser, you can go out in public in a matter of hours after a treatment, immediately if not done on the face. With electrolysis, after a treatment, you are homebound with ugly purple welts all over your body for days on end. With the laser, you get rid of all but the gray hairs. Go with the laser and save the electrolysis for the remaining gray hairs.

And your skin? Back to the laser.... Photo skin rejuvenation is remarkable! Every woman needs it! It takes all the sun damage off, all the years melt away, it removes lines and wrinkles and pits and scarring... it repairs the collagen and your skin is smoother, tighter, and lighter. Along with chemical peels and dermabrasion, a few treatments and you will never wear base or maybe even powder again. Your 45 year old skin will look better than most 25 year old genetic women, and there will not be a hair left on your face! Spend your money wisely.

Now, the boob question. The single most visible defining female feature... the breasts. If you have the money, hey, why not, it is a personal choice. The jury is still out in the battle between real and fake boobs, but you are in a particular position... you need to be a woman fast. Hon, if you are a true transsexual, you will grow boobs on hormones in a matter of months. If you were born with more female hormones and genetic material than you should have been, like all true TS's, then you will not need much to kick start the process. Take estrogen and you will have full A's in 6-10 months, and they will get bigger over time. If you are a man wanting to play girl for sexual gratification, then it will take more than a hormone treatment—a lot more. Get the boob job.

But to the T-girls out there, think about this: Once you transition, you will be under such a microscope you cannot believe it... Every one scrutinizes you, from head to toe. They want to see how well you did it. Right now you are coming from a world of fake breasts, fake nails, false eyelashes, wigs, and way too much make-up. As flattering as they are, corsets and bustiers are not practical... You will feel a need to shed all things fake and go with the real things, every chance you get. And in the public's eye, the more "natural" a woman you are, the more acceptable you are. Take that into consideration when contemplating a boob job... would you rather have firm size A's or B's that are real and all natural, or oversize, fake looking but eye catching monster fake bags under your skin?

Again, very often the same women who choose a boob job over the natural ones are the ones who choose the GRS over keeping their penis intact—and for the same reasons. If you are seeking one surgery after another to “become a woman,” you may end up very, very unhappy later on in life. Money cannot buy happiness, and in the same respect, money does not make a

woman, it just cuts a better figure, and temporarily, at that. If you are a woman, then you were born a woman. In that case, spend the money on the corrective surgeries. But if you were not born a woman, then endlessly chasing surgeries is a sure sign of a confused state of mind.

A lot of transsexuals look at such things this way... A crossdresser and a transvestite overdo things all the time. They rarely get dressed, go out, and become a girl, so they overdo it when they play girl. A transsexual who overdoes surgeries is acting the same way for the same reasons, and still overcompensating in the same silly manner.

Look... if your bell goes off and you must destroy one life and create another... then do it wisely and do it well... You only get one chance and life is short. Pumping your body full of pills and altering it, rearranging it, destroying it, mutilating it, and placing man-made objects in it does not make you more of a woman. Think about it. Women are born, they are not created.

Sex, Lies, and Men

Boy, do those three words go together! So... you have this vision in your head about becoming this wonderful woman and teasing and playing with and going out with and to bed with all these wonderful men! And as a transsexual, it will only get better! Right. Wake up, hon.

Again, just look to the real world of genetic girls and their dating problems. Oh, they are *all* ecstatic, aren't they? Now complicate the situation with your tragic world, and add quite a few things you have yet to consider... nothing in this world is as it seems.

If you, as a crossdresser or transvestite, have not figured out yet that you are nothing more than a fantasy to men, a simple sexual curiosity, then leave now... you are an idiot and cannot comprehend anything I am telling you. You are a fantasy, a sexual curiosity, and little more. Period. Done. End of story. Realize it, deal with it, and try your best to get along with the idea because no amount of talking, civil rights advances, or television shows will ever change that.

Now you are saying to yourself... "So? That sounds cool!" Oh yes, as a CD and a TV, that does sound cool. And it is cool, for a part time girl. Boy, to be thought of and chased as a sexual toy? Oh my! Heavens! How wonderful! I am wanted, by all these men! For sex!

Shit girl, so is every genetic girl out there. Welcome to being a woman. But there is a much bigger problem that you will face once you transition. And you will not like it.

You see, there is no such thing as a straight man... Everyone is gay to a point. If you have not figured it out yet, you will... The only people attracted to you are straight men. Duh. No one is straight.

These men are married, have children, and usually are quite independent and masculine. They lead typically macho lives and in all ways appear to be staunchly heterosexual. But there is no such thing. They are not gay men because gay men meet, get naked, and have sex with other gay men! No, these men will not do that, but they will do that with you. Why? It all comes down to one thing: you are merely a cleverly disguised vessel for a penis. That is all you are, and all you

ever will be to men. And women. If someone is sexually interested in you, man or woman, then all they are interested in is your hidden penis... tucked away under all things feminine... cleverly disguised between layers of silk and lace... hidden, but there. If someone wants you, they do not want you, they want your penis. Period.

Fine and dandy for a CD or a TV... Great, in fact. Just peachy. Every T-girl went through that phase of life, and enjoyed every minute of it too. But things change. Being a mere fantasy and sexual curiosity, being nothing more than a penis carrier, is not very fulfilling. In fact, it becomes a burden, a disgrace, and quite emotionally painful after you transition. It sucks.

But look at it this way; there are over 3 billion men on the planet and only about 13% or so are gay. That leaves 87% that are straight? No, in reality, that leaves 87% that are bisexual at least. A very few percentage of them are openly bi, the rest are closeted. Damned near every man on the planet has tried on their mothers, sisters, girlfriends, or wives clothes at one time or another. All are at least curious. But since they are forced, like you were, to live a macho life in a world of gender related expectation, they hide it. No, they are not gay. They do not want to be with a man. They *can't* be with a man. But they can be with you... you look, walk, talk, live, think, and are a woman. With a penis.

All men have this gay fantasy, but only a gay man can live it out. The rest must live it out in secret, behind their wives and girlfriends back, quietly in dark bedrooms, always away from the public eye. A TS lives in the public eye, she transitions in an effort to spend the rest of her life there... but when it comes to sex, she is forced back into hidden, taboo, and secretive sex in dark rooms where no one can ever know. Oh, that *is* great, isn't it?

And because you are a fantasy, most men are all talk and very few show up. They get scared, or they don't need the real you—just the thought of you. You are a fantasy, hon; a dream, not real... Figure it out yet? Most will not show, get used to that, regardless of what they say. To them, you are not real, you are a fantasy... So what if they lie to you? So what if they stand you up? You are a freak, a dream, an object that carries around the coveted silk covered penis... they can give a shit about you... they just want the dream... the chick with a dick, so they can satisfy the latent homosexuality that exists in all men.

After a while, it works on you and you realize that you are nothing more than a vessel for your penis. It is all men want, and they want it quietly. Very few have the courage to take you in public, and if they do, it is to the gay bars you stopped hanging out at after you transitioned... back hanging out with the crossdressers and transvestites, hidden from society with your "date" in a gay bar. Oh yes, very courageous. You have had dreams of being taken to nice places with nice men? On the rare occasion, yes, it may happen; it does from time to time. But almost always you will be stood up. If and when they do show, half get so scared at the thought of actually standing next to the thing they have dreamt about for their entire lives that they tremble and shake and have to back home to the wife. And if they do in fact take you out, it will be to a safe place, not where genetic women are taken... My god, someone might see them with you!

Hon, get stood up in a bar, restaurant, club, or hotel one too many times and you start to realize your own self worth... in the eyes of the rest of the world anyway. It wears you down.

A girl who has been forced into a secretive life for decades finally has her bell go off... she lives the rest of her life as a woman. All things feminine pour forth like the water over Niagara Falls, unstoppable. You venture boldly into this world leaving everything you ever knew, loved, cherished, and were comfortable with, just too keep from going insane. You burst into the world and expect to be treated as a woman but you find no job, no comfort, no joy—only sex. Sex in dark rooms, hotel rooms, and the bedrooms of married men. There are no nice dinners and sparkling balls, just scared, excited men trying to live out a fantasy.

And you are a fantasy. Not real, not a part of the real world, not a part of their world. At best you find comfort in the occasional man. You meet thousands who start off their conversations with "You know, I am not gay, but I have always had this fantasy..." My god, will you hear those words! A fantasy... that is what you are. Not a person, not a woman, not even a sex object... just a fantasy. A dream. Not real.

Even the men you do see, date, and have sex with will soon disappear because you are a fantasy. They go there, they try that, and then they move on. Another form of conquest... another fantasy fulfilled... another notch on the old bedpost... and always in private, in secret, like you are a monster not to be taken outside the confines of a closed bedroom.

So you have dreams of being dated and pursued? Romanced and swept off your feet? Look hon, you will never be taken home to meet Mother, or out drinking with friends, taken to family reunions or to the boss's Christmas party... forget about the nice dinners at nice restaurants and hotels, forget about learning how to dance on a crowded ballroom floor, and forget about the long romantic nights strolling through malls window shopping. To a man, or a woman, who is interested in you, you are another fantasy waiting to be fulfilled, and that fantasy does not include candle lit dinners and evenings on the town.

Impossible? No, these things do happen on the rare occasion, but just like the highly prized job... if you are lucky enough to find it, hang on and keep it! In time, you will pass. With enough surgeries and practice and work experience behind you, you will eventually do what most transsexuals eventually do—go stealth. You will achieve your goals, you will pack everything up, and you will move to a town where no one ever knew the old you. You will move to where there are no awkward questions to be asked. And you will fade away into the sunset. Maybe even find that man or woman, settle down, and marry. But until then, wake up and realize what is ahead of you.

And oh, by the way... 90% of all the men (and women) who want sex from you will want you to penetrate them with your penis. You are into that, right? Oh, you are? Well, talk to me after you start your transition and the hormones! And just a silly side note... if you are into gay sex, penetrating a man with your penis, or a woman for that matter, what the hell are you doing transitioning in the first place? I still have yet to hear of a woman with a penis...

And one last by the way... how can you blame men anyway for keeping you hidden from the world? We all want a courageous man on our arms, or a courageous woman, but the reality of the situation is that these men face the same ridicule as you do. They face the same prejudices, teasing, and ignorance... If they date you, their sexuality is questioned, their job is at stake, and

they get ribbed and beaten and killed in the streets. Do they lack courage? Or are they just taking into consideration the fact that the world is not ready for them, or you?

So, you are a sex object, a sexual curiosity, a toy, a notch on a bedpost and an unreal dream. Hell, girl, you are indeed special. What genetic girl can claim all that? And you have an entire new life to start, with no job, no insurance, no family, and no friends. You need \$100,000 over the next few years before you can go stealth while you live, eat, pay bills, get all the surgeries, and pay for all the clothes and jewelry, hair and make-up, accessories and shoes, and a million other things you do not yet have for that brand new life. So? What do you do?

Escort, hon, damned near everyone else has. Including your banker, lawyer, doctor and many professionals who ever went to college. Half of them did, trust me. And why not?

Well, that is up to you. You are a highly coveted sex prize wanted by almost every man on the planet, yet all they want is a new, exciting, or adventurous sexual experience. And you have no money. But you have a schedule... a huge schedule with very little time that requires a lot of cash. And hell, you need sex too. But now you know why so many T-girls quit or commit suicide. It is not just the losses they suffer, the indignities they suffer, or the financial problems they have, though these are reason enough to. No, most try to make it work, and if the above does not get them, then they contemplate escorting. And if that does not get them, then maybe the guilt and anguish suffered by selling their bodies does get them. You decide. You decide why they quit, commit suicide, or are a part of the 15% that make it. Your choice.

But let's face it, few of us can escort upon the initial transition. What do most do? Most of us either muddle though it the best we can. Literally from day to day, from paycheck to paycheck if we are lucky enough to have one. But many of us prostitute ourselves in the same way genetic girls do... through a symbiotic relationship of some kind. The kind of man that will take you in public before taking you to bed to fulfill that fantasy is usually a self made man, a man of means, one who makes his own way in the world... self defined, self made, strong enough not to let the world define him. He may never take you home to meet Mom, but he has made his own way. And that means he has money. Marriage is out of the question for you now, but that same relationship GG's have with men is not... you can have your man, his security, your face and your body, all just by being the right mans girl... just like any other marriage or relationship out there. Prostitution? No more than marriage. But in reality, many of us get through the transition this way, just the same way most GG's get through their lives.

So, Here We Are...

What a deal. Pretty discouraging, right? Well, yes, certainly. And that is why I wrote this—not to discourage, but to tell the truth. You want roses and silk? See Transvestite Tawnie and her Rose Room on the net. You want the truth? See a real transsexual. And I remind you that a real transsexual lives full time, hon. No one else can ever know the truth, no matter what they tell you, no matter what they appear to be. If they have any vestige of their male life intact, it is a safety net from the dangers and barriers out there and they have yet to experience it. Those others, they know nothing yet. All they know are the pretty, flowery, funny, and cute stuff about the world of the transsexual. They are not one and they know nothing of any real value.

You are here because you have certain feelings. You are here because you are taking yet another step. Maybe you were hoping for a nice long narrative of how to be a better girl, where to buy clothes that fit and how to put make-up on. Hon, go find a crossdressers club if that is your goal. No transsexual gives a damn about that stuff any more. They need to survive. They just want to live as any other woman does... that is all they care about. If you want advice on how to be a better woman, here is mine. It was given to me by a very wise TS who knew at the time that I had no clue what I was getting myself into as I was planning my initial transition: Tits out, stomach in, ass out, shoulders down, head up, knees together, figure eight with the feet, swing your hips, don't lead with your shoulders. Now, walk normal.

Or maybe you read this entire thing hoping for the keys to a successful transition. Ugh, do you really want to transition? Just follow the three steps and start living full time. There, done. It is that is easy, trust me.

I wrote this because I was stupid. I am a typical TS with a typical TS story with two exceptions: 1) at age 10, I became the "man" of my household. I hid my true feelings in an effort to keep up the image I inherited at too young of an age. This did something great for me... I learned to live in two separate worlds, as a man and as a woman, before puberty. I escaped the typical anguish, agony, and the serious long-term counseling the rest of my sisters endured... confusion about their sexuality. I was lucky; and, 2) I literally did transition overnight. My bell went off, I moved out on a Saturday, unpacked on a Sunday, and Monday morning I got up, plucked my eyebrows, had my ears pierced, and made my first hair removal appointment. I began living full time that night and nothing has changed since. I was stupid.

Now I get dozens of girls a month that write me thinking that I have the key to a quick, happy, and successful transition. There is no such thing. Read what I wrote. Listen to what I wrote, and compare notes. And for the last time, leave the crossdressing idiots and the "professional trannies" on the net and in the gay bars out of this. Compare these notes to professional counselors, psychiatrists, and doctors. Talk to other transsexuals, if you can find them and get them to talk. Search out reputable information on the nNet and concentrate on the normal, not the exception. Do your homework and make a plan... but do your homework!

So, You Want to be a T-Girl

So you do all this and you are ready to transition, huh? Good god, you have not heard a word I have said! Listen to me now...

The last thing you should ever hope for is that your bell goes off. It is exactly like the soldier that prepares for war every day but prays hard that it never comes. If you are sitting around praying for your bell to go off, there is something drastically wrong with you.

All transsexuals remember that tragic day... and you are looking forward to it? Or worse yet, *forcing* it to come? It is a tornado, hon, really; just as strong and unstoppable as a real tornado. And you think you are so big and bad, so different from all the rest of us, that you can just go outside, stand in front of that tornado, hold your badass hand up to it and make it stop? Or somehow beat it? Good god, hon, no one should go through this.

Being a transsexual is by far the most difficult predicament a person can be born into. It is the worst birth defect to have. It is much worse than being born handicapped, a minority race, gay or lesbian, or being too short or too fat. Nothing compares. In life, birth defects, race, sexual orientation, and life choices are supported by law, accommodated for, compensated for, made easier, have allowances made, are cut slack, understood, and accepted by a society which has learned the truth about them. Society does not know the truth about transgenderism, and especially about the world of the transsexual. The confusion lies in that supposed choice.

You now have a choice. All crossdressers and transvestites do, as well as bisexuals. Well, that pretty much covers the entire world, all six billion people, except gays, lesbians, and transsexuals. When a transsexual's bell goes off, she does not have a choice. This is what is not understood by the world, or by you, most likely. Because the rest of the world has a choice, they feel that we do too. Bullshit. There is no choice.

Who in their right mind would make such a choice? Enter Problem Two:... we are crazy for making this "choice". So we are laughed at, ridiculed, beaten and killed, left to starve and forced into prostitution where all sexual freak shows should be. And you want this voluntarily.

Look, I have tried real hard not to give advice in this little book of mine, but to end this chapter, I will give some very good, well learned, and highly valuable advice: If you have a choice now, stay that way as long as you can and in the meantime, prepare yourself for the day your bell does go off. You want advice? This is it! Have fun in both of your worlds until all of it comes crashing down around you. But dammit, be prepared if that day ever comes.

So you wanna be a T-girl? Look, hon, every Tom, Dick and Hairy Mary that ever put on a pair of pantyhose and looked in the mirror said, "Oh my god, I need to be a woman!" So what, you have nice legs. The simple truth is that there is almost no difference in the shape of a woman's leg and the shape of a man's. Put on enough pairs of pantyhose to cover the hair, slip into a size 12 patent leather pump, and your legs look no different than your wife's.

So you want to be a T-girl? No you don't. You either are or you are not, it is that simple. I purposely titled this book the way I did to lure the right people into reading it. You are either born a woman or you are not. You cannot become a T-girl, you cannot become a transsexual. You are born one; you do not create one. If you do not have to transition, then don't force it. But if you were born a woman, then you have to do it, so do it right.

And I will close with this chapter with a final thought, and try to end it on as positive a note as I can. With all I have said, a pretty bleak picture has been painted. Perhaps you think I am a depressive or worse, I do not care. I am certainly under no illusions about who and what I am, but all I set out to do was to tell the truth about transsexuals and the experience of the transition, a truth that is not and has not ever been told in public. If you don't like the picture, go investigate the world for yourself and get back to me. I am a realist.

I am also the strongest person I have ever known in my life. I have been independent since I was ten years old and have never once been to a psychiatrist except that one time to get my walking papers. I know who and what I am, and above all, I am a realist. But this truth which I have laid

out for you here, it is a pretty bleak picture, about that there is little doubt. And so what? Not all things in this life are wine and roses. You wanted to learn, so there it is.

But I will leave you, all of you... the crossdressers and transvestites, the drag queens and the she-males, the “transgenders” and the transsexuals... all who read this, I leave you with this thought:

Yes, the tornado is real. It brings total destruction and leaves you with nothing you can use to rebuild. Yes, the life is hard, the money and the surgeries and the attitude of the world are all extremely difficult to take. But that tornado can leave you with a few things... If you are a strong person to begin with, if you were in fact born a woman, it will take everything... everything except for your pride, dignity, and class. If you are strong, you will still have those.

If your bell goes off, you will suffer many indignities until that day comes when you can go stealth. They will be countless, endless, and harsh in nature... but you do have a choice left. You do have weapons. You have your pride, and your dignity, and your class. Never, ever lose those.

And to all of you, especially the CD's, TG's, TV's, drag queens and she-males out there... we all share the same problems and they all stem from the same source. We, the transgendered, are grouped into a single commune as all gays and lesbians once were. Things are different for them now... Today, everyone knows that not all gay men wear leather chaps or swish about singing show tunes. And we all recognize that not all lesbians ride Harley Davidson's or look like Madonna. And society has recognized that they were born that way, though most agree that there is still much remaining to do in the area of rights and civil liberties. But we, the transgendered, as a group, are still fighting the basic fight; that of stereotyping. Like the gays and lesbians did 30 years ago, and the blacks and Mexicans did 50 years ago. It is our turn.

And this fight is complicated by the CD's, the TV's, the drag queens, and the “professional trannies” out there, running around in dresses with mustaches, doing freak drag shows, and prancing about on television in gay pride parades. These people are not transsexuals, though many claim to be. Drag queens buy a set of boobs or a pussy and claim to represent you, and you are forced to live with it. “Professional trannies” make movies, star in reality TV shows, and move to the forefront of the transsexual world, and they claim to represent all of us for profit or to further their own agendas. And here you are stuck in the middle, wondering what to do and how to do it with only these people as role models and representations.

But you cannot change the world. You cannot change the laws. You alone cannot change the collective minds of the entire legal system, judicial system, and the country in general. No, you cannot change the world, but you can change minds. One at a time. And that is what we must do. With individual pride, class, and dignity. If we change minds one at a time, eventually we can change the laws and the way we are looked at and treated.

Try every day, for every minute you are in the public eye, to carry yourself well. Each one of us has a million things stacked against us already, we do not need to make our own situations worse. Go out, meet people, shop and dine, live and breathe, as a transsexual woman. But as a transsexual woman with pride, and dignity, and class. It is a wonderful equalizer.

When prejudice and ignorance appear, hit back with all you have left—pride, dignity, and class. When you meet a salesman, greet him with pride and dignity and class. When you see a face across a counter, greet it with pride, dignity, and class. Everyone you meet, and to all of the millions who see you but you do not see them... show them pride and dignity and class. All the time, every day, in every way and at every chance... pride, dignity, and class.

Look at what represents us in the media today... on television reality shows, celebrity transitions, documentaries... it can best be described as a limited view of reality, and at worst, a total misrepresentation of reality and entirely disgraceful. When we stop disgracing ourselves, the world will accept us. Against all odds, Sisters, handle yourself, and represent yourself and the rest of us, with pride, dignity, and class.

I am told that this oration sounds angry, like I am unhappy, frustrated, and that it is too negative. No transsexual tells me that though, only others. Well, we *are* a bit angry. You would be too if you were in our shoes. But I am tired of seeing people ruin their lives because they think becoming a woman is easy, fun, exciting, and wonderful. It is all that, yes, but you all need to know the truth about it too... No one tells you that, except the professionals you each need to seek out sooner or later. It is tough and there is so much garbage out there. I have felt strongly since before I transitioned that someone needs to help others out. This is my attempt, a new angle... the *real* real world. I apologize if it does not suit you, but I will never apologize for its contents... It is simply the truth.

And finally, to answer the question that by now is on everyone's mind: Am I happier now that I transitioned? What a question. I transitioned because I had to, not because I wanted to. I did so because I was living a lie, was about to go insane, because I had to or I would have committed suicide. Am I happier? Well, I traded one set of big problems for another set of big problems, that's all. Would I do anything different if I could do it all over again? Most likely not. I made the best choices I could have made, and they were based on the information I had at the time. I am a realist and I lived my life the best I could. The best way to answer that question is to say this... I would rather have been born a homosexual, a lesbian, or a bi-sexual, anything other than a transsexual. But it is too late for that.

I just go through my life now as I did in the past—the best I can. Before, I was a “man” mucking my way through life the best I could. Now, I just do it at peace with myself as a transsexual woman. I am not strong and courageous for doing so, I am just doing what I have to do to survive. And I am doing it the best way that I can.

Am I happier now that I transitioned? No, I was happy before, and I am happy now. But now I am not living a lie. Now I have found my place in the world. Now I am simply at peace with myself and the world. No more lies. I am a girl. And that is all... I am just a girl.

And before we move on, consider this:

You Shouldn't Transition If...

You shouldn't transition if you are a crossdresser, transvestite, or drag queen... if you have pictures of yourself on the net that are sexual in nature or of you in a hotel room... if female clothing turns you on... if you go to meetings at a crossdresser club, a transsexual club, or a gay rights group... if you are "out and proud" (lesbians don't count)... if you took a bastardization of a male name for your female name...if you took something like "Luvs" or "Aphrodite" or some other overly-feminine, ridiculous, childish word or name as part or all of your new name... if you hang out in drag bars... if your friends hang out in drag bars... if you have a "drag mother"... if you go out in 6" heels and mini skirts... if you *own* 6" heels and mini skirts... if you do not own a pair of jeans and sneakers... if you penetrate men in the anus during sexual intercourse... if you "dress up" to masturbate... if you can't have sex naked... if you think playing with your breasts after they grow would be "cool"... if you want to be a porn star or an escort after you transition... if you can't visit with every single one of your co-workers, friends, family, children, parents, or anyone else on the planet for that matter, afterwards... if you still own a single item of male clothing... if you display photos of the "old" you... if you still have a single piece of your male life intact... if you still go out as a male for any reason now... if you do not plan on, are working towards, or already have tried to get GRS... if you do not have a plan that will see you through to stealth and beyond... if you think your voice doesn't need work... if you consider yourself a "transgender", "gender fuck", or label yourself as anything other than a woman... if you describe yourself as "sexually confused", a "freak", or undefinable... if you plan on being a transsexual rather than a woman... if you want to keep your penis... if you think it will be easy... if you start a fight when you get clocked... if you haven't seen a psychiatrist, a doctor, *and* a lawyer yet... if you get your hormones without a legitimate prescription while under a doctors care... if you want more out of the transition than what any other woman out there has now... if you think transitioning will make you happy... if you want to *become* a transsexual, or, if you want to *become* a woman.

Women are born, they are not created.