

Tis hard to lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale...

Amanda Hawkins



Disbelief

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No, I'm not kidding. My Mum used some weird medallion to turn me into her, then she took off with her old boyfriend. Why are you smiling?

You don't believe me?

Sure I sound like her. I mean, why wouldn't I? The magic gave me her mannerisms, and her knowledge of makeup and women's clothing and everything. I can even do her job.

Being a woman is easy. Too easy, if you ask me. What worries me is I'm starting to forget how to be a guy.

Why are you laughing?

How the hell am I supposed to prove it? I'm female right down to the womb I had to stuff with a tampon this morning because it had to go and start bleeding.

That's the problem: even if the real Tasha was standing right beside me you probably couldn't tell the difference.

Oh, you'd like that, would you? Maybe the two of us would be twice as bitchy, ever think of that?

As my boyfriend, you should take this more seriously.

Consider this: Josh hasn't been home all week and I'm not even worried. Wouldn't that be just a little out of character for Mum?

Jesus, Todd, what's so goddamn funny?

Oh, really... You heard all this before, huh?

Nonstop for six weeks?

Dammit, she set me up. Both of us, actually. She lied to make you--

Oh. She said that too, huh? Figures.

After that you make love and everything's back to normal. Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am.

Don't get your hopes up, dude.

Really? Shit, she really thought of everything.

So I should just lay back and enjoy the ride, huh?

Okay, whatever. Let's see what you got.