Make My Day: The transgender way to deal with lingering guilt...

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Yeah. I'm talkin' to you, mister. The guy with the purdy hair and awesome sweater meat. You know what this is, don't you?

That's right... it's the key—the only key, I might add—to the locker at the airport. The one where I left the suitcase and all your boy clothes, and that silly medallion as well. In other words, every damn thing you need to turn yourself back into a man.

I think I might flush it down the john...

I'm sure you could get a replacement. But the concierge office is closed, so you'd have to come back tomorrow. And you'd have to explain why you really don't look much like Robert Holdcraft anymore. Think you can pull that off?

Uh-uh. Without this key you'll walk out of here as Vanessa Woodbine, the poor stewardess whose suitcase you swiped. She's probably on a flight home by now, but you've got her ID, her street clothes and her whole effing body, so you can just go ahead and be her for the next few... decades. Is that what you want? Hmmm? You want to be a woman, little boy? Because I'm pretty sure I do...

Poor Robbie. Everyone thought you were so fucking macho, but it was all just an act. A big con job. Well, you might've fooled them, but you can't fool me. I know who you are.

Just look at you now... all dolled up like the goddamn girl next-door. It's what you wanted all along... to be the pretty one, the one who plays hard to get, the one with her butt in the air while some jackass sticks himself in you and maybe knocks you up, like you did to that sweet girl in high school who trusted you.

Yep... Robbie old boy, you've had this coming for a long time. Good freakin' luck being a single mommy. You're gonna need it, babe.

Go ahead. Drop the key and flush. And while you're at it, flush yourself too. I'm sick of looking at your face. This one is much nicer.

Go ahead. Make my day.