

She's Not Your Little Boy Anymore: Another fine lad grows up to be his mother...

Amanda Hawkins

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Craig? Oh my God, why are you wearing the exact same skirt and top I wore for the Halloween party at my sorority when I was a pledge. Did you get it from that big box up in the attic? Goodness, what am I saying, of course you did. I would know those heels anywhere. You're in big trouble, young man. You can't just take things that don't belong to you and then go and wear them. It's inconsiderate, that's what it is. I raised you better than that, didn't I? What've you got to say for yourself?

Sorry, Ma. I know I should've asked, but I thought you wouldn't want me going to a frat party disguised as you.

Well, you thought wrong. Heavens, did you go and get your hair done? You did, didn't you? Is that why you let it get so long? So you could have it styled like a girl, with waves and curly tips and everything? That's it, isn't it? You had this planned all along. It looks like you shaved your legs as well. Why else would they look so fabulous? Is that my new pair of pantyhose?

No, Ma. I bought it online, along with the lingerie I'm wearing and the makeup too.

Thank goodness for that. And I must say, you certainly did make yourself look rather pretty. Practice makes perfect, I suppose. In fact, if I didn't know better I'd swear I was looking at my younger self, right down to the hairstyle I wore in college. Ahh, now I understand. This isn't just for a frat party, is it? I bet you've wanted to be me for a long time, haven't you?

Sorry, Ma, but can you really blame me? Ever since Dad left, you're the one I look up to. I mean, you're so smart and strong and everything, who wouldn't want to be more like you? That's all I ever wanted, since that Halloween you dressed me up as a little princess... and then a nurse and a witch and a debutante.

Ha. Little does she know that I already went and got myself 'fixed', down there.

Goodbye, college fund. Hello, legally a woman. It isn't just my hair... I'm her younger self in name as well.

I know it's weird, maybe even perverse, but I can't help it. She's the woman I have to be... and there can only ever be one of us.

I don't blame you, dear. Actually, I'm flattered. Any mother would love to have a daughter like you, even if it's only for a little while.

Hold that thought, Ma... I might be around longer than you think.

Oh, I don't doubt it. Once you fix your face and style your hair like that, it won't be easy to go back to being plain old Craig. In fact, it's amazing how much you even sound like me... I suppose you've been practicing that as well, but it really is uncanny. No one would ever believe you're not a woman.

If you say so. Hey, just for a giggle, why don't you go ahead and sign these papers that legally turn you into old Aunt Agatha. That way I can be the one and only Marie Veronique. You know... just for the party.