Let me see... how the hell am I gonna explain this? People are gonna wonder why I look like a girl all of a sudden. Questions will be asked. Tongues will wag, in homes and schools, places of business, seats of government. Maybe I should make a video, post it online; explain everything that way... "People of Earth," I could say, "I am a cross-dresser. Nobody forced me to do this. Nobody tied me up and gave me hair extensions and a nice blow-out to make these gorgeous waves—I just enjoy wearing my hair like this. No one had to trick me into wearing makeup—I just like looking pretty. No one had to use hypnosis to get me into a skirt and heels—dressing like a girl is just part of who I am. I am not a threat to you or your way of life." Yeah, that's what I'll say... play up the "no threat" part.

"I am a human being, just like all of you." Oh yeah, that sounds good. Gotta emphasize that thing where we're all the same under the skin. "If you don't like what I do, look away. I am not here to force you to do anything, or even to speak with me. I'll respect your boundaries if you respect mine." Hmm. I'm thinking maybe a B-cup up top. No point going overboard and getting too much attention. "People of Earth, if I am pricked, do I not bleed? Treat me as you would have others treat you and we'll get along just fine." Yep, the Golden Rule applies even to cross-dressers with mostly-fake rose gold hair. It would apply even if I wasn't as passably female as it appears I'm going to be.

"People of Earth... heed my words. My name is Cassie. I'm not a woman, but I very much enjoy looking like one. Is that a crime?"