

Thank you, thank you, thank you Ophelia for an absolutely brilliant Sunday. When I first contacted you I specified no fantasy outfits, no high fashion or show girl outfits, just a casual outfit suitable for a shopping expedition to Myer or Target with simple make-up to match that I could learn to copy. I had a sneaky suspicion that you might persuade me to put things to the test with a trip round the corner to a carefully primed boutique and/or a café but I had no idea where you would lead me.

The make-up was everything I asked for. Easy simple tricks that even a dummy like me can remember and the outfit, of a casual batwing top with simple black skirt, and black stay-ups, was perfect. I liked the short auburn wig too. I really am sorry I messed up my French pink nail polish and you had to do it all again. Both times were fun though. I was glad I brought my own Mary Jane shoes because I think the marathon you took me on would have been difficult in borrowed shoes.

Then you dared me. Out we went, not just round the corner to a safe spot but with me driving to the local Westfield Mall where we hit the shops for all the world like two girls on a mission to spend up before they closed. We did Big W for shoes (5 pairs for me), Target where I got some underwear and Supre for 6 batwing tops in various colours and sizes similar to the one you had dressed me in. The only time in all this that I was conscious of people looking at me was when I wacked my head on the half closed roller door at Supre making a huge noise. Everyone looked at the silly girl who didn't know how tall she was in heels. Then I pushed my shopping trolley up the ramp to the car and we were off back to Coogee. Oh I forgot you made me touch up my lipstick in the middle of the Mall without a mirror as you had taught me.

A quick touch up of make-up and we were out again for a stroll along the foreshore and dinner at the Italian restaurant sitting outside under the stars with passers by strolling past. finally it was time to end the fun. Back to base where I changed into my own Carol outfit for the drive back to my hotel. I couldn't stop being Carol. The following day I travelled as Carol by train to a support group meeting, surrounded on the way back by High school kids and looking down from my 6' tall in heels on two shortish female police officers sharing the platform. The two days after that I spent 28 hours en femme, including a solo shopping outing at a different Westfield.

Without the boost to my confidence that my Sunday out with you gave me, I couldn't have done any of that. Now Carol can do anything.

Thanks and hugs

Carol