

MAYA

I wanted to thank you Ophelia, my fairy Godmother for helping me to be Cinderella for a few hours.

While travelling from Sydney to Melbourne, I was overwhelmed by anticipation on more than one occasion. My journey was relatively short compared to my real journey, which had begun many years ago. Like Moses, I was lost in the desert till I stopped to ask Ophelia for directions to the Promised Land.

Melbourne weather was perfect when I landed at the airport; the sun was shining bright and there was not a single cloud in the clear blue sky. This was my day, I thought. This was the day I had waited for such a long time to break down barriers, cross gender lines and be a woman for a few hours, an evening, a weekend or longer.

Ophelia welcomed me and immediately put me at ease. She too was excited to meet me and was keen to show me around. She showed me several dresses, rows of large-sized shoes, jewellery items, wigs, handbags, foundation garments, garter belts, corsets and breast forms. All things that, only minutes ago seemed so alien, so remote and so inaccessible that they existed only in my dreams. Ophelia had carefully chosen a few outfits for me on the basis of an earlier correspondence, in which I had asked for a full transformation to a schoolgirl, a secretary, an ordinary woman, a bride or a slut.

Ophelia started working her magic on me. Within a short time, I felt alive and animated while wearing breast forms, lingerie, stockings, garter belt and high-heeled shoes, as I realised I had travelled to a place where I had never been before. The adventure was only beginning and I was, by this stage already trembling with nervous anticipation and excitement. Carefully choosing from a pack of stick-on nails, Ophelia showed me how to do my nails in the future, but at the same time left me with my figure tips wonderfully decorated in lovely pink colour. Every time she was distracted, I could not help but admire my own hands, thinking to myself about how beautiful they looked.

Soon, it was time for me to be a schoolgirl of my dreams. A tight fitting white top and an ultra-short, skirt left me wondering how as a girl, I would spend a whole day at school and prevent my clothes from falling off. The uniform was created to reveal much and I needed to control my movements to prevent me from revealing too much. I needed a crash course from Ophelia on how to behave, sit, socialize, walk and talk like a girl. Ophelia asked me to walk and I did so in 4" heels; she asked me to pose and then sit, which I did with legs crossed at the edge of a chair, as I had never done before. In the spirit of true adventure, I learnt something new, and this opened up my mind for novel ideas and change.

The best part was yet to come, as Ophelia started working on my face, eyes, nose, cheekbones and lips before putting me in a shoulder length wig. Only then did she allow me to see myself, first in a camera shot and then, in a giant mirror. I was overwhelmed. I had pretty pink lips, fluttering false eyelashes and luscious long hair, but in addition, I had a face flushed pink with blood rushing around my head and ears suffused red in sharp contrast to shiny clip-on earrings dangling

carelessly from both ear lobes. I could hear my heart beat but could not keep up with the heart rate and for the second time that evening, I was not able to control the trembling of my body.

Over the next half hour, I had to grow up to be a woman. Ophelia chose a new, full sleeved, red top dress that fell down to just below my waist. It was tight around my breast area but was loose and comfortable everywhere else. The search for a black skirt threw up a few options, leading first to trial of a skirt that was disapprovingly short and then, to a longer one that suited me perfectly. Ophelia was very pleased; she snapped away happily and took many photos in different rooms and locations in the house, some while I posed and others while I was sipping wine or simply lounging around. In women's clothes, I found my instincts change to include gestures, movements and poses commonly considered feminine. Once all my anxiety had settled, I began to smile and retained the smile on my face, as a true reflection of my inner peace and contentment.

Some photos were taken outside the house and although I had initially dreaded the thought, I was happy to step out with confidence that one gains with love, support and understanding. I got plenty of that every step of the way during my transformation. Ophelia had suggested a walk in a nearby park and had taken the trouble to arrange a social outing for me in the evening. The mere thought of stepping out in her company was delicious and exhilarating, but I could not act on it as, I had not planned this in advance.

Just like Cinderella, my 'midnight' hour approached far too soon. Like in the fairy tale, both my dream and reality merged imperceptibly into one another for a time and then pulled apart.

I was grateful for the opportunity to feel and touch my feminine spirit and for Ophelia, who was my guide on this journey.

In the days that have followed my transformation, I have gone back to look at the photographs, only to be amazed each and every time at the beautiful girl Ophelia created.

Thank you, Ophelia.