

“Once More With Feelings”

A new story by Night Hawk

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Chapter 9: Patti The Teacher

Wendy really was a brain. Although we had little homework at the end of each day, she breezed through it while other girls struggled to grasp the basic concepts. I was lucky that I had gone through it once before, so I was able to keep up to her. We got into the habit of doing our homework together after supper instead of going to one of the recreation rooms.

The first day we hit the track we started out at a semi quick walk. As I thought, Wendy might have some baby fat left on her, but she was quite fit and kept up with me easily. I did wonder, though, how a girl who had never participated in any sports could have such stamina. After an hour of steady walking, we were both working up a sweat in those ridiculous gym suits. I suggested we hit the showers before the volleyball court, but I couldn't persuade Wendy to disrobe in front of the other girls. So off to the volleyball court we went.

It was awkward at first since Wendy had no clue as to how to play the game. I had played quite a bit of it in my previous life both in school and on the beaches in my early twenties, but that game hadn't been invented yet - at least not as a sporting event. We spent the hour just passing the ball back and forth over the net while I explained the basic rules and patterns to her. She had strong fingers and could really drive the ball, and her height made her perfect for a set up man. I tried to explain all this to her, but she said it would take time for her to catch on, so we just worked on our passing, keeping the ball in the air.

When it was finally time to call it quits, both of us were covered in sweat.

Surprisingly, there were still a few girls in the shower, but I calmly sat down and waited. I didn't want Wendy to get spooked. The shower in the gym was easily big enough for 30 girls, but even though there was just a handful finishing up, we sat and waited on the wooden benches in the change room.

One of the advantages of a private school like St. Ursula's is that you don't have to haul your stuff all over the place. You stepped out of your clothes and dropped them into the laundry hamper. We each had three uniforms, and everything dropped off today would be returned, clean and wrapped, on our beds tomorrow. Fresh towels were there for the taking and always an abundant supply.

If only Father Bob knew what kind of punishment he had given me!

I sat on a bench facing into the showers and Wendy sat across from me. This was definitely hard! Having to look at the bodies of nubile young women in their prime!

“Pete!” Wendy whispered loudly, “You’re staring!”

“So? Your point being?” I asked.

“Well... I don’t think it’s right,” she said with a pout.

“I see nothing wrong with it,” I said. “As a matter of fact, I’m rather enjoying myself!”

“Are you a...”

“A lesbian?” I finished for her. “I don’t think so, but I can admire the human body, can’t I?”

“But you’re admiring the female form,” she retorted.

“Yeah,” I sighed. It’s so much nicer looking than a man’s.”

She giggled. “You’re awful!”

The last of the girls got out of the shower and it appeared one was going to make a comment to Wendy when I stood up. “Thank you,” I said, “now we can have some privacy.” That earned me a weird look.

“You are so wicked!” Wendy giggled. “Everybody will think you really are a lesbian.”

“Maybe I am and I just can’t remember,” I teased her. “But since it’s you and me, they’ll think you’re my lover.”

“As if!”

“As if what?” I asked.

“Like you’d want somebody as frumpy as me when you’re so gorgeous,” she said.

“Hey now, I happen to think you’re beautiful,” I said to her. “You’re sweet and cuddly and smart as well. You’re the one who should be choosy.”

“Ah, you’re cracking me up,” said Wendy.

“Come on, let’s get this over with before we’re late for supper,” I said, and I pulled off my gym suit. Wendy hesitated a minute.

“Come on, Wendy,” I said with a grin. “I’ll show you mine if you show me yours!”

That brought on some real giggling and slowly she peeled off her suit. I had my bra undone and skimmed my panties off, then I turned to watch her. She had her back partially to me but I could see that she was looking at my body with something other than just curiosity.

“Come on, Wendy, show me what real tits look like. It might be years before I grow any!”

This only brought more laughter from her and she undid her bra and defiantly turned to face me. She hefted one in each hand, presenting them to my delighted gaze. “There,” she said. “This is what real boobies look like.”

“No way, Wendy,” I said, “those aren’t boobies, they’re real honest to God tits!” She wasn’t that big, maybe the size of oranges, but that was a hell of a lot more than I had, and she had the darkest nipples and they were stiff. I knew what that meant! They had swollen to the size of grapes and at that moment, I was really in the mood for a taste from the vine!

Her bush was dark but not overly hairy, and I took a few minutes to just admire her nude body. What a rush! Here I was, a lecherous old man in the body of a 14 year old and getting to look at the 13 year old body of my new friend. This was **way** weird.

Wendy noticed my bush and scar and asked if it hurt, and wondered how long it would take before the hair grew back.

I spread my legs a bit and pretended to examine myself, using my hands to move my pussy around. I was sex wet.

“I don’t know I said, “but I think I’ll keep it trimmed anyway. Maybe on a quiet weekend you can give me a hand with the scissors.”

Wendy was breathing a bit heavy and seemed to have a hard job tearing her eyes from my sparse bush.

“Wendy?”

Finally, she raised her eyes to mine, slightly flushed, and said “Sure.”

It had to be getting close to six o’clock, so reluctantly I turned on the shower and grabbed a bar of soap. As much as I wanted to pull her tight to me, I knew that I had to take things slowly.

After washing my hair, I took the soap and lathered my body. Wendy was doing the same, but kept sneaking glances at my erect nipples and my pussy when she thought I couldn't see. I slowly washed my pussy, my arousal building up quickly, and I knew that I was very close to an orgasm. I turned away so that Wendy wouldn't see what I was doing and I used my entire hand to slide all around my labia, being careful not to press directly on my clit. I could feel the blood rushing down and could feel my clit start to protrude.

"What are you doing, Pete?" Wendy asked.

"Ah... I'm... itchy from the... hair growing back," I stammered out. I knew that I wasn't fooling her and knowing that she was watching me just turned me on even more and within a minute, I blew! My knees buckled as the waves of pleasure washed over me and I had to grasp for the shower pipes to remain standing.

"Wow," I heard her say from behind me. "You looked like you enjoyed that. Is it always that good?"

I willed my breathing to calm down and turned to face her. "I was just scratching an itch," I said.

"Yeah, right. You must have really scratched cause your nipples are totally puckered and your chest is bright red."

"Really Wendy, I was just scratching an itch."

"If you say so," she said. "Maybe I should shave a bit of my pubic hair off so I have something to scratch."

I smiled at her, knowing I hadn't fooled her one bit. "You don't need to shave to have an itch," I said playfully.

We finished showering off and had our civilian clothes on as we headed for supper. Quite a few people looked at us as we made our way down the food line. Once again, I pointed out what she should take. "Protein, Wendy," I said. "It won't go to your waist and will help build stronger muscles."

We sat with the other girls from our dorm, but were mostly ignored. As I explained to Wendy, one of the benefits of being a really good student was that while people might dislike you for one reason or another, they wouldn't say anything to jeopardize the chance of some remedial help as the semester drew to a close.

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The week flew by and every day Wendy became a bit bolder in the shower. On the Friday of the first week, she finally gathered up the courage to ask how I had learned how to scratch my itch.

“I had some help from a caring nurse,” I said truthfully.

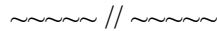
“And is this something I can read in a textbook?” she asked hesitantly.

“Not yet it isn’t,” I said before I realized it.

“You know Pete, sometimes I get the feeling that you know a lot more than you’re letting on. Other people don’t catch it, but every now and then I hear you talk about the here and now like you’ve already read about it.”

“Oh, Wendy,” I said, “half the time I don’t have a clue as to what I’m saying. Maybe I lost some of my speaking skills as well as my memory.” But I could see she wasn’t buying it. Time to distract her with something drastic.

“So,” I said, “You want to learn how to scratch an itch? Let me show you how it’s done.”



The girls who came from moneyed families had privileges not allowed us plebs, and because it was Friday night they could go into town to eat, shop or catch a movie, instead of one of the ‘optional’ activities. We had the shower all to ourselves!

Wendy had grown pretty comfortable being nude around me, and though I didn’t want to tell her yet, I could already see some of her remaining baby fat melting away. I figured in a month, following what would become known as the Atkins diet and with the two hours of physical exercise every afternoon after class, she would be totally toned and trim.

I loved the way her butt was taking shape, and wanted more than anything to run my hands all over her body and hold her close to me, but I didn’t think she was ready for that yet. Yet, here she was asking if I would show her how to scratch your itch.

I told her the worst thing she could do was to use a scented soap or a deodorant soap, but I had mentioned this to her for health reasons earlier on in the week. “It will burn and sting your pussy,” I explained to her.

I was horny as all hell! Just the thought of seeing Wendy play with herself was getting me so fucking hot!

I leaned back against the wall and after lathering myself all up, I explained what Julie had told me. The only difference was that I was showing her at the same time.

Wendy's eyes got big and she bent down to watch as I let my fingers do the walking, gently stroking my labia, then sliding between the inner and outer lips and tracing the contours. I told her not to put pressure on her clit but to let the motion of the lips moving let the hood ride it up and down until the clit was engorged enough to make an appearance by itself.

I came so unexpectedly it caught me by surprise, but I was still hot and having Wendy watch just turned me on even more. I slipped two fingers inside my cunt and started to pump them in and out, as my thumb strummed a beautiful noise on my clit, and it was a loud and glorious noise as I crashed over the edge with a whopper!

I had tears in my eyes from the pleasure and was glad I was against the wall as I slowly slid down it, my legs shaking. Wendy must have started just after me because as I opened my eyes, I was looking directly at her crotch and her fingers twirling pubic hair and dancing over her puffy lips. Her breathing became irregular as she formed her fingers into a mini shovel and started digging away at her box until with a gasp and a moan, her legs clenched together and her knees gave out. Wendy literally fell on me as she sagged onto the wet tiles.

“Oh Fuck!” she said just as she passed out.

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I held her with my arm around her shoulders, feeling closer to her than I had to anybody for a long, long while. Even unconscious, she had a little smile on her pouty lips, and I longed to kiss her but knew it was too soon. Her eyelids flickered, and then she looked up at me, startled to see me so close. I helped her sit up, and then sat back a little.

“Are you OK?” I asked.

“Ooh! That was so intense!” Wendy whispered.

“Was that your first?”

She blushed. “Well, no, but it's never been like that! What happened?”

I knew she was talking about me holding her, so I said, “I couldn't have you hitting your head, now could I?”

“I fainted?”

“Not really. More like a sensory overload.”

She looked at me strangely for a moment and I knew I'd used the wrong words again.

"Does that happen to you, too?" she asked me.

"Well, not yet, but I'm hoping! Anyways," I said with a smile, "that's the basics. It only gets better from here."

"Better than this?" she asked incredulously.

"Well, first of all, my own personal record is three in a row... so far," I said with a lascivious grin, and then went on to explain there was still a lot more that could be done to enhance the experience.

"You mean with a boy?" she asked.

"Only if you find a really considerate one. Most guys only care about getting themselves off and don't take the time for us to enjoy it too." More memories from my past came back to taunt me.

"See, you're doing it again, Pete! You can't have had that much experience with boys, yet you talk like you know all about it. And the stupid thing is that I know you're sincere and telling me the truth."

I took a deep breath. "Finish up Wendy, and then we'll talk."

We quickly finished our showers in silence, and then dressed. Occasionally I saw her glancing my way as if wondering, and I realized that Wendy was too smart. Eventually she was going to trip me up on something important, and I really needed an ally. I probably wouldn't see Einstein again for a long time, maybe years. I would have to tell her at least part of the story.

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With a lot of the girls finished eating, and the rich ones out on the town, the cafeteria was nearly empty. We sat at a table at the furthest corner away from any big ears.

"You ever have the feeling of Déjà vu, Wendy?" I asked her.

"Sure," she said. "It's a common thing, thinking or feeling that you've done something before when you really haven't."

Time to fib a bit.

“Well, since I woke up in hospital, that’s the way I feel. But it’s more than a feeling,” I whispered, “I seem to know the way the world is headed.”

“You mean like what happened in the showers a little while ago,” she giggled.

I laughed as well. “No, not stuff like that, more like major events. I have absolutely no idea what will happen to me,” I said looking into her eyes, “but I know what will shape our world when I grow up.”

She looked seriously at me. “So, you’re not a fortune teller, you can’t actually see the future, but you know what it will look like.”

I nodded my head. “Like records. By 1990, they will become obsolete. They’ll be replaced by disks that are read by a laser light.”

Wendy snorted. “Duh, yeah! Like I could predict that as well,” she said, but she didn’t say it meanly or with spite. “Technology is bound to move on,” she said.

“It’s more than that, though,” I said. “For instance, I know we will have two new Popes in the next three years. And the second one will come from Poland.”

“Shit,” said Wendy. She bent her head low to whisper more quietly. “Are you serious, Pete?”

“Dead serious,” I said looking into her eyes. “I seem to know all the major events that are going to happen in the future.” What I didn’t tell her was that my knowledge of these events only went up to September of 2003.

“Do you think this happened when you lost your memory?” she asked. “Like maybe you lost your memory because it got filled with all this other stuff? You know, Carl Jung had theories about the collective unconsciousness. Maybe you’re living proof.”

“That might be, Wendy, but you see I can’t tell this to anybody. You’re the only person who knows.”

She looked around the room slowly then turned back to me and said, “Don’t worry Pete, I won’t breathe a word. And I won’t push you to tell me anything. I’m not sure I could handle knowing what’s coming.”

I sat back relieved. Not just because she believed me and accepted what I said as the truth, but that she seemed to have an understanding of what it was like for me.

“So there you have it, Wendy. You were right; I haven’t had any experience with boys or men. Hell, I’m still a virgin! But I do know what feels good and how it can feel even better!”

“Oh, that you have got to tell me!” she said gleefully.

“How about we take it one step at a time,” I suggested. “I’ll tell you how you can do it at night in bed for starters but for the seriously intense stuff, maybe you should wait.”

“Now, that I *will* pressure you about,” she retorted. “If anything can top that experience, I want to know how!”

“Soon, Wendy... soon enough.”

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We spent Saturday morning in the gym working on our volleyball techniques when Sister Gabriella, the nun who coordinated organized sports, happened to walk in.

Wendy and I had long passed the point of keeping the ball aloft, and were working off a wall on which we had taped some newspaper sheets. We would bounce the ball back and forth a few times and then she would set me up and I would drive the ball at one of our targets. It was as close to a target range for blind spots as we could devise, and the sound of the ball hammering the paper gave a satisfying smack.

Wendy would spin to face me and give just enough lift to the ball to clear the net and I would jump up and spike it. With my height and slender frame, I was easily jumping over two feet up from a standing position and Wendy had shown an uncanny knack for placing the ball wherever I was standing, and I made sure never to be in the same place twice. I moved every time I was preparing to spike and Wendy would have to find me after she turned to set me up.

Sister Gabriella watched for a while, till we became a bit uncomfortable under her stare and we stopped. She walked over to talk to us.

Unlike public schools where sports coaches had to be regular teachers as well to earn a living, all Sister Gabe did (she insisted that we call her that) was help organize sports and teams. She dressed in the newer more modern nun’s habit and it was easy to see that at one time she had been very athletic. Her skirt ended just below her knees showing off a set of muscled calves and strong ankles. Her white blouse was short sleeved and though she carried the standard blue school sweater over one arm, the other looked like she was a contender in the arm wrestling department. This was all offset however by a pretty face and a beautiful smile. Her small headpiece showed she had nice brown hair.

“How did I miss you girls before?” she asked. “I’m usually told about any new girls who have some athletic ability. You know with a school this small it’s hard to find enough participants to form a team much less a decent one fit for competition.”

I explained that I had started two weeks late in the semester because of my surgery, and hadn't fully recovered enough to consider trying out for any team sports. I didn't want to tell her that as long as Wendy was uncomfortable showering with the other girls that I would not subject her or pressure her to join anything.

Wendy simply said that she wasn't good enough for sports, never had been.

"That's nonsense!" Sister Gabe said. "I've been watching you and you have remarkable talent." That made Wendy blush. Then Sister Gabe turned to me. "So you're the one who can't remember."

"Yep, that's me," I said with a smile. I liked Sister Gabe and her easygoing, down to earth talk.

"Well, you sure remember how to play volleyball," she said. "Think you're healthy enough yet to play for the school?"

Before I had a chance to answer, she turned to Wendy. "And how about you, Missy? Why aren't you on the team? With you two on the team, we might actually win a game."

Wendy looked at me. Clearly, she was not used to praise for anything other than her brains. I liked the way she beamed and nodded.

"Sure," said Wendy. "If you think we're good enough, Sister."

Sister Gabe broke out in a big laugh. "Do I think you're good enough? Ha! We meet for team practice after supper on Mondays and Wednesdays. I expect to see both of you on Monday." Still laughing and mumbling about being "good enough!" she walked out of the gym.

Wendy and I took down the makeshift targets and walked circuits around the gym for another half hour before we went to shower. Wendy was still bubbling about being asked to join a team. Thoughts about showering in a group seemed to have evaporated from her fears. Or so I thought.

As we undressed, it suddenly struck her. "I guess I'm going to have to deal with the group shower thing if I want to be part of the team," she said.

"Hey, cheer up, Wendy. The way you kick ass on the court, nobody is going to make fun of you or pick on you, and if they try, well, you set 'em and I'll spike 'em!"

Wendy laughed and turned the water on. Since it was Saturday and most people in their right minds wouldn't spend their time in the gym, we had brought our razors down with us and shaved our legs and underarms.

We washed our hair and I could see by the look in Wendy's eye that she was getting ready to scratch her itch again. Wendy was insatiable when she found something she liked, and not just for food either. She got hooked on a subject, an author, a singer, or a band, and now she had found something that was better than all of those. She had discovered the magical powers of an orgasm!

"Go ahead, Wendy," I said teasing her. "You know you want to."

"You start," she said.

"Nah, I want to see you cum," I countered.

"Pete..."

"Hey, you said you wanted to take it up a notch. Get more bang for the buck, this is just one way of doing it."

"Pete..." she whined, "You go first."

"Not me," I said starting to soap my arms, "I can wait until tonight."

"You are so nasty!" she said, but not in a mean way. With a sigh, she leaned back against the wall and spread her legs. Within a few minutes, she was working her fingers through her cunt hair and it was my turn to watch closely. I moved closer so that she could feel my breath on her body.

"That's it Wendy, fuck yourself. Finger that pussy till you come."

Wendy groaned and her knees spread further to give her easier access. I knew that my words would only push her higher.

"Stick a finger inside, Wendy. Slide it in and out, feel your cunt juice, how hot it is."

Her response was just a louder groan but she did slip a finger up inside.

"God, I'm getting so hot watching you finger fuck yourself Wendy," I said right next to her ear, and the next thing I heard was a loud moan and she buckled and squirmed as she slid down the wall.

By now, I really was hot and bothered and my hand had found its own way to my juicing cunt. I leaned against the wall, frigging myself with one hand, the other pulling and twisting my pebble-hard nipple, the pleasure/pain shooting directly to my throbbing clit. I parted my legs and Wendy opened her eyes to see my glistening fingers sliding in and out of my sopping cunt, then looking directly into my eyes as she started on her own

clit again, and as I reached toward my peak she let loose a squeal of delight which took me moaning over the edge.

My legs trembled as I slowly let myself down till I was sitting next to Wendy under the running water, and smiled shakily at her. She looked at me with a curious expression and then reached for me and kissed me on the lips!

I was surprised, shocked, and amazed. Not just by Wendy's show of affection, but at my response to it. My kiss with Marcie had been a tender one at the end of our discovery session, but this was filled with passion!

I grasped her head gently and kissed her back, forcing my tongue between her lips till I could slide it over her braces. We explored each other's mouths for a few minutes, then hugged and silently helped each other off the floor. I think we were both too surprised and self-conscious to talk for a bit. I also knew that I had to proceed carefully. This really was her first sexual experience with another person, and according to all established religions and politics of the time, she had broken a lot of taboos.

We finished showering in silence and it was only when we were drying off that she started to speak.

"I'm sorry, Pete," she said. "I don't know what made me do that."

"Hey sweetie, did you hear me complain or try to get away?" I said as gently as I could. "I liked it."

She looked up with just a hint of a smile. "So did I."

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After lunch, we headed over to the chapel for Saturday confessions.

"What do you tell the priest to bother going in for?" I asked Wendy.

"Well, usually I just tell him that I ate too much through the week," she said. "Then he gives me three Hail Mary's and a lecture about gluttony."

"That's stupid," I said. "I've seen you eat and you are not a glutton. Don't let anybody tell you what you are. Unless you've committed a real crime, why waste the time? And if you did, be big enough to confess to the police," I said.

"Are... are you going to tell him anything about what we did?" Wendy asked.

"Nope, not a damn thing. We didn't do anything wrong, and I'll be double damned if I'm going to confess to something I'm not in the least bit sorry for and that isn't a sin in the first place."

“I’m not sorry in the least either,” said Wendy lifting her chin. I could see determination on her face. I put my arm around her and said, “Good girl!”

Because it was mandatory, and because there were always nuns in the chapel to make sure all the girls went to confession, I had to make an appearance of being a good Catholic. I went in and found an old priest waiting behind a screen. There was no chair and I didn’t know what to say anyway, so I knelt down on the pew and said, “Hi.”

That got a chuckle out of the old priest. “You must be the little girl who lost her memory,” he said quietly. “That’s okay. I’ll help you through this.”

Already I liked him as much as I disliked Father Bob and asked him his name.

“I’m Father Edward,” he replied.

“Hello, Father Edward,” I said, “I’m Patti, though most of the Sisters prefer to call me Patricia. Does it have to be so formal here?”

He chuckled again. “Hello, Patti,” he said, and I **knew** I was going to like this priest.

“The Sisters take their vocation very seriously, but I understand what you are saying and I think it’s wrong if you prefer to be called Patti. If you don’t mind, I’ll pass a suggestion on to Sister Elizabeth Ann about this issue. Calling you Patricia sounds like you’re being scolded, doesn’t it?”

It was my turn to laugh. “That’s exactly what I mean, Father! And I don’t mind at all. I have no secrets from God or from you or the Sisters.”

He skipped most of the formal stuff and for nearly fifteen minutes, we just talked about how I was adjusting and was I being a good girl. I told him that I thought God had given me a second chance and I planned to be the best human being that I possibly could: To live my life helping others and make God proud of me.

“I’m so glad to hear that, Patti,” he said. “So many people measure their life by what irks them and what they don’t have. If only more people would live trying to help others or even if they just tried to live up to the potential God gave them,” he sighed. “There must be a line up by now, Patti, but if you ever want someone to talk to, or just someone to listen, just leave a note at the office.”

“Thank you, Father Edward,” I said. “It’s been a pleasure meeting you.”

“The pleasure was all mine, Patti. Just remember to enjoy life as well.” Then he blessed me and I stepped out.

Wendy looked at me as I came out and I gave her a discreet wink and a smile. She smiled back coyly and went in. She was out in less than three minutes and we walked out of the chapel much to the amazement of the others waiting in line.

“So?” I asked. “What did you say to him?”

“I told him that I hadn’t sinned, and that my biggest sin in the past two weeks was trying to find something to confess about. He just kind of laughed, told me to remember to enjoy my life. That’s been the first time in all these years I haven’t had to do any penance.”

“And do you think you were dishonest or lied to him?” I asked her.

“No,” Wendy said, “and that’s the strange part. I’ve been more uh... active this week than I have been in years. I feel good and what we’ve been uh... doing, I just don’t feel that it’s wrong.”

“It felt totally right by me, Wendy. When it feels that good, and it hurts nobody, how could it be wrong?”

It was close to 2:00 o’clock. Time for visitors to start arriving. We went and checked the visitor list to see if anyone had booked time for us. I saw that Mike and Ann had called and scheduled a visit, but Wendy had nobody coming to see her.

“I guess I’ll go and study,” said Wendy.

“No you don’t,” I said putting my arm through hers, “You’re coming to meet my folks.”

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“Mom, Dad, this is my friend Wendy Miller. She’s been a life saver to me!”

Wendy blushed and tried to say that it was the other way around, but Mike and Ann were having none of it. They were glad to see me in good spirits and were grateful Wendy had taken me under her wing.

I told them how Wendy had gotten me onto the volleyball team with her and that she was the real brain at the school and how we shared a dorm room and all the other stuff that we had been doing. I figured it would be easier to fill the time talking about what had happened in the past week, things I actually knew about than to torture them with thoughts of how I couldn’t remember my past.

Mike handed me some money for anything I might be able to spend it on and I told him again he was being overly generous. Then I looked him in the eye and said that

Wendy was celebrating her 14th birthday next week. Mike was a really smart guy and he caught on right away, saying nothing but giving me a subtle nod.

Ann asked if there was anything I needed, but as I told her, everything was pretty well provided for us here. I really couldn't think of anything I needed, but I did ask for some pictures of them next time they came that I could hang on my wardrobe.

"That way, I'll see you guys last thing at night and first thing in the morning," I said.

That brought a tear to Mom's eye, and she asked me if I was happy. I told her that I was as happy as I could be and the only thing that could be better was if she would be happy for me. I was being given a chance to really do something with my life and I owed it all to them.

When they left, Ann gave Wendy a hug as well and we walked them to the door and I kissed them goodbye.

After they drove away, Wendy remarked on what a nice couple they were, and that I was lucky to have such loving parents.

"Yes," I sighed. "I just wish I could remember."

She squeezed my hand for a moment, and then we walked back to the dorm.

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Wendy and I were just goofing around on Sunday after Mass. We had walked the track for two hours, taken another shower and were playing word games in some of the books Ann had bought for me when I was still recovering in the hospital.

We were laughing as we did a word search together when a nun stopped in and said I had a visitor.

What the hell? I wasn't expecting anybody. I told Wendy I would be back shortly and headed off to the visiting hall.

It was Linda! Someone I really hadn't expected but I was really glad to see her.

We hugged and then sat down to talk.

"How are you, Patti?" she asked.

I told her that I was doing great here and had found a kindred spirit. Linda nodded with a smile knowing what I meant.

“If I had known you were coming I would have brought her down with me,” I said.

“Maybe next time I’ll know the rules better,” Linda said. “It’s easier to visit someone in prison than it is in here!”

I laughed at that and agreed the security was pretty tight.

“Anyway,” she said, “Julie and I went to visit Patrick yesterday and after we convinced his parents that we really did work at the hospital they let us take him out for a while and we had coffee and cake. He knows about the mail system now, so you two can start to exchange letters through our address. After signing in today I made sure to have my name put on the mailing list for stuff coming to you.”

I was glad that I had Linda and Julie as friends on the ‘outside.’

“So Patrick wanted to let you know that things are going better than planned for him which is basically why I thought a personal visit would be best right now. You two might be good at codes, but he could never have gotten this into a letter.”

I listened carefully as Linda explained the events as they had unfolded for Einstein. The first thing he confirmed was that the police had declined to lay any charges. They accepted his explanation of being frustrated at being sent to a mediocre school because of his own stupidity and left it at that.

Doctor Mallard had sat in on the entire confession and had explained to Tom and Rita that this was a really good sign. That Patrick accepted responsibility for his actions and was willing to take the consequences showed he was maturing and Doctor Mallard was sure that he was sincere.

When he got home, he asked for a chance to apply to a school of business technology, saying he felt he had the ability to excel in that kind of environment. Tom had been a little bit hesitant, but as I had predicted, Rita thought Patrick had the potential to be much more. They had set up a testing session, and as I expected, Einstein had blown them away with the results. He was immediately transferred and placed in the five-year program for advanced business, which would lead him right to university.

After he could move around more easily, he started helping Rita with supper and washing up after. The previous night he had shooed her out of the kitchen and done it himself, even to the washing up after.

“I think he’s got a fan, Patti! His Mom positively glows with pride. He told us that he’s been talking with his parents quite a bit, and even helps his Dad with his woodwork. Did you know he makes wooden toys for charity?”

God, that brought back an old memory. I hadn't been in Dad's workshop since I was about ten.

"And," she went on, "He said something peculiar. He said 'Tell Patti I got really nice parents.'"

For a moment, I had the scent of fresh-shaved wood in my nostrils. Her words broke the dam, and I burst into tears.

"Patti! What's wrong, honey?"

"Oh Linda!" I sobbed, looking up at her as she held me. "I'm so happy!"

She dried my tears, and asked, "Are you going to tell me what that was all about?"

"Oh Linda, him and them needed this so much! Things were... could have been much worse." I looked to see if she had caught my slip, but she didn't seem to notice.

"And now young lady, I think you owe Julie and me an explanation," Linda said.

Oh, she had noticed.

"What do you mean?" I asked though I knew that there were too many unanswered questions and Linda and Julie must have caught on to something.

"I think you know what I mean," said Linda. "We're not prying, but there is no way you just happened to meet Patrick in the hospital and in only one day developed such a concern for each other. The information you two are exchanging is way too personal and in depth for even close friends."

"Linda," I said. "It would take a week for me to explain it all, but I promise you I will. I'd like Einstein to be there as well, so we can explain it together, but you'll have to trust me for a while. I won't get my first break from here until Christmas. Maybe we can arrange to all get together one day during the holidays."

Linda looked at me closely for a few minutes. "Okay," she finally said. "You're a strange girl, but we trust you because we really believe you have a good heart and you aren't out to screw over a bunch of people or do something really illegal."

"I appreciate that, Linda, and I promise that your trust will pay off in ways you can't even begin to imagine. I can tell you right now - start saving every penny that you don't really need to spend. Don't buy a new car or anything that you can do without. Try to put as much aside as you can over the next five years."

“Okay,” she said. “We’ll do that just because I’ve got a feeling you know more about what’s going to happen than anybody else. Now, I’ve got to get home and get some sleep before I start my next shift. Is there anything I can get for you?”

“Not at this point, Linda, but thanks for offering. I’m still getting settled in here and I haven’t figured out yet what I’m going to do besides get good grades.”

Linda laughed as she got up. I gave her a hug and promised that everything would be explained soon.

“Oh,” I said quickly. “There is one thing you could do for me if you don’t mind.”

“What’s that, Patti?” she asked.

“It’s going to sound weird, but if you can just call Patrick and see how his raging hormones are doing. If he has found a way to take care of them yet?”

Linda’s mouth dropped open in disbelief. “You want me to ask a 14 year old boy if he can get his rocks off without a problem? You’re shitting me, right? He’s going to flip right out!”

“Linda,” I said. “Look in to my eyes and see how serious I am. Trust me - Patrick won’t be shocked nor will he flip if you tell him that I want to know if he is handling it. I can’t explain this right now but this is important. I’m not asking you to go to bed with him or set him up with any girls, but he’s a 14 year old boy who has a perpetual erection and I’m sure he doesn’t know why or what to do about it.”

Linda held my eyes with hers for a long moment, and then finally said, “Why do I get the feeling that you are so much older than me?”

I hugged her again and whispered in her ear, “Maybe I just have an old soul.”

She sighed and said she would call him and tell me all about it when she saw me again, which she intended to do soon, both her and Julie.

It was after she left that I realized I was slowly building a support group of good, smart people, and that Einstein was creating confidence around him as well. Together we could change the world for at least some people and help others as we forged our new future.

***To be continued...***