

“Once More With Feelings”

A new story by Night Hawk

© 2004 by **Night Hawk**

Chapter 18: Girl's Day Out

Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, Wendy and I were dressed in our formal school uniforms complete with the horrible pantyhose, waiting out front of the main entrance.

Sister Elizabeth Ann had organized permission from Wendy's parents to have her braces removed, and Ann had set up dental appointments for both of us. Afterwards, we would get our hair styled. Wendy was really excited, as she had not had an outing since she arrived at the school apart from visiting me in hospital and our team trip to Catholic Central. Even our appointment with the dentist couldn't dampen her spirits.

A huge tank of a station wagon crunched up the gravel drive about five past ten with Ann behind the wheel. I smiled when I saw it - I had forgotten how popular they were with the Moms of this town when I had first been at school. Up till now I had only been in Mike's car.

I opened the passenger door and Wendy climbed in beside Ann where she received a hug, then Ann leaned across to give me a peck on the cheek.

“Hi, darlings, all set? Cleaned your teeth and ready for the dentist?”

Our simultaneous “Aww, Mom!” made her laugh as she put the car in gear. I put on my seatbelt as she pulled away, and then noticed that Ann's seatbelt hung loose beside her. Doing up seatbelts wouldn't become law for another three years, or a habit for another generation, but with a mental shrug I left it done up.

I guess I should have known my own dentist, but I had no idea who this doctor was although he seemed nice enough. He didn't find any cavities, thank god, did a routine polish and twenty minutes later Ann and I were sitting waiting for Wendy. Ten minutes later, she came out with a huge smile – and no braces! I wanted to kiss her so bad, but thought it best to wait until tonight.

Ann treated us to lunch at the Metropolitan and we all ordered the fish and chips special. Ann had a coffee while Wendy and I ordered milkshakes. It wasn't as if we were concerned about the calories!

Our appointment at the hair salon was for 1 o'clock, so we spent a bit of time browsing the store. It was strange seeing the old fashioned "new" gadgets like the Polaroid SX70 instant camera that folded up, and the introduction of the 110 pocket cameras, and those funny old flip flashes. I remembered that if you took a nickel and held it across both prongs you could fire them all off at once! I wanted to buy a package of the flash cards, but in this life I was saving my money!

It was a typical girls' shopping trip, I realized as we walked back to the car, talking. We had just spent almost an hour looking at things, trying on clothes, and not buying a thing although I saw a neat little toaster oven, which would go well in our room. And I had a ball doing something I used to really hate!

"I have some news for you, Patti," Ann said as she was unlocking the car.

"What's that, Mom?"

"I saw Mr. Fredericks yesterday." She looked at me soberly. "He asked me to go work for him at the realtor's again, so I told him it was time to put up or shut up."

"And?" I asked anxiously. "What did he say?" Wendy's hand gripped mine.

"I thought his jaw was going to hit the floor, he was so flabbergasted!" She couldn't hold the serious act any longer and a happy smile spread across her face. "Then he said 'Holy Mother of God! At last! When can you start?' So I start next Monday!"

I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her tight. "Oh Mom! I'm so happy for you!" Wendy came to hug her as well, and I included her in our embrace.

"Thank you, Honey," Mom said, looking up at me. "What you said a couple of weeks ago made me think. But it's not going to be easy, you know."

"Oh, poo!" I replied. "What's hard about it? There's only two ways to sell real estate, anyway."

“Excuse me? And what would they be?” she asked, amused.

“Well, either you have a property, and you find someone who needs to buy it, or you have a buyer, and you find the property they need to buy! Simple!”

“Oh, Honey! I just hope it's that easy!” she laughed, and we all got into the car. “There is still the matter of my obtaining a license and a course to pass before I’m a full fledged agent.”

“You’ll breeze through it Mrs. J.,” said Wendy. “Patti got her brains from you!”

There was a certain irony in that remark and I agreed with Wendy because Einstein had always been a good student. I wondered – how much of me was the old me any more?



The hair salon was strictly for ladies only. The days of unisex hair salons hadn’t made it to London yet.

Wendy and I persuaded Ann to have her hair done as well.

“Mom, there’s baby pictures of me at home, and you’ve still got the same hairdo!” I told her, and she blushed a little.

“Well, it’s easy to take care of and I never saw a need to change it,” she replied.

She finally settled on a nice bob shaped around her face, emphasizing her eyes and making her look younger.

Wendy’s hair was a challenge. With her thick dark curls, we finally decided to remove the part, give her some bangs, and shorten the entire length down to where it just ended below her ears. I asked the stylist to save the 10 plus inches that were cut so that we could donate it to the cancer center in Toronto where it could be weaved into wigs for kids going through chemotherapy.

My own hair wasn't quite as long as Wendy's but I also wanted to contribute and asked Ann if I could shorten my hair so that I too could give 10 inches. Ann thought about it for about a minute.

"Okay Honey. It's going to a worthy cause and it certainly grows quickly enough, anyway."

By the time my hair was cut, and wrapped in cellophane along with Wendy's, I was left with less than 2 inches of hair, shaped to a point at the nape of my neck. It was a nice cut though and it would sure save on the time it would take to wash and style it. I could actually wear it with a part on the side if I wanted and remembered how turned on I used to get by the military girls who had such short cuts. It must be the Peter Pan thing. Peter was supposed to be a boy, but every time he was played in a film or on stage it was a girl who played the part. Kind of made me think I could be Wendy's Peter Pan.

The stylist was perplexed with our request for the hair and I explained to her about the kids who lost their own during cancer treatments. She thought it was a great idea and asked if I would forward her information on it. She had lost a cousin to cancer and said that anyone donating their hair for such a worthy cause would have their hair cut free of charge.

Hmmm... I could think of a whole school full of girls. I wondered how many I could convince to help the cause.

When we made it back to the school it was just before the classes ended and Ann insisted on going in with us to talk to Sister Elizabeth.

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

Sister Elizabeth was a bit skeptical about a program she had not heard of, but Ann assured her that she had heard of it and suggested she call the Toronto Sick Children's Hospital to get the address for where to send our locks.

It took but a few minutes before Sister Elizabeth got off the phone. There was sadness in her eyes. She said that it was especially hard on the young girls who lost their hair and that while not common knowledge, yes, they did have a program where they accepted hair and even had a wig manufacturer in Toronto that donated their services for

the program. She went on to say that good strong hair was always in need and there just weren't enough people willing to part with the stylish lengths to make enough wigs. She promised this would become an official school charity and thanked us for bringing it to her attention. She planned on announcing and encouraging the students to sign up for the free haircuts.

I gave Ann a hug and a kiss and thanked her for being such a great Mom and taking Wendy under her wing. She actually blushed and said she hadn't enjoyed herself so much in a long time and looked forward to our next girls' day out.

Wendy gave her a big hug and a thank you and we walked her out to the car, waving as she drove away.

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

All the girls on the team complimented us on our new haircuts, and a few said they would even consider having their hair cut and donated, though most didn't want a style as short as mine!

The practice went well and we concentrated on a faster rotation pattern to keep our opponents on their toes.

For the first time ever, after we had showered and changed, we joined the rest of the team in a very large suite for our late night meal. All of us were in our night attire and it was interesting to see who wore what.

A couple of the girls wore 'baby-doll' pajamas with matching panties, others had simple pajamas like the kind I favored, and a few even wore the type that Wendy was stuck with. Most interesting was the way that some of the girls paired up.

While Wendy and I were not quite ready to publicly declare our love, it was obvious by the way some of the girls sat on other's laps that there were some 'more than platonic' friendships in this team! Some were roommates of players who were not on the team that joined us. I think there were about 20 girls in the luxury suite.

Since we were the youngest members of the team, Wendy and I bid them all a good night and headed back to our own room.

In my former life, one of my short-term girlfriends had tried to introduce me to something called Tantric Sex. Some kind of Eastern thing that was all about touch and getting in tune with your inner self, but I had been a wham bam stick it in and pull it out kind of guy and had had no use for it. I realized what an ass I had been.

It was a cool night outside but I opened the window anyway, lit two of the big church candles that Father Ed had given us, placed them to each side of the bed and turned off the light. I turned to Wendy and, kissing my finger, placed it gently on her lips. Raising my hands to the buttons of her nightgown, I undid them one by one, slowly, deliberately, knowing we had all the time in the world. Her hands copied mine to undo my pajama top, and soon we stood nude facing each other as our fingertips lightly traced the curves of each other's bodies.

I slid my fingertips down her arms, raising her hands from me with the lightest of touches and, my fingertips on hers, guided her to sit cross-legged on the bed where I took my position facing her. We resumed our exploration of each other's bodies, reveling in the touch of fingers, the feel of hands on warm skin, the texture of eyebrows and lips and erect nipples.

Almost an hour later, we leaned together as one, kissing for a long time, then turned to each blow out a candle.

Under the comforter, I spooned up behind Wendy and almost instantly fell asleep.

~~~~~ //

Classes on Thursday flew by and we were on the bus headed for Saunders before I realized I might see Cathy at the game. Not that I expected to see her on the team, the kind of sports she indulged in were strictly the one on one type with boys. But I figured that since she was still 14 like me, it would provide a good excuse for her to be let out of the house.

Saunders had a decent record in Volleyball, but nowhere near the caliber that CCH was. It should be a fairly easy game, but as Sister Gabe reminded us, no game is easy. We should use this game as a chance to practice some of the new moves we had been working on and to rotate in and out of the game faster.

We had used only four girls to serve in the game against CCH, but Annette was pretty serious about not only winning the game but also making sure that next year's team would be primed and ready. She saved all the grade 13 girls for rotation, and had set Wendy as first serve.

This time, the bus ride took a bit longer as Saunders is on the far side of London, but we sat back and enjoyed the ride. The big change in the ride was that Julie was on the bus with us officially as the school sport nurse! We had a great time talking with her on the ride over. She loved our new haircuts and said she wished she had the guts to cut her hair as short as me. I teased her about it making me look butch but that I could be in and out of the shower in five minutes, and have dry hair in ten, which made Wendy blush. Julie was only sorry that Linda had been called in to take over another shift.

We weren't even surprised this time to see all the cars in the parking lot, but this time there were even more of them. I guess the TV coverage of the game had sparked more interest in girls' Volleyball, and with a sudden revelation, I realized that I had unwittingly already changed some of the future. Then another thought struck me. To my knowledge, St. Ursula's had never had *any* kind of sports department, and after our first game with CCH, plans were already underway to make sports a credit as worthy as history or religious studies! It wasn't something I had meant to do, but since everything was turning out for the best, I figured it probably meant a better future as well.

Like before, Sister Elizabeth and Father Ed had ridden with us and escorted us to a classroom set aside for us to change and psych up. Julie stayed with us until we entered the gym where the band was already waiting for us. We whooped and chanted as we rushed the gym circling around till we saw where our bench was, where we stood at attention until Annette told us to sit.

There were two TV cameras this time, one in each corner of the gym, and a few more photographers than what just the London Free Press would have sent. I figured that papers from other cities had picked up on the story as well, and since eventually we would be playing the best they had to offer, they wanted photographic proof!

Annette won the coin toss and we took our positions. Wendy had strong arms and hands and her serve still needed some work, but she managed a good overhead serve that was quickly returned to our side of the court. I didn't even wait for someone to set it up.

It was coming for me and I nailed that sucker with a fist, driving it down for our first point even faster than the first volley at CCH! Wendy served twice more, and the heat was on.

Saunders was a bit better than we had expected, but we ended the first set 25 to zip. Wendy had served three times, the last being a bit slower getting to the net so Annette had sent Krissy in as a substitute much to Wendy's relief. I could understand Annette's way of thinking though. We all needed to work on all aspects of the game. It wasn't enough to be good in just one position. The grade 13 seniors hadn't played one minute of the first set, which boded well for next year's team, but when the second set started, she started the line up with all the senior girls. I was glad for the break.

It was funny seeing the front three turn their backs to the net to look back at our serving line especially when we weren't serving! But just as we had practiced for so long, when the ball came over Annette's head, Mandy was there to lift it and Annette spun and nailed it. Another starting point in under five seconds! I had seen the photographers clicking off when our front line faced the back of the court, and I was sure that one of them would have a before and after picture of Annette driving **that** nail into Saunders's coffin. Our team had developed to the point that we almost read each others' thoughts on the court and I somehow knew that no matter when we graduated, we would remain close all our lives.

I looked around the crowd for the first time and spotted Mike and Ann sitting on the bleachers and nearly swallowed my tongue when I realized Einstein was sitting with them! Tom and Rita were nowhere to be seen! I wondered who the blonde was sitting next to Einstein when it hit me that it was Cathy! She was trying to put the moves on Patrick, totally ignoring the guy sitting on her other side.

"Patti?" I heard Julie say. "Are you all right?"

I didn't answer her... I couldn't. The girl who I thought was so good looking when I was in the hospital I now realized was just like any other girl. There was nothing really spectacular about her; Wendy could easily give her a run for the money in the body department. I had been so stupid as a man, and now Einstein, in my body, was getting drooled over by what I would have considered prime pussy at that age.



I wondered how Einstein felt having her old friend pay that kind of attention to her in a man's body. I watched him smile politely as he tried to keep his attention on the court.

"Ugh!"

The bitterness of smelling salts in my sinuses brought me to the here and now as I heard Julie ask, "Pattie, can you hear me?"

I shivered with my thoughts, then looked at her and managed a weak smile. "Yeah, thanks Julie. I guess I was off the planet for a moment there."

I looked at Wendy, sitting on the other side of me and looking worried. "I'm okay, Hon, really I am."

"That's him, isn't it?" It was a statement rather than a question, but I just looked at her.

"That's Patrick." She had seen Mike and Ann, put two and one together, and came up with the obvious.

"That's right, Wendy," Julie answered. "But Patti calls him Einstein for some reason."

"Einstein! The anonymous tip?" Wendy exclaimed.

I just nodded my head.

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

Annette called me in to serve saving me from any further questions for the time being.

My thoughts were a tumble in my head as I quickly checked the score and saw that we were 21 to zip. I took a moment to concentrate, clearing my mind and focusing on the unused basketball hoop at the other end of the court and found I was smiling.

Annette, standing side on to me at the net smiled as well, but the Saunders girls just looked more worried.

I tossed the ball up, stretched, and drove it across the net into an undefended gap.

22 to zip.

The ball came back and I bounced it a few times as everyone got back in position. Up went the ball, and this time I followed it up and *pounded* it, yelling “Yeeah!” A Saunders girl zigged instead of zagging, and the ball caught her with an almighty ‘WHAP’ on the shoulder and bounced to the court, totally unplayable. She brought her other hand to her shoulder with a grimace of pain, and their coach called a time-out for a substitution. We waited a minute while the new girl took her position, then I geared up to drive another one home. This one wasn’t as hard as the last, and Saunders managed to keep it off the ground and brought it back to the net, where Annette blocked it.

24 to zip.

I made the next serve nice and gentle. I didn’t want the Saunders girls feeling totally inept, and the team followed my lead. Saunders returned my serve, and we lobbed it back and forth three times to where Annette sent it back in a slow volley. Saunders must have thought they had found a chink in our armor, and tried to drive it back over the net, but Jeannie had already walked over to the spot, crouched and swiveled and the ball flew off her hands cross court, heading toward the net, and looking like going out on the Saunders side. Annette had already positioned herself and leapt up as the ball passed in front of her, spiking it into their court a foot inside the sideline.

Set and game!

The band played our theme song as the Saints supporters cheered. We shook hands with the players from Saunders and their coach came over and wished us the best of luck with the Regionals. Sister Gabe blushed and thanked her.

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

Before we had a chance to leave the gym, Cathy bounded down from the bleachers and caught me by the arm.

“Hey, Pete! What did you do with your hair? It looks awful!”

“Gee thanks, Cathy,” I said. “It’s good to see you too.”

“So... what’s the scoop on the cute guy sitting with your folks?” she asked.

I couldn’t believe that Einstein had considered this bubble brain her best friend. Maybe the old Patricia Johnson had been a real lonely girl, but this one had a lover standing next to her and I could almost feel the steam rising from her.

“Hi,” said Wendy. “You must be Cathy.”

Cathy gave a lukewarm smile to Wendy and turned back to me. “So, you been holding out on me, Pete? Tell me his phone number. He’s hot!”

“Sorry, Cathy, I don’t know his number. I only met him once at the hospital and I really don’t know him all that well.”

“Come on, Pete!” Cathy said losing patience. “He said he was a friend of the family and I know you aren’t allowed to date. Give one of us a chance to nail his bod!”

Wendy pulled on my arm and quietly said, “Come on *Patricia*. Sister Gabriella will be mad at us if we aren’t on the bus with the rest of the team.” Then she turned to Cathy and said, “It was nice meeting you, *Catherine*, but *Patricia* has to get on the bus now before we are confined to our rooms for the rest of the semester.”

Cathy looked at her blankly. “Yeah, whatever.”

As Wendy towed me away, I heard a mutter of “Bloody nuns!” behind us, and Wendy gripped my arm even tighter.

~~~~~ //

Wendy was positively fuming and was giving me the silent treatment as we got on the bus. Finally she couldn’t hold it any longer and turned to me.

“That was your best friend? You haven’t seen her in two months and all she can do is ask you about **Patrick**, who you say you don’t know, but was sitting with your parents?”

“Wendy, sweetheart... You have to trust me. Patrick knows more about Cathy than I do. As far as I’m concerned, I met her for the first time when I was in hospital and the only memory I have of her is just one afternoon when she visited me at the hospital. I know nothing else about her, and she is no part of my life now.”

Julie parked herself across from us and whispered, “Wendy, Patti is your lover and it is clear that she loves you very much. You can’t hold her past against her. And jealousy just doesn’t become you, dear heart.”

“I’m sorry, Pete,” Wendy said to me. “It was just the way she was so familiar with you and the way she talked to you. I was angry. Please forgive me?”

I smiled at her. “Honey, I can forgive you anything. I love you.”

~~~~~ //

Jim Blake, the sports editor who had written such a great piece about our team, talked to Sister Elizabeth and rode back to the school with us.

“I can’t believe what I saw tonight,” he said. “Two sets 25 zip. I don’t think *any* team has ever pulled that off! Even against the old St. Ursula’s team!” he laughed. “Saunders isn’t exactly a top sports school, but they’ve never suffered such a devastating loss.”

He interviewed Annette, which I thought would make her father very happy, and asked her about that strange move on the court where our forwards faced our receivers. She told him that we, as a team, still had a whole repertoire of moves that we hadn’t shown yet.

He talked to each player for a few minutes and asked Wendy about her special skills and was she considering going on to play at university level. “Wendy, I’m positive that with your skills, you’ll have scholarships for the picking by the time you graduate.”

Then he asked me about my wicked serve and the one that caused a rotation on the other team.

My 'Sucker serve'! It was deliberately aimed to pass real close to an opponent standing back from the net and to a clear spot behind her. If she attempted to block, chances were the ball would be out of control; if she missed, it was a point. This time, she stepped into the ball instead of blocking.

I told him that I had never meant to hurt her, and I hoped that she was okay, but that there wasn't a clear opening when I went airborne and I just let it rip.

"Let it rip is right!" he said. "I wish I could have clocked the speed of that serve!"

Thankfully we pulled up at the school before I had to answer any more questions.

There was no big surprise party waiting for us this time, but all our supporters had turned up for an after victory celebration. No speeches this time, but Father Ed gave thanks and led the assembled crowd in prayer before the food was brought out. This time we made the small talk circuit with the alumnae and the fans who came along.

Jim had brought his own camera and had the team pose for a group shot which he promised would run in the Saturday edition of the Free Press.

Wendy and I stuck pretty close to Julie as we made the rounds of hand shaking and I was thrilled to see Annette's father giving her a gigantic bear hug. He was obviously very pleased with her performance, and I felt happy for her.

Mike and Ann and Einstein made their way to us after we had finished our duty to the school supporters and Wendy and I both got hugs from Mike and hugs and kisses from Ann.

"Honey, your Mom told me you had cut your hair real short!" Mike said, smiling. "But it took me five minutes to figure out which one was you on the court!"

"And she told me why you did it, too," he went on. "I'm real proud of you, Honey!" and gave me a real big hug.

“Honey,” he said, turning me around, “This is Patrick O’Donnell. He lives a couple of blocks from us, and we’ve become good friends in the last month. Patrick, this is our daughter Patricia.”

“Hello, Patrick,” I said, taking his extended hand. “Hey, I remember you! I saw you at Victoria Hospital, didn’t I?”

“Yeah, I was there getting my knee fixed,” he answered.

“That’s quite a coincidence,” Mike said, and then Sister Elizabeth took him and Ann aside, allowing the three of us to talk together.

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

“What the fuck are you doing here?” I asked quietly.

He grinned at me. “Nice to see you too, Peppermint. Tom and Rita weren’t all that interested in going to the game, and with Tom working so late, I just asked if I could go with your folks. The four of them have met and are getting along really well!”

“Okay,” said Wendy. “There is no way I’m believing that you two only met once at the hospital. You two are like an old married couple. You know more about each other’s lives than even best friends know. I want to know what’s going on!”

Einstein looked at Wendy, and then looked at me and I nodded. “Okay, Wendy... do you believe in reincarnation?”

She nodded slowly, saying “yes,” wondering where this was going.

“Well, Peppermint and I think maybe we’ve been reincarnated, only as each other.”

Wendy’s jaw just hit the floor.

“But it’s a bit more complicated than that, so you’ll have to wait till later for the full story,” he grinned.

I lifted her jaw back into place. “Close your mouth, Dear Heart, or you’ll catch flies.”

“I heard you donated your hair to the Children’s Cancer Ward,” he said, changing the subject. “That was really nice of you. And I think your new style suits you better than what I saw you with last week.”

Wendy was speechless.

“And I like yours too, Peppermint,” he said turning to me. “I wish I had had the nerve to try that. I’ll bet it’s a lot easier to manage.”

“Yeah,” I grinned at him. “And it dries quick, too!” I couldn’t stay angry with him. He had given Mike and Ann the son they had never had and given Tom and Rita a son they could be proud of.

“I’ve noticed subtle changes in the time line,” I said to him. “I’m a bit nervous of making any more ripples.”

“Don’t be,” he said with a disarming smile. “I’ve noticed them as well and they all seem to be for the better, and based on the past, any improvement is going to help.”

“How are you doing with the girls?” I asked him. “We saw and heard Cathy slobbering all over you and after the game she was only interested in your phone number.”

“God, what an airhead eh? I don’t know why I ever considered her my friend.”

“I think it’s because you were really shy, Einstein. I don’t seem to have that problem and from the looks of things, you have a pretty cool attitude about life yourself.”

He laughed and said that things were looking good, and then I told him that Wendy was my lover.

I thought for sure that Wendy was going to pass out, but Einstein caught her arm and helped her keep her balance. “I figured as much last week,” he said, “then when Mike and Ann were talking about birthday presents for your special friend...”

Julie managed to catch up with us at this point. “So, did you ask him?” she said.

“No, I haven’t had a chance yet. Remember? I’m not supposed to be able to date until I turn 16.”

“Oh,” she said. “Then I guess it’s a good thing you and Wendy aren’t dating. Sleeping together is so much more fun anyway isn’t it?” she said with a laugh.

“It sure is!” I said. “But now is as good a time as any to tell Einstein that he’s needed as a sperm donor.”

Wendy’s eyes just got bigger and bigger.

“Who for?” Einstein asked without batting an eyelash. “Do you just want a container or will this take a more personal touch than a turkey baster?”

I laughed.

“It’s for Linda,” Julie said. “Patti said you would agree, but...”

“It’s no problem,” said Einstein. “Just tell me when and I’ll be glad to help out. I know that there are no genetic problems in my family and that if I take care of myself I will probably live to be 100.”

“And you won’t have a problem with two women raising a child you fathered and you won’t cause a stink about it?” Julie asked incredulously.

“Hey, I’m only 14! I’m too young to be a father. Anyway, I think that any child raised by two loving mothers will be more than happy,” said Einstein. “I only ask for one favor in return.”

“And what would that be?” Julie asked.

“Discretion. I’m still too young to be sexually involved, but I guess there’s another thing I would like. I’d like a serious tutorial on how to make love to a woman.”

Both Wendy and Julie were speechless.

“You mean you’re still a virgin?” asked Julie. “A good looking guy like you?”

“What? Did you think Peppermint was making a practical joke when she asked you and Linda to find out if I’d figured how to satisfy myself?”

“Well... no, but...” Julie stammered.

“I believe I’m fertile, I seem to be fully loaded with sperm. I have no STDs and yes, I am a virgin. I have never made love to a woman before. Not in this life time, or the last,” Einstein said with a grin.

“What are STDs?” Wendy asked.

“Sexually Transmitted Diseases,” Julie answered.

“You know,” said Einstein, “like syphilis, gonorrhea, herpes or AIDS.”

I shot Einstein a look. Herpes wasn’t known in 1974 and AIDS would not be officially acknowledged until 1983.

“I’ve never heard of the last two,” said Wendy.

“I’m just waiting for the end of the semester when the two of you tell us the whole story,” Julie said.

Einstein just shrugged.

Julie then piped up and said, “Why don’t you learn all about making love to a woman from Patti?”

Einstein and I looked at each other for a minute, shook our heads, and shivered. The thought of that was just too weird! And yet... The memory of my dream sent a little thrill down my spine...

~~~~~ // ~~~~~

Mike caught up with us and said they had better get going and asked if we minded a two family lunch on Sunday. He said that the O'Donnells were really nice people and he wanted to share his daughters with them the way they shared their son with him.

Wendy blushed at the idea that Mike was referring to her as his daughter.

Then Mike turned to Julie and asked if she and Linda would be free to join us. He said they were going to barbeque at Fanshaw Park. It wouldn't be warm enough to go swimming, but they had booked one of the family sized pavilions for the afternoon.

Julie said she and Linda would love to come and would meet us here at the school after Mass on Sunday.

I took a deep breath and slowly released it. I felt a bit faint. I was going to meet Tom and Rita, my first parents, for the first time in this life.

Ann rejoined us, saying she had met many people who were looking for a realtor and that the alumnae liked to keep it "in the family, so to speak," she said.

Mike told her that we were all set for an extended family get together on Sunday and then after hugs from them and a good natured hair ruffling from Einstein, they left.

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