

An escape from reality.

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Tuesday 6th April 1999

This journal may seem a little strange. Well, very strange, as I'm not too clear on all the details myself. It all started yesterday.

Well, actually the whole thing started yesterday, because an event occurred then, of which I cannot explain, and neither did I understand. The best I can do under the circumstances is to explain it all as it happens in this diary, or journal as it will probably turn out.

Hopefully this journal will help to keep a record of what happened to me, whoever I really turn out to be, and a record of what I find out to keep things straight in my mind at least.

If the items seem a little confusing, that could be because I was confused at the time I recorded them. But I'll try to rectify them as I go along.

Monday 5th April 1999

It all began this morning. I was asleep in a bed. Whether it was my bed, I don't really know at the moment. I'll try not to distract too much, and tell it as it happened.

I was probably in the most peaceful dose that one could get. Warm in bed, with nothing distracting to wake you up. I had this feeling that maybe I should be getting up for something, but no alarm sounded. So I shoved my head under the pillow to block out the lightening of daylight within the room, that was getting through my eyelids.

It must have been some hours later, that I heard a voice calling.

"Come on darling, You can't sleep away the whole day."

I was semiconscious at this stage. About when you want to keep sleeping, but your body resists you, and slowly starts to awaken your senses.

I got to the stage of just lying there with my eyes closed, but awake.

That same voice came again, more insistent, and a little louder. Most likely because my head wasn't buried any longer. The strange thing was, I didn't recognise the voice. I'm sure he was speaking to me. But I don't recall being called *darling*.

Maybe they were outside and they were speaking to someone else. It didn't matter. It felt like it was time to get up.

I opened my eyes first to stare at the blank white ceiling. Nothing wrong there, except when I sat up the entire bedroom looked different. No, not just different, but wrong. Like someone had been in during the night, and repainted the walls to an off white, and re-decorated with posters, a large wardrobe and various items like stuffed toys and other things on shelves.

After turning my head about, the entire room looked like it had been rebuilt. The door and window were in different locations. Maybe the bed had been moved, I thought. No. Maybe this wasn't even my normal room. I had no idea. I didn't recognise anything in the room. No feeling of familiarity. Even the bed felt strange somehow. Like it was bigger than usual.

Like one big joke, I was half expecting some people to pop through the door, or some other concealed entrance and say I was on candid camera or something.

There would be no point in sitting in bed either way. So I got up. It was there that I realised this was more than a simple joke. The pyjamas I was wearing, was a simple nightie, with picture of Barbie on it.

Not that I minded the nightie, it was just the image of Barbie on there that kind of put me off. Something else seemed out of place also. My chest seemed kind of large. Maybe it was something from my memory.

This is when I first realised, I had memories or something other than what I could see. Which was why everything seemed out of place. My memory wasn't all clear, it was just certain items kept popping up whenever something simulated them.

Like looking down my chest, I get the impression it should be flat, but instead it's got to firm peaks. Oh I know what they are, but it doesn't explain why they are. It's just the same as why the bedroom doesn't just look unfamiliar, but totally different from these memories.

Nothing seems to be right, and I know nothing about what is around me. Me. Then I realise, I don't know who I am. I have a vague recollection of a name. But it's one of those memories which haven't fit in.

I have an image of what I look like. Quite an intimate image actually. That I must have stood in front of a mirror naked at one time. No breasts, but a memory of having something else. A dick! Of all things, I remember having a dick.

But now I don't know. This is another memory. I figure that maybe I should check. But, I'd like to verify what I look like first. I look about for a mirror. None seemed to be evident in this room, but checking the wardrobe yields results.

I was astonished. The image didn't look familiar at all. I double checked by touching the glass surface, and stuck my hand around the back.

The face that stared back, was not familiar. And the body also. But shouldn't I know my own body? And why these memories that keep telling me this isn't right?

Who am I? Or rather, who is this person in the mirror.

I begin to make assumptions now. A rather retarded form of deducted reasoning. But then, I don't think anyone can think like Sherlock Holmes.

Our intelligence, or consciousness, or the soul as some people say would be made up by the sum of our memories and existence. So a person without any, would have a clean soul. I have memories. But not attached to this body, before this day.

But a consciousness is evolved by its memories.

Maybe these memories are mine, and this body isn't. It is a good body, and may the own will want it back. That would mean there had to be another consciousness from this body. Where would it be now? In my body?

In which case, how did we swap? Why did us two in particular, swap? Why not with someone I new?

Some good questions. But I would need more information on my surroundings to confirm this. This hypothesises of swapped bodies.

Like I would have to phone myself, or my body and speak to it. Her rather. She would be in my body.

So I had better look after this one. Not get it damaged, it into trouble with parents. Parents! That voice must have been, or is her father. Well I hope it's her father, and not some strange relationship with a boyfriend. I'd be lost for sure then.

I'd been standing in the bedroom for many minutes now. Someone is sure to come and check. I open the blinds on the window.

Another memory assails me then, of opening drapes. This fades away with the bright sunshine out my bedroom window. Another unfamiliar view, which I getting used to, if albeit, slowly.

I can see clearly out the window, which shows that I'm on a second story. It's just another new thing, that my memory says it shouldn't be.

Now there's knocking at the door. "Honey, are you ok?" It's a women's voice this time. The mother? It seems like a normal enough family.

I'm was urged to say something then, else she was bound to walk in.

"I don't feel like going to school today." I said.

I still don't know why I said it. I didn't know if I went to school, but I may have noticed the school bag in a corner of the room when I looked about.

But it could have easily have been a weekend. Since I'd heard both male and female voices now. They wouldn't both be home unless it was a weekend.

My luck was just as wrong.

"You know it's the school holidays honey. You can stay in your room all day if you want, but you should come can eat breakfast."

School holidays. That got me out of that noose at least. Until school returned. However long that was.

More information needed. Maybe I could find a school diary, or calendar.

"Ok, I'll be down some time." I replied.

The voice I used was something new also. Higher pitched. Feminine. There could be no doubt about the body. But I had to see it eventually to change clothes. Or to shower!

There would be little choice of not seeing it. And if I had swapped bodies, then mine would come under just as much scrutiny.

I needed to dress, and clothes were needed. Something casual for holidays. The wardrobe revealed much about the tastes in this person's clothing. And the expenditure her parent's put out.

I'd need more than just sweaters or skirts. An oversized dresser revealed more. Oh, a lot more. These memories kicked in somewhat, about looking a female underwear. It had to be something carried over, and not completely hormonal.

Strange enough. But I didn't want to waste time. I had to find out more about my situation. And whose body I thought I was inhabiting.

Underwear. Was I even wearing any? I had to check. I went to feel though the nightie, but it reminded me too much of groping. I had to see eventually. So I lifted the edge, and sighed. Nice white underwear. Panties actually. At least I knew I slept with a reasonable amount of clothing.

Also in the draw were some bra's. I was sure one didn't sleep in a bra. But it was another thing to check. By peeking down the collar of the nightie, I had my answer. I needed to put a bra on. The all looked the same, except for a couple which were definitely for sports.

It was one of those things, that you think should be easy, only if you do it right. I tried to put it on under the nightie with having to lift it. Only Houdini could probably have done it.

I had no choice but to pull off the nightie and use the mirror.

I had a good view of the body now, and all I could do was admire it. It was obviously post pubescent, but not yet 18. Just more I needed to know.

I shook my head trying to clear feelings that were brought about by my memories. And proceeded with slipping on the support.

You don't really realise how much you can feel with a breast, until you have them yourself, and you put a bra on. And adjusting the straps for comfort.

Now that the more intimate portions were covered, I could look for other things to put on. I found some t-shirts which looked well used, but clean. I picked one from the middle of the stack, so I was sure it hadn't been worn too recently for other people to notice.

And some socks. All sorts of colours, including the obvious ones for school. There wasn't much choice in what to put on below the waist. I had to put on a skirt, dress, other something similar.

Nothing in my memory shows me been comfortable in something without legs.

Back at the wardrobe, the image in the mirror now resembles something like a Calvin Klein commercial. Might be the CK on the t-shirt.

The choices were various, but I decided on something that had to be casual. A short denim dress. No doubt about its purpose. But no other reasonable choice presented itself.

Once it was on, she, or rather I looked normal. Well for the moment, I had to consider the female body as me. Wouldn't do to be talking about myself in the third person with other people present.

The hair to do with a brush, but it could do for the moment.

Before venturing through the rest of the house I had to get more information about who I was. Especially my name.

On a cursory look about the room, there weren't any framed certificate, or photos of this body. Photos of myself. I must keep that thought straight.

No awards evident either. Ok maybe there is some documentation. There are some books, and folders on some shelves.

The all have a label, some been quite obvious. *Home economics*. School work, and a good place to write ones name. Nothing on the folder, but inside I get lucky.

Jen Craven. Jen isn't the sort of name I expected. Maybe it's short for something. Jennifer or Jenny or Jennie, or Janet. It's a name though. Something I should answer to if called by.

I flick though the folder, but it doesn't contain much work. The handwriting is good too. That's one thing I have a recollection of not been good at.

The dates on the pages though, they do seem familiar. I'd have to find out what the date is, to know for sure, but somehow I don't think I've lost time from my memory. Like I was in my other body just yesterday, by local time.

A calendar would help. Now I search thorough the school bag. Pencil case, some crumpled clothing, and books. In them is the school diary. I find it carefully marked off, like all well kept diaries should be, with the holidays the last item unmarked. Wednesday 31st March 1999.

Ok, so since it's the holidays, I'm in the two weeks here, somewhere. With Easter, and April fools day.

Oh, jeez, don't tell me, it's April fools day! And this would be one huge joke on me?

I look to the door now, but it's still firmly closed. No one spying on me through there, but who can discount hidden cameras?

My chances of finding one in here wouldn't be good. A needle in a haystack, so to speak.

Ok, so maybe I ain't the fool. But at least I've narrowed the field to 16 days. And how many hours?

Now I figure I'm such a dummy, for not looking at a watch or a clock for the date. Dropping the books to the floor, I go back to the dresser where I saw a watch. No date, but at least I know the time. Quarter to 11. Late morning.

The next best place would be beside the bed. Here I found a nice big clock, with a date. 5-Apr

It ain't April fools day, fortunately. And the diary say's its a Monday. Just after Easter Sunday. Also a public Holiday, which would explain why both parent's are home..

It's so late in the morning, that I feel an urge to go the toilet. It would be the last thing I want to do yet. First I have to find the bathroom in a house I don't know about.

It's a matter of survival now. Find the toilet, or piss myself. I through away self caution, and pull open the bedroom door, to find.. another wall. Of a hallway. What did I expect? Someone to be leaning against the door, listening to me?

Well the joke's going to be on them. Looking each way, I take a guess about the location of the bathroom.

To the right, a door on the other side, before a set of stairs. Further along, just past the stairs is another door. To the left, are three doors. All the doors were unmarked. Doesn't anyone mark the lavatory for guests?

To have a getter chance, I head left. Three doors grouped together, what's the chance one is the bathroom? I take my chance, and try for the middle door. My luck holds out, and the door opens to revel the toilet.

The process is just what I'd expect. Close the door without jamming your feet. Click in the small lock on the door knob. Lift the lid, not the seat. Then dropping this skirt. Easy enough. And now I take the last step, dropping the underwear.

Writing what I see at this point may be considered as lewd, or pornographic. But I will say, it's what I expected it would look like. Just not as much hair as I expected.

I take the seat, and let nature's call do the rest. Not as bad as I thought it might be.

After pulling my clothing back on, and flushing the toilet, I had a choice to make in finding the bathroom. Left or right.

I tried left. A bedroom. A big bedroom. I closed the door before someone found me somewhere where I shouldn't be, and tried the right hand door. Bingo.

I closed the door behind me and locked it. A good refuge. After washing my hands, I had a look about so I could place everything later. What I discovered was a several of towels.

So, other then the two voices that I was assuming to be mother and father, there could be someone else living in the house.

But only two toothbrushes. Neither of them labelled, and different colours. Maybe there was a second bathroom.

I had no idea whose was whose. Just as a precaution, I folded up a portion of each towel underneath, so I'd know later which one's weren't used. A simple thing, that I'm glad to have thought up.

I went back to the bedroom, before going down the stairs. I figured the best source of information I'd gotten so far was the diary. It was sure to hold a few more things, so I flicked though the pages one by one and scanned the contents.

Doodling and pictures, class timetables, but more important stuff to me, are phone numbers and names. I don't know who they are, but if they know this person, I have to at least try to know them. I try to make a mental note of the names. No way I'd remember them like some instant recall, but at least I won't act as if I hadn't heard them before.

Eureka. An important item. Jen was good enough to write her birthday in, in big enough letters. Her 16th birthday of all things, on November the 9th. It's some time away, but now I know the body is 15 years old. A great age for female mischief.

I didn't think I can find out more in the bedroom. I had to venture out now.

Out the door, and slowly down the stairs one at a time so I could get a look before stumbling over something important that I should know.

Like a wolf in sheep's clothing, I had to act the part without giving myself away. Unless of course I needed to. But I hadn't thought about that just yet.

The stairs opened out near the entrance of the house. From here it opened up into a lounge room, and further across a dining room. I could hear some talking coming from an open door at the back of the lounge room, and also from the dining room.

I took another look about before going towards the door. It was a good choice, as it turned into a short hallway with a few open and closed doors. Closed to the left, and two closed doors, an open bathroom, and the kitchen. The source of the voices.

I scrunched up both hands and rubbed them across my eyes as I stepped them. I hadn't touched the hair on... my head. So it was a bit messy, giving truth to the claim of been tired.

It also gave me a chance to stare about the kitchen like I was trying to wake up still.

A functional enough kitchen, with nice windows to the back of the house, and breakfast area where two people were looking my way, and a large doorway, back to the dining room. I hoped.

When I was able to focus enough on both people, her spoke. "Morning sleepy head."

This didn't sound like either voice I'd heard, so it must be the other member of the house. A brother?

What could I say? Morning to you to Bro? And if he wasn't, and just a cousin, or an uncle, or a boyfriend?

Something neutral to say, "I thought you were working today."

He went to say something, but she beat him to the punch, looking in his direction first. Lucky for me as it turns out. "You two know you shouldn't argue, with the Easter holiday and all." She looked my way now. "And you should know better than to make comment's about your brothers' problem in finding work. You know how expensive it is to go through University. Please say you're sorry to Ray, Jennifer."

As I said. Lucky. A brother called Ray. She was still looking my way, so what could I do. "I'm sorry Ray. I hope you're able to find some work."

He raised an eyebrow, in an odd gesture I'd only find in Star Trek. Maybe it was the wrong thing to say. Not normal for Jen. I'd have to be more careful about what I say, and do.

She, what I was still thinking was the mother, looked back at Ray. "And you can keep you comments to yourself about sleeping in. I've seen you sleep past midday."

"Yes mom." He said.

She returned to reading something at the table, but he turned back to look at me with a stare. One to be wary of. How should a 15 year old girl reply to this? Simply by screwing up by face and poking my tongue out.

I got a frown in return, but he left me alone to read through his newspaper.

Now I was stuck. Breakfast, however meagre I wanted it to be, would be difficult to put together in front of these two, especially if I didn't know where everything was. Oh, and since I also don't know what Jen usually ate.

I couldn't stand there too long, else someone would notice. The dishes on the sink gave me my first hint of toast and coffee. These weren't suitable. I didn't like coffee anyhow. Another of my memories.

Ok, how about a glass of juice? There were used glasses. Juice should be in the fridge.

Where would the glasses be? Near the drawers? Fortunately I had to bend over, and thus my activity for searching was covered.

Plates, bowls. Trying the other cupboard I found glasses. Not hard to find one for breakfast.

The fridge proved easy enough. Looking through it the juice was on the door. Checking over my shoulder showed no interest in my direction. Both mother and Ray were still reading.

Maybe I could find some pop-tarts or some equally easy to serve breakfast. I didn't spill the juice. But thinking about it now, maybe I should have. Then I could have gone searching for a cloth to wipe it up, claiming I couldn't find it.

I returned the bottle to the fridge, and looked over the contents. Much the usual thing, including chocolate eggs from Easter. At least I knew the family didn't have a religious thing against Easter. That helped.

Still it didn't solve breakfast. I took a quick look through a couple of cupboards, as quiet as I could while they were reading.

I found the cereals, and pulled out coco pops of all things. I had mother's attention when I turned about, but she returned to her reading.

I had the beginnings of breakfast now. Milk from the fridge, and a bowl and a spoon.

Now the hard part. Sitting down to eat with these people, whom I don't know. But do know me. Or Jennifer rather.

Neither looked up as I took an empty seat. There was space enough for six people around the table, but the papers and magazines left little for me to use.

I ate my breakfast slowly, as I glanced at both her and Ray between spoonfuls. He looked eighteen plus. A big brother, with the usual tendencies. And a mother still in her prime by the looks. She was reading though various magazines at clothing and food, and home deco stuff. Not that the house looked like it needed it. Ray was going through the employment section of a newspaper.

Evidently my earlier comment was not well placed. The room was too quiet. No radio on. No TV in here. Nice one back in the lounge room.

To probe for more information I asked Ray, "Anything look promising?"

He looked at me with a critical eye, like why I was even asking but he seemed to act strait enough. Maybe Jen was the brat of this family.

"A few good ones. I'll have to send them letters tomorrow. Maybe you should look are getting a part time job yourself."

I didn't answer his question, but kept stuffing my face full of coco pops.

He kept his reaction quite neutral, before return to searching through the paper.

I had a fair amount of knowledge now of my surroundings now. Except about the possible father. Maybe he was outside, or gone for a drive somewhere. Hard to say.

In light of lack of further information to go on, I had to found out about my true self. Those represented by my memory. Sure I had a name, but I soon found that the name didn't mean a thing.

I left them both at the table and cleared my dishes. And went in search of the best thing to help me. A phone book.. Sure many people aren't listed because of silent numbers, but I remembered having a listed number, and I knew name names of the family to cross reference against.

Back in the entrance near the stairs, was the phone, and phone books.

I looked through, and found... nothing. The surname I remember was quite distinctive, and only half a dozen people were listed. I checked the front of the book. This year's, the year I last remember. Same city and state. So it's the right book. But no listing. There were a couple of references, but none I knew. I checked for other relatives I could remember, and didn't find them either.

There was nothing. No person existed, or exists that I could have swapped bodies with.

With the phone book still in front of me, I checked for other names I knew. Of friends I knew. These I could confirm. They existed exactly where they were supposed to.

It confirmed my memory wasn't lying to my outright, but neither to I confirm my hypnotises. I sat there thinking about this.

Ok, so I couldn't have swapped bodies or personalities. No such person existed it seems. Maybe I swapped with an alternate universe? That sounded even more absurd. Maybe I just delusional, psychotic or schizophrenic. What the term? Multiple personalities.

Somehow I developed an another personality with memories from real life mixed with fiction. If it became dominant. That would mean my real personality is buried within my head still. Medial help would be useful then. But what of these memories? Parts of them a 15 year old girl could never know. Unless it was all fiction too.

Only one way to find out. I picked up the phone, and dialled a number I remembered. One of the friends I had. He wouldn't know me, and he wouldn't know the me from my memories, but I could ask about someone else.

The phone rang until he answered "Hello?"

"Hi, you don't know me, but I'm trying to trace down an old friend you might know. A David Loxton. I was hoping you might have a recent address or phone number of where he is currently."

"Oh. Yeah. I talked to David about a month ago. Just wait a minute and I'll get a address for you."

"Thanks."

The line when silent. He confirmed the association of friends, so I didn't need to speak to him any longer, and I hung up.

So the memories were real. Could I still have multiple personalities?

I returned the phone book, and sat of the stairs thinking about this. Maybe it was something else. I think about translating bodies and minds and such. A particular movie comes to mind. Back to the Future. Ok, so it was complete fiction. But one important point in it, is about shifting time lines.

What if I was caught in such a shift? So at some point in the past, one of my relatives dies or doesn't have the kid they're suppose to, and I no longer exist.

So the time lines shift, and wham. But for some reason, my memories remain intact. Nice reasoning, but why last night? Why does the shirt occur right at this point in time? And why would someone alter my history? Do I become important in the future? Did I become important in the future?

I begin to like this reasoning better, but not the implications. I could still be locked away in some funny farm, and be fed a diet of pills to keep me shut up. Just by trying find out more about myself.

That phone call for instance. Could it have been traced?

I stood up, and raced back up the stairs to the bedroom I began this all in. It wouldn't console me to the facts, but it provided better scenery to think.

Sitting on the bed with my legs crossed, and my chin on the heel of my hand I thought about it. I came up with this list, and added a few more that came up. Maybe these memories are all implanted, or maybe I'm an android, with the wrong memories.

What has happened...	reasons for	reasons against
One big joke.	Plausibly real explanation	does not explain the body that doesn't match memories.
Switched bodies/personalities.	Simple, well known	The other body doesn't exist, or seem to ever exist.
Switched bodies/personalities with another dimension/universe.	Sort of simple, cannot be disproved	Cannot be proved
I'm just going plain nuts.	Simple.	Too simple, new resident

		in funny farm.
Multiple personality disorder.	Good explanation.	New resident in funny farm. Electro therapy.
Adjusted time line.	Well known.	Why did I keep my memory, and further implications.
Implanted memories.	Can be fixed, I think	why me, and why these memories?
Android with wrong memories	Simple enough test. Do I bleed?	A good android may bleed, choke and die quite realistically.

A couple I felt like dumping immediately as possibilities, as the could not be proved. One test I gave myself. A short pinch on my leg. Not my butt, because of the denim skirt. It definitely hurt, and I didn't wake up. I shouldn't damage the body just yet, as I couldn't prove it was mine yet.

I didn't want to believe I was nuts. A hospital stay would only make it worse. Sure, I would be 15 years out of date with this body, but I had enough knowledge from my memories to get by until integrating myself completely.

The only two I couldn't drop was implanted memories. It seemed stupid to implant fake memories into a 15 year old girl and mind wipe what was there. And how could it be done without the parents knowing? Plausible, but difficult I've seen no proof of this.

The only most reasonable one, was the most ominous one. An altered time line. At least several people had to be involved to do something like this. As well as a method of time travel. One real good reason against this has been that everyone believes time machines to be purely the work of fiction.

It doesn't stop it from been invented in the future, and used in the present or past.

So if I assume that this is an altered time line, then this is my body and my memories. Just that both are from different time lines. This change could be temporary or permanent. Image if I changed back again tonight, like it was a one day wonder.

Try a different time line for a day! Come one come all.

No. That's like the big theory. Not particularly good theory. Best way of finding this one out, would be live out the day and find out what happens tomorrow morning.

And if it isn't? Well I have to try me best to integrate today. And if it is permanent? Good question. Maybe it'll all change back in a week, or a year, or when I reach the age of my memories.

And it may never happen. So it makes sense to act like it's permanent, until I know otherwise. What about affecting it to change back? I'm involved in the change in the time line somehow, otherwise it wouldn't have effected me this way. Maybe I can have it changed back to correct. the time line.

Should I interfere in the time line? To my memories, this is the wrong time line. But who's to say which is right, and which is wrong? Me?

I'd have to find out which time line offered better for reality. That would mean trying to compare history with what I know, against what is here.

I feel like I'm getting ahead of myself now. I went from a possibly theory to a full blown plan to how to fix it. That is if I'm right. My memories considered me to be a logical and straight forward thinker. But that's my memories.

What about now?

Now, I just need to integrate. Be the normal 15 year old girl called Jennifer Craven.

What does a 15 year old girl do during school holidays? Go out, see friends, boys? No. Maybe not boys at this age. I can't adjust that that just yet. But other normal things, like movies and fun carefree stuff.

What else would holidays be for?

Jen is... Hah, I'll have to remember from now on *I am Jen*. And I'm in year 10. The school diary shows this. No homework for the holidays. Fortunately.

But one problem was to pop up in two weeks. School. Jen. I mean me. I, return to School in two weeks. Which school, where is it. And how do I get there?

Ok, so maybe I should plan on integrating myself for the next two weeks. Getting to know my family, my geography, my school, and myself.

The family was occupied at the moment, but I could do some research on geography. Like where do I live, and where my school is, and the nearest shopping centre. This last one might be useful later.

My address. Any documents, or letters! I stopped a moment here, before rushing out my bedroom door. My bedroom. I was starting to get used to the idea now.

Best spot for letters, are the letter box. Do I need keys to get in and out? More personal items. I must have a wallet, or purse, as well as keys to go with the watch on my wrist.

Back at the dresser, I made a through search, and found what I was looking for. There was a heap of items there, including jewellery, make-up, and a hair things, including a brush!

I sat upon the bed as I dissected my purse. Money, with about \$30 and loose change. And cards. A ticket for public transport.

This did not bode well. As any public transport system had its problems. I'd have to find the school during the next two weeks and do a dry run in getting to it, otherwise I'd never find it when everyone else was on the move.

And more importantly, a card with ID and an address on it. But is it current? Stamped February this year, it had to be current.

It's not an area familiar in my memories, so I'll still have to look it up in a map so I don't get lost around the corner.

Something else I need is the phone number. Most logical place is on the phone itself. It can wait for the moment.

There should be an address for the school in the diary. No problem there.

Various business cards, including one labelled for *Colin Craven, Accounting Assoc. Pty Ltd.*

Little doubt, this had to be the father. That is, if the other guy wasn't a step father. I hope not.

It's something more. Also here is a bank card. I pick it up with one hand to check the other side. No, it isn't a credit card, but a debit card in my name. *J M Craven*.

A middle initial of all things. Another thing to find out. But, I won't be able to use this card. It'll have an attached pin number. And the signature. I take a close look at this. Well, maybe not so difficult.

I'll just have to loose the card, and report it to the bank as lost. Then I can put whatever signature on it I want, and get a new pin.

I'll need proof of course, which means documentation and a birth certificate! Hah, I'll know my parent names then, and my middle name. Something to work on tomorrow, cause the banks will be closed today.

I finished with my hair, and packed away the purse. The key ring was a small mix with a personal key tag. House keys, and school locker key.

After leaving the purse and keys with the brush on the dresser.

Before loosing the bank card, I'd need the account number. Must be in some letter around here. Something else I had to find. So I pulled open a draw and shoved the card deep into the back. Not permanently lost, in case I needed the bank card number.

The room seemed well organised. So I started back with the school stuff and found one of those compressed file folders. Inside was the best collection of information I could need. Certificates, documents, letters. My entire financial history of 17 months. Everything, including school documents. A map of the place. I should be so lucky. And it's two years old. Well better than nothing.

I'd been in my room long enough now. I put the file away, reviewing the names I saw so I could remember them. *Jennifer Maryanne Craven*, daughter of *Colin Craven* and *Lorraine Craven* on *Wednesday November 9th 1983*.

The school bag was a mess, so I had to pack it back in. Something next to the bag caught my eyes. A flat black leather bag. Or vinyl. A notebook computer. It was probably for school work.

I needed to tidy up my image a bit more before going back down stairs for a map or explaining the need to go to a bank tomorrow.

The hair straightened up quite well under brushing. And a band tied the hair back out of my face. Looking in the mirror, makes me wonder if there is any recent school photos so I know what I usually look like in uniform.

Under the circumstances, I thought I was adapting quite well to my situation, or transformation as my memories would conjecture.

According to my memories, I was once an adult male. Although evidence of the phone book shows that person either no longer exists, or never existed. I can no longer resign myself to the fact of what I appear to be at this moment. I am no longer the sum of my memories, but this girl. It's not a reason to discount the memories, because they still contains important information of what he knew, or what I used to know.

I started losing the distinction again. It didn't help thinking about it too much. Sometimes just doing was better than thinking.

Like going out there right now and cleaning these teeth. Ugh! Coco pops leave a good colouring.

I faced the old dilemma in the bathroom. Whose brush was whose? The best I could do was to figure out which was driest. Which happened to be the pink one. Obvious, since the other was blue.

After that I return back down stairs for more research. A map. School Photos.

The best sources were the ones most dangerous to my situation. The people who knew me before the morning. Ray was cutting out parts from the newspaper. And Lorraine, I mean mom was almost finished reading her magazines.

I had a better change to look at her now, rather than worrying about discovery of doing something unusual. A very articulate women. Doesn't look like a usual house wife, and her clothing today wasn't of the round the home variety. That was something to consider. Did she work during the day also?

Something to consider at least. Ray though was casually dressed. Maybe he spent his time looking for work, and the rest just at home.

Before I got the chance, I heard a door open and a hand fell on my head. "Morning pumpkin. Had enough beauty sleep?"

This had to be my father, Colin Craven. Couldn't stop to think now, had to react, "Yes thanks."

He passed me then, heading through the kitchen to where mom and Ray sat. After a moment I followed him in, rather than be left standing in the small hallway.

He was broad shouldered, not tall, but not short either. Common enough appearance, but reasonably dressed. Like he'd been out recently.

"I know I've been busy this weekend, with Easter and all but I had to finish up some of it this morning for the taxation department. As I promised, we all go out somewhere together for the day to just enjoy ourselves. That means if you don't like it, then speak up. But don't ruin it for everyone else by moaning and groaning."

He sat down at the table, and Ray folded up his newspapers, seeming to know what was coming.

"Are there any movies you all want to see? Ray, you got the movie section there?"

I had to come over and take a seat or look like the odd one out, as Ray found the particular section of paper.

The selections were slim, but I put my choice in, for *Cruel Intentions*. No one mentioned the MA rating on the movie, but I did meet the minimum age requirement of 15 fortunately. There were a couple of other movies, but not enough interest from all members of the family. Myself included.

The whole thing seemed predestined. We were to go and see a movie. That was ok I guessed. I got to go out of the house with an escort.

Dad released us from the table to get ready. I took it as an opportunity to relieve my bowels, otherwise suffer endlessly during the movie.

Some footwear was necessary also, which I fixed with a pair of sneakers. One other thing I thought was necessary. I had a large collection of jewellery. With this much, I couldn't imagine myself leaving the house without a few items. So I picked out a few, including some earrings.

This was something I hadn't noticed before. I have pierced ears. Not that there's anything wrong with them, just I had no experience with them.

The sleepers came out without trouble, but I almost tore an ear before I got one in. The next was easier. I'm just glad I didn't have a pierced nose also. But what about my belly button? A quick check revealed that to be free of jewellery.

There was a knock at my door, "Jen, you coming?" Ray's voice.

I looked over to check, having left my door open. Got to remember to close it for the moment, whenever I'm exploring myself.

"Just a moment." I said. I grabbed the purse and keys. He waited at the door for me, just long enough for me to follow him.

Maybe he had seen me have trouble with my ear rings and was suspicious. Suspicious of what? He couldn't know I wasn't the same person as yesterday!

Now you see, I have to be careful of myself, otherwise I could go crazy, literally.

He led back down stairs, back through the lounge room door, and to the left. Opening the door revealed the garage.

It was a small shock to find we had a connected garage, double at that. The house must have cost a small fortune, and my parents had to have a good income. Either they were rich, or they had a good bank manager. It looked good anyway from a 15 year old perspective.

I got in the left back door, and Ray entered the other side without a word. As the car pulled out, I got my first look at where we lived. Nice place. Not impressive, but not too bleak. Sort of simple.

I kept my eyes on it all the way. And must have caught Ray's attention too, "There something wrong Jen?"

Staring too much at something like that would set anyone off. It gave me an open opportunity, "Yeah, I can't find my debit card. I'm not sure where I had it last."

"Maybe you should take better care of your stuff, instead of leaving it lying about when you get home from school." He replied.

It told me a lot more than he intended. Like I was really sloppy with my things, but my room showed otherwise. Unless I wasn't the last person to tidy it.

It didn't matter much, as I concentrated on what was outside the car, the street names, and the turnings of roads. Soon I picked up where we were, having memories of main roads in the area. I wouldn't be completely lost by myself.

It was a half hour to catch the 12:30 session. Mom decided to open a conversation on the way for some reason. Maybe because the radio was off, and it was too quiet. "Find any good openings in the paper this morning Ray?"

"Several. They're all what I want, and I have all the qualification. So I'm optimistic."

I could see where this was heading. She was doing the rounds, and I'd be next. Ray talked a bit on the particular jobs he was applying for, but I had to think about what I'd been doing recently. The only stuff I'd found was from my brief look through my school diary. Other than general notes of homework, there was nothing. There was something I'd seen later in the diary which I could use.

"Jennifer." I heard her call my name then. Maybe I was too busy thinking, or hadn't gotten used to it. I also noticed that she never called me Jen, but just Jennifer.

“Yes mom?”

“So what have you been doing at school recently?”

“We’ve been told to think about what type of jobs we want to do, in preparation for the work experience later this year. The sort of interests we have, how we think we function we other people.”

I didn’t know if any of it was true, but the work experience was marked down for two weeks in October. It was far enough in the future to assume that some action would be required now.

“That’s good. Have you given any thought about what you want to do?” she asked.

“I haven’t decided on anything yet. I wanted to get a opinion from my family first on how they see me.”

By now, I was leaning over the centre seat, to get a better look at the road ahead of us. “So what are your thoughts?” I asked.

It was my weak effort to find out more about myself, as I had no idea what sort of career Jen had been interested in before the switch in the time line. She could have been planning to be a Rocket Scientist for all I knew. And now I could really only approximate on what she had been doing, and just do my best.

“Well, you’ve always shown a real interest in computers at School.” She said.

Dad added his comments “But those awards you received in Home Economics and English show you’ve got real talent there also.”

I was surprised, by the similarity of interest’s to what I used to do. It was as if a personality may still hold true its chosen craft no matter what time line it existed in. Although Jen had it seemed also excelled in other areas as well, just not something I was familiar with. I’d have to deal with it all when the time came.

“I’ll think about it some more then. Becoming a chef isn’t something I’ve dreamt about.” I said.

“As long as you’re true to your own feelings, otherwise you’ll never be happy.” Dad said.

He had a real way with words. I leaned back now, seeing the shopping complex we were approaching. It looked familiar, but I don’t ever recall visiting it. One of those half things. Something you’ve probably seen on TV, like Disney Land. Seen so much of it, that once you visit it you think you know everything there. But don’t actually know where it all is. Strange is all I can call it.

Parking was the least of our hassles, as long as you were willing to walk. Which we did, but not far. Most patrons at the complex were here for the movies, as the rest of the shops seemed to be closed for the holiday.

We arrived with time to spare to purchase something to eat in the cinema. It was nearing lunch time, but chocolate and candy had to suffice the two and a quarter hours of movie.

Although the movie wasn’t half what I expected, it was still good. Suffice it to say, it let me forget my problems for a while. That is, until I tried leaving the cinema without my family. I had good reason, which Ray figured out a moment after he grabbed me by the shoulder. I was headed directly towards the toilets.

After Ray released me, I made a slight adjustment to go in the correct door. I’d hate to frighten anyone standing at a toilet stall. But I must admit, It’d be interesting just to see their expression.

This was something I was getting used to, but not ingrained yet. It’ll be hard to put 22 years of learning to be a male behind me. Fortunately, I never learned to be one of the beer swilling, and muscle pumping variety. It wasn’t my physiology I was adjusting to so much, as the nature of my gender and all the benefits related. Both good and bad.

Good benefits	Bad benefits
Men will take more notice of you	Men will take too much notice of you
You can wear a greater variety of clothing	You can’t go around topless
You don’t have dreams where you wake	You do have to wear padding to stop

up with wet sheets	wetness
I can wear my hair long or short without been called a hippie	Crewcuts are not an option
I'll never go bald	When it goes grey, it goes grey, then white
The smaller stature can make people underestimate your abilities	You can be overawed by other people's larger stature
Longer life expectancy	You live your remaining life like without any male friends
You can perpetuate the species almost by yourself	Once you start having a kid, you have to do it all by yourself.
Men will risk their lives to save you	It's always women first, even into danger
Never have to scratch or readjust your balls	Always have to remember to cross your legs when seated

My perception of the benefits might be a bit skewed, considering my lack of worldly experience as a women, left alone as a female. But it helps to understand the issues. To know what I'm getting into.

One of those I've just added, I hadn't thought about until that moment in the toilets in the cinema. I saw the white boxed dispenses for tampons, but it didn't sink in until I was sitting down.

I was female and of the appropriate age to be having periods. And yet I had no form of sanitary protection on me. It was quite possible it was the wrong time of month, or rather the right time. Or the less anticipated aspect of been sterile. That was something not to contemplate.

I'd have to look about at home for any record of my periods. Calendar, diary, or a card. And a box of protection.

They were all waiting for me in the cinema foyer, but were eager enough start moving before I reached them. The issue now been discussed was lunch.

"Jennifer, what do you want for lunch? Ray wants McDonalds' again." Dad asked.

"Again!" I made one of those pained faces, which was just how I felt about McDonalds. I never liked the things. And I'd heard they cook the chips in large blocks of animal fat just to make them crisp. Just as bad as the chicken they deep fry in animal fats at KFC. Enough to make you want to puke.

"How about pizza?" I asked. Several essential vegetables, and meats and dough base for fibre. The only fats would be from the butter in the dough and cheese. And you could usually watch as they cook it in a convection oven with a set of rollers.

"Pizza!?" Ray exclaimed. I thought he was about to burst a blood vessel. He seemed to have something against the idea, so added a comment "You can always get your own burger from McChucks."

It was difficult to maintain a straight face. If I'd had a mirror handy I could have checked to make sure I wasn't laughing at Ray's barely contained fury. He cooled down in a moment, like he reconsidered it.

"Ok. As long as Jen eats whatever I pick off my pizza." It was an agreement, but as he looked at me I wasn't so sure. Almost like stainless steel daggers.

I would have blurted out my change to burgers, but it would have done no good as mom and dad readily agreed with the proposal of pizza. I could see Ray's recognition of alarm on my face, that I'd done something horribly wrong and Ray would be the only one to benefit.

My only consolation lay in the fact that Ray would be expecting something to occur with Jen's likes and dislikes of pizza, which would have changed to whatever I could handle. Within the constraints of this body of course. Some people can't stand cow's milk, yet in the right body, they probably could.

We went to a Pizza Hut, to dine in for lunch. I won't go into details about lunch. But I can say that I only ate whatever my body would allow me to. No olives or anchovies, not that they were ordered. But Ray did show an aversion to pineapple and mushrooms. It was strange, but I happily ate the pineapple pieces, and added the mushrooms he had picked off, onto my own pizza slices.

It seems I had been concerned over nothing, until after we got home. I suppose the together for the day routine, was just that. A routine. Because we all sort of split up after we got out of the car.

I returned to my room. It was the only sanctuary I had for moment, and kicked off my sneakers. That's when I noticed the problem. A slight reddening on my legs. Like a skin rash. A look in the mirror told me that it was also coming up my neck, and just a bit on the underside of my arms.

I had to guess I reacted with something in the pizzas, as Ray had indicated something would happen. An allergy. What I didn't know, was what I was allergic to, or how bad the reaction would get. I didn't want to become swollen up, or choke to death.

I pulled up my t-shirt briefly and confirmed it was across my chest and back, starting to look like an intense sunburn. It was one of those things that needed attention from someone with experience with these problems. Parents.

Back downstairs, the first one I found was dad. He quickly put me to rights, saying I shouldn't try to show Ray up like that by eating all that pineapple. He knew what was going to happen, and he seemed prepared. He handed me a tube of cream, saying "You're big enough to put it on yourself now."

As I walked away, headed back upstairs I could make out his voice saying, "You kids, still testing each other's limits. One's fifteen, the other eighteen. Some day you'll..."

I didn't hear him as I skipped up the stairs quickly, as the redness was starting to irritate.

It was one of those days. If you could subtract the problem associated with been in the wrong body. All I say, is I had to strip down as I applied the cream first across each patch that started itching, and then across everything else that was red.

At any other time, I might have been discouraged at have to poke around such a body, but now that it was *my* body and I was really feeling the need of that cream, my conscience had to wait for later.

It was some while later that I moved from my seated position on the floor, where I had just been staring at whatever was in front of me to get my mind of the pain. Well, not pain but more like having an army of ants march across your body, which rubbing or scratching just makes worse.

Fortunately it was dulling now. But movement still sent signals across my nerves. A bra now would only make it worse, so I skipped it, pulling the t-shirt back on without it. The reddening was as intrusive to other parts of my body, like me face, feet or hands, or other areas I don't want to mention here. I'll just say that it skipped parts, but still affected my legs. Leaving me in my underwear.

Since I had the time, I wandered about the room now looking at anything and everything. Posters of David Duchovny in the X files and a movie poster of George Clooney as Batman. Shelves of books, folders and other nick naks. A TV occupied a convenient location for the bed, but I left alone.

I wandered about like this, opening up a draw or a book that interested me. There was also a small collection of dolls on a shelf, all in display boxes. Eventually I even looked under the bed, after carefully bending over. This revealed nothing as it was a double mattress, and barely anything could fit underneath.

I guess I was waiting for something to happen. And I stayed that way, for a couple more hours, as I answered a few of my questions. I did find a chart of my periods, carefully layed out for the rest of the year in gradual shadings with makes inscribed.

One book I found as a photo album. Some of the pictures were of myself, but many were of other things and people. An interest in photography of sorts. It also solved the school uniform problem, which I found in the wardrobe.

Once I was ready, I pulled the skirt back on and left the room like I'd been locked in there for hours.

Dad was still about as I return the ointment, admonishing me not to do it again. Then he sent me to the lounge room to watch TV while he prepared dinner, advising me not to spread the ointment over the furniture. It was something new, having a dad make dinner.

So I sat and watched TV. I ended up relaxed on the couch, watching the likes of the Rug Rats and then the national news.

No matter what time line you're in, you tend to get a reliable news report from the TV about world events.

Both parents wandered in and out during the news, and working on dinner. Ray was nowhere to be seen, but turned up for dinner. Although nobody could see dinner from where we sat, it was left on to at least make the house not so quiet while we ate.

There wasn't anything special about it, but Ray did eye me occasionally. Maybe because I didn't have a bra on, or maybe I was still red. I didn't figure it out, but he did leave me alone.

I tried to spend the evening sitting quietly on couch, watching TV and keeping my body parts from making much movement. Eventually I had to leave, as the contents of the channel no longer interested me, and I couldn't persuade anyone to watch another channel.

As I retreated to my bedroom, I caught sight of Ray in his bedroom. His was the one I almost stumbled into opposite the bathroom. He must have a computer in there also, as I could here the well-known sound of keyboard rattle and sound effects from some unfamiliar game.

Back in my room, I switched the TV on now. Only keeping the volume high enough to hear. Evangelion was on. A good Japanese cartoon. It was something to blot out the noise carrying from Ray's room, as I turned my interest to the notebook computer.

It was what you'd expect, small and compact. It was also a lot newer than what I remember last having access on. But neither did it look like the most recent technology or top of the range.

It was running Windows 98. Something I was familiar with, but also not the most secure of operating systems. I browsed through the files, finding all the stuff Jen had been working on.

She had kept neat records. In this case, it wasn't me to my memories who had done the work, so I don't think it was right to say I did the work. Rather, it was she who used to be. The old Jen as it were.

Most of the stuff was school work, and related things. There were contact details for names, a school timetable, and a schedule with more details than the school diary with resources aplenty.

Here I also found a few personal files with password protection. It was a good idea, except anything in them I needed to know.

When the final credits were running for Evangelion, I realised it was starting to become late.

I had to do now, what I had been hoping to put off. Having a shower. Sure it's one of those natural functions they most people do, unless they have a bath. But when it's your first time washing a body that would have been sexually appealing 24 hours before, you end up with these confused feelings.

There is much I could write about this after the fact, but really it was like any other time one washes yourself. Just the bumps and curves are all in different places.

I did find a few sore spots from my reaction to the pineapple that I must have missed with the ointment.

One thing that gnawed at me, was the aspect of household rules. Each house has it's own rules about bathroom usage, and how different member's would get along in using it, and this one would be know different.

As it happens, I heard Ray knocking on the door several times saying that I was taking too long, and threatening to come in if I was much longer. I had noticed there was no latch on the bathroom door like the toilet, and the shower was a nice modern type, with clear glass panels. You could see right through it easily.

I guess it's one of those things that all siblings do to annoy you. All I could do was yell back at him under the sound of the water on the shower cap to "Get a life, and go stare at your magazines you pervert."

He had to have magazines. What guy wouldn't? Well, unless he was gay that is. It did seem to shut him up.

I did solve the towel dilemma. I found one towel untouched. The other two, happened to be Rays' and the hand towel.

Fortunately I was prepared when I left the bathroom, dressed in the nightshirt, and a robe I found conveniently hanging in my wardrobe.

Ray pushed his way into the bathroom as soon as I vacated the doorway, closing it behind himself.

I made my way downstairs, and said goodnight to my parents. There was the expected kiss for both.

"Remember Jennifer, you'll have the house to yourself for most of tomorrow, and for the rest of the week." Mom said.

"So remember to set the alarm if you go out." Dad said.

Oh, jeez. House alarm. That meant a numeric code that I didn't know. "Dad?"

"Yes Hon?"

"I've been meaning to ask you, about the alarm code." I said. He waited ever so patiently, as I tried to figure out what to say. There was no way I could figure in working around it, and truth was the best method if you couldn't think of anything else. Even skewed truth.

"I can't remember the codes!" I said, and put on my best effort of a sad and miserable face.

Something must have worked. Luck or my face as he got up, "It's ok. I forget it too sometimes." He walked me towards the front door.

Leaning over he whispered to me, "Don't tell mom, but a few times I've had to come home and ended up setting the alarm off. The company ended up calling, and I had to yell over the phone trying to make them believe it was me."

He led me up to the numeric keypad. "Ok, it's currently secured for occupants at home."

He didn't know the technical words, but he did his best to explain how to turn it off, on and set it for when I'm home.

I thanked him with a big hug and said goodnight again, before returning upstairs.

I didn't feel like sleeping just yet, and started fooling around with the computer. There were several password protected documents.

I had a fairly good at computers, but no hacker. So I rummaged about a bit trying to figure out what was in the files, looking at temporary files and backups of the documents, but they were all encrypted like the main document. I did try a few random passwords, but it wouldn't get me in. Passwords were like that. You could have almost anything. It's like number plates for cars. Except they're a bit easier. Up to six alpha numeric characters. The common one is 3 alpha followed by 3 numeric. But you can have personalised ones created of any variation. As long as it wasn't offensive, like *FUCKU*, or *BLOJOB*, or similar stuff.

There should be approximately 2,238,976,116 possibly variations.

And a password can use up to 15 characters, made up of 95 possible characters include plus, dash, space, percent and many others. This would be in excess of 468 thousand, billion, billion combinations. Far too many to try.

I could have created a computer program to do something like this, and crack the password, but it would have taken a while, and this computer didn't have anything on it more advanced than the macro language.

You might believe it next to impossible to crack a password. But people have been doing it for years. And it's usually made possible because the person who makes the password leaves some sort of note, or gains inspiration from something around them. And the mind of a 15 year old girl, won't be too intent on making a password too hard to remember.

So I started making a list of such words. Some I had already tried and marked as such, and many more. Names, dates in different formats, words. I pulled much from the school diary and the contacts. Also many English words that would have related to the document file names.

Then I slowly tried them, one at a time on all the documents. I must have had about 500 words. So I did end up making a macro which helped a little, but didn't automate the whole thing.

I ended up giving up after a few hundred tries. If there had been a protective encryption on it, the files would have been well and truly garbled by now. That, and I was tired.

I did turn the computer off, and killed the light. I tried to relax, but the first time you sleep in a bed you haven't slept in before, you always feel out of place. It was almost like that, except it wasn't the bed that didn't feel right, it was my body. I must be around 5 foot tall, and the bed felt massive but finding my comfort zones took a while.

Before going to sleep, I thought of the possibility that this whole thing was a one day thing, and tomorrow I would wake up as I should be. I'd be up early, to work full time for a personnel contractor. Drive a car to work and argue with the traffic. All back to normal I was hoping before I fell asleep.

Tuesday 6th April 1999

I didn't wake up to an alarm clock, or yelling, or pushing of my shoulders. Just the increased light seeping into my bedroom.

I was awake, but refused to open my eyes as I remembered yesterday, and the phenomenon I theorised as an alternate time line, and that I was hoping would last for 24 hours.

I laughed a little, figuring maybe it was all just a dream. A vivid dream, but just a dream. The laugh didn't sound quite right, and this worried me. I sent my hands questing under the bed covers to a real confirmation. It wasn't as I had hoped. Two breasts were still affixed to my chest. I let a gasp out, sounding more like a scream.

The rest was bound to be still attached. I remembered yesterday, and the day before, and before that with clarity.

Not 24hours, not a dream. A reality. I had the strange thought that maybe I was in a different body this time. Something similar to Quantum Leap, with Doctor Sam Becket leaping about time from body to body.

Maybe I had done such a thing, but no. I did check for the existence of my previous family and relations, and there were none. Like they never were.

I did open my eyes, and did get up. Yes the room was the same as yesterday, and the notebook computer was on the floor just like I had left it there last night.

It was Deja-vu. I remembered this feeling from yesterday, but only yesterday. Before that I was someone else.

Pulling upon the wardrobe door gave me final confirmation, of myself standing in the same Barbie nightie as yesterday morning.

I would have cried, except I went out the door, and started checking the rest of the house, opening doors. The bathroom and toiler same as yesterday. Except the lid was up. Never could figure why people couldn't use the lid. It was designed for one purpose only, to close over the toilet. If you didn't like the lid, then why not pull it off complete and be done with it.

The bedroom next to it, Ray's. As I remembered it briefly. I went back down the hall to check the other doors. A linen closet filled with sheets, towels and some other things.

The other room near the stair was the master bedroom. It had a couple of doors. I didn't bother to go in and check. Down the stairs, through the lounge room, dinning room, kitchen. All the same. I found the laundry, the bathroom I also saw briefly yesterday. The other door was a study. This I only looked in for a moment, but it had an assortment of things, including a big desk, a computer, and various things that looked like exercise equipment.

The last door was the garage. It was empty now, as I stood barefoot on the cold concrete. It was as it was yesterday, but now tomorrow. I mean today.

A full on explosion of realisation that I would be in this permanently unless whatever happened 30 hours ago, happened again.

It was me now. Now matter what I sometimes thought. By this time my feet were cold, so I hopped back inside and rubbed my feet on the carpet, then sat and rubbed them with my hands.

My feet. They were smaller than what I used to have. What I used to have used to be too big I thought. These may be too small, but suited this body. They also looked better maintained.

This led my to my toe nails, and on to my finger nails, and on checking my limbs. This was me, no doubt about it. I could have pinched myself, and I'm sure I would have most definitely have felt it.

It wasn't doing me any good sitting on the carpet, staring at my knees. I returned to me bedroom to find something to wear.

Most people would have favourite things to wear, or they knew certain stuff suited a particular occasion. But I had a vast choice, and had no idea of what was appropriate. Thought I might go out for a while and look about, but wasn't sure. For a lack of inventiveness, I took out some frayed looking jeans that might have been fashionable, and a slim t-shirt. One of those with straps rather than with sleeves.

I guess I was still in a trance as I forgot the bra this time, but did remember socks as my feet were still a little cold.

I had no worries about breakfast this time, eating by myself. It was about 10:30, and as I discovered wandering about the house, no one else was home. I guessed Dad was at work doing his accounting, Mom was doing who knows what. She could have been a proustitute for all I knew, but dressed more like an MP. And Ray. He must be at Uni.

Mom did say that I'd have the house to myself most of today, not all of today. So someone would come home sometime before late afternoon.

I wasn't sure what to do, and ended up back with the computer in my bedroom, but at the desk instead. Sitting on the bed got uncomfortable after a while. Thinking about the password protected files, I started this journal trying to array my thoughts and feelings.

It's not as I had originally typed it, as I've made corrections later when I remember something else I did, or thought. But the meaning of the content is there. Who I once was, is no longer, but I sit here in this other form and existence, wondering what happened to change it all. And why I can remember, when perhaps I shouldn't. Or maybe I should and I'm supposed to do something about it.

This would come out in time. So far I've typed a fair amount for one and a bit days, but usual I hope to reduce this by skipping the repetitive stuff.

It was about one when I finished the last part. And I was hungry. For my first time exploring the kitchen, I found heaps of stuff to use for lunch, but settled on the ordinary tomato and cheese sandwich with a glass of something.

I'd have plenty of time to get sick of the selections of food. Having sat around on my butt most of the day, or lying down I felt like burning some energy off.

I hadn't found a map, but exploring was in my nature and I had a good memory for road systems.

Digging for sneakers yesterday had uncovered some in-line skates. These were suited to my need to explore. Grabbing a few important items like my purse, I remembered that I needed a new debit card.

Glad I had the bank documentation in one place, I was able to call the bank. After identifying myself, my address, my date of birth, my account number. Most of which was on the bank statement which anyone could have stolen from a letterbox. Funny ain't it. I was able to cancel the old card over the phone. My bank branch would have another one made, and they'd sent a letter to notify me when it was ready. It made it real easy. And the branch address was on the statement also. How easy could it be?

When it was ready, I still had to pick it up and make my new signature. So I wouldn't forget, I pulled out the card and some blank paper from a school folder and a pencil. After a few attempts I had something resembling the signature, but not the same. It would do for the moment, and I stuffed the paper under the computer so I wouldn't forget, returning the card to it's hiding place.

There was a small back pack I grabbed. Really it was a shoulder bag. One of the small ones that look similar to a handbag, but you wear on the centre of your back.

I had used roller skates before, and tried in-line skates once but found my feet hurt in the boots, as they weren't designed for such wide feet. But now as I tied these on, at the bottom of the stairs, I found they fit perfectly.

A little unsteady when I stood up, but balanced. The carpet wasn't suited to testing, and I thudded my way to the garage to try a few laps before going outside. A few near spills, but I had the hang of it once more. But body seemed to remember better than I did of how to skate.

I had the alarm programmed before exiting the house. Maybe I should I wore sun glasses as it was a little bright, but not beating down.

The front steps were a little awkward, but I stayed upright. I had a good look at the front of the house now, and the yard. Your average two story brick render. The front yard was small, but private. Only big enough to lay a few deck chairs out and tables for drinks.

Admittedly I hadn't seen the back yard, except from my window. The gate was a pure latch affair which release me from my bondage. The yard resided in a small cul-de-sac of a street.

The main street wasn't too far away, as I remember from yesterday. So wandered about this street or that, just exploring.

I was a little lost, but I knew I could back track easily. There were other kids out too, on bikes a few walking dogs. Even a small group of boys playing cricket in the street.

I had the attention of a couple of them. They probably would have come a running if I indicated to them. I was more intent on what I was seeing not who, and where I was with each street name I read.

Sticking to the pavement, I found that I didn't actually wander far from home. I went in a big spiral, moving out slowly. At one point I came close to a large reserve. This we'd driven past yesterday, but across somewhere else. I headed back soon after, figuring I had been out long enough. Maybe I could find a map tonight to get an overview.

A quiet friendly neighbourhood you could call it. That is until I entered a war zone, with some kids spraying water at each other with water pistols.

They were only young kids. Well maybe not that young. A few years younger than myself. Ten or eleven at a guess. I was on the other side of the road, thinking I would be safe, but now thinking back, their tracks of water were all over the roadway.

I noticed one of them spying me, he came at me with a cackle of laughter yelling "Intruder!" As I didn't want to get wet, I put some more effort into try to get past before he intercepted me.

He only hit me with a glancing shot of water on my back, but the other kids had followed his lead and were just a bit further along. Here I received the full measured dose of water on the face and the stomach.

I was lucky to escape with only that. Accurate I must say for the head shot. But a little low for the shot to the heart. Maybe they'd watched too many movies. As it happens they started in on one another as soon as I was out of reasonable range.

I got back home without further incident. I would have been out a couple of hours and didn't get anywhere physically, but did see much of the neighbourhood. I guess I expected to find something, like shops or people who know me. I wasn't so lucky, but someone was home when I got inside. I took the skates off outside the front door, and found the alarm set for passive activation for someone at home.

"Hello!" I called out.

"Jennifer is that you?"

I recognised mom's voice. "Yes mom."

She was accurate in saying I wasn't to be home alone all day. I was still trying to figure out what work she does. It was a part time job, whatever she did.

I headed upstairs to get dry. I guess I was still becoming aware of my body, and all its physical aspects. I had dropped the skates and bag into my bedroom, and went to the bathroom to dry myself.

Although I was only fifteen, I could see the potential for problems both now, and in the future years. If those kids had sprayed their water pistols higher onto my chest, I would have been good material for a wet t-shirt contest. Not a winner, but a still competition enough.

I hadn't worn a bra today. Why I didn't, I don't know. It's one of those things you don't think about as a male, unless you're trying to remove it. But considering my position, I will have to make a point of putting one on every day.

It was all strange, trying to adjust to a life completely different to you old one. You have to wonder if people going into the witness protection program have similar problems.

The top went into the clothes tidy. The jeans were just a little damp across the waistband so I kept them on, and I went back to my room with the towel over my shoulders to cover myself. Ray could get home at any time, and I didn't want to be caught out wandering the house half naked.

I put a bra on now, before covering up and returning the towel. I made my way back downstairs to find mom. Strangely, I found her in the kitchen preparing some food. Looked like a roast.

"Mom, do you where our street map is?" I asked her.

"If you be in study darling, on the shelves unless your brother has it." She replied.

Straight enough. Since I knew where the study was now, it wasn't too hard to find the map. I sat in the study looking it over.

It was much as I anticipated, except for some details. It showed a large distribution of housing, with a reserve and a river over to the west. Where we went to movies yesterday was further west, but to the east, not far away was a shopping centre I recognised. I could have skated there and back today. It was also where my bank branch is.

I took the map to my room for a while, as I traced out where my school is. No train stations nearby, but there was a bus route. Several actually.

It wasn't unexpected, but neither was it simple. I've always found busses to be an annoyance. Never running on time, either early or late. Been crammed in with several dozen other people during peak traffic hours. Finding the seats either with rubbish on them, graffiti or vandalised. Trains at least arrived on time, or soon after.

I contemplated the possibility of riding a bicycle that distance, but it followed several major roads over a fair distance. It would be much easier to use a bus. And did I have a bike to use? It was academic, as I had a ticket for the bus, so the bike didn't matter.

After returning the map, I wasted more time trying to hack into the files on my computer. I wasn't any more successful, but did eliminate many more possible words.

As I sat here in my bed tonight, typing in this journal, I realised that this existence of life wasn't so bad. Some people would have freaked out just knowing they were in the body of the wrong gender. Those ancient Chinese philosophers are right; your body is your temple. They just should have added; no matter what your temple looks like.

Hopefully tomorrow I'll be able to explore further afield without attracting attention.