

# ICE STORM

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## Chapter 16 - Name Change

At a Cross Dressing Support Group meeting they told me to have a new driver's license, and if necessary, have my name changed. That made me mad, but I couldn't bring myself to say I had become mad to Denny and Andrea, which made me even madder. Of all the least likely people for me to tell any of that to had to be the concrete foreman. But I did the next morning at the time clock.

His reaction surprised me. "Do it."

I thought *no hedging; no doubts; no confusion. Just go do it.* "Thanks."

Up in the crane a little after mid-morning there was a typical pause at that time for needs of the crane. I stood up in the cab, checked all around, and there were not any delivery trucks backing in, nor any obvious pallet of stuff for lifting. I woke up my handheld and Googled the state government in various ways. I captured an application for a name change, but then had to figure out a way to have it printed. I asked Andrea for her help for which she squinted at me. "You sure?"

"Not perfectly. I do need a driver's license of my new image, and this seems the thing to do. I like Sandy as my new first name, and the construction people know me that way."

"And your last name?"

"That stumps me. Could you print a few copies so I can fiddle with the name?"

That she did.

My head wouldn't slow down and let me sleep. I got out of bed, wet my diaper again, and sat at the kitchen table doodling on the back of one of those application forms.

Andrea saw the vague glow of the light around corners and up the stairs, and she came down.

One name kept coming up in my head so I finally admitted it.

Andrea became incensed I would use Denny's last name when I couldn't even bring myself to ask her for a date.

Smith, Jones, Murphy, and MacGillicuty all fell flat, and I said so. Using Andrea's last name could hardly be worse from her view of this discussion.

I decided I had to use a different last name than my parents. I didn't feel like talking with them about anything, and Andrea reported my Mother never called and asked anything about me. With a sarcastic tone I pronounced what I thought of all that. "Wonderful."

I wanted a name all my own. Had to be readily pronounceable and just unique enough. Erickson, Hoffman, Copeland, Christiansen, Thompson, McFarland, and many others came and went. Williams kept coming up over and over even though that was Denny's last name. I told Andrea all of that, flipped the form over and started to write 'Sandy T Williams'. The 'T' came from my family name, but no dot, and no full word.

I filled out the form, and asked Andrea to scan it.

She wasn't so happy with that, but suggested for a few bucks the nearby Staples store would do all that for me.

"Perfecto-mundo."

I did all that the next evening, wrote the court a check, mailed it, and waited. The instructions said I might have to go to Court, but several weeks later it all came back in the mail. I had officially become Sandy T Williams. They did add an NMN designation for 'no middle name'.

Thursday evening at the beauty salon and said what I had been thinking of a new driver's license. They had been coaching me on my looks and mannerisms. My hair had been growing longer. One of them gently pulled my hair all together, drew it over my right shoulder, and turned facing everyone else. "How about a blond like this?"

They liked that. I became very surprised at the result, and scared of being seen that way in public.

Guys at the construction site whistled at me. They had generally been nice and quiet about me and my women's clothes. But that set them off. They did like it, and they liked it too much.

Having blond hair made me shy. Andrea thought it went too over the top. But she did buy me a better hair clip to go with the new color.

Denny became so shocked she couldn't bring herself to like it.

The next Saturday morning I shot out of bed like a rocket, and did not have my typical early morning orgasm in my warm wet diaper. I had a good breakfast, wet my diaper again, changed myself, and tackled making myself look good starting with a bra and inserts. I applied lipstick, brushed my hair bringing it together, had a light touch of facial powder, and I even used clear nail polish on my fingernails. I borrowed Andrea's car and arrived at the Division of Motor Vehicles branch office before they opened. And so were a lot of other people.

My pantihose helped keeping my calves from becoming chilled in the morning air as all the people with limited English language skills slowed the line.

Finally I arrived at the entrance desk who assigned tickets for access to a clerk. I had the wrong form, but they gave me the right one and a clip board. Why she smiled at me I have never figured out when she gave me the assigned ticket anyway.

I filled out that form as fast as I could. I waited another fifty minutes. I had brought a book, but I had become too bored for it.

Finally I arrived in front of a clerk at one of their little windows. She glanced at my old driver's license, and held it up where she could see it and my face at the same time. She re-read the Court document. "Did you have surgery? I don't see the form for that."

"No, ma'am." I kept my mouth shut on whatever surgery she might have had in mind.

"OK." She marked and wrote on that form I had made out. "Take all this to the end." Her head tilted a little to my right. "They'll take your photo and issue the new license. A friend of a friend struggles with her identity. At least you have made yourself look right for this decision. Good luck."

I managed to say "thanks" before trotting to the end.

The guy there hardly noticed. He had me sit on a chair in the right place, took an image, didn't like, and gave me an additional instruction. "No smiling."

"Aw shucks. Why not?"

"Just keep it down. How would you look if a cop stopped you? Very serious. No screwing up the image. Try."

I worked my face until maybe I had it right. I wet in retaliation. He let me keep my blond hair pulled over my right shoulder.

He accepted that image. "Have a seat. Takes about ten minutes."

They wouldn't give me my old license back, but what the hell. My image on my new one had to be way more attractive even if it still said "M" for male.

I went straight to the nearest bank branch where one of the Jaycees worked. She she emitted a little squeal of surprise she became so taken aback by my new hair color. Finally she said. "Glad to see you." After an awkward pause she added. "You are very brave."

"I need a bank account in my new name."

"New name?"

"Here's the Court papers and my new driver's license."

She took me straight to a vacant desk in the lobby.

I walked out with an all new checking account, a savings account, a VISA card, and a hundred dollars in twenties for my depleted wallet. She suggested and gave me a loan application for buying a car. I became so happy I went straight to Talbot's in my increasingly wet diaper. I bought a good looking one piece red dress, a new pair of shoes, a pink protector for my hand held, and a feminine blue wallet.

I spent the week looking at cars on the Internet. What would match being a cute girl and working at a construction site? Voila! I bought a Subaru outback in fancy blue. I

even took Andrea and Denny for a ride to the grocery store.

I did tell Rick the story of having a friend from the Jaycees. He quit frowning at my new hair, smiled, and told personnel to change my name on their records.