

Scene 6

“I want you to try these on, Honey.”

Ms. Baker was holding out a pair of shoes. Women's shoes. With about a two inch heel.

Josh felt like he was going to explode. His mouth opened and closed a few times but no words came out.

“Now before you get all upset, Dearie, stop and listen.” Ms. Baker's tone was mild but held the threat of anger. “You need to work on your coordination and balance. Nothing teaches you balance like dancing in heels. Do you think your balance is anywhere near as good as mine?”

Josh thought about that. Ms. Baker could run through moves with ease that he wouldn't even dream of attempting. As a football player he knew how important balance and coordination were, even more so than brute strength. But wear high heels?

“We're wasting time, Honey.” Ms. Baker pressed the issue.



Did he have a choice? Yes! He tossed his shoulder length blond hair out of his face in a tiny gesture of defiance. But was he willing to be a freak for the rest of his life?

He took the shoes from her and bent over to put them on.



“I knew you'd see it my way, Honey. We'll take it slow at first. You might think it's impossible, but eventually you'll become accustomed to even the highest heels. You'll be able to comfortably perform any routine as easily and gracefully in heels as barefoot.”

From that day on he exercised in heels during at least a portion of each session. Gradually the heels got higher, from wedges with only about one or two inches of lift, to stiletto heels that were as much as four inches tall. And when not exercising, he had to wear them at all times except in bed. The click-clack of his heels on the hardwood floors became a familiar sound to him.

