

A person wearing a white lace dress is holding a bouquet of purple flowers. The background is a soft, out-of-focus purple field of similar flowers.

An AB Discovery Book

# KITA SPARKLES

## *The Chronicles Of Vickie*

*From Elementary Boy  
to Preschool Girl*

The Chronicles of Vickie  
*From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

# The Chronicles of Vickie

*From elementary boy to  
preschool girl*

By Kita Sparkles

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The Chronicles of Vickie  
*From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

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## The Chronicles of Vickie

*From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

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The Chronicles of Vickie  
*From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

Contents

Foreword.....	8
Chapter 1.....	11
Chapter 2.....	16
Chapter 3.....	19
Chapter 4.....	22
Chapter 5.....	24
Chapter 6.....	27
Chapter 7.....	29
Chapter 8.....	33
Chapter 9.....	35
Chapter 10.....	39
Chapter 11.....	42
Chapter 12.....	46
Chapter 13.....	50
Chapter 14.....	56
Chapter 15.....	61
Chapter 16.....	64
Chapter 17.....	69
Chapter 18.....	73
Chapter 19.....	78
Chapter 20.....	80
Chapter 21.....	85

The Chronicles of Vickie  
*From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

Chapter 22.....	89
Chapter 23.....	92
Chapter 24.....	95
Chapter 25.....	101
Chapter 26.....	105
Chapter 27.....	109
Chapter 28.....	111
Chapter 29.....	113
Chapter 30.....	115
Chapter 31.....	118
Chapter 32.....	121
Chapter 33.....	123
Chapter 34.....	126
Chapter 35.....	130
Chapter 36.....	133
Chapter 37.....	137
Chapter 38.....	141
Chapter 39.....	145
Chapter 40.....	148
Chapter 41.....	151
Chapter 42.....	154
Chapter 43.....	157
Chapter 44.....	160

The Chronicles of Vickie  
*From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

Chapter 45.....	163
Chapter 46.....	166
Chapter 47.....	169
Chapter 48.....	174
Chapter 49.....	178
Chapter 50.....	184

The Chronicles of Vickie  
From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl

# Foreword



Back in 1999, I began to flirt with the idea that not only was I a “little”, but I was also actually a “little girl”. While I had been familiar with Adult Baby for some time by then, I was not at all familiar with LG. I was determined to figure it out.

On December 19 (now known as my LG Birthday), I had the experience of recognizing my LG Personality fully. I knew her name was Victoriah and I knew she was six years old. I began to search on the internet. First, I found adult-type sites, and I knew that was not what I was looking for. That did not hold appeal to me in the least. Finally, I landed on the site of an adult little girl named Rebecca, from Australia, who was to be the first to befriend me in this new world I was about to discover.

This led me to a site called Girtalk, which opened with the question, do you like diapers, etcetera? *Then perhaps you are a baby?* Then it asked if you liked petticoats, mary janes, sweet little dresses, etcetera and suggested, *“Then perhaps you are a little girl?”* And I knew had I found it. There was a bulletin board server – the precursor to modern social media, two chat rooms, lots of information, and lots of friends to make. Gosh they even had events! They even had a CAMP event!

## The Chronicles of Vickie

### *From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

It was magical. That really helped define me and make me the little girl I am today. I got so into it that I served nine years as a moderator on a popular message board, started my own webzine called “Knuffles”, and directed/organized four of the camp sessions. Do you remember the lyrics to an old song: “You want to go where everybody knows your name”? I was there.

Once I was sure that Y2K wasn’t really going to happen, and computers were safe after the new year, I started to write a new story. It was not my first AB story, but it was my first LG story and it was the first story where I tried to add some real drama to it rather than just, “diapers, diapers, diapers”. I also used the names of friends of mine who I was very close to. Felicia, Sakura, Cherry (AKA Nene), Lisa, and Pan are all real friends from the time when I started writing this. It also broke a writer's block I had had for a little while. You might say, they were my muses. Other friends make short appearances as well. I do hope they will read this and know just how special they are to me.

There was a long period of time that I could not dream of ending this story. I thought about it just going on and on like a soap opera. That’s why I started to divide it into “episodes” rather than chapters. But time moves on, and eventually, other writings came along and I didn’t write more on this one. It’s been cleaned up and edited, and when I was done with that, I realized I had 49 chapters of an unfinished story. It was time. After 20 years it was finally time.

I wrote chapter 50 and ended it with that. And now it is time to set Vickie and her friends free by publishing this for fans, friends, and readers, new and old. I hope you will enjoy it as much as I enjoyed the journey to write it.

The Chronicles of Vickie  
*From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

-- Authoress **Guinevere Nikita (Kita) Sparkles, Formerly  
Victoriah Nichole Little**

The Chronicles of Vickie  
*From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

# Chapter 1



Vinton wasn't a happy little boy.

He didn't play with the other boys and he watched longingly as the little girls played with their dolls and with jacks, and tag, and all the other things little girls do.

Vinton wished he could be like them.

One day, his Mommy told him they were moving to a new city, and she had a big surprise for him. She had seen him watching the little girls and she told him, if he wanted to, she would let him be a little girl in the new city. Vinton was 8, but small for his age.

They moved in the summer, and his Mommy had to work to make ends meet since it was just the two of them now.

"You will have to go to Daycare, but they don't have any for 8-year-olds," she told him. "Maybe we could pretend that you are four. Since we are already pretending you are a little girl it wouldn't be that big a change."

Vinton loved the idea of getting to be a little girl so much that he accepted just about anything.

On the day they moved they left all his boy stuff behind, and he brought only his favorite teddy bear along to start his new life.

## The Chronicles of Vickie

### *From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

His mother bought all new clothes for him. He was amazed by all the skirts and dresses and slips. He had lots of pink and red and blue dresses and so much purple. Lots of lace and ruffles. And of course, he had new underwear - panties he learned they were called. He even had shiny black Mary Jane Shoes.

His mother gave him a new hairstyle and fixed him up. She taught him all the things he needed to know to be a "proper" little girl. And so he started the first day of Preschool in his new town with a bit of little girl apprehension.

"What if the others don't like me?" he whined when his mother was ready to leave him.

"They will love you," she chided.

"But they never liked me before."

"But now you are a sweet little girl. What's not to like?" She kissed him on the cheek and left.

Vinton, now known as Vickie, looked around the room. The first girl he saw was a little girl with red hair. He went to her and said, "Hi! I'm Vickie."

The little girl said her name was Cherry.

"That's an odd name," Vickie said to her.

"You want to make something of it?" the girl named Cherry said, curling her fist up.

Deciding she didn't want to make enemies on the first day, Vickie shook her head. "No, I like it. It's a pretty name. Cherries are my favorite!"

## The Chronicles of Vickie

### *From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

"Hey, thanks. You're all right. Anyone gives you trouble, you send them to me!" Vickie nodded, and Cherry walked away. Vickie looked around for another little girl playmate. She spotted two little girls arguing by the sandbox.

She approached the two and she heard them saying, "Did not! Did too!"

"Hi, my name is Vickie. What are you two fighting about?"

The girls looked at each other. "I'm Sakura and this is Lisa."

One of them said. "What *were* we fighting about?" she asked the other girl.

"I don't know," the one named Lisa responded. "You started it!"

"Did no! Did too. Did not!" They were at it again.

Vickie noticed puffiness around their bottoms but decided not to press them now. She rolled her eyes and looked around again.

The next "girl" Vickie saw, she wasn't sure if it was a girl or a boy. She did notice that she was lying on the ground, and Cherry was walking away from her.

"Hi, my name is Vickie! Why are you lying on the floor?" Vickie addressed this new girl.

"I'm Yae," the new girl croaked "And that big girl Cherry just put me here."

"Well, why don't you get up?" Vickie offered her a hand to help.

## The Chronicles of Vickie

### *From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

"I can't. Cherry said if I get up before five minutes are up, she'll knock me down again and I'll have to stay down 10 minutes then."

Vickie looked the girl over. She was dressed more like a boy, with short hair like a bowl cut even. She mentioned this to Yae.

"Yeah, I know. It's why Cherry don't like me. Says I should be proud to be a girl. Something about Girl Power or whatever..."

"See ya later!" Vickie said and once more scanned the room.

She had met all the girls she thought, but wait... she had missed one. The one girl that was left had long blonde hair. She was wearing a short cute sailor dress, like Vickie's, but shorter. Vickie could see diapers under it. Vickie was almost mesmerized. The little girl looked like a princess. Suddenly, she realized the little girl had spoken to her.

"Huh?"

The girl giggled. "I said, 'You're pretty. Wanna play with me?'"

Vickie's shy nature took over at this compliment. She looked at the ground.

"Thank you..."

Blushing, she looked back up to see the girl offering her a doll.

"My name is Felicia," she said. Vickie tried saying it, but couldn't get it out right. Giggling, Felicia said, "Try using 'Licia. It's easier." Vickie tried it and could say it better. She told 'Licia her name.

The Chronicles of Vickie  
*From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

"C'mon, let's go play!"

Felicia grabbed Vickie's hand and they were off. Vickie smiled to herself...her new life was going to be wonderful!

The Chronicles of Vickie  
From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl

# Chapter 2



Vickie was full of excitement and stories when she got home from her first day of daycare. She told her Mommy about all her new friends. "There was just one weird thing," she said.

"What was that, dear?" Her mother asked.

"Well, out of the five girls I met, three of them were in diapers."

"That's not so strange in preschool, honey," her mother told her. "Lots of kids in preschool wear diapers. They'll probably be out of them by the time they go to kindergarten." Vickie accepted this answer and thought no more about it.

Through the time that followed, Vickie learned a lot about her new friends. Sakura and Lisa were always fighting about something. Apparently, they were cousins. They fought about everything in fact. If Lisa said something was white, Sakura would say it was black.

Cherry, on the other hand, fought physically, over nothing – and everything. She never hit Vickie though or 'Licia for that matter. She seemed to enjoy beating up Yae, who Vickie *still* thought looked like a boy. But, who was she to judge? At least nobody knew that physically she was a boy!

## The Chronicles of Vickie

### *From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

She enjoyed playing with 'Licia. They were like best friends. Once in a while, Vickie would even lisp (Felicia thought it was cute) and call her her "bestest fwiend". Felicia, Sakura, and Lisa wore diapers. Sakura and Lisa had never been potty trained, and Felicia was put back in diapers for having too many accidents. She had described the last straw to Vickie.

"Mommy had said I was having too many accidents. I was wetting at night a lot and sometimes in the day too. She bought some diapers and gave them to Miss Nene. One day we were playing and I knew I had to go but I thought I could wait. Then Sakura said something funny, and Yae laughed so hard that the milk she was drinking came out her nose! And that made me laugh even harder, and before I knew it, I was sitting in a warm puddle. Miss Nene noticed right away, and took me in the bathroom, and put me up on the changing table. She took off the jeans and shirt I was wearing, and cleaned me up, and put me in a thick pampers diaper. Then she put a baby dress on me. That's kinda how I've been dressed every day since then."

"Wow," Vickie commented. "But, don't you hate wearing diapers? And having to *use* them?"

"Naw, it's not bad," Felicia told her. "Actually, it feels kinda good. It's warm and comfy, and you don't have to stop playing or miss part of a TV show or have to worry in a car when you hafta go potty. And in my case, it's nice to have a dry bed at night, and the dresses are nice too. I like dressing up." She leaned down and whispered the next part, "To tell the truth, I don't even remember how to use a potty anymore!"

At this time their conversation stopped because free time was over and they had to put the dolls they were playing with away

## The Chronicles of Vickie

### *From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

and go sit on the big rug for story time. Vickie was very happy that story time had come today though since it was her turn to sit in Miss Nene's lap while she read to them. Usually, she would read them a Dr. Suess book, but sometimes it would be something else. It was always something very childish, which Vickie - when she was Vinton - had given up long ago. But now, as Vickie, she didn't mind and even enjoyed these things. She wondered if it was the same thing for Felicia with diapers. And she also wondered if it would be the same for her if she would ever wind up diapered.

The Chronicles of Vickie  
From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl

# Chapter 3



Things were going well for Vickie. She knew she was truly regressing, but she didn't care, and her Mommy seemed to be happy as well. The eight-year-old boy was nearly gone, replaced by a sweet four-year-old girl. September had rolled around, and Vickie's mommy had gone to the school for a conference with the owner, Miss Nene. Vickie played quietly with the toys in the corner. She didn't understand all that was being said, but she was getting the main idea.

"Well, as you already know, *she* is really an eight-year-old boy." It was her mother talking. "I know the schools have rules. But he seems so happy as he is now. Do I have to send him to school, into fourth grade?"

"Ms. Edwards," Miss Nene cut in. "Have you ever heard of home schooling?" Vickie's mommy nodded. "If you wish, you don't have to send Vickie anywhere," said Miss Nene. "She is your child, and you make that choice. For instance, some parents wait until their child is older for them to start school. And I have heard of parents of children who have a disease or handicap not sending them to school at all. You can continue sending her here as long as you wish, and if someone causes you trouble over it, we'll deal with it then. We do have a child here that is actually 7, but thinks she is

## The Chronicles of Vickie

### *From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

four. Her name is Felicia, and if Vickie hasn't already mentioned her to you, I'd be surprised."

Vickie's mother nodded, smiling. "She's made her first 'best friend', she acknowledged. Vickie noticed happily that they were again referring to her as "she," and "her". And it also sounded as though she was going to get to stay in preschool, at least this year. Her mother said goodbye to Miss Nene and rose to leave. She picked up Vickie and they walked to the door.

"Say bye-bye to Miss Nene, Vickie," she said. Vickie waved.

"See you in a couple of weeks, when fall school starts, Vickie," Miss Nene said to her. "You'll get to learn colors, and numbers, and the alphabet! Won't that be fun!" she said, using the voice adults often use when trying to convince children that they will like something they generally don't like. In this case, Vickie smiled and nodded obligingly.

In the car, Vickie's mother strapped her into the car seat she had bought just a couple of weeks before. When Vickie complained, she said, "Remember, you are four now. That's young enough to be in a car seat." Her mother asked her, "Are you happy in Preschool, Vickie? Do you want to keep going there, or do you want to go back to regular school, either as a girl or a boy? Be honest with Mommy, I won't get angry with you."

Vickie thought for a minute. She thought about how school was before. She thought about how the boys all made fun of her when she was one of them, and even many of the girls wouldn't play with her. She never liked school before now, and she certainly didn't want to leave her newfound friends. She liked her dresses, and other clothes, and the way she got to dress up pretty and got to act. Did she want to go back to being an eight-year-old boy?

The Chronicles of Vickie  
*From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

"Yes Mommy, I'm happy being a little girl," said Vickie. "I want to stay in preschool."

"Very well then, you can stay there," said her mother, smiling. "Tomorrow we will go shopping and get you some new clothes." When she heard no answer she looked over to Vickie. Vickie had not heard the last part, for she was fast asleep, sucking on her thumb.

The Chronicles of Vickie  
*From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

# Chapter 4



The next day, as promised, Vickie's Mommy took her to the store. They went to Kid's R Us to get all the new clothes Vickie would be needing. Vickie held her Mommy's hand and skipped along happily next to her. She was dressed in a purple ruffled blouse and a pair of designer girl's jeans. She could feel her soft panties under her jeans and wondered why anyone would want to wear boy's underwear when girl's panties were so pretty and much better feeling!

As they shopped, Vickie noticed the rows of baby clothes, with clothes like her new friend Felicia wore. She thought about it and wished sometimes that she also could be treated this way. But if she actually asked, her Mommy might be upset, and she might have to be a little boy again.

Vickie's mother also took note of her daughter casting sidelong looks toward the other aisles, and knew what the aisles held, but refrained from mentioning it to her. There was no need to further embarrass her. If Vickie really wanted to be babied, she would find a way to get it.

"Perhaps," thought her mother. "We could introduce some of it to her slowly."

## The Chronicles of Vickie

### *From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

Vickie was more than satisfied with the purchases they made that day, although none of it was baby girl clothes. She now added to her wardrobe a new nightgown, four skirts, two dresses, and five blouses. Also, she had new shoes, a few pairs of tights, a slip, and some packs of panties.

There had almost been a mistake made when Vickie went with her mother to the changing rooms to try on the clothes, and by habit, she had started to go into the boy's changing rooms.

"Little Girl, you're going the wrong way!" called the sales lady. "The Girl's changing rooms are over here!"

Vickie, confused only for a second, turned red, embarrassed by her mistake and hoping it didn't give her away. Of course, no one really suspected a thing, but one who doesn't want to be caught at something always seems to think things are more noticeable than they actually are.

Vickie's mother went in with her, since she was only supposed to be four, and helped her undress and try on each outfit. Vickie nearly squealed with delight at a couple of them, and she twirled and twirled in front of the mirror, loving how they looked. Her mother smiled as she watched her antiques. Now that her hair was getting longer, she was becoming pretty and cute looking. It wasn't just playing anymore. Vickie truly was becoming a little girl.

The Chronicles of Vickie  
From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl

# Chapter 5



Sometime in October, Vickie began to become even more like some of her friends in Pre-school. She had returned to school in August with the others: Sakura, Lisa, Yae, Cherry, and of course her "bestest fweind", Felicia. She learned that both Lisa and Sakura were 5, 'Licia was 8 (as Vickie really was), Cherry was 7, and Yae was 6, even though they were all still in Pre-school. Obviously, this had become a "special" school.

Also new this year was the fact that they were the *only* students. Miss Nene had told them, "You six girls are enough of a handful as it is," but Vickie knew state law only allowed six children to one caregiver, and Miss Nene had no hired help. It was okay with her though, to be in this small group with her friends.

The way Vickie became more like her friends was that she wanted to become more like Sakura, Lisa, and 'Licia. She wondered what it was like for them to wear diapers. She liked her skirts and dresses and her pretty little panties with Barbie and The Little Mermaid, and Anastasia on them, but she sometimes longed for the cute, ruffled dresses and plastic panties she saw Felicia wear. Even the clothes that Sakura and Lisa wore were more babyish, and of course, they got to wear diapers under them, which made them look even more babyish.

## The Chronicles of Vickie

### *From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

Sakura and Lisa were cousins. However, they were more like sisters, spending a lot of time together, being watched by each other's mother. Their mothers were sisters, and they were very liberal parents. Apparently, they felt that every child learns everything at their own speed and needs no pushing to learn them. Therefore, they allowed the girls to stay in diapers and did not potty train them, which was just as well with the girls. The philosophy must have worked to some extent, reflected Vickie, since they did use a cup instead of a bottle, and they had learned to feed themselves, and how to talk. And how to argue, she thought with a giggle.

Cherry still was very aggressive. One day during playtime, she managed to "accidentally" knock Yae down three times, and Sakura twice. Vickie wondered why she never bothered her or Felicia until Cherry told her one day.

"You two are cool," she had said. "Even though Felicia has to dress like a baby, it is obvious that you both are proud to be girls. Being a girl doesn't mean you have to be all weak and helpless. I am proud to be a girl myself."

Vickie thought about pointing out to her that where she came from, it was the boys who beat up each other all the time but decided against it. Cherry seemed to have a thing about "Girl Power" that she had obviously picked up from watching one of her favorite girl bands.

"I wonder why she's like that," Vickie mused.

"I know why," a voice piped up behind her. Vickie jumped and turned around to see Lisa standing there. She blushed, realizing she had spoken the thought aloud, then brightened, realizing she was about to learn why Cherry was... well, Cherry.

## The Chronicles of Vickie

### *From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

"Cherry is my friend," said Lisa, smiling. "You know, like you and Felicia are friends, only I've known Cherry a lot longer. Anyway, it's how come she ended up coming to this preschool. When she was in first grade last year, she got attacked by a group of fourth-grade boys. There were three of them, and they chased her and... well when they caught her they did some bad things to her. Her parents thought it was best to get her out of the public schools after that, and not knowing what else to do, they started sending her here where I was. Ever since then she hates boys and anything that reminds her of them...." she nodded toward Yae. "And she has that kind of bully attitude. I think she does that so she doesn't feel vulnerable to being attacked again."

Vickie realized that there was much more to her friends than what meets the eye, just as there was much more to her than what people perceived by looking at her.

The Chronicles of Vickie  
*From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

# Chapter 6



While Vickie was getting to know her new friends better, their mothers were getting to know each other better as well. Miss Nene had held a couple of evening get-togethers for the mothers of the girls, and surprisingly, everyone showed. Three of the mothers were single parents - Vickie's mother, Sakura's mother, and Lisa's mother.

Vickie's mother thought she would feel a little left out since the other mothers already all knew each other well, but in fact, the first get-together had been set up by Nene to introduce her to the others. They were somewhat of a tight-knit group, but certainly ready to accept others. After Nene introduced her, and they all had said hello, they drifted into conversation with each other, and once again, Vickie's mother – Sherry - felt out of place.

Then an Asian woman walked up to her. "Hello," she said. "My name is Li Chung, and I am Felicia's Mother. I believe our daughters are best friends."

Sherry shook hands with her. "Yes, from the way Vickie talks, I would say they are," she laughed. "It is so good to finally meet you."

"And you as well," Li Chung said to her. "There has been something I have been wanting to talk to you about. Felicia has

## The Chronicles of Vickie

### *From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

been asking me if she can have Vickie come over and spend the night. I would certainly have no problem with that, and maybe we could make it kind of a regular thing. I could watch them one week and you could watch them another. If you want to do that."

"Well, I have no problem with it, but there is something you should know first about Vickie," Sherry told her, wondering how it would be received.

"That 'she' is actually a 'he'?" Li Chung asked before Sherry could say it.

Sherry's mouth fell open. "How did you know about that?" She exclaimed.

Li Chung laughed. "My little Felicia is very perceptive to some things," she said.

"You mean, she can tell?" Sherry asked her, worried that Vickie's secret was in jeopardy.

"Well, she can, but I'll tell you why," Li Chung told her. "She was having her diaper changed in the restroom, and Vickie was in the stall going. But Felicia could see Vickie's feet under the stall door, and she was standing up going." Li Chung laughed, "Don't worry, she doesn't mind if Vickie is physically a boy. She is just happy to have such a good friend."

Sherry was relieved. She had not told too many people about Vickie. Just Nene and one other person in fact. The other person she told was the young girl who was babysitting Vickie that night.

The Chronicles of Vickie  
*From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

# Chapter 7



"Let's play again!" Vickie had just won her second game of "Candyland" in a row.

"Aren't you tired of this game yet?" Aneke, her babysitter, laughed.

Vickie shook her head vehemently.

"I could play "Candyland" all day!" she exclaimed.

Aneke knew she probably wasn't kidding either. She had played it with her about an hour already, and Vickie showed no signs of letting down.

"At least she's being good," she thought. Not at all like some of the brats she babysat sometimes. And certainly not like an eight-year-old boy!

Aneke looked closely at Vickie. Even to someone who knew she was actually a boy, it was virtually unnoticeable. Her hair was just to her shoulders now, curled like a little girl's should be. Sometimes she wore it in ponytails or pigtails or braids, she had told Aneke earlier, but for now, it was fine like this. Vickie's talk, animated conversation, and actions were those of a little girl. She even seemed to think like a little girl.

## The Chronicles of Vickie

### *From Elementary Boy to Preschool Girl*

Now she looked across the table to her sister, Sakura, whom she had brought along tonight. Vickie's mother, Sherry, had said she didn't want the secret about Vickie going far outside the people associated with the preschool. She had asked what some of the other mothers were doing with their children tonight, and Aneke was asked if she would babysit one of her sister's friends as well as her sister tonight. Vickie and her mother lived close to the school. Aneke and Sakura's mother had dropped them off here tonight. Sometimes, Vickie would look across the table and study Sakura closely, then try to mimic her actions. Aneke suspected Vickie was learning how to be a little girl by watching others. Sakura was being good tonight as well. She didn't argue with Vickie like she often did with Lisa.

"Are we going to play again?" Vickie's voice shook her from her thoughts. She looked over to Sakura, who smiled.

"Well, one more game, and then we are going to make dinner," she said.

Sakura and Vickie both clapped their hands excitedly, and 15-year-old Aneke giggled to herself, remembering how she used to enjoy the game as much as they now did. What was the attraction of "Candyland" to little girls?

After the game, she went to make something for them to eat, leaving the girls in the living room playing with their dolls. She found some chicken fingers in the freezer and warmed them up, along with some corn. She set the table with three plates and two glasses. Sakura had been spilling her drinks a lot lately, and she didn't want her spilling her milk here, so she filled a baby bottle with milk and put it in Sakura's place. She called the girls out to the kitchen. Sakura's face fell and turned red when she saw the bottle.

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"Aww... Aneke..." she began to complain.

Aneke stopped her short by just raising her finger. "Remember what Mom said," she warned. Sakura didn't complain anymore, but she pouted every time she had to bring the bottle to her lips.

Vickie was watching Sakura closely, then surprised Aneke by asking, "Do you think I could have my milk in a baby bottle too? Just so Sakura doesn't have to feel alone," she added quickly, seeing Aneke's surprised look. Aneke covered her look but suspected there was more going on in Vickie's pretty little head than trying to make Sakura feel better.

She smiled at Vickie and said, "Sure, Vickie. That's very nice of you."

She took Vickie's glass of milk and poured it into another bottle. Then she thought for a moment. Safety was the key word for what she wanted to do, but after thinking a moment she knew it would be safe. As she watched Vickie happily suck on her's, she took her own milk and filled a third baby bottle. "Now we will all drink from bottles," she winked, bringing her own to her lips.

Vickie giggled and said, "Why don't we all pretend to be babies? I know where some bibs are!"

Aneke almost choked on her food. What was this kid, a mind reader? She had just been thinking it would be nice to have some bibs. Vickie ran from the room and returned a minute later with three bibs and she was also dragging along a highchair.

Aneke had never told anybody, but sometimes she liked to pretend to be a baby. Now was a perfect chance. She could let down her guard a little with her little sister and Vickie, and to them, it

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would just be that she was playing with them. So, starting with Sakura, and ending with her, each girl sat in the highchair, wore a bib, and was fed by the other two.

While Sakura was feeding her, she had asked, "Aneke, how come you never play like this with me at home? It's fun!"

Aneke smiled. Maybe they would start.