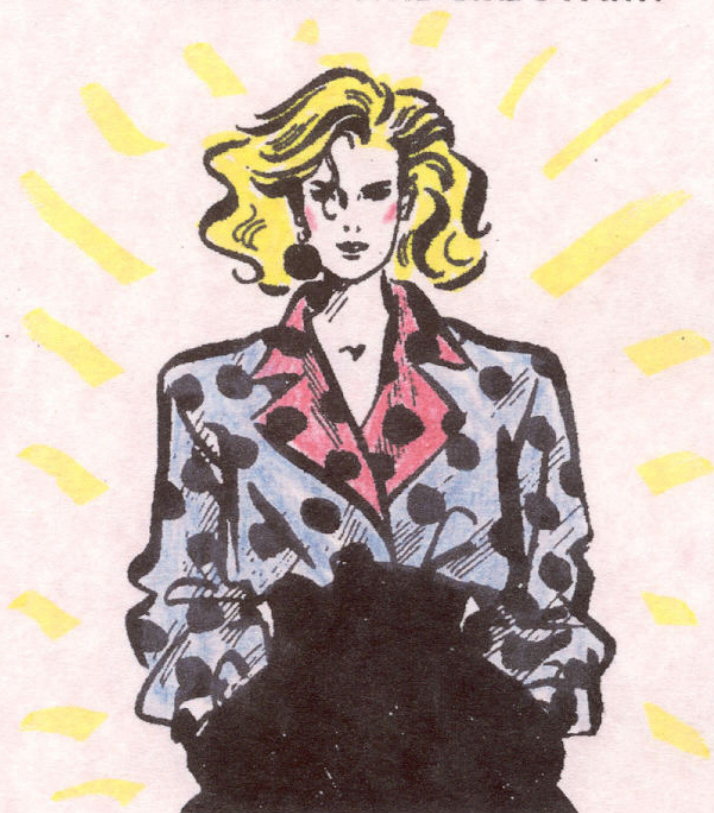


TV FICTION CLASSICS

"ACTING LIKE A GIRL"

TWO YOUNG MEN WANT TO BECOME
ACTORS! BUT THEY HAVE TO LEARN
A NEW PART. . .THE GIRL'S PART!



VOLUME 13

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TV FICTION CLASSICS
MAGAZINE

Volume 13

“ACTING LIKE A GIRL”

BY
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&

SANDY THOMAS

Published by

SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P.O. Box 2309

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"ACTING LIKE A GIRL"

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QUOTE BOARD

**"There's what of interest to you. . .
and what's of interest period!"**

“ACTING LIKE A GIRL”

by Catherine as told to Dawn Bell.

Prologue

RINNNNNNG... RRRRIINNNNGGGG. I opened my eyes and slapped at the LED numbers glowing in the dark. I hate mornings . . .waking up, making up, doing my hair. What a chore!

What’s worse??? I could put it off no longer. My publisher has given me a big advance for my “life story”. Famous peoples stories are usually boring, self-possessed “fluff” stories, revealing nothing new but perhaps an old romance. Maybe that’s why I’ve put off sitting down at my tape recorder for months now. My story, even when I think about it today, seems so unreal . . .but it’s all true. It is one that I need to tell in order to fully understand it myself.

My real name is Ken, but only a few people know that . . .the rest of the world only knows me as “Catherine”. My friend Dawn Bell has been kind and patient enough to take my recorded autobiography, and “ghost write” it for your reading enjoyment.

Here goes!

It all began when I was accepted to attend the prestigious Rosemount College for the Arts, a very private coed college, that was located on a secluded country estate in the picturesque hills of southeastern Ontario in Canada. It provides complete privacy from the distractions of city life. The school’s campus is distinctly separated into two building complexes, one for the boys and one for the girls. In most respects, it’s as if it were two separate private schools sharing a central administrative staff. The girl’s and boy’s building complexes were separated by a small river and are in turn surrounded by several acres of forest. Consequently, the mixing of the sexes took place only under the administration’s supervision.

There was one aspect of “mixing of the sexes” that is of particular importance to my story. The drama faculty was made up of three women who had studied drama at some classic acting schools in Europe. In some peoples’ minds, “classic” could be read “eccentric”, or “avant garde”. They were of the firm opinion that it was very beneficial to keep the sexes segregated on stage until their last year in school. What this meant is that in the boys’ drama classes some boys had to take the female roles, and

vice versa in the girls' classes. Students who auditioned for acceptance into the school's drama program were identified as to which roles they would play for their duration at the school. So, if a young boy looked like he could "adapt" to acting in a girl's role, he might be chosen to participate in the program as an "actress". My audition was considered promising, and it was felt I was one who would "adapt" quite nicely.

It might not be so unusual, given that even the most famous actors, such as Sir Lawrence Olivier, had started their stage careers in the true Shakespearean tradition by playing female roles. But at Rosemount, the boy "actresses" had to play the girl's role in more than just drama class.

Chapter 1 - Mother Gives Me the Good News.

The winter freeze was losing its grip on Canada, giving way to the warming April sunshine. I enjoyed walking on the thin ice that covered puddles on the street, to hear the ice scrunch beneath my footsteps. It was Friday afternoon, and I was looking forward to the weekend. I couldn't have known what news waited for me at home.

"Hi, mom, what's for supper?", I said, seeing my mother standing in the hallway with a big smile on her face, and an envelope clutched in her hands. As I took off my boots she rushed over and hugged me, making me do a one-legged hop while I tried to get off my boot.

"Hey, what are you trying to do? Tackle me out the front door?"

"Ken, you've been accepted!", she exclaimed as if I could read her mind as to what in the world she was talking about.

"Accepted? Accepted into what?", I half-interestedly asked.

"Rosemount College! You're in the Drama program! The audition before Christmas . . . remember?" Oh yeah, now I remembered that name . . . Rosemount. My mother had gone on and on about how great a drama school it was. She had made me go to an audition some months ago that was like an "entrance exam".

She claimed that some very top actors and actresses had started there. My mother, by the way, was a lifelong "struggling actress". One that only managed to get supporting parts in various local plays, and even some TV commercials. Ever since my father died several years ago, she worked as hard as she could to support me in a very comfortable lifestyle. I did appreciate that very much.

I remembered that strange audition. I loved acting, and had been the star in all our high school productions. At this audition, the department head of the Rosemount College Dramatic program had asked me to read various parts of plays. The first half of the audition I read several standard scenes as the male lead. It seemed that the

woman was not overly impressed, because I could see her making some notes and looking a little bored.

But the second half of the audition, it got really weird! She asked me to read, as realistically as I could, several scenes as the female lead!

I have a naturally high voice that hadn't changed yet, and it was soft, more of a soprano than a tenor. I really played it up. I thought this woman wanted to make fun of me, so I played it dead serious. Gee, in one emotional scene I even felt my eyes starting to water, so I thought about the saddest thing I could, and the next thing I knew, I was finishing the scene with real tears streaming down my face. The woman was smiling broadly and seemed very impressed. She came over to my mother and told us both that she thought that I had excellent natural talent. It was nice to see my mother sponging in that praise for all it was worth. She was walking on air for days. Now, she was more excited than I had seen her in months.

"Oh, I'm so proud of you!", she gushed, "You'll have the kind of training that I never had an opportunity to get. And the school has even offered you a special scholarship. It's provided by previous graduates who have gone on to become rich and famous. The only stipulation for receiving this scholarship is, that if you become rich as an actor some day, you agree to provide a scholarship for some future student."

Well, that's jumping the gun a little I thought.

"So where is this school?" I asked. Mother went on to explain all about it. I wasn't too thrilled to learn that it was a three hour drive from Toronto in some backwoods rural area. I had become used to the hustle and bustle of city life. But, the idea of getting into a college program where a large part of time was spent in drama sounded great. Drama was fun.

"Here, they sent you an orientation brochure, Ken." My mother handed me a small folded pamphlet. Scanning the accompanying letter, I was a little stunned by the opening sentence. It read:

Dear Ken,

Congratulations on being accepted into our special four-year Drama program as part of the boy "actress" troupe.

"What do they mean 'boy actress'?!?", I exclaimed. Mother seemed a little hesitant in explaining, but finally did. It turns out that I was chosen because of my "female" audition, and consequently they wanted me to study and play female roles!

"Well, thanks, but no thanks!" I angrily replied as I stormed out of the house.

When I came back a couple of hours later, I felt like a real heel. I could see by mother's eyes that she had been crying a lot. They were red and

swollen. She didn't say anything, but I came over and apologized for my outburst.

"That's OK," she replied, "I guess, it's not important. You don't have to go to Rosemount if you don't want to. I'm sure some other boy will appreciate the scholarship." With that, I could see the big tears brimming at her eyes. I couldn't bear to watch her be sad or hurt.

"Take it easy, I haven't decided against it for sure, YET." I quickly said, hoping to stay her tears. Immediately, her face brightened. "You haven't? Oh, that's wonderful!" Again, she was smiling and hugging me. "Let's read over the orientation brochure," I suggested. She promptly pulled it out of her apron pocket as we sat down at the kitchen table.

I spread it out and read:

OVERVIEW OF THE PROGRAM:

As a boy "actress" you are about to experience a unique and highly successful dramatic training program found to lead to an acting perception and sensitivity rarely matched by other contemporary programs. First reactions of our new "actresses", which by the way are good-naturedly referred to as "Tresses" by classmates, is confusion, sometimes even embarrassment. We hand pick all our students. There will be no cruel bullying nor teasing tolerated. Unlike the public school system, where such a program would be impossible, our "Tresses" find the atmosphere completely accepting and supportive.

All our students are artists of one kind or other. The creativity you have expressed at your audition has earned you a place in our school. You should be proud that only 1 out of every 100 students who auditions for our school is accepted! Our voluntary drop-out rate, over the four year program has been less than 5%. From the "Tress" program, 0%. So, if you're nervous, give us a try. We're confident that you will decide to stay and grow to your full potential.

"What do they mean 'grow to my full potential'?" I muttered before continuing.

DAILY CLASSES AND GENERAL RULES:

As a "Tress", you will partake 3 days a week in our boys' school classes, and 2 days in the girls' school. This experience will be extremely beneficial for your acting and poise, as well as practical because some classes you must take are only offered in our girls' curriculum. Our school requires uniforms be worn during classroom hours. Each student is issued two uniforms, but "Tresses" receive two of each.

"Each what?" I said quietly to myself.

PREPARATION FOR "TRESSES":

As it is still four months before our school year, we request the following preparatory steps be taken by our future "Tresses".

Our Drama Make-up Coach requests that all boys entering the "Tress" program refrain from cutting their hair from now until they are at the school. We emphasize realism throughout our drama program, and wigs are not used extensively. Greater attention to facial skin care, fingernails and body tone (weight) are also recommended. We ask mothers to assist their sons with the above preparations, as most sons, unlike daughters, are lacking in such training. Casual and formal attire (as required for the regular monthly dance) will be discussed in a future mailing to parents.

Mothers and sisters should take creative interest in preparing their sons/brothers for the exciting experience they will soon be involved in. Their help and encouragement in molding is most important. Janice Hillier, our Drama Make-up Coach can be reached at the telephone number on this brochure for further information.

"Oh, yeah. Sounds great so far." I said as sarcastically as I could. "No haircuts, at least that's a good thing. Now you can't always bug me about my hair." I liked it long, and even now it was well over my ears and hanging onto my shoulders. Mom was always after me to get it trimmed. But if I were going to go to this goofy school, at least I could wear my hair the way I wanted. (Boy, was I wrong.)

"Well, I think that you'll learn how to take care of long hair at least," my mother replied as she turned the page in the brochure. On the next page was a photo of a group of students working around a table on some kind of school project. There were two boys and two (quite foxy) girls. That puzzled me . . .

"Hey, I thought that this school wasn't coed?" Even as I said that my eyes read the photo caption and I almost died. It read:

'Steve, Jeff, Phillip and Ted from Rosemount's Drama College student council working in one of the modern study halls.'

They made a mistake? I looked again at the picture. These couldn't *all* be boys! One of the 'cute coeds' had beautiful blond hair, past shoulder length, flowing in large curls and held up at the sides of the head with a couple of ribbon bows. 'She' had obviously long nails and what seemed a promising young bust beneath the white frilly blouse 'she' was wearing. The other 'girl' was wearing a knit dress and 'she' had dark brown hair that was neatly twisted into a bun on top of 'her' head! Both 'girls' wore large hoop earrings! This had to be a joke, no boy would ever, or *could* ever, look like that.

"Are those really boys?" I stammered. I could see that my mother hadn't noticed the caption before this moment.

She looked at it carefully, then said "I believe so? Hmmm." I thought I noticed a faint smile trying to break out on her face, but she managed to look very serious. "Well, if they are, I think that just goes to show you

how well they can train those boys to act. Imagine, the kind of acting careers they will have . . .”

“That’s not all, this one looks like he’s developing!” I interrupted pointing at the obvious bosom.

“Oh, come now, dear. Actors . . .er . . .actresses . . .well you know . . .have to master ‘illusion’. You remember that movie ‘Tootsie’ with Dustin Hoffman.” She knew that I really respected Dustin Hoffman as an actor. Perhaps this was like some drama schools that ‘live Shakespeare’, always doing old plays and talking in the ‘King’s English’. I had to assume this was just a more strict “method acting” academy. I had heard that boys always played the girl’s parts during Shakespearean time. DRAG, the slang term, was conceived in those stage times. When parts were given out in those days, next to your name it might say DRAG; which meant Dress Required As Girl.

“Well, I hope that this was just part of some stage costume that they were wearing for this photo,” I grumbled and went on to look at some other photos. There was another photo at what appeared like some sort of dance. Lots of boys and girls all dressed in formal attire (boys in suits and girls in long dresses) dancing to a live band. The caption described this as one of the monthly dances, where the boys and girls of Rosemount get to socialize. I must admit, either they had hand-picked the girls that were in the photo, or else this school had an awful lot of gorgeous dolls!

CHAPTER 2, Making the decision and preparation.

I then remembered the earlier mention about the formal attire for the monthly dances. I guess I’ll have to pack my suit. The rest of the brochure had smaller photos of the various other facilities the school offered. There was a very nice gym, exercise room, indoor swimming pool, full theater with a modern, high-tech stage, recording studio and library. There was also a photo of a quite large, fully equipped beauty salon. It was all decorated in pink and peach, with comfortable looking chairs and row upon row of hair dryers. It didn’t occur to me then why the beauty salon was shown in the boy “actress” brochure. However, I would find out soon after I started school!

Well, all in all, the forested grounds and facilities certainly did look appealing. But I guess what really appealed to me was the picture of the dance. One of the girls, a cute brunette, was a real knockout! My young male blood was just beginning to boil. I think it could even be classified as an instant, bona fide “crush”! She didn’t look like a senior, so maybe she was just a sophomore who might not look down too much on a boy one year younger than herself. There were only a hundred or so students at Rosemount in total. If half were boys, that

meant my competition was small in comparison to the hundreds I had in the public high school. This new development had the effect of making me suddenly 'very interested' in attending Rosemount. My mother probably couldn't figure out the reason for my sudden change of heart, but she was thrilled regardless.

And so my 'preparations' began. For the first few weeks I didn't think anything of it, but a chance glance at our last telephone bill, which was sitting on the kitchen table one morning, indicated many significant long distance calls to Rosemount. My mother hadn't mentioned anything. But she did seem to direct my preparations as if she was getting specific advice from someone.

I had to shampoo and condition my hair every day then let my mother comb it out and style it. At first, she just blow dried it off my face. As the months went by, it got longer and longer, and the conditioning made it very silky and soft. I couldn't keep it out of my eyes. So, one day in the early summer, she insisted on using her curling iron on it after blow drying, just 'to keep the bangs off your face'. After a few days of this, the curling extended not just to my bangs, but to the back and top as well. Finally, one day I was surprised when I felt her putting a hot roller into my hair. I usually sat facing away from her vanity while she did my hair so I didn't see what she was doing. She just said that she wanted to try something that may work better than the curling iron. Twenty minutes later, I looked back at my reflection in the bathroom mirror to see my head completely covered with rollers, all tied down with a large hairnet.

Oh, boy! I was told to sit through breakfast like this, and then through a mini-facial my mother insisted that 'I needed'. Next was the usual daily manicure including a couple coats of clear 'nail hardener'. She had begun to shape my lengthening nails into a more oval shape than I had ever worn before. Needless to say, I didn't romp around with my gang like in the past summers. After a few repeated lame excuses, they stopped phoning to see if I wanted to participate in their fun. I was hoping that my sacrifice now would pay off in letting me meet my dream girl!

Finally mother sat me down at her vanity (this time facing the mirror) while she undid the hair net and began to slowly unwind the many rollers. I couldn't believe the springy ringlets that bounced near my shoulders. With an almost reverent air, my mother began to carefully brush out the ringlets. The hairstyle was beginning to form . . . We were both a little bit surprised by how it looked . . . Terrific!! That is if you are a girl!

"Mom . . . what are you trying to do?"

"Shhh . . . I'm just trying something." She was always "just trying something"! She continued with brush and comb, backcombing here, spraying there. I gave up . . . Then she got that "hey, I have an idea expression" and began inserting bobby pins throughout the style that strategically held my hair up!

A final application of hairspray and she stepped away. "Oh, you have marvellous hair, Ken! I've got some great ideas I want to try."

"Hey, take it easy. What am I supposed to do now? Go out to the store like this? Can you please comb it to look normal?" It looked silly, the feathery ends framed my face in a soft way, while the layering gave it a tousled, casual look.

Mother pleaded, "Oh, please. Just leave it for now. I spent so much time getting it just so. You have to help me clean up around the house today anyway."

"Okay, okay. But I feel really silly." I said, but somehow I kept staring at my image in the mirror. Thinking of my dreamgirl, I wondered how she would look in this style. As my luck would have it, mother still hadn't run out of 'ideas'. Why not try a few more things just to see "how you would look on stage". She wouldn't take no for an answer.

She scurried around her closet and drawers while I went into my room to take another private look in the mirror.

Hmmm . . .not a bad 'babe'. What was I thinking?!? I heard mom calling me back, so I took another look then returned to find what she had planned.

"Good grief! You're not serious," was my only comment. On her bed she had neatly laid out a matching pair of white, lace-edged panties and bra, a pair of sheer, tan pantihose, a white half slip, her favorite rose-colored dress and a pair of 3 inch high-heeled pumps.

"Please . . .it won't hurt you. Anyway, you'll have to get over your nervousness about wearing female costumes. That's what the letter said."

"What letter?," I asked.

"Oh . . .just a letter to parents which cleared up a few more things about getting you ready and the kind of . . .uh . . .'supplies' that I need to pack for you."

"So I'm supposed to get over being nervous in girl's costumes. That will be the day!"

Mother handed me the panties and turned her back so I could put them on. After taking off my own clothes, I pulled them up carefully over my maleness. Hmmm? They did feel very silky . . .much nicer than cotton underwear, but surely I would never prefer them in a million years. Next she helped me with the rolling on of the pantihose. I was shown how to avoid making them run. So there I was wearing panties, and pantihose, my hair "done up", looking at myself in the mirror. Just for fun, I struck a girlish pose. My mother clapped her approval.

"Well, 'Miss Catherine', we must get you dressed for tea," she kidded. Before I knew it mother had slipped my arms through the straps

of the white bra and was hooking it up in back. I noticed that the cups were permanently padded . . . in fact the whole bra was brand new and couldn't have been my mother's size.

"Hey, where did you get this?"

"Oh, over in the lingerie department at Neimem's Department Store," she replied as she adjusted the straps over my shoulders. THAT meant she bought a bra especially for me!

I asked, "Do you mean to tell me that you bought this bra for me!?"

"Well, I had to; mine would be too big for you. The school only supplies uniforms, not underwear."

"Oh, I see . . . now they expect me to wear real girls' underwear when I'm on stage," I said with some undisguised disgust. "Boy, they are a bunch of real 'looney tunes'. I better become the next Dustin Hoffman after I graduate, or else they're in trouble."

"Yes . . . uh . . . on stage . . . as well," my mother continued fiddling with the bra, and I almost missed that last remark of hers.

"As well?!? What do you mean 'as well'? As well as where else?" I could almost hear panic in my voice.

"Well, . . . you know . . . with your uniform. You will be attending the girls school two days a week, remember?"

"So? What are you saying?"

"Well, your uniform must be correct." Did you ever feel like screaming when trying to get a straight answer from someone who is avoiding the question? That's how I felt now.

"Are you saying that they expect me to wear girls' undies under my pants and shirt?"

"Of course not, dear. Not under your pants and shirt."

"Well, good!" That settles that.

"Under your school uniform's dress and blouse."

"You are kidding . . . aren't you?" She had to be.

"No, dear. It's part of the program. All 'tresses' follow those rules. It's as normal and accepted as the grubby T-shirts and runners are at your old high school."

I stood in stunned silence as mother pulled the half slip up over my waist and adjusted it so that the decorative lace panel was centered in front. I numbly raised my arms as she gingerly lowered the full-skirted dress down over my upswept curls until it had settled on my shoulders and waist. I could feel the material snugging up against my body as mother carefully closed the long zipper of the dress in back. Finally, she secured several hooks at the top of the zipper and smoothed the dress down around my 'bust' and hips.

"My that fits quite well. You're nearly my size, Ken." As I stood staring at the 'girl', for that's what was looking back at me in the mirror, my mother rummaged around in her jewelry box and vanity top. Coming

back, I watched as she clipped onto my lobes a pair of earrings, each shaped like a golden leaf. A matching gold necklace was placed around my neck and the clasp secured at the back. Standing on her tip-toes, mother carefully slid a pair of rhinestone encrusted haircombs on each side of my coiffure. Finally, she pulled me down to sit at her vanity, while she enthusiastically coated the clear nail polish on my fingers with a bright red to match my dress.

"Of course, we can't stop here," she said, as she applied the matching red lipstick to my lips. Slipping the high-heeled pumps on my stockinged feet, mother pulled me up to stand before her full-length mirror. I couldn't believe the girlish image it reflected. From my curls to my heels, I was dressed like a girl. Mother was ecstatic!

"Oh, I have to get some pictures of you," she said as she headed to get the camera. As I stood and turned to gawk at my image, I vaguely heard the shutter clicking repeatedly, accompanied by a dazzling flash. I was told to strike some feminine poses, which I reluctantly did. I was feeling some very strange emotions right then. I was shocked at how feminine I looked; I knew that I should be aghast and quickly strip out of these clothes, but I couldn't. There was something intrinsically fascinating about being dressed like this. Maybe it was the way the skirt playfully swung around my legs as I walked, or just seeing a different person in the mirror.

I didn't get out of those clothes until later that day—much later, at bedtime. The funny thing was, I never asked mother to let me change. I just followed her directions and instructions. After helping her with a few minor chores around the house, I was given a lesson in makeup, then some basic poise and deportment tips. At bedtime, I didn't even complain when I was handed a full-length cotton nightgown to put on.

And so the weeks passed as summer neared an end. Mother took many measurements of me as my diet and exercise program took its effect. I had trimmed down 10 lbs. and now stood 5'4" and weighed only 120 lbs. I was always considered a "shrimp", but now, even I thought I was too thin. My hair was really long, too. It was down to my shoulders plus some. I had the "fun experience" of learning how to set it on rollers, and even got an 'opportunity' to actually practice doing it once or twice. I probably wore panties and skirts 25% of the time in the last month or so. Mother always came up with a 'good reason', like "practice for your stage roles", "I need to hem this up", "I can't tell how this dress will look with those shoes, be a darling and slip it on so I can see from the observer's point of view", and so on.

Of course, she told me you never put on a skirt or dress without all the correct underwear. She said, "Lingerie compliments the way a dress fits." I suppose you get the idea, right? She also did a lot of

shopping, bringing home bags and boxes that she effectively stashed somewhere before I could ask her what she had bought.

In the last week of August, we packed the car for my trip to Rosemount. I had packed a suitcase with all my favorite jeans and T-shirts. I remembered the need for a suit so I mentioned to mother. "Oh, yes, I'll pack it for you dear," she replied somewhat hesitantly. I was shocked when we were packing the trunk and found that besides my one suitcase, mother brought out two more new, large suitcases that I hadn't seen before.

I asked, "What are those?"

"Oh, just some additional items that I've bought. You are going to live there, Ken. You don't think that you have enough to wear in that one little suitcase, do you?"

"Hmmm . . . I guess not." And so, we left for Rosemount. My excitement was mixed with a certain apprehension. I hoped to meet that dream girl, but all those other worries about undies and "tresses" rules were certainly not forgotten.

Chapter 3 - Moving In at Rosemount.

The three hour drive was uneventful. The warm summer breezes from the open car window kept playing havoc with my long hair. When we stopped for a rest, mother *helpfully* tied it back into a short ponytail. My first glimpse of Rosemount College property was the grand entrance gate. We had to stop and announce ourselves into an intercom. Someone checked a list or something before the tall gates automatically swung open. It seemed like a half mile drive past the gates through a pretty forest before the main buildings of Rosemount came into view.

As we pulled up to the main doors of the building marked Boys' Dormitory, a couple of older boys wearing the school uniform (pants and blazer) came up to our car, opening the door to help my mother out.

"Welcome to Rosemount, ma'am. My name is Peter and this is Terry. We're here to help you unload and find your way around."

"Well, thank you, boys. My name is Christine Fleming, and this is my son Ken. He's in the drama major program."

"Hi, Ken. Very pleased to meet you."

"Hello," I replied, a little relieved at the obvious friendliness (and normality) of these first two students I met.

Terry scanned a list of names and finally said, "Ah . . . here you are, Ken. I see you are joining our 'Tress' program. That's great. I'm in the drama program as well. We'll probably be working together. The 'tresses' are over in E Wing. You're lucky, that's the nicest wing of the Boys' Dorm."

Lifting my bags out of the trunk for us, they asked us to follow them. We walked through several hallways in this regal Victorian looking

building. At last we came to an archway that had a sign that read "E Wing" on it. E Wing was indeed the nicest part of the building we had gone through to this point. In the "E wing" the hallways had new carpet in a cheery shade of blue, and the walls were a bright egg-shell white.

"Ok, here it is." Peter said as he stopped in front of a doorway with the number 5 on it. Opening the door, he picked up the suitcases again and asked us to follow him in. The room was quite large. It was in the shape of a big U. The ends of each U contained a bed, night table, and a large mirrored vanity. I immediately realized that the room clearly was decorated like a 'girl's room'! Peter opened the closet beside the vanity of which I assumed was to be my bedroom area. It was very large with lots of space for clothes, shelves for shoes, and a built-in chest of drawers. Between the two ends of the U, was what must be designed to be the common living area for the two students who occupy room 5. There were two desks, a sofa, small TV, and a radio. In one corner, by the door there was a full-length, 3-way mirror like those in department stores.

"The washrooms are just down the hall. Come on, I'll show you." Peter indicated that we should follow. A few doors down the hall was a doorway with a sign that said 'WASHROOM - TRESSES ONLY'. "You tresses have the luxury of a private washroom. But I guess you need more time to get ready in the mornings anyway." As we entered the washroom, it was obvious that this wasn't just a washroom but a multi-purpose area. Besides the usual rows of toilet stalls and sinks, there were a half dozen shower stalls, and three beauty salon style hair dryers! In a small alcove were two pairs of clothes washers, dryers, and several clothes drying racks. It finally dawned on me what was missing - urinals. "What? No urinals?"

Peter answered, "Yeah, it seems every new tress asks that question." That was it. No explanation? Terry then added, "Well, I guess most of the time you wouldn't really need them, would you?" What was that supposed to mean?

At that moment, an elegant, middle-aged woman came up to our group and extended her hand to my mother, "Hello, I'm Edith Cavell, the headmistress of Rosemount." Mother took her hand and introduced herself and then me. With a nod of her head, Ms. Cavell dismissed Terry and Peter.

"Well, we're so glad to have you with us, Ken. I recall reading your file the other day. It sounds like you have excellent potential. I think you'll find our staff and students most fun to work with."

"I hope so, Ms. Cavell. You sure have a 'different' kind of place here."

“Well, Ken, it is different, but then actors and actresses have to be the most adaptable people. A professional thespian must be able to completely and realistically submerge themselves in any role presented. Being chosen for our boy actress program indicates that you could not only physically manage the program, but you also qualified in the top 10% of all our drama auditions!”

“Oh, I’m so proud of him,” my mother beamed and playfully gave my little ponytail a tug. I had almost forgotten about my hairdo, and quickly reached up to pull the elastic out. Before I did however, I literally froze. There, through the window, was my dreamgirl. She had just exited the big Cadillac in which she and her mother had arrived in. I must have been obvious, because both Ms. Cavell and mother turned to follow my stare.

Ms. Cavell finally spoke, “Oh, I see Michelle has arrived.”

“UH . . . is Michelle a senior girl?” I managed.

“Senior girl? Heavens no,” Ms. Cavell chuckled, “he’s just a sophomore.” I knew what the victims of an avalanche must feel like. Michelle was a he?!? My ‘dreamgirl’ was a boy! All sorts of realizations blasted home like thunderbolts. The pictures of the dance . . . “he’s” were dressed as “she’s”, student council photos showed “he’s” dressed as “she’s” during non-classroom hours; Michelle had just arrived in a short summer skirt, halter top and pigtails. The room was spinning.

The light was making my head throb. I could hear my mother’s and Ms. Cavell’s voices somewhere nearby. “He looks like he’s coming to, now. I hope he’s all right? He’s never fainted before.” As I opened my eyes, there she was staring down at me —Michelle.

“Hi, Ken, I’m Mike.” The words came out of the lipsticked lips but the voice was definitely one belonging to a Mike not a Michelle!

“Ms. Cavell tells me you’re my new roommate for this year.” It must have been 15 minutes later when I came to again. This time a woman with a stethoscope was prodding my body. “He’ll be fine. It may have just been the heat and excitement of the new environment. It’s not too unusual. We’ll keep a close eye on him the first week.”

Soon, I had recovered my strength and was sitting up sipping on some cool water. This place was unbelievable! You couldn’t tell who was who. Ms. Cavell suggested that Mike and I have a chance to get acquainted, while she took mother to show her some of the facilities and discuss some ‘administrative’ matters.

“Don’t worry, Ken, all new tresses are a little nervous at first. Gee, my first week was a freak out,” Mike said as he pulled his short skirt under him to sit down beside me. “I know how you must be feeling. You think the school is going to make you be a girl all the time, don’t you?”

“Kinda . . . I guess when I saw you, I panicked.”

"Sorry, it was just a last minute decision to come dressed like this today. It was hot, and I love the cool feel of a skirt. Trust me, I do dress like a boy." With that, he/she took a tissue and rapidly wiped off the lipstick, earrings were removed (from pierced ears), bracelets and necklace as well. "Give me five minutes, ok? And we'll talk some more." With that Mike left the room. In less than five minutes, he was back. All traces of makeup were gone and he was wearing a pair of boys sports shorts with "49'ers" stamped on the leg. On top, he had on a loose cotton shirt. His hair was no longer in braids but brushed back over his shoulder. He was a normal boy! Well, normal except for his pierced ears, arched eyebrows, real long hair and shaved legs. "There . . .how's this? Better?" he said as he sat down at a chair beside mine.

"Well, you looked great before, but I guess the shock of all this got to me. I didn't mean to make you change."

"Aww, that's ok. I was going to change anyway. That's one of the weird things you'll experience. Out here, tresses can almost live the lives of two people. For me it's Michelle and Michael, plus the twenty or more female characters I've played while I've been here. You must be a pretty good actor to get into the tress program."

"I like acting, but I've never felt I was that good." I let a little modesty slip out.

"Well, you'll soon find out at Rosemount. After you get used to being a tress, you'll find the acting never stops out here."

Michael turned out to be a very nice, friendly fellow, and I was glad that he was to be my roommate. I guess the fact that he was also Michelle, my dream girl, kind of faded away (for now, anyway). Mike told me a little about some of the other tresses who would be our E Wing neighbors. He warned me that a few of them had learned their "actress" role *too* well, and were considered real "snooty bitches" by everyone.

Chapter 4, The uniforms.

Soon mother and Ms. Cavell returned and told me that it was time for me to come and try on my uniforms. Uniforms . . .yecchh! I got up and followed them as Mike said he would unpack his bags and get the room aired out. Ms. Cavell explained the roommate assignments to us as we walked, "We try to select roommates for new students from the upper classes. That way they can act as big *brothers*, and help the new students get seasoned to Rosemount. The older students have probably had the same apprehensions and questions as you will, Ken, so feel free to ask them anything."

"Yeah, I can see that I'll have lots of questions."

Ms. Cavell showed us into a large room that looked like a mini-clothing store. She asked if I wouldn't mind stripping down to my underwear so that she could measure me properly. I looked with some concern at mother, but she just nodded for me to go ahead. Soon I was standing in front of the two women as Ms. Cavell measured and took notes.

Finally, she said, "Very good, Ken. I can see that you have been following the recommended diet and preparations. I'll just get some uniforms for you to try on."

As we waited, I noticed a large poster that had many pictures depicting the various Rosemount school uniforms for boys and girls. The boy's uniform had grey flannel pants, a white shirt, and a navy blue necktie with the school crest imprinted on it. The navy blue blazer also had the school crest on the breast pocket. Another picture showed a boy in the same type of outfit except that he was wearing a pair of navy blue shorts with matching color knee-high socks. There was also a school cap for outdoor wear.

The girl's uniform came in two variations. One was with a grey flannel skirt, full sleeved white blouse with a wide, lace trimmed collar and a navy blue silk kerchief tied in a bow around the neck. The other variation, was a navy blue tunic with the blouse and kerchief peeking out underneath. Instead of a cap, the girls wore a tam. I also noticed a paragraph entitled "Hairstyles for Students". I assumed that meant girls. It read:

'Students are required to wear their hair styled in a proper fashion at all times. No wild or unruly fashions will be tolerated. Boys will keep their hair trimmed and neat. Girls (and boys in the 'Tress' actress stream') will ensure that their hair is properly styled as appropriate for the occasion, ie. classes - simpler styles such as braids, ponytails, or simple curls; physical education - styles that contain the hair tightly; special school programs (eg. opening and closing exercises) French braid is preferred; Social functions - evening styles (for dances), otherwise student's choice.

I was starting to wonder how these rules would affect me, just as Ms. Cavell came back pushing a rolling clothes rack, hung with quite a few garments. She selected a grey flannel pair of pants and handed them to me to put on. This I did and turned to find her holding out what looked to be a girl's uniform blouse.

"UH . . . sorry, Ms. Cavell, but I think you made a mistake. That's the girls uniform blouse." I politely pointed out.

"Yes, that's correct. It's worn by our tress students with the trousers. Here, see the poster," she said pointing to some additional text below the pictures. It read:

'Note the following differences that apply for uniforms worn by boys in the "boy actress Drama program". While attending Boys' School classes, a girl's uniform blouse and kerchief will replace the shirt and tie. Special jackets as pictured in illustration. 8 will

replace the blazer. In warmer months, when shorts are required, the alternate shorts provided (see illustration. 8) will be worn.'

I looked around for illustration 8, and finally found it over in a corner of the poster . . . I groaned. It had a picture of a properly uniformed tress, front and back views. The boy was wearing the grey slacks, a white blouse with the flouncy kerchief tied in a bow instead of a necktie, a jacket that was short and closely fitted. It had very wide, long, pointed lapels and the buttons were on the wrong side . . . a girls' jacket. To make things worse he was wearing girl's black low-heeled pumps, a tam on his head, and the back view showed his long brown hair neatly French braided with a big ribbon bow tied at the end!

A second picture had the same boy, but this time instead of wearing the long pants he had on the 'alternate shorts'! They looked just like an above-the-knee length, full skirt! They were cut very full, with a sharp pleat right down the middle. This resulted in the material hanging loosely, giving the impression of a skirt, not pants! I couldn't believe the next line I read:

'While attending Girls' School, boy actresses will adhere to all uniform requirements in effect for girl students.'

"Do you mean I have to wear a girl's uniform part of the time?? A skirt??" It was a rhetorical question at this stage.

"Well, yes. But don't worry, almost every new tress has the same reaction. If you were in a normal school like you're used to, I can imagine it would be somewhat embarrassing. But here, you'll be taking the school bus to the Girls School on the other side of our property along with Mike and a whole bunch of other, similarly dressed boys. Believe me, tresses are envied by all the other boys here, because where they only get to interact with our girl population once a month or so at a social function, tresses spend close to 50% of their school time surrounded by girls. And I'm sure you'll find our girls to be a prettier lot than you're used to at public school."

Well, that may be true, I thought . . .but how many of them will turn out to be 'different' underneath the skirts, like Michelle turned out to be.

To my great embarrassment, I spent the next hour trying on uniform after uniform. Yes . . .including the skirt and the tunic. I was also assigned two pairs of black girls' pumps with a 1 1/2 " heel. All in all, I came away with four girl's blouses, a skirt, a tunic dress, two pairs of boy's trousers, and two pairs of the 'skirt-pants' shorts. It certainly looked like the boy's clothes came in a distant second place.

When we got back to E Wing, there was a lot more activity. Many more students were arriving. I saw Mike, still in his boy's outfit, talking to a couple of very pretty "girls". Ms. Cavell saw the object of my staring and commented, "Ah, Jeff and Allan have arrived."

Jeff, a stunning blond with a wealth of glorious cascading curls tumbling nearly to his waist could be overheard saying to Mike, "Do you like it?" as his hands fluffed his locks. "It's a body perm that I set overnight. Oh, it's just so hard to dry when it's this long! I don't know how girls have time to do everything."

Jeff's long, stockinged legs were exposed by his leather miniskirt. Being perched on the 4" high-heeled sandals made his behind move in an ever-so-unboyish manner! And his see-through, dark blouse clearly showed a black, very lacy brassiere that was molding and uplifting a very realistic pair of breasts! How could that be?!? To top it all off, Jeff was wearing full makeup including very long false eyelashes, deep red lipstick and matching nail polish on his toe and fingernails. The latter must have been 3/4" past the ends of each finger. Ms. Cavell, must have read my thoughts because she said under her breath, "I'm going to have to speak to Jeff about his unnecessary 'advertising'."

She excused herself for a moment and headed off to speak with the blond bombshell.

We couldn't hear the discussion, but it clearly pertained to some 'over revealing' fashions being sported by the boy/girl. It ended with a somewhat apologetic- looking Jeff heading off to one of the dorm rooms probably to change.

The boy who had been standing with Jeff and Mike was almost a complete opposite of the flamboyant Jeff. Yes, Allan was indeed dressed as a girl, but very conservatively. His shoulder-length brown hair was in a simple, curly, pageboy style with the sides pulled up with a pair of barrettes. He wore a white, angora sweater and a beautiful, knee-length tartan skirt. His pierced ears sported simple, yet elegant gold loop earrings that matched the necklace and bracelet he was wearing. He wore subtle, yet effective eye makeup, subdued lip color and very feminine but not garish manicured fingernails. Allan presented himself as a high class, society girl. Dressed conservatively, yet with much class. I had to notice the front of Allan's sweater. There was an obvious, padded bra underneath. At least at the time I assumed it was 'padded'.

"Ms. Cavell, why do so many boys arrive dressed up like girls? And do they wear girls underwear too?" I unashamedly asked.

"Well, Ken, for many boys it's like a game. They have this opportunity here at Rosemount to play a role that males normally cannot. Many enjoy spending time improving their acting by pretending to be girls during the summer. Others, like Jeff, like to show off to their tress buddies how well they can pretend to be girls. As for underwear, its something we strongly encourage. If you are to act a role, you must completely and totally submerge yourself in all aspects of the character. And we do emphasize 'all' as you will see in your training."

"Oh, that's wonderful. I fully believe in that technique of learning acting," my mother enthusiastically had to add.

Chapter 5, Unpacking

We returned to my room where I was instructed to unpack my suitcases and to neatly put everything away. Mike, my new roommate, would help me get dressed for the opening exercises scheduled for early this evening. I didn't feel that I needed any help to dress, but ignored the comment. Ms. Cavell and my mother went off to the reception area where other parents were meeting faculty and partaking of some refreshments.

Back in my room, I found Mike also starting to unpack his suitcases. "Hi Ken. So have you become somewhat used to our special little 'tress' world? Believe me, it's mighty strange at first, but it grows on you."

"Yeah, it's strange all right. I saw two more students just now, Jeff and Allan."

Mike chuckled. "Good old Jeff. He does get carried away sometimes, but he's a great actor, and everybody loves him. He's the kind of guy that would give you the shirt or blouse, off his own back if you needed it. I'll introduce you to him later. Allan, is much more down to earth. Did you know that he worked this whole summer managing his mother's beauty salon? Not only is he a good actress, but a very smart fellow."

As Mike was speaking I watched him unpacking. I saw dresses, slips, skirts, blouses and girls shoes galore, but very few boy's clothes go into his closet. My jaw nearly dropped when he carefully hung up three very feminine nightgowns on the silk padded coat hangers he had brought as well. Another smaller suitcase was unpacked with things for the vanity including makeup of all kinds, perfumes, hair care gear like combs, brushes, curlers, hairspray, and bobby pins. Finally, the last suitcase was opened . . . silky, lacy panties, brassieres, nylons, garter belts, and pantihose.

"My god, Mike. I thought that the wardrobe department supplies all of our costumes."

He looked at me a little surprised, then smiled, "I guess your mother didn't read you the letters she received after the first acceptance letter?"

"No, but I thought that she only had one other letter, and that she said it was just about some supplies." I countered.

"Did you pack your suitcases at home?" Mike asked, still grinning.

"Only this one," I said as I opened my old suitcase and pulled out some jeans and T-shirts that I had packed.

“Ok, why don’t you open those other ones, the new ones over there,” he asked pointing at the new suitcases that mother had brought out this morning. Sure, I thought, let’s open them. I put the first one on the bed and flipped open the latches. As I opened the lid my eyes were confronted with masses of white, pink, yellow, and other pastel-colored frothy lace.

“Oh no . . .” I moaned, but Mike took the liberty of pulling some stuff out for a better look.

“Oh, these are fabulous!” he said as he lifted a neatly folded white slip, panty and brassiere set. “Your mother didn’t pinch pennies when she did her shopping, that’s for sure.”

I could see that my frillies were as spectacular as Mike’s. I couldn’t believe how many bras there were! *Real* girls with *real* tits couldn’t have possessed more bras.

The other suitcases were filled with equally embarrassing things. One was full of skirts, dresses, blouses, sweaters and girl’s shoes. The other was full of new makeup kits including all the colors of the rainbow in lipsticks, eye shadows, nail polishes, mascara, blush. There were hair rollers, barrettes, bobby pins, setting lotions, and even a hairdo book.

Mike flipped through the book and muttered that some of the styles were a cinch, and he could do them for me, “no problem”. If I hadn’t packed my own small suitcase, I wouldn’t have a shred of boy’s clothing except for the school uniform trousers! Even so, I only had the one old pair of boys underwear that I was wearing at this very moment.

“When do they think I’m going to wear all this stuff?!”

“Let me explain,” Mike offered, seeing my distressed look and probably fearing another fainting spell, “we tresses have a lot of ‘advantages’ over the other boys. We take two days a week of classes at the girl’s school. For that we wear the girl’s uniform. We also get to do many school assignments and projects with the girls. We have permission to work at the girls study hall. The only rule is that we have to dress nicely, no boy’s clothes allowed over there. Most of us even go over there just to do our regular homework. I don’t know why, but the girls are crazy about us, and the prettier we look, the more attention we get. Believe me, it’s a small price to pay. Rosemount has the best looking girls you’ve ever seen!”

“But don’t the other boys make fun of you?”

“Never!! First of all, they know the consequences of that from Ms. Cavell. Second . . . hey, we’re nice guys. Actually, all the other guys treat us great because we’re their best way to get letters and messages to the girls. We even help them set-up dates for the monthly dance.”

“Well, I don’t know if I’ll handle it as well as you.”

“Listen, give it a try. I’ll think you’ll find it very enjoyable. Now, we better get dressed for the opening exercises. You need your grey trouser uniform for that.”

Reluctantly, I went to my side of our room and began to undress. Soon I was standing in my socks and uniform pants. I dreaded putting on the blouse, but I did. To make things worse, the blouse buttoned up the back, and I couldn't reach around to do it. So, I walked over to Mike's side of the room. He was in his trousers and girl's shoes already brushing out his hair. I couldn't believe it . . . Mike was wearing a bra. Probably an A-cup, but still a bra! Worse yet, he looked comfortable in it, totally undaunted.

"Mike, . . . why are you wearing a bra?"

"It's more comfortable . . . you see," he smiled with a mischievous gleam in his eyes, "I'm . . . hmmm . . . well . . . a little bit 'pudgy' up here. Want to see???"

I nodded. Quickly and adeptly undoing the front hooks, Mike opened his bra to show me what appeared to be a teenage girl's bosom! His aureolas were much larger than mine, about the size of a silver dollar and protruded significantly from his chest. His pink nipples looked like pencil erasers that projected out about 3/8 of an inch.

He continued while proudly displaying these most unmasculine swellings, "Most of the older tresses wear bras, it gets to be a habit. Wait until you see Karen! I mean Kevin . . . a senior, he must be a C-cup!"

"But why?! How come you guys are developing breasts?! I thought this was all just illusion?"

"Ken, relax. It's only your first day here. Let your questions wait, and all the answers will come. Now come over here and let me help you with your blouse."

Mike skillfully rehooked his bra, leaning forward to allow the "pudginess" to fill the small cups, then promptly stepped behind me to button me up. I stood there lost in thought as Mike adjusted my blouse, and tied the kerchief around my neck in a big, loose bow.

"Ok, give me a minute and I'll help you with your hair," he said as he proceeded to quickly and easily put on and button up his own blouse. Before I knew it, he had me sitting in front of his vanity while he brushed out my hair. It felt strange to have this boy, feminine as he seemed now with the blouse on, *doing* my hair. Working with practised fingers, he worked at the back of my head, but I couldn't tell what he was doing. I could feel my hair start to feel tight at the back of my head.

Finally, Mike snapped a ponytail elastic over what he was working on and before I knew it he picked up a dark colored ribbon that matched the kerchief and tied it on the end of my hair. "Ok, all done. It looks very lovely. It's good that you let it grow. You're gonna have to learn to do my hair too."

He indicated the three-way mirror for me to look. I walked over and stood in the middle where I could see myself from all sides. There I was, in a frilly girl's blouse, with a big bow tied under my chin and my hair neatly plaited into a thick French braid tied with a ribbon bow. "Mike, I can't go out there dressed like this!"

"Listen, Ken, all the guys in E wing will be dressed exactly like you and I, so don't panic."

I wasn't convinced but resolved to tough it out. I just hoped that I wouldn't die of embarrassment. I watched as Mike made himself even more feminine by brushing out his own longer hair and braiding it like mine. He also replaced the gold loop earrings he had on previously and applied some subtle mascara and lip gloss. As a finishing touch he applied a coat of clear polish to his long nails. Putting on our slim-fitting jackets and adjusting the blouses, we headed out the door to the reception hall. My knees must have been visibly shaking.

On the way, Mike and I ran into quite a few more tresses. I was introduced to all. I was a little relieved to see several other, obviously new and nervous tresses, being escorted by their older roommates.

Some of the senior tresses were unbelievable! Many had braids reaching the middle of their back or further, some wore much more makeup than Mike, or rather Michelle now. Some had more than just a hint of bosom filling their lace bras, in fact many looked just like girls wearing trousers!

We arrived at the reception hall to find it full of students and parents. My eyes nearly dropped out of my head when I saw the girl students. Even in the rather unflattering tunic uniforms, most were knockouts! Back in my old school, maybe one girl in a hundred looked that good. At Rosemount they all looked delicious!

The girls and boys stood lined up in rows on opposite sides of the hall. In the center floor area sat the parents. I noticed one strange group over on the girls' side that I had to ask Mike about. They must have been girls, but they wore trousers, shirts and ties and short hair. "Mike," I whispered so that I wouldn't be heard over the various speeches being made, "who are those guys standing over there?"

"Those are Tors. You know, 'Girl Actor Drama Program' students. They have similar rules to us in a way. You'll meet them pretty soon in drama classes."

This was beginning to sound like a Star Trek episode! Tresses and Tors . . . I was expecting the Klingons to make an appearance any moment! The opening exercises lasted about an hour. Afterward the boys and girls tried to take the very brief opportunity provided before returning to their part of Rosemount, to renew old acquaintances (or as it appeared, romances?) with the boys. Mike introduced me to several cute girls. I found myself blushing when one of them said I was very 'beautiful'.

Soon my goodbyes were said to mother, with a few last minute words of warning to her that I may go nuts here and she better be prepared to 'bail me out'. She just smiled and said that I'd 'do fine' and that she would write me every week, and that I was to do the same.

Chapter 6, Alone at school.

I spent the rest of the evening unpacking and hanging up my 'wardrobe' and meeting some of my neighbors. Mike had been right. . . some of the seniors were completely submerged in their girl roles. They grumbled about having to wear the stupid trouser uniform at all. It was hard to remember that these fully made-up, long-haired creatures in dresses, skirts and heels were once boys! How weird that these actors should get so "into" their role.

I met Jim and Tod, a couple of new tresses like me. We joked a little about "what we had gotten ourselves into", and generally avoided the topic of dressing like girls. We instead talked about the real girls we saw at Rosemount. I could tell that Jim's and Tod's mothers had done a job on them. Both had plucked eyebrows that created wide eyes which looked at you in perpetual surprise. Jim's long hair showing the obvious results of a roller set. Jim whispered to us, "Can you believe how dedicated the older boys are to feminizing themselves? I could be here a hundred years and I'd never get to enjoying this!"

We all shook our heads in agreement. I wondered what time and this unnatural training would do to us.

Before long, Mike came over and informed us that it was nearing 'lights out' and that we had better get washed up for bed.

We returned to our room and I realized that I didn't have any pyjamas amongst all the "junk" that mother packed. I watched in amazement as Mike opened his closet and selected a floor-length blue silk nightgown. He disappeared around the corner out of my view for a moment, then reappeared draped in the very sexy garment. He undid his braid and sitting down at his vanity began to brush out his long hair. I was startled when he asked me, "Ken, if you wouldn't mind, could you brush my hair for me. We will have to help each other, especially me help you, so why don't I start teaching you now."

His voice had suddenly softened and become a little higher. I could tell that it was "Michelle" speaking. With his long brown hair swept across his cheeks he once again became my 'dreamgirl'. With shaking hands I came over and took the hairbrush from his hands. Following his direction, I began to run the brush through Michelle's luxuriant mane. I guess I did about 100 strokes before he stopped me and showed me how he pins it up on top of his head in a kind of Gibson Girl style,

before going to wash. He finished the style by tying a ribbon to help the pins hold up his hair. "There, you did an excellent job, Ken." He gave me a wink, then proceeded, "Now let's get you ready for washing up."

"Thanks, but I am ready."

"Nonsense," Michelle purred, "Do you want the other senior tresses to show us up? My honor's at stake." My willpower before this lovely creature (even though my brain knew it was a boy!) melted.

"What do you suggest?" I asked timidly.

"Well, lets take a look." Michelle opened my closet and found the three new nightgowns my mother had bought. "This one's perfect." He selected a blue silk one which was very similar to his own. He turned his back and told me to put it on. Mechanically, I stripped off my clothes, even my underwear. I lifted the nightgown over my head and let it slip down over my head, shoulders and chest until its silky smoothness brushed my legs.

Michael turned around and whispered "Beautiful! Now come sit here." He motioned to my vanity. Soon I was the recipient of a sensuous hair brushing. He even managed to sweep my hair up, in a shorter version of his own. Even a matching ribbon was added. Bringing out our matching robes, he indicated that I should take my washing stuff and follow him.

"I . . . can't!" Panic set in.

"Of course you can, Ken . . . by the way, we tresses each have an alternate name. I can't call you Ken now, now can I. What's your 'other' name?"

"I don't have one," then I remembered my mother once jokingly calling me Miss Catherine. "Well, if I have to have one, Catherine, I guess."

"Catherine, trust me." He gave me one l-o-n-g look that caused my last bit of resistance to give in. I followed him out the door.

The washrooms were a bedlam. There were about a dozen "girls" in various stages of washing up, all giggling and talking in high voices. Some had on face cream, quite a few had their hair up in rollers, all were in nightgowns or female pyjamas. I could pick out the new tresses, because they had the same frightened look that I must have.

My eyes couldn't believe some of the senior tresses! There were a couple, probably seniors, whose nightgowns clearly showed milky, round, feminine breasts! The transparent material left nothing to the imagination, nor could *illusion* be the cause. These were splendidly formed female breasts standing out with sassy daring on these boy's chests. Their nipples were a nice dark pink, much too distended and noticeable for boys. That wasn't all. Their shapes: soft rounded arms, smooth curved legs and velvety wide hips. Yet they went about their preening as if nothing was out of place.

I can't even remember washing, but soon Michelle and I were back in our own room. "Remember, tomorrow's the first day of school. Tresses are scheduled to be over at the Girl's school all day. So you'd better get your beauty sleep. You may meet the girl of your dreams tomorrow." I shuddered to think what he would think if I told him "I already have."

I wasn't queer, BUT Michelle looked *delicious*, but "she" was a "he"!

One last surprise to top off the already monumental day - just as I was about to get under the covers, nightgown and all, Michelle came over to me and gave me a soft goodnight kiss on the cheek. I blushed but didn't move away. The looks, movements, voice, everything about Michelle said 'girl'.

He sat on his bed, his smooth knees and ankles neatly together, his soft chest protruding, and his fingers with polished nails girlishly adjusting a loose curl. He stretched, then ran his hands down his sides along his hips and down his legs. He smiled saying, "I sleep so well here."

God . . .how am I going to retain my sanity???

Chapter 7 - School begins.

Never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined that first day in Rosemount classes. There I was sitting in a class full of gorgeous young blondes and brunettes, each prettier than the next. I felt like sauntering over and trying out some of my old "pick-up" lines, but then what babe would "go" for someone who had as much makeup on as her, had his hair neatly French-braided and tied with a big ribbon bow, had on the same uniform dress on . . .?

That was me. It almost took Mike an hour to "convince" me to get dressed for the first day! We almost came to blows at his persistence. It wasn't until he gave up temporarily, and got dressed himself. It took "sweet Michelle" about five minutes to convince me. I still couldn't completely separate the two in my mind.

There I sat, while Michelle put makeup on me with practised strokes, and his nimble fingers did my hair. Soon I was in the tunic dress of the school uniform heading off for the shuttle bus, while many non-tress boys waved to us. They looked comfortable in their neatly pressed trousers and jackets.

I was surprised how quickly one can get acclimated to a new environment. The classes were interesting and the teachers were very dynamic and concerned about their students actually learning something new. Before I knew it, I was forgetting how I was dressed. The breaks between classes gave us a chance to mingle with the other "girls", oops, I already began to consider them girls!

The real girls were as friendly as they were pretty. Soon I had struck up several new friendships. I was shocked that they didn't seem to care how I was dressed. One girl seemed to be paying me more attention than the others, which was quite flattering. Her name was Angie. She was a witty, dark brunette with shorter, curlier hair than me. Angie made an extra effort to sit next to me in classes and walk with me from one classroom to another. By Friday, we had agreed to study together at the girls' study hall on the weekend. Was this the beginning of a romance?! How does a boy romance a girl when he dresses like one too?

Imagine the surprise on my first day of classes at the Boys' school when who should show up sitting next to me - Angie. She had combed her hair straight and was wearing a complete boy's uniform. She was dressed more boyishly than me! I had to wear the blouse and kerchief from the girls' uniform.

"Haven't we met somewhere before?" Angie teased using a quite realistic, deep boys' voice!

"Angie! What are you doing here?"

"I didn't mention that I am in the 'Tor' program. I wanted to surprise you!" Suddenly, I felt more embarrassed as I thought of this real girl looking more masculine than I did at the moment.

My "education" continued at a haircurling pace - literally. I found out that a course called "Personal Grooming for Girls" was basically an extended weekly visit to the school's beauty parlour. It took up the entire Friday afternoon and included training on how to actually "do the do's", that is, hair-do's. Makeup and nail care treatments were also an integral part of the course curriculum. I found that studying hairdo and makeup magazines, while sitting under a hot hairdryer with my own hair neatly set on top of my head in curlers and pins, to be an unforgettable experience. I did discover an unexpected pleasure in having my hair put up, set, or combed out by Angie (we chose each other as partners for this purpose) or of my handling and styling of her hair. I even caught myself getting girlishly excited when a new style came out perfectly.

I remember the first time we had to do a formal style, the French Twist. Angie and I did very good jobs on each other's hair. The soft bangs brushing our eyebrows while the rest of the hair is sleeked back into a tight, vertical twist, secured invisibly with cleverly concealed bobby pins. When I got back to the dorm, I remember parading in front of Michelle who provided gushing girlish praise.

It had been less than a month, but I realized that I now looked forward to my "girl" school days more than the "boy" school days. I justified it as having an opportunity of being close to Angie and the other girls, but now when I think back, I remember that maybe I was beginning to enjoy looking like a girl and spending the hours of hairstyling, nail care, makeup and clothes selection that went with it.

Chapter 8, Watching my "health" and figure.

Little did I know then, that my external feminine appearance was soon to be aided by internal feminization method that was a well kept secret by the older tresses, the administration, and especially my mother, who I later learned fully consented to it.

It started after the first month of school. A teacher said I looked pale and knew of my fainting the first day. I received a note from the school's nurse that I was scheduled for a 'routine checkup' by the physician who saw students during regular one day a week visits to the school.

I was given permission to miss the morning session of one of my girl school days. I wasn't too pleased that it was on a "girl" day rather than one of my "boy" days. Little did I know that morning would be a very significant "girl" day indeed. Somewhat defiantly I suppose, I put on extra eye makeup and wore my hair in a cascade of curly ringlets that were the result of sleeping (quite uncomfortably, I may add) on over 50 small curlers which I spent an hour winding into my hair before bedtime. I had made the extra effort of shaving my legs and underarms smooth as well. No doctor's appointment was going to spoil what had now become fun!

When I arrived at the nurse's office, I found one other student sitting in the waiting room. I caught him looking at me rather strangely, so I smiled and said, "Hi, been waiting long?"

"UH . . .no . . .I mean about 10 minutes." He seemed quite flustered, and I saw that he was blushing! Didn't he realize that I was a boy like him? He was acting like a shy boy meeting a pretty girl!! I had mixed feelings, but I decided to test him out?

"You're in first year aren't you?" I asked.

"Y-Y-Yes. I didn't know that girls would be coming over to our school for these appointments. Doesn't the doctor go over there in the afternoon?", he replied. I couldn't believe it! Didn't he recognize me as a boy?! Just as I was about to reveal his mistake, the nurse opened the door and motioned him to enter.

As he stood up, he said to me in a hushed voice so the nurse wouldn't hear, "My name is Paul. I wish we had more time to talk. I think you're very pretty." I don't know who was blushing more now, me or him!

Then, almost as if in a trance, I heard my self whisper back, "Thank you, Paul. My name is Catherine. I'm sure we'll be meeting again."

About fifteen minutes later, the door opened again and Paul exited. We gave each other nervous smiles as I demurely stood up, straightened my short skirt and entered the doctor's office. Dr. Green turned

out to be a woman. I guess most people still assume that a doctor is usually a man, but knowing this school's approach to things I should have guessed.

"Hello. My name is Dr. Green, you must be Kenny Fleming. What do you call yourself on *these* kinds of days?" she said smiling while giving me 'the once over' look.

"UH . . . Ken, . . . well, Catherine, I guess."

"Fine, Catherine it is. Can I call you Cathy?"

"Sure, if you like." She seemed quite pleasant, and who cares, Mike frequently called me Cathy or just Cath.

"Well, *Cathy* . . . would you mind stepping over to the examining table and removing your dress and lingerie please." Slowly I removed my shoes, skirt and pantihose. Next the neckerchief came off, then the blouse was unbuttoned. Suddenly I felt very embarrassed to be seen in my bra and panties by this woman. But she was a doctor, and I lacked real choice. Finally, the underwear came off and I was completely naked and exposed in front of this attractive woman. Now I felt scared, and strange pretending to be a girl, with long, feminine hair, makeup, and nail polish. It is easier when everyone who looks at you thinks you are a girl (like Paul had moments ago). However, standing there naked, I was very obviously a young *boy* with a girl's face, hair, legs and hands.

"My, you have a very nice slim body *Cathy*." Dr. Green commented as her hands probed around my waist and chest. I turned many shades of red as Dr. Green proceeded to give me a very thorough physical exam. She was gentle, yet methodical as she touched, poked, all the areas of my body. She seemed to spend more than enough time examining my maleness. Finally, she seemed finished.

Referring to a file folder she spoke, "Well Cathy, you seem like a healthy boy, not very developed, of course, but that's why you were chosen." (She smiled at her own joke.)

She asked, "Do you like your acting studies?"

I nodded then she said, "I think you are going to make a fine 'Tress'. I see that you had some fainting spells when you arrived here. I want to make sure that you are getting the proper vitamins. I think that we should update your flu immunizations as well. The climate here can really get to you. I'll prepare a few small injections as well as get the nurse to fix the necessary vitamin pills."

"Injections . . . you mean like needles? Oh boy," I sighed sarcastically. Needles were really a 'pain in the backside', literally. In a few moments, Dr. Green was back carrying a small metal tray covered with a white cloth.

"I've got three injections here. They are intramuscular, so I'll try to find some places that won't be too uncomfortable. Trust me, they used to call me 'Dr. Painless' at Med School." The first needle didn't seem too big. I was surprised when she started rubbing an alcohol-soaked cotton

swab on the right side of my chest, just to the right of my nipple. With a quick motion, Dr. Green took a pinch of skin and inserted the needle. Before I even felt the jab, I could see the entire milky contents of the inoculation being pumped into me. I suddenly felt very warm, almost sweaty.

With efficient movements, Dr. Green repeated the same process on the left side of my chest. She was right it didn't hurt too badly.

"There . . . that didn't hurt did it? One last one and we're through. Turn around and lean on the table please."

I didn't see the third one coming but felt this one as it penetrated my hip. "Awww," escaped my mouth as I turned my head just in time to see a huge hypodermic needle empty more milky essence into my hip. This needle was huge in comparison to the others. I felt feverish yet calm. Maybe I was going to faint again?

"GOOD GIRL. We're all done, Cathy. I'll need you to come back once a month to complete the series of shots. It will just be the two small injections though. The hip injection will only have to be repeated in 6 months. Now you may experience some nausea, especially in the mornings for a couple of weeks, but that's normal with the 'anti-virus' shot I gave you."

Dr. Green produced a bottle full of little, white pills with just a dispensing label that had "Miss Cathy" on it and the instructions, "Take one pill each morning and each evening". "Make sure you follow the instructions and don't miss taking them, ok?"

"Sure Dr. Green," I replied taking the bottle.

"Good girl. Well, you should get back into your dress and scamper to classes. I'll want to see you one month from now, Ok? The nurse will give you a reminder note." I dressed quickly. The doctor even helped me hook up my bra showing me how to correctly put one on by slipping the straps on my shoulders, leaning forward and letting my bust drop into the cups. I, of course, had no breasts so I guess that was just for training. I was told to adjust the straps every day to compensate for subtle changes in my body! The doctor seemed to be very concerned about my and its proper fit.

All dressed, zipped up and primped I headed off to class, blissfully unaware of the what my visit had just started. Inside my young, boyish body there was a conflict beginning.

Dr. Green was right about the nausea I would feel from those shots. For several mornings after my injections I woke up sick to my stomach and had to rush to the washrooms. I noticed several older tresses give each other knowing looks when they saw me. It must have been a natural reaction because some of the other new tresses were also sick.

Chapter 9 - True Best Friends.

Michael, my roommate, was most sympathetic and even offered me some anti-motion sickness pills to help. Besides the nausea that the doctor had predicted, I woke up shaking with chills and blurry vision. This only lasted for a few days but I felt different . . . maybe those shots gave us the flu?

By the end of the first week I began feeling a very obvious hardness under my nipples, accompanied by itching and tenderness. I assumed it was the after effects of having received a needle in that general area, so I got used to it until the itching stopped. However, the swelling remained and the tenderness was still evident. I didn't notice at first because it was so gradual, but the swelling seemed to continue increasing over time, in addition, my nipples seemed to expand and darken.

Even though I wouldn't discuss it with anyone at the time, I also noticed that when I would touch my chest, my nipples began to get hard and stand up on my chest. I found that if I touched them gently, it felt really pleasant. Like scratching an itch.

All these uncertainties about what was going on with my body were secondary in my mind, as I trusted the doctor's knowledge and training. Oh, yes, I was to realize later that the doctor knew exactly what she was doing! But my mind had other things to occupy it, namely my studies, Angie, 'Michelle' (that thought still troubled me), my looks, and the upcoming dance (not particularly in that order).

I had only attended one other school dance in my young life. That was basically an after school "sock hop" my last year in high school. The upcoming Annual Rosemount Drama Dance would be completely different. Because Rosemount was a private school with higher objectives, the dance was not only the first chance for the boys and girls to mingle socially, but an opportunity to practice the social graces and learn proper formal attire. We were graded on our ability to intermingle.

For two weeks before the dance, all the students were talking about it. More so at the girls' school than the boys'. I found out that girls plan these things more cooperatively than boys do, and are willing to ask for advice on clothes, hair, makeup and . . . boyfriends.

Tresses had by now completely blended with the girls. It often seemed that they forgot that we were boys underneath our skirts. The girls just thought of us as sisters who had access to the boys' school (ie. to take messages and 'private' letters across).

I had by now learned that tresses are required to attend the dances attired in a completely feminine manner. Angie and the tors attended as males. I was upset. I wanted to be a boy and impress Angie.

Angie explained since she had to dress as a male, this would make it easier for the two of us to dance together without looking odd. Not that it was really unusual for tors to dance with real girls and tresses to dance

with real boys. Knowing how some older tresses felt about real boys, I wasn't surprised that they would prefer to dance only with real boys!

This brought up the problem of me needing an appropriate dress to wear. I seemed to waiver between being shocked at myself for thinking about such matters one moment, and the next moment drooling over some fashion magazine photo of a slinky cocktail dress.

In any event, two weeks before the dance I called home, "Hi mom, it's Ken."

"Kenny! Oh, I've missed you so. How is school? Bet you lots of new friends, Right?"

"Hang on, mom. I'll tell you all about it the next time I see you, but right now I'm calling to ask you for a favor."

"What, dear?"

"Well . . . There's this dance in a couple of weeks . . ."

"Yes..?" she said, making me come out and say it.

"Well . . . you read the orientation material . . . remember what it said about tresses and how they would dress for dances?"

"Hmmm . . . let's see . . . I can't quite remember . . . something about *dressing nicely*," she was clearly teasing me, pretending not to know.

"Mom, I need a fancy dress." There, I said it.

"Oh . . . my baby," I could hear her voice cracking, like she was about to cry, "That's so sweet. Of course, I'll be there this Saturday morning to shop for a dress for you. Be ready at ten o'clock sharp, and make sure you wear nice underwear and high heels."

"What? I'm not going out in a dress. Can't you just pick one up for me?" I stammered.

"Oh dear, Kenny, there's my ride to work. I have to run . . . see you Saturday, bye," she said quickly.

"Mom . . .," but it was too late.

What was she thinking??? That I would go outside the walls of this school dressed as a girl?! Fat chance. That evening, I discussed my dilemma with Michael. Well actually, it was half Michael, half 'Michelle'. He had his hair up in rollers, his eye- makeup was still on and he was lacquering his long fingernails. However, he was wearing one of his loose boys shirts, but the front was tied in a knot just below his ribcage. He also had on tight blue jeans that were kind of unisex, and his feet were bare, but exposing lacquered toenails! Anyway, it was Michael's voice coming from his mouth so I thought of him as my male roommate. (Things could get really confusing around here!)

"Listen, Ken, you mean to tell me that you don't think you could pass in any situation as a natural, and very pretty, girl?" he asked not looking up from his manicure efforts.

“I’d die, Michael! Someone would see through my disguise and I’d die of embarrassment!”

Chapter 10, Mike’s story.

Mike tells me his story.

“Bull! Let me tell you something girl,” he said looking straight into my eyes. I could tell he was about to divulge some kind of inner secret to me. “I was just like you last year. I almost ran away. I’m the youngest of four kids, all boys. My older brothers are all big, strong and athletic. Can you imagine how I felt when my mother told me I was accepted into Rosemount and what that meant! Can you imagine, my first visit back home, when my mother insisted on having a formal Sunday family dinner with all the men in suits and mother and me in matching Sunday dresses and hairdos? I came down those stairs with tears in my eyes. I caught my reflection in the big hall mirror. I had on a billowy, knee-length, full-skirted linen dress in virginal white. It had three quarter sleeves and a Peter Pan collar. My hair had been set on rollers all morning (while I hid in my bedroom), then mother combed it out and swept it all up onto the top of my head held in place with several ivory colored combs. My ears had pearl earrings that matched my pearl necklace. All this was complimented with full makeup and nail polish. I was going down to meet my brothers, whom I spent years playing baseball with, going fishing with, and generally being ‘the’ younger brother! I was sure that they were going to fall over themselves laughing!! And . . . you know what happened?” He glared at me for a response.

“They died laughing . . .?” I said cautiously, not sure whether or not I should think it was supposed to be a funny story.

“No.” Michael’s voice was calm, almost as if he was reliving an unforgettably pleasant experience, “They were perfect gentlemen. I was speechless. They couldn’t stop complimenting me on how great I looked. You’d think I was their long lost sister. I think that mother had many a long talk with them for weeks before I came. What she said must have impressed them. Later, Tim, my eldest brother took me aside and we had a heart to heart talk. Things he said started to make sense. He said that he realized that I had been treated as the family baby and seldom as an equal brother. They were jocks, while I most certainly was not. He was right; I realized that I had always felt like an outsider being allowed to ‘play along’ with them. Tim also explained that mother had confided in him (while crying) how lonely it had been for her, as a widow, raising four boys. She had always prayed for a daughter to share her life with, but father died and her hopes did too.”

Mike continued, “When I was accepted into Rosemount, she felt reborn. It was during that conversation that my life changed. I shook off the guilt and embarrassment I had about dressing like a girl. I realized that

not all boys have the mindset to grow up into men. I suddenly found the softness and femininity Rosemount was molding around me to be very comforting and natural. Sure, I can still be a boy when I want. But I plan to leave here in two years able to present myself totally as a actress whenever I want. That is what acting is all about, as a boy, I respond and think as a boy, as a girl, I'll respond and think like a girl."

I was speechless. What Michael had said had shaken me. I remembered my mother's tears when I said I wasn't going to Rosemount. I remembered my feeble attempts to be a 'tough' guy at my old school. I even understood some confusing thoughts I used to have when I watched girls enjoying themselves without the constant competition that we boys had to live with. I realized that I loved going to the girls' school, not because I liked being amongst the pretty girls, but because I wanted to BE one of those pretty girls! I wanted to be the prettiest, most feminine girl at that dance!

It was my turn to open up. "Michael . . . I mean Michelle," I said, noticing the smile that this brought to his face, "I believe everything you said, and I believe that I'm in the same situation . . . that is, I don't think I want to leave here a woman . . . at least not at this time, but I think that being a girl makes me very happy and natural feeling." Quietly, Michelle stood up and walked over to me. He sat beside me on the couch and put his arms around me. Without another thought, I put my arms around him and we hugged tightly. Not as boy and girl, but as two very close girlfriends.

I finally saw what our relationship was going to be . . . we would become very close girlfriends. As close as any two girls could be because we shared a common, most unusual secret.

That night we stayed up late and talked. I confessed my early feelings of attraction to 'Michelle', and how confused I had been. Michelle joked that he was glad that I had resolved that because he thought of me as a girlfriend. We made a promise that night to always keep in touch, even after school no matter what gender orientation either of us might adopt in the future.

I finally asked one last big question, "Michelle, you told me there would be time for such questions a while ago. I think this may be a good time."

"Sure, what is it, Cathy?"

"Why do most of the tresses, including you, have girl's breasts?"

"Oh, boy . . .," he sighed rolling his eyes back. "I'll probably get into trouble for this - big trouble - but I'd rather you found out from me than someone else." He paused and took a deep breath. "After the first month here, the school doctor gives tresses some injections and pills. What they don't tell you is that they contain powerful doses of estrogen, which is a female hormone. Female hormones, when applied

in the correct manner to young boy's bodies will cause breasts to grow, facial hair to stop growing, head hair to get thicker and silkier, voices to stay higher, and body shapes to become more like a girl's."

"You're kidding!" I gasped, not comprehending the obvious. "And you mean you let them do it to you?"

"Cathy, darling . . . they've already done it to you too."

I felt like my life was flashing before my eyes. Injections, pills, sensitive swollen nipples. "You mean that those shots . . . and those vitamins . . ."

"Were not flu shots, and they aren't vitamins," he said finishing my thought.

I started to cry. Michelle held me close and whispered, "Come on, Ken, didn't we just talk about how natural we felt dressed like females. I guarantee you, the first time you find that you actually NEED a bra, you will feel more wonderful than you ever have before. The school does extensive psychological testing on their prospective students and their parents before accepting them.

"Need a bra? Oh no." I was sobbing, it had to be from the hormones because I hadn't cried since I was a kid. "I don't want a girl's body! Wait until my mother finds out."

"Your mother was fully counselled in these matters before she agreed to them," he said. "You could make her happier than she's ever been if you tell her you know and that you're glad that it's happening. I remember when your mom was here that first day, and I can tell you, tresses tend to develop the way their mothers did. Unless your mother was wearing a padded bra, I'd say you're going to be some shapely 'boy' when you graduate here. That is why it's important you learn all about being a girl."

I thought of a few of the senior tresses. Their girlish postures, gestures and walk appeared to be indelibly etched on their psyche, not to mention their voluptuous soft figures. Few if any of the senior tresses made presentable 'boys' anymore. In boy's clothes, they appeared out of place, like butterflies trying to be caterpillars. But why hadn't I been given a choice?

"I don't know if I want to be a woman. If I grow breasts, I can't go back." I sobbed, totally confused.

"Nonsense . . . if worse comes to worse, they could put you on male hormones to speed up the reverse process, and a simple operation could have your chest as masculine as ever. Believe me, the doctor was planning to explain all this in about six months, which is when some tresses begin to panic about the remarkable growth of their breasts. That's not all, by summer break almost all the new student's body shapes have changed so much that wearing a boy's swimsuits are out. By that time *all* have figured out something is wrong."

"They must go crazy at the news. I bet some run away."

"Hardly any," Mike said. "By summer you'll be used to wearing a bra and most likely, budding to fill it. When they 'spring' the news on you I hope you act surprised, or at least never tell them how you found out about this."

I was scared and didn't know what to do. It wasn't all bad. I thought about how good touching my nipples felt, and I imagined what it would be to be like Michael, standing before a full-length mirror as he placed a lacy, full-cupped bra over his jellylike mounds of soft flesh; leaning forward so that his breasts would hang down and fill the approaching cups; standing straight as the elastic of the brassiere lifted and supported the twin mounds; his nimble, practiced fingers reaching around his back to securely fasten the hooks. BUT this wasn't acting - this would mean I would have to live as a female, dress like a female and respond like a female.

"Oh, Michelle . . . I'm confused. I don't know what to do?" I sighed, irrational because my masculine fears were wrestling against my ever-strengthening female hormones and girlish feelings. I felt drowsy, almost in a dreamlike state . . . I couldn't resist. This couldn't be happening. I asked, "To have breasts like a girl, aren't you embarrassed?"

"At first, but now I'm used to them. To be honest, I like the way they jiggle when I walk." He looked down shyly and confessed, "I . . . I even asked the doctor if I could double up on my medication."

I looked at him in bewilderment, then said, "I can't believe you're telling me you like them demasculating you."

"That's what friends are for. Come on let's get ready for bed. Why don't you let me do your hair for you tonight, Cath?"

"Sure, I'd like that," I replied as I felt my feminine side taking over. I took my robe and some towels then went to the washrooms to take a shower and shampoo my hair. It had grown since I had been here and now fell slightly onto my chest in front.

When I returned to our room, Michelle (now completely 'Michelle' in a floor-length, peach-colored nightgown and matching peignoir, with his hair still in rollers) was preparing the rollers and pins he would use to do my hair. I couldn't help noticing Michael's jellylike mounds of fatty flesh resting comfortably in the soft nylon cups of his nightgown.

I sat back and relaxed for the next half hour, reflecting about the incredible conversation we had just had and about the way my future was shaping up.

Michelle was now truly the closest friend I had ever had, and we were 'girlfriends', because that was how we related to each other. I couldn't even imagine it any other way. I tried to clear my thoughts, to say to myself: 'Listen boy, you are sitting in front of a mirror in your

girl's nightgown having your long hair put up in rollers for the night by another boy who is also dressed in a feminine nightgown and wearing hair curlers!'

I ran my hands down the nylon gown and along my silky smooth legs. The hormone induced, smooth softness was caused by a thin layer of fat under the skin that was rounding out my features.

I felt different at that moment, just like a young girl. What had only a couple of months at Rosemount done to me??? What would four years do?!?! Would we have any hope of being normal boys again??? Was this tranquil feeling an effect of my lower male hormone levels??? Could female hormones make me start thinking like a female??? There were just too many questions.

The next morning, Michelle and I prepared for another day at the girl's school. He took down my hair and fashioned it into a beautiful sidesweep of curls parted over on one side and held on the other with a pretty white satin ribbon tied in a bow. It was Friday and I was supposed to meet mother to go shopping in some nearby towns tomorrow morning. I planned on shaking her up a little, to teach her a lesson for hiding the secret about female hormones. I discussed my plans with Michelle, and he laughed until he cried making his mascara run down his face. He only warned me to know when to back off and not be too harsh with her.

Over lunch I considered telling Angie about Michelle's revelations to me about the hormones, but I held off. What if they put tors, like Angie on male hormones?! I had better talk to Michelle some more before I open my big mouth. I did mention that I was going into town to look for an appropriate dress for the dance. That got her going about styles and what would look great on me. I realized that the girlish love of dressing up was still in her, and having to dress in comparatively boring boy's clothing, without makeup or long hair was a little depressing for her.

That evening, Michelle again insisted on setting my hair for me. Then, he made me sit still while he gave me a pedicure that included two coats of pink polish and a clear top coat. Michelle was excited about the little trick I planned to play on my mother. He insisted on being in charge of my 'look' for tomorrow's shopping trip. So wearing the now almost routine curlers and hair net, I settled into bed planning my first foray outside Rosemount as a 'girl'. I figured it as my toughest acting test to date.

Chapter 11, Preparing to meet Mom.

Michelle woke me early, before eight, insisting that 'we' had to start getting ready. I was bundled into my robe, a plastic shower cap was carefully pulled over my curler-covered head, then I was marched off to take a shower. I was given specific instructions to make sure that my legs

and underarms were shaved clean. Having completed the shaving and shower, I brushed my teeth then returned to my room. I found Michelle finishing laying out my clothes for the day. I couldn't believe what he had chosen from amongst his and my wardrobes.

"I'm lending you some of my stuff, because I think it will be just the ticket to go along with your plans." He giggled. "But first things first," he said as he held out what looked to me like a tiny, tiny, flesh-colored bikini bottom. "It's time you started a little 'dude-ette' training; this is called a gaff. You haven't been introduced to it yet, but in second year 'boy actress' training we have to wear them. It holds and flattens your boy parts in so that you can even wear a skimpy bathing suit, you still look *female*. Here take off your robe."

I dropped my robe on the bed, and stood somewhat embarrassed and naked in front of Michelle. But he was definitely playing the role of my best friend, and without another thought, he helped me step into the innocent looking little garment as he pulled it up over my legs.

I looked at him perplexedly, wondering why this was necessary.

"Ok, Cath', now stand with your legs apart more . . . that's it. There are several brands of these garments, this one's called First Debili™; it's designed for maximum restraint training for boys first experiencing 'emasculated' masquerades."

As I complied, Michelle unabashedly told me how to gently maneuver and arranged my maleness back and up between my legs. He then deftly fine tuned several satin straps controlling the garment's elastic power that firmly, if not a little painfully, secured all signs of maleness completely out of view between my legs.

"Now look in the mirror." He pointed to the full-length one we were standing near. I couldn't believe it . . . there was now no bulge at all, just a smooth mound with a border of fine hair showing. I really could slip on a bikini bathing suit without giving my true sex away to any onlooker!

"Amazing . . . But it hurts," I complained.

"After a few hours you won't feel it. Trust me, you quickly feel vulnerable without it. Some of the seniors have said that after a few years of discipline, everything gets delicately tiny, then you don't have to wear such control to be 'smooth'. I've worn one from morning to night every day since last summer when I was at the beach."

"You mean you wore a girl's bathing suit at the beach?" I asked incredibly.

"I did . . . and I was told by more than one 'bikini expert' that I looked great. Besides, a boy's suit wouldn't fit right with my 'new' shape." He ran his hands down his rounded buttocks adding, "These look much better being displayed as a 'young lady's'."

"Gee, you have guts, Michelle," I said shaking my head.

Mike went to a drawer and pulled out a photo album saying, "My mother has helped a lot. I'll show you my vacation photos." The pictures were of Michelle and his family at the beach. There was a family resemblance, especially with his mother. There were several pictures of them in matching outfits and hairdos, looking like they were on their way to a mother-daughter pageant.

Mike pointed to one picture saying, "See what it did for me." The picture was of him and his brother. Mike was wearing a sport outfit with short, tight shorts that zipped up the side and a tank top that clung to his protruding bosom. Mike turned the page and showed me a picture of him in a bikini, his hands on his hips and the wind lifting his long hair. It was an ultra-girlish bikini in pink and blue hibiscus print. The bottom, which wasn't as skimpy as some bikinis but still rather brief, fit smoothly and flatly, clinging to his hips just like any girl. The demi-bra top lifted his breasts provocatively.

He giggled and blushed, "I was so nervous going out with so little on. I guess I was curve-conscious, wondering if I had rounded enough to wear so *little*. My mother who was wearing a matching bikini was watching me do and re-do my makeup. She came over to my mirror and bolstered, 'I have the prettiest daughter now . . . you have developed so nicely!' The cups on my suit had push up pads that made my new development look twice as big, it made me blush. I felt so silly being dressed precisely like my mother."

I commented, "I would have been scared!"

"I was," he said, "I knew that my figure in this suit was going to be provocative to the boys. I felt a knot in my stomach. I said to my mother, I can't do this!"

She smiled and said, "A good actor can play any part. If you can't do this, you might as well give up acting."

I wanted to stop acting like a girl and go out as a boy but my mother pointed out my soft swollen breasts, long curled hair, smooth shaven legs and plucked eyebrows. "Besides," she said, "if you start dressing as a boy, you'll never get through your 'actress' training."

As mother and I stepped out on the beach, I took a deep breath and kept saying to myself, 'I am a girl.' To my embarrassment there were three athletic, handsome young men we had to walk by. I took a deep breath and strutted by, wondering if everything was in the right place. My long curled hair spilled over my bare shoulders in a luxuriant provocative abundance. I wished I were wearing a dress or something. One boy whistled then commented, 'Ma'am, your daughter *sure* has nice legs!' I had to admit, they were right."

"Didn't you have any problems with the boys?" I asked.

"It was strange at first," he said thoughtfully. "My mother and I developed a new relationship. We became very close. My father was

older and always working. My mother had married him young and was still in her early forties but appeared far younger. Look!"

He showed me a picture of them at the beach. Yes, his mother was beautiful, a former model who looked like she was still in her twenties. That day they had matching pale pink bikinis that tied in little knots around their hips.

Michael continued, "My mother always chose the most crowded spot on the beach. I had never seen my mother as 'sexy', but I guess she was because there was always tanned muscular men around us. One day when I came to meet her at the beach, she was talking to two guys. She introduced me as her cousin, not her daughter? I soon found out that she had a crush on one of the guys and was soon in the water splashing around with him. She yelled to me, 'Come on.' and soon I too was in the cool water. Later after they left I looked at mother. She smiled and said remorsefully, "I love your father, but he's always so busy. I'm not dead, you know." She told me things about her life I didn't know. We became very close."

"Wow."

"Mother taught me that summer a little about 'womanly wiles'. She said every woman is born with instincts, but I would have to learn mine from her. On the beach she taught me 'flirting'."

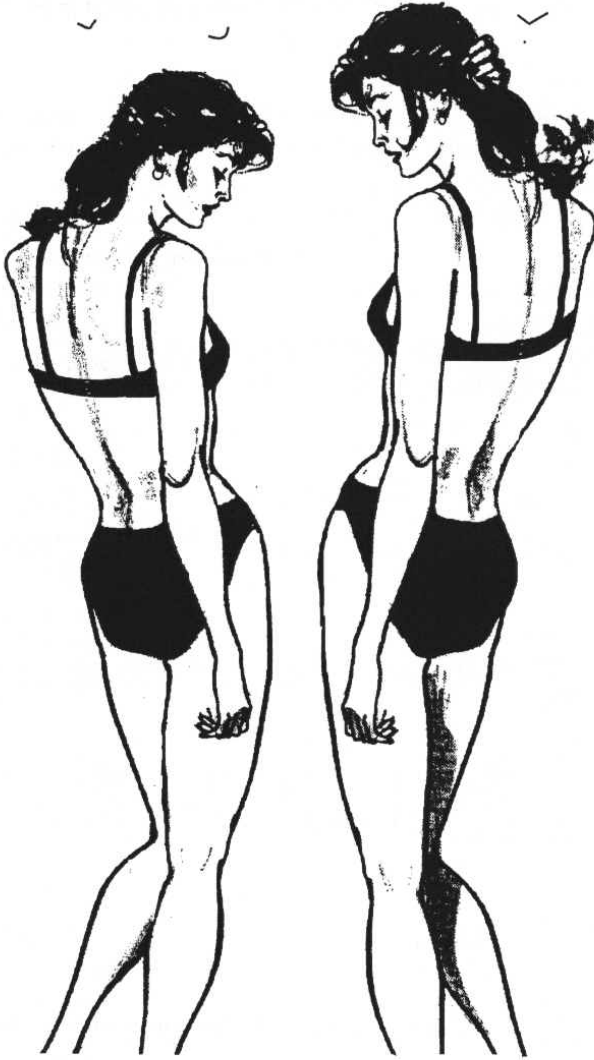
She'd say, 'Smile back with a sultry promise in your eyes, when the boys smile at you.' or 'Let your breasts bounce a little as you walk.' Evenings in a luscious, liquid satin peignoir set trimmed in lace with side slits she'd critique my Garbo imitation. I learned a lot that summer."

I couldn't believe it.

"Never mind me," he said slamming the album, "Now, let's work at getting *you* ready."

The first item of apparel was a pair of very brief, high-cut bikini panties. They were very sheer and lacy with satin panels, all in a beautiful shade of pink. Next came a matching pink waist-cinch with eight, long, pink garter straps dangling from the bottom. Michelle wrapped the garment around my waist and stepped behind me to close the row of hooks and eyes in back. Reaching back to the bed, he next produced a pair of sheer, light pink nylon stockings with intricate lace designs running from the sandal-heel to the toe, which would let my pink-polished nails shine through, to the top of the thigh where the garter straps attach. As I sat on the bed Michelle carefully unrolled each stocking onto my outstretched leg.

Making me stand again, he then took each suspender strap, passed it through my panties and pulled them tight as he clipped the end onto the stockings. The matching pink nylon and lace brassiere was held out for me to put my arms through the straps. Stepping around behind



*Mike and his mother at the beach.
He told me, "My mother thinks by next summer,
I'll be the same size as her. A 34 'B'!"*

me, I felt Michelle fasten the hooks in back. He then opened a box that contained two silicone-filled 'breast' pads. They were complete with nipple shaped contours that simulated what a young woman would have. Michelle slipped and adjusted them inside the cups of my bra.

"I wore these before my own grew in to fill the cups. These feel like the real thing, both to the wearer, and to anyone who may accidently touch you there," he explained. I had to agree, they did bounce as if they were a part of me. My image in the mirror was shocking. From the neck down,

I was now a very sexy young woman! Not finished yet, Michelle produced a beautiful, lace covered full slip.

"The clothes I'm lending you were what my mother bought me for my first dance. I hope you enjoy them as much as I did."

"Oh, they're gorgeous. I couldn't have imagined I would ever be wearing something this feminine . . .and loving it." I gasped.

"Wait till I'm done with you, maybe your mother won't even recognize you!"

The slip slithered down over my silky undies, until the delicate shoulder straps rested on my shoulders and the lavishly lace hem brushed the tops of my stockinged knees. "That's all for now. Come and sit at my dressing table while I work on your nails and makeup."

I did as requested and watched as the expert fingers of my roommate surveyed my face and made decisions about the cosmetics that he would use. A light foundation was spread over my face and worked in with a makeup sponge. This was covered with a light dusting of face powder. The effect was to give me an absolutely peaches'n cream complexion.

Blusher, eyeliner, and eye shadow were carefully brushed on. Michelle then took an "extra thick lash" mascara and began to apply several coats onto my already naturally long eyelashes. The curved brush of the applicator repeatedly stroked my lashes making them grow longer and longer. Next, he pulled out a strange looking device that he said was an eyelash curler. Its little clamp was gently crimped over each eyelash. This made them curl very sexily upwards. I couldn't believe how long they looked now, almost as if they were artificial lashes!

Taking a fine lipstick brush, Michelle outlined my lips with a dusty rose lipstick. Once they were outlined he applied the same lipstick over the rest of the lips and had me blot carefully on a tissue. My face now beautifully resembled an older, more mature girl.

As I continued to watch, Michelle removed my hair net and began to delicately undo pins and remove the rollers from my hair. Each curl was released to bounce gently. Taking his hairbrush, he then slowly brushed through the curls.

Switching to a rattail comb, he gently began to backcomb the hair to give it incredible volume. The back hair he brushed upwards and deftly formed into a neat twist that was fastened with a series of bobby pins. Mists of hairspray floated down around my face as he set the final style. I looked back at the gorgeous young woman in the mirror with the full curls femininely tickling my ears and cheeks, while the back hair was elegantly pulled up into a French Twist.

Still not done, Michelle had me put my hands on the dresser while he gave me a manicure. He shaped my already long nails even more

femininely than I had dared to so far. This was followed by two coats of pink polish plus a clear top coat like I had received on my toenails the night before.

While Michelle busied himself in his clothes closet I sat waving and blowing on my nails to speed the drying process. When you use several coats of polish like that the drying is much slower, but the resulting color and gloss look oh so elegant.

Finally, they were dry enough for me to complete my dressing. Michelle had produced a beautiful, pale rose colored dress. It had a deep-v neckline, with billowy puffed sleeves reaching to just above the elbow. The bodice was tight and had a flaring drop-waisted miniskirt that matched the sleeve design.

Very carefully, with the long back zipper completely open, Michelle helped me lower it over my arms and body so as to not muss my coiffure. Tugging it into place snugly over my hips, he turned me around and told me to breathe in while he pulled the zipper up from near my buttocks to the back of my neck and finished by closing several hooks. A pair of very high heeled pink sandals with crisscrossing straps that closed around the ankle completed the outfit. I must admit, that I had never worn shoes that high before and I stood a little wobbly.

“Now, just jewelry to match and you’re all set for town!” Michelle exclaimed as he returned to his dressing table and began to rummage around in his jewelry box. Soon I was standing before the full-length mirror with pink, clip-on earrings, a gold chain with heart-shaped pendant around my neck, and several pink and red plastic bracelets.

“Oh, my . . .this is too much!” I gasped as I took in the complete image in the mirror. This was my ‘dream girl’!! I was absolutely beautiful, from my elaborately done up curls, to my sexy high-heel sandals and painted toes. My eyes were starting to fill with tears of joy and fear, but Michelle quickly intercepted that.

“Hey, Cathy! No tears, you’ll make your mascara run, and we don’t have time to repair it now.” he said as he promptly dabbed at my eyes with a clean tissue. “We just made it, it’s ten to ten and you’re mother should be here any time. Let’s go out to the front doors, Ok? Just let me get dressed.”

Chapter 12, Going to meet Mom.

I stood and examined the lovely image in the mirror, while Michelle quickly pulled on jeans, T-shirt and sneakers. Pulling his hair straight back into a simple pony-tail he was ready. I didn’t realize it, but by dressing so boyishly Michelle was purposely trying to enhance my femininity to all who would see us together. Putting my wallet, lipstick, and some remedial makeup into a matching pink clutch purse, Michelle handed it to me and opened our door to the hallway. It then struck me, what would the other

school boys think when they saw me dressed like this on a non-school day, when I didn't *have* to dress femininely. Until now most of my dressing had some school imposed reason . . .but this?! Would they think I was a sissy and *wanted* to act like a girl?

Nevertheless, it was too late to change my mind, and I'm sure that Michelle wouldn't hear of it anyway.

We ventured down the hallways toward the dorm area where some of the non-tress boys lived. Me with my swaying mincing walk due to the tightness of the skirt and the heels, we literally stopped conversations as we passed. There were several wolf whistles and excited whispers from groups of older boys.

One of the more confident guys stepped over and said, "Hello Mike, I don't believe I've met your friend." His stare all the while was focused right into my eyes. He must have felt that he was a real ladies' man.

"Steve, you have so. Don't you even recognize my roommate Ken?" Michelle answered with a satisfied grin. I could see the look of surprise in Steve's eyes.

"UH . . .sure, I was just kidding," he stammered.

Further on I saw a group of boys standing in the hall. Amongst them was the shy boy I had met at the doctor's office several weeks ago. The boys were obviously checking me out with great interest as we passed, and I thought of an idea. Turning straight to Paul and ignoring the other boys' stares I said in my best sultry whisper, "Hi, Paul, nice to see you again." I then continued on my way. After a short silence, I could hear a sudden burst of excitedly whispered questions

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by the boys to poor Paul who only at the last second, when our eyes met, recognized me as the girl from the doctor's office.

"What was that all about?" grinned Michelle.

"Oh, since I saw the reaction of the other boys when they were misled by my appearance, I thought I'd give that shy boy I met back at Dr. Green's office a little ego boost. He thinks I'm a real girl from the girl's school."

"Well, I'd say it worked very adequately. But you better be careful, because he may develop a crush on you and be devastated when he realizes you are a boy."

"I guess you're right. I'll explain the truth the next time I meet him."

We had reached the main doors and I saw my mother waiting in her car just a few dozen feet away. "There she is," I whispered to Michelle.

"Ok, Cathy. Have fun. And I want to hear all about it!" he replied with a mischievous smile. "Oh, and have fun shopping for a dress. I'm dying to see what you find."

I did my best hip-swaying walk as I approached the passenger door of the car. I could see my mother's face through the windshield. There was definitely a look of non-recognition as the 'femme fatale' vision approached. I leaned into the open passenger window and sweetly said, "Hi, mumsy! Am I on time?"

"UH . . . is that you Kenny," she managed to squeak out in embarrassed amazement.

"Of course, don't you recognize your own *little girl*?"

"I . . . I . . . can't believe it? They . . . I mean I never expected such dramatic changes in only two months."

"What change?" I said straight-faced as I peered into the rear-view mirror to reapply a coat of lipstick. "Oh, the hair you mean . . . you like it up like this?"

"I mean . . . all of you. I knew their methodology was unique, but I had no idea you would be able to play a 'foreign' role so well and so quickly. They are going to make a wonderful actor out of you. I can't believe you are a boy."

"Oh, mummy . . . don't bring that up that 'boy' stuff. That's all old history now. That's a minor biological mistake that has been all taken care of. You know . . . with the hormones and all." I subtly pushed my breasts out and ran a finger over one curve.

"You . . . you mean . . . those are real?!" she gasped, "but they said there would be only a hint of a *change* over the first year . . . that there would be plenty of time to reconsider . . ."

"Reconsider??? Why would I ever do that? I'm sure Paul would be most disappointed."

"Who . . . Who's . . . Paul?"

"Oh, I forgot to mention, he's my steady boyfriend." I was having a hard time keeping from laughing at this point, but I felt that, given all the secrecy and surprises my mother had sprung on me, I was going to let her see how it feels, even if for only a short while.

"A boyfriend . . . you mean . . . a classmate, right . . . a friend, who happens to be a boy, right?"

"No, mother. I mean my BOYFRIEND . . . as in true love and romance . . . strong shoulders to lean on . . . soft lips to kiss."

"Oh, my God! Maybe they have taken this role infusion too far," she muttered, on the verge of tears.

"Come on Mom, let's go. I'm dying to see the shops in town. Have to find something sexy to wear so I can compete with all the other girls."

Chapter 13, Off to the shops.

Mother drove as if in a trance but staring at me at every chance. When we reached the nearby town and arrived at the shopping mall, we parked and headed for the entrance. I continued to play the 'sex queen' role as we walked, causing more than a few appreciative car horns to honk and wolf whistles from the local young men hanging around. I guess it was because I was so totally into playing this little trick on my mother that I actually enjoyed the attention. Had this been a few days ago, I would have bolted in complete panic. Mother followed along, stunned by the overwhelming transformation in her child.

We entered a fashionable women's dress shop. Mother seemed to have regained her composure and directed me toward the section of the store that had the evening and cocktail dresses. Now I began to feel a little nervous. I had never been in a dress shop before, as a girl, that is. It started to sink in that I, a boy, was now fully dressed, from the skin out, as a young woman. I was about to undergo an experience that is something only a female experiences. I was going to try on and select a fancy party dress to wear to a dance!

My mother seemed to be trying to rationalize how, somehow, all this was going to be good for me in the future. She muttered, "It's just training . . . the school must know what it's doing?"



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Soon we had picked out two possible candidates. One, a red taffeta cocktail dress with a full skirt and red, net petticoats to hold it out. The other was a full-length, side-slit evening gown in cream silk. Mother entered the spacious changing room with me and pulled the curtain closed.

"Here, I'll help you unzip," she said as I turned around. "Oh, what beautiful underwear! Where did you get those? I didn't pack them."

"I just borrowed some from the other girls." I responded. As I pulled my dress up over my arms, it pulled my slip up as well, exposing my very smooth and flat-fronted panties.

"Kenny! What happened to your . . ." mother excitedly whispered?

"Shhhh, mother - not Kenny, its Cathy! And nothing happened to 'them' . . .they're camouflaged with a special device."

"Very convincing . . ." she murmured while gently touching the front to see if I were lying or not. She then continued upward and felt my bra. I could see a flash of relief when she noticed that the fullness was the result of silicone inserts, not breast tissue.

She took a deep breath and said softly to herself, "Yes, this is all just good parody from superior training."

Our conversation switched to dresses and soon I had decided on the red cocktail number. It looked great! Very young and . . .dare I say . . .sexy. I almost shivered with that thought . . .why did I want to look sexy (as a girl) at this dance. Who was I trying to attract? To top it off, mother insisted we go into a lingerie specialty shop where she purchased a complete set of matching underwear as sexy and feminine as I was wearing to go with the dress. She showed the saleslady the dress we had bought, and the lady immediately knew 'just what she needs to go underneath'.

I was starting to get tired of keeping up my femme fatale act and as I got tired, the continuing wolf whistles from attracted young males was disconcerting. When we finally got back to the car, I collapsed into the passenger seat and let out a deep sigh.

"What's the matter, Cathy? Is something wrong?" mother asked.

"What do you think?" I replied casting a significant glance down my feminized appearance.

"I don't understand . . .you sounded so excited and, well, happy to be like you are this morning. I must admit, I am very concerned about you dating a boy. I never thought the school would go that far but they are the acting *educators*."

Chapter 14, Mother's story and preparations for the dance.

"What DID you think, mother? You send me off to a school with several suitcases of beautiful girls clothes to wear, not to mention the makeup, curlers, and accessories. You secretly authorized the school to

give me female hormones to make my breasts grow. What did you think you were going to get . . . a son whom at the drop of a hat can change into your lovely 'daughter', then back again when a 'son' is needed?" My outburst surprised even me!

"I . . . I . . . I don't know what I thought," mother began, obviously on the verge of tears, "First, the thought of my son going to such a great acting school seemed so important . . . then when I saw you dressed like a girl for the first time, I saw in you, my 'girl', the one I lost." Tears were now streaming down her face. I was feeling a little bit guilty for speaking so harshly.

"What 'girl' that you *lost*?" I asked with a puzzled tone.

What came next, made me feel like a heel. Mother told me about a pregnancy that she lost in the sixth month, when I was just two years old. It would have been my young sister. The doctors recommended that my mother not become pregnant again due to the risks her condition entailed for her and any baby. Losing a pregnancy at that late a date was an emotional catastrophe for mother. When my father passed away she still wasn't over it. My emergence as an "actress" made her feel like she had regained her daughter. She was most apologetic at having been so selfish. I couldn't help it, but I confessed that I enjoyed some of these new experiences and had she told me all this sooner, I would have understood and not felt such anger at being tricked into it.

It, all ended with mother and 'daughter' crying in each others arms. Passers-by must have wondered what all the tears were about.

Before mother left to return home, she met with the school administrators. Afterward, she came to me and said, "I understand what they are trying to do now. Many great actors learn to change their bodies for 'great roles'. Most roles just require losing or gaining weight but you must learn 'to perfect.' Students take on completely unfamiliar roles and learn to become comfortable as that personality. When you 'become' Cathy, you will comprehend what acting is all about."

We knew that we had reached a new understanding and I made a promise that I would do everything possible to make mom proud of my acting and studies. If it gave her pleasure to see me as her 'daughter' while I was learning, that was okay!

Saturday, the day of the dance, the tress wing of the dorm was a beehive of activity. Thank goodness Michelle had the foresight to book us beauty salon appointments as soon as the dance date was announced. The school's beauty salon brought in extra staff from the nearby town so that all available hairdressing stations were in use. They were scheduling appointments for as early as 7:00 AM to accommodate all the tress boys needing that 'special hairdo'.

I'd really dieted the week prior to "dance day", so that I would look great in that form-hugging red dress. In the morning, Michelle and I both showered and meticulously shaved our legs and underarms. This was followed by rubbing in a scented skin lotion that left our legs looking silky smooth. We took turns cleaning-up each other's eyebrows so that they would be thin, graceful curves. We giggled, because we jokingly kept using our boy names and voices while performing these extremely feminine grooming tasks. After another hour of debate over the kinds of hairdos we were going to ask for, it was time to get ready for our hairdresser's appointments. Because we were going to change all our clothes from the skin out for the dance, we dressed casually in simple wool skirts and everyday blouses, our hair in simple ponytails tied with pink ribbons.

The salon was a madhouse. There were women, girls and tresses all over the place in various stages of hairdressing. Michelle and I were worked on by two hairdressers at adjoining workstations. I watched in the mirror as the operators swiftly set our shampooed hair in large, colorful rollers. It was nice to have someone else work on your hair. That's why Michelle and I enjoyed doing each other's every night before bedtime. Sleeping on rollers was one of those minor pains that we put up with to look beautiful.

Once my head was completely covered in neatly-wound curlers, a large pink triangular hairnet was carefully lowered over it and tied securely in back. Michelle and I were both placed under hairdryers at the same time and given some fashion magazines to read. Because of the number of customers, our operators didn't get back to us for almost 40 minutes. I thought I was going to cook! However, I knew that my long, thick hair was slow to dry and I probably needed the extra time anyway. One of the beauticians came over and replucked my eyebrows giving them more of an arch, then showed me how to highlight them with an eyebrow pencil. The beautician made me an appointment with the electrologist to have them permanently arched.

While sitting there waiting, I watched as Carrie (aka Calvin Mitchell), a third year tress, had his gorgeous reddish-blond hair combed out. It was nearly mid-back length, and now fell in luscious curls and waves. His eyes were bright with happiness as he watched himself in the mirror, being transformed into a real "vixen". He sat comfortably in a salon cape, the thin nylon material 'tented' out by his full distended bosom. As I stared, I remembered how I used to stare at girl's busts. I had to admit, I felt a pang of jealousy that he was going to look so good! I even worried that he may decide to wear a red dress to go with that beautiful hair of his . . . then I'd really be angry. I wanted to be the "Red Lady" tonight!

Michelle saw my stare at Carrie; because of the noise from the hairdryers over our heads, he just mouthed the words, "don't worry . . . he's not so hot . . . the little tart!". We both laughed.

I was thrilled with the hairdo I received! The rollers were removed carefully, leaving my head covered in tight ringlet curls. Then the hairdresser combed through them gently, just enough to separate the ringlets. Then taking a comb, she began to tease the roots and then drew section after section up onto the top of my head. The ringlets spilled down over my ears and just touching my shoulders. I handed the operator the red silk ribbon I had brought with me. She proceeded to carefully tie it around my mass of curls, leaving the ends of a bow to dangle seductively at the back of my neck.

Meanwhile, Michael's hairdresser backcombed his hair and pinned it on the very top of the head into a classic Gibson Girl. Curled tendrils, twisted delicately all around the bottom of the style to tickle Michelle's neck.

"You're a knockout!" I said to Michelle as he and I walked back to our dorm.

"You're no shrinking violet yourself," he replied giving me a pat on the bottom. "I've seen that dress you bought, you'll have to call the fire department to cool off the boys tonight."

I blushed. The thought of 'real boys' looking at me gave me a mysterious chill. It wasn't that 'humiliated feeling' like at first, no it was different. More like excitement, a fluttering feeling prevailed when ever I thought of men reacting to me as a female. I wanted to be beautiful. That required me to think and glamorize myself like any female.

Though the dance wasn't until 7:00 o'clock we started to get ready around four. Manicures with a clear bottom coat, two coats of color, and two clear top coats were applied to both fingers and toes. Make-up was a "team exercise", with lots of arguments about what looked "right" - pink eyeshadow, eyeliner, false eyelashes, lush mascara, foundation, blush, and lipstick. With the glamorous hairstyle, I looked radiant!

At six o'clock, I stood in front of the mirror naked. It was such a strange sight! A look of femininity above the waist with budding breasts, sexy make-up and hairdo, and below the waist with shapely, silky smooth legs, but in the middle . . .that unmistakable maleness. It looked smaller and it's sight shook me. It brought me back to reality with a high voltage jolt!

"Darn! What am I doing?" I swore under my breath. Michelle heard.

"Now what?" he asked, standing in a similarly naked condition. I couldn't help but notice that his maleness was very petite, in fact so insignificant as could only be called symbolic. Were the hormones going to do that to mine also?

Would I surpass him in breast size? I recalled how I thought that Michelle was such a feminine creature when I first arrived at Rosemount . . .and now was I equally feminine?! I was experiencing a ‘masculinity’ attack. Michelle read it right away.

“Easy, Ken,” his use of my boy name indicated his understanding of what was happening, “Get on some panties or better yet try one of these. We haven’t got time for a crying jag.”

He threw me a silky new red garment with the tags on it. See page 55. It looked innocent enough, but then I read the back. It said:

‘THE MINIMIZER™ panty, made for the feminized boy with adjustable strap waist with stretch release, bottom uplift. Lace embellished control system to trim 1" to 2" off a feminized boy’s waist. Advanced contour model with powernet eliminator: **WARNING! Should be worn only by boys experienced with firm “male” control garments.’**

Following the instructions, I thought, “Where does he get these wonderful toys?”

Mike showed me how to put it on by wearing one himself. Getting it on took some doing . . .Mike was right, the ‘masculinity’ attack passed quickly as the mirror reflected a sexy young woman with my face. I was almost breathless from the way the garment completely feminized my erogenous area creating a smooth feminine “V”.

Michael strutted over to the mirror and examined his curved image. He glowed with feminine self-confidence knowing he had reached a new pinnacle in “girlhood”. He warned me, “I love the feminine look, but some of the seniors warned me not to wear ‘THE MINIMIZER™’ more than 5-6 hours even though it becomes thoroughly comfortable.”

My red control panties with lace panels, were complemented with a matching red garter belt for my narrow waist, a lavishly lacy, front-closing, push-up bra, and a mini-length silk slip. The garter belt kept my black, patterned, back-seamed stockings up tightly over my legs. I even added a pair of black silk garters around my thighs . . .strictly for their sexiness appeal should my minidress flip up to reveal the tops of my stockings. Next came two sets of short, red net petticoats . . .my first petticoats! The top of the red cocktail dress fit like a second skin in spite of my dieting.

“I don’t know why you bother wearing a dress, you hussy!” Michelle teased, “I can see the outlines of your belly button in that dress.”

“Cool it, Queen Victoria,” I replied in turn, in relation to the skin tight parody of a Victorian gown Michelle was wearing. It too was very short skirted. His Gibson Girl hairdo perfectly complemented the slinky, quasi-antique style it pretended to represent. Michelle’s exotic makeup even made my heart flutter . . .he looked stunning!

I felt different tonight . . .I think I looked beautiful. Deep inside I hoped that the boys would admire me. My mirror showed a stunningly

attractive female. I felt delicately submissive, most vulnerably exposed. My slim shapely legs, frilly dress, my thick curled hair and the impression of a valley between my breasts just like a girl. It gave me a thrill to feel my trim curves, from my chest to my hips. I pulled my shoulders back flaunting my good 'points'.

Michelle came over to me swinging his hips obviously. He put his arm around my tiny waist and studied the mirror. He said almost sadly, "Do you feel like a boy at all?"

I shook my head.

"Me a boy??? Hardly." He shook his long hair and added, "I guess that's good because we are going to have a lot of eager boys after us."

Chapter 15, The dance and beyond.

The dance was a big success! Michelle and I made a definite "hit" in our dramatic makeup, coiffures and dresses. I found myself mostly in one or another upper-classmates arms, swirling about the floor. Angie and I danced at least half the night away. She looked very dashing in her black tuxedo and short hair. I loved being in her arms. But, what worried me was that I also loved being in other 'guys' arms! It was something about the clothes and upswept curls I wore that night that made me forget that I was Ken. I was supposed to chase girls, not make eyes with senior boys!

One real shock came at just before midnight. I was walking past one of the windows and happened to look out into the dark, supposedly deserted patio. Of course, there were several couples who had slipped out for a little moonlight necking. What caught my attention, was a distinctive Gibson Girl hairdo, silhouetted in the light. There was Michelle, deep in the embrace of senior Steve Tyler, their lips glued together and Michelle's arms obviously urging them even closer together! My 'dream girl' was crossing the line that I thought was uncrossable!

I survived the night and let Angie walk me back to my dorm. We exchanged a very "warm" good night kiss, but it was me who was 'manhandled' by the surprisingly strong Angie. I feeling of passive submission overwhelmed me.

Inside I undressed down to my lingerie. I loved the way I looked in 'THE MINIMIZER™'. It was thoroughly comfortable, giving a smooth feminine appearance to my lower body that completed the 'total girl' picture. Having worn it for more than 6 hours, I wondered why I couldn't wear something like this all the time? I left it on.

I was already in my nightie when Michelle came in. He looked obviously uncomfortable and removed his clothes and makeup very

roughly . . . almost as a boy who had been forced to 'dress up' would. I cautiously asked, "Is there something you want to talk about Michelle?"

"What do you mean?! Do you have some problem?!" he angrily snapped at me.

"Well . . . excuse me. No . . . good night." I replied and switched off my night table lamp, making a fast retreat. Never in our relationship had Michelle spoken to me with such an angry tone of voice. He continued to quickly clean off makeup and undress. He turned off all the lights quickly. I heard his bed squeak as he sat on it. All was silent for a few seconds, then I heard unmistakable racking sobs from across the room.

"Please talk to me . . . it's your friend, Cath'." I whispered. There was no response for many seconds. Then to my shocked surprise, my blanket was lifted and I felt a naked Michelle slide into my bed beside me (well he was wearing his panties). Even as I was about to react in angry indignation, he broke down into uncontrollable sobs, his arms going around my neck. "Oh, Cath . . . I'm so ashamed. I acted like such an idiot tonight! Do you know what I did?"

"No . . . what?" I lied.

"Steve wanted to practice a play he's working on. He wanted me to play the female lead. The next thing I knew, He was kissing me. He made me feel so weird inside . . . he got excited . . . I . . . I . . .," he broke into sobs.

"What!? What did you do?"

"I . . . I can't believe it . . . I feel so strange! Steve knows about me and he kissed me . . . ON THE LIPS! I'm so ashamed, I didn't try to stop him; I *may* have even kissed back."

I tried to make light of his confession, "It's no big deal."

But he had more. "Steve told me that he's helped lots of the Tresses to rehearse at being a 'girl lead'. He said, 'What's the use of developing breasts and hips if you don't know what to do during the romantic parts. I'm scared, maybe he's right? Yet, I feel dirty!'"

I thought about this revelation . . . I was shocked, but I felt like it was a younger sister I was consoling. I found myself stroking Michelle's head, inhaling the flowery traces of perfume clinging to his neck. "It's okay . . . we're not really boy actors anymore, we are more like girls . . . (that's how we looked, acted and felt) . . . you are feeling what we all will, sooner or later. The school must want us to 'react' like girls inside too."

I felt I was lying, but I wanted to calm down my distraught friend. Soon he was more relaxed.

He said, "Lately, I've been so afraid of the boys. I don't know if it's the way they look at me or what. Steve for one scared me to death, yet tonight I wasn't that afraid. I'm sure he wouldn't want to hurt me or anything?"

I knew the feeling. I knew why the boys stared at us and what they naturally desired to do. As girls we were expected to "like" their attention. I asked, "How did you feel with Steve?"

Michelle thought and then said, "Steve told me that a good actor can play any part. He just has to let himself go and experience the role. He offered to help me perfect my female 'lead' reactions. Maybe I should let Steve assist me? How else can I learn to respond properly?"

I didn't say anything wondering what Steve had in mind. In a few minutes, I found myself cradling in my arms my sleeping roommate. I took a long time to fall asleep as I felt his breasts against my skin. My own physique was not responding to the situation in a way that I hoped, I felt like Mike and I were the same sex, both girls.

Oh, how will I cope with these changes?!

The next morning, Michael was cheerfully back to his old self. He was shocked when he saw me still wearing 'THE MINIMIZER™'. He said, "I thought I warned you about wearing that for more than an evening?"

"Yeah but . . .," I started to say.

He shook his head. "I know it's comfortable but try taking it off now."

I did. As I released the straps and freed my maleness, I was suddenly in violent agony. Released from their bondage, they expanded quickly causing terrible pain. The pain brought tears to my eyes, "OWWWWW! THAT HURTS! What can I do?"

"Put it back on," Michael said.

Chapter 16, Catherine emerges.

A few weeks later, Michelle went away with Steve for a weekend "actor's retreat" only to return a very different person. He had a radiance and a new sauntering walk. I asked him what he learned. "I never knew what men were about . . . even though I was one. My perception has changed," he smiled shyly, adding, "Playing the girl's part with a man is electrifying, it's much more fulfilling than I ever conceived."

Over the next few years, I slipped more and more into my soft Catherine character. My body was starting to play all kinds of havoc with my personal appearance. My bosom was now quite prominent, with large tender nipples and obvious conelike protrusions. My hips and waist also changed shape. Any girl's clothes, even pants, I now put on fit perfectly, that is with the narrow waist just right, and my widening hips filling the seat of the pants.

Each year I had a new roommate. They had an interesting rotation plan. The next year, I had a freshman boy roommate, it was my job to show him the “ropes”. My junior year was spent with a senior tress who taught *me* a lot. My senior year with another senior. That year we had FUN playfully showing off our great figures.

Chapter 17, Fashion training.

As a senior, I really devoted myself to my girlish classes. For example, in our Senior fashion and sewing class, I was working on a beautiful cocktail dress that the teacher said was too complicated for course. Nevertheless, I got it finished before the course evaluation deadline. My efforts paid off too. I received and A+!! As a bonus for such a mark, I was offered a chance to personally model my dress in the annual school fashion show. The show attracted some fashion press coverage, fundamentally because several very significant designers had made their start at Rosemount.

The dress had a low-back with a skirt that flared at the bottom into a full circle. A large sash cinched in my waist creating the illusion of a perfect hourglass figure. The front was satin that draped across my bustline giving me a voluptuous look. I wore the dress all evening, I loved the way it felt and moved.

Normally you would expect girls to get “catty” with another who won out over them. But I was provided all kinds of encouragement and support. It turns out that I was the first tress ever to win. Without thinking anything of it, I strutted my stuff at the show. Of course, I made sure the makeup and hairdressing teachers spent a lot of time making me “beautiful”.

Chapter 18, Catherine makes it.

The results of the fashion show evening were astounding, at least to me. The photos that the photographers were taking had been scrutinized by various fashion experts and they selected me as one of two ‘girls’ who had ‘just the right look’! I was absolutely shocked when, four weeks later as I was about to graduate, a most unusual offer was presented to me.

Ms. Cavell called me out of one of my classes one morning. I swished into her office on my high heels wearing a soft and fluffy lambswool sweater that fit tightly across my bosom. My hair was now half way down my back . . . styled in a thick braid.

Ms. Cavell had another woman in her office with her.

“Ah, Catherine . . . I would like you to meet Ms. Heather Dodge from New York City. She is a close friend of mine, and the executive director of a large modelling agency. Ms. Dodge has an offer for you.”

“Hello, Catherine,” Ms. Dodge spoke as she stood up and came to shake my hand.

“Pleased to meet you Ms. Dodge,” I sweetly responded.

"Catherine, I am very intrigued by your 'success' here. Ms. Cavell has told me all about you."

"Oh no," I thought to myself. I blushed, she knew I wasn't really a female!

She must have noticed my shocked expression, because she chuckled and continued, "My dear girl, or should I say boy, there's nothing to worry about. I know all about these things. I only regret that I didn't know Ms. Cavell here, when my own son was of school age. You see my son Jamie, works travelling around the world as a high-paid fashion model these days. And I don't mean as a male model. He also does a little bit of work for our American Foreign Service."

"I started to play around with his long hair when he was a teenager. One thing led to another, and by the end of high school he had been living as a girl for over a year. You may have seen him in various magazine ads for cosmetics, hair products, and the latest fashions," she added.

"What I am going to offer you should be of interest. I have already discussed it with your mother and she said that she thinks it's a great opportunity, but leaves the decision up to you. I would like you to come work for our modelling agency."

I couldn't believe my ears! "Wh . . . what kind of modelling?" I asked, though I guessed what was coming.

"Young women's fashions, of course," Ms. Dodge replied. "With your lovely figure, beautiful hair and feminine appearance, we couldn't use you to model boys' clothes, now could we?"

Chapter 19, Epilogue.

Naturally I accepted the job, particularly since it offered not only a lucrative salary but it sounded fun. Oh, I had plenty of other options. I had earned diplomas in fashion, cuisine arts, home-making, secretarial office management and child care. I had many job offers!

After graduating, my summer involved photo sessions in New York, Toronto, Miami, L.A. and other cities across North America. Ms. Dodge made arrangements in New York for me to continue receiving my hormone injections. She said, "We can't have you turning back into a boy now, can we?"

I made the cover of one of the minor women's fashion magazines! But best of all, a movie producer liked my face and asked me to do a screen test. Of course, my Rosemount training paid off! I got a bit part in one of those teen sex-comedies! Imagine being paid money just for *acting like a girl*.

The success of my bit part is Hollywood history! I'm a famous starlet now.

What have I done with all my success? I've personally provided 20 full scholarships at Rosemount for tresses in the past 5 years. It's now a major program. Since the football and basketball teams have developed little interest, the school administrators have talked of making the school "ALL TRESS." I enjoy sometimes "scouting" for new boys who would like a *career in acting* and I encourage them to attend Rosemount.

I owe my good fortune to my training at Rosemount. My agent just called and offered me a part . . . it's about a young girl who dresses like a boy to get into an all male school. It's going to be a 'stretch' but I think I can play a 'boy' but I'll probably need some "Hollywood magic." My maleness, both mentally and physically are mostly memories now offering little resistance to the continued injected flow of female hormones. What's so great about being a boy anyway?

I go to Rosemount for orientation services at the beginning of each year. Last year I arrived straight from a 'shoot'. I swished into my old dorm room just as I had seen "Michelle" do many years ago. I encountered a new freshman tress. The slim, curly-haired brunette boy took one look at me in my flowing curls, sleek dress, sheer nylons and towering heels and said, "YOU—YOU'RE [my famous stage name]! ARE you one of US?"

I nodded my head. His eyes rolled . . .and he fainted dead away.
I thought . . .welcome to Rosemount.

The end

P.S. I'll have to tell you about Michael's experience with his father and mother someday.

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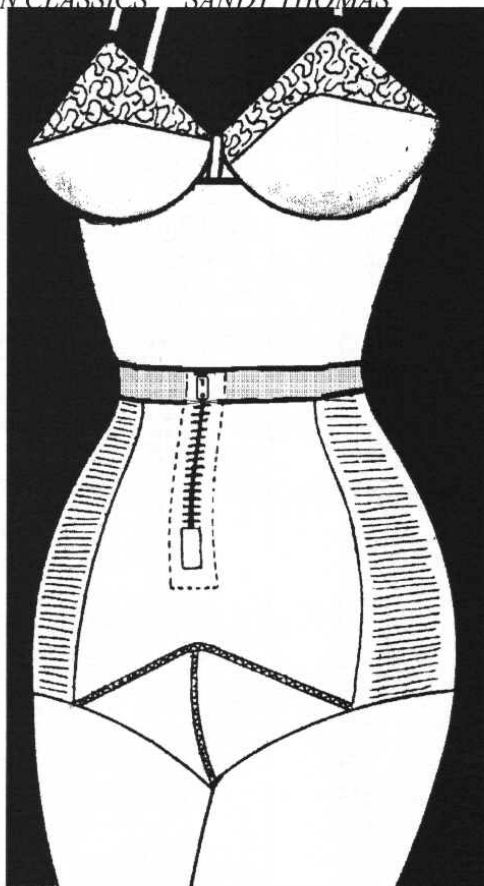
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A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed. Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis?

What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

WOMAN'S WORK #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

WOMAN-HOOD #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

FEMININE APPEAL #33

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

SLINK OR SWIM #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

COED CREATED #42

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet...can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

#1 NORM:

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt.

Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties.

There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

THE SARAH SCHOOL

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:

ONE, TWO, THREE

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3

"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE

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