

TV FICTION CLASSICS

ALWAYS A "BRIDESMAID"

Baily's mother has him fill in for
a sick bridesmaid. . .and more!



Volume 53

Published By
SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS -- 1

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 53

“ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID”

by C.V. and Sandy Thomas
Illustrations by GABI



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ISBN: 1-893708-51-9

QUOTE BOARD

"If one faces himself bravely, there is more happiness in looking back on victory than there is in looking back on escape."

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID

. . .

By C.V. and Sandy Thomas

My name is Todd and I am now in college. I sent this story to Sandy Thomas because I want to be a writer. Sandy says that one should start writing about their own life first but I'd never had anything interesting happen. . .until. . .

We live in a small town on the coast of California, about an hour drive from San Francisco. I could go on and on about how beautiful and breathtaking our coast is but this would turn into a travel guide.

There's only a couple thousand full time residents (mostly retired) and most of them work in our developing tourist business. The most noteworthy attraction other than the miles of rocky shore and secluded beaches is an old mansion on the coast. A local family bought it and they recently renovated it to it's original 30's splendor. They called it the CHEVALIER mansion. I could go on about the restoration but then this is not about "THIS OLD HOUSE".

What this is about is business. The tourist business, a small town and it's survival based on one house. The HOUSE OF BRIDES.

It's also about my best friend, Baily. His father fell over the cliff at the mansion when he was young and his mother was forced to go to work. She started the "HOUSE OF BRIDES"---which struggled until the renovation of the Chevalier mansion.

Suddenly, the town was booming. . .a San Fran-

cisco writer wrote about it in a guide book and said it was the "most beautiful place in the country to get married."

Rain or shine, it was magnificent! A couple could get married on the cliffs overlooking the Pacific or in the grand ballroom. Inside or outside, a wedding there was spectacular.

That's why so many newlyweds booked their wedding there and why the little (quaint) motels were booked for a year and more.

So this isn't about small town planning either. What is interesting for most people to read about is unusual happenings. . .some strange twist of fate.

I had better start at the beginning.

Baily and I grew up together on the town's cobbled streets, playing on the beach and teasing the seals. But again, this isn't a story about wild life.

It's about Baily. In grammar school he was a typical guy but always a bit smaller with a thin frame. Even when we started high school, he was only about as tall as my sister.

That's when Baily's troubles started.

Because of the rough time they had financially when his Mother first opened the bridal shop, HOUSE OF BRIDES, Baily had to work at the shop after school and on weekends. That really cut down on our "hanging out" but I dropped by almost every night after they closed and sometimes I helped him sweep and stuff to get him out of there early.

Baily was well liked by everyone in town and once the place began to "wake up" after the renovation, Baily's mother became one of the town's leaders. Referrals from other bridal shops all over the country made her shop the center of "new business. She was first to know when a wedding was planned and

what they needed. The caterers, the flower shop, the hair dressers, motels, musicians and more waited for her nod. They lived or died on her calls.

You'd think she would have hired a bunch of young women to work the shop but most of them headed for the big city after high school. The rest were undependable and unsophisticated. Most weddings at the Chevalier were big, expensive and had to be done just right. After being sued once for making the wrong size dress for a bride, Baily's mother did it all herself. She trusted no one. . .but Baily.

The other boys in town felt sorry for Baily. As my best friend, I would see him less and less as the wedding season began. We lived only a block away from each other and we were always running into each others houses. We always walked to school together and often did our homework at the same time. Baily had a crush on my sister Emily. She also liked Baily and they had been on a few dates. . .the few evenings that Baily was free from work.

Did I mention that my father and mother owned the flower shop and was one of the many businesses in the wedding mill?

The House of Brides was growing in size and inventory but his mother still did all the work.

She was very organized. Since most wedding parties didn't come to town until the day before the wedding, she had the luxury of setting the appointments to keep on schedule.

During our walks to school, Baily had told me that it was not easy to work with her and it was becoming worse as they got busier.

The first time I realized that something was very different was when Baily said he could not study one Monday because of a wedding that weekend.

"That's days away," I complained.

"We have to size everything," he said.

I wasn't really interested in their business. "Mother wants me to come to her shop right after school and we will be working late," he said.

"But what about that math test?"

"I want to study. . .but mother says that I have to do what she says."

I commiserated with him. His whole life was school and work. . .no relaxation or sports. He was looking thin and anemic. I felt sorry for him.

"You can't work all night! We have a test and you need to study!" I said sadly. "Can't I meet you later at the shop?"

"Please, don't come to the shop."

"Why not?" I asked, surprised at this strange request.

At first he did not want to tell me but then he said, "Will you promise not to make fun of me?"

"Of course," I replied. "Friends never make fun of each other except when it's a joke."

"Well. . ." he hesitated. "My Mother says that I have to be careful around the fine fabrics because they are expensive. I. . .I have to wear an apron whenever I'm working now around the wedding dresses. . .and that's almost all of the time now."

"So what," I said, assuming of course that it was some kind of masculine covering like we sometimes wore in shop at school.

"I've told her to get me some guy ones but she says I have to wear the ones in the shop," he said. "The one I have to wear is all white. . .and it looks like a girl's apron."

"What do you expect? It's a dress store." I tried to console him. "So what. . .it's just in the shop when no one is around, right?"

"SO WHAT, you say?" he sneered. "You aren't the

guy who has to wear it. And that's not all. . ."

He was embarrassed and almost in tears. He confided, "Look at my hands. . .I have to wear nail polish. I snagged a \$3,000 dress with my ragged nails."

"Oh no," I said looking at his clear, polished nails. "That's terrible. What do the guys in school say?"

"I kept my hands in my pockets all day. . .but I know someone will see them."

"Do you want me to come and talk to your mother?"

"It's all business to her. To her, giving me manicures and polishing my nails will 'save dresses'. Some of them are made of very delicate fabrics, you know?"

I slapped him on his shoulder, "I saw on TV that Mafia guys have their nails polished. I'll tell you what, I'll come and pick you up at the store at seven. We can get an hour of studying in. I need your help."

Baily tried to smile. "Thanks Todd. . .I really need the grades to get into college. . .somewhere. . .anywhere but here!"

As promised I went to the House of Brides to pick up Baily. I was a little early and barged in the back storage room door, as was my custom. Baily and his mother were in the showroom. I must say it looked neater and cleaner then ever before. After yelling "Hello" to them, I walked up front. I was really shocked.

Baily was busy putting away stacks of lingerie and couldn't hide his embarrassment.

My jaw must have dropped but I didn't say anything. Over his blue jeans and t-shirt he was wearing what looked like a white cotton dress. It was tied in the back with a bulky but neatly tied bow. It was a serving apron from the formal uniform rent-

als. It had a square neck covered with a panel of ruffled lace. The straps were lace and the apron was so full that it went all the way around him like a skirt. The gathered waistband was tied smoothly around his waist.

His face glowed as I tried to not say anything. As he moved, the ruffled flounce at the bottom made the skirt stand out.

His mother said, "Hi, Todd. We are almost finished. Have a seat or if you'd like, you can help."

I wasn't about to ruin some bride's lingerie so I just sat down.

I whispered to Baily, "Does she expect you to wear this thing when people are in the store?"

"No, not this one," he said, holding up a similarly cut garment but without all the ruffles. "She says it shows the customers that we are careful and neat."

"Neatness is next to. . ." I tried to encourage him.

"It's sissy," Baily complained, "Look at this," he said taking the apron's fancy hem in his hands, "It's too much like a skirt!"

It took some time for him to concentrate again on his work. Each set of lingerie, the bra, panties, nylons and other stuff that I couldn't figure out had to be boxed in each bridesmaid's size and marked for her. My thoughts drifted as I watched my friend Baily delicately handle each sheer, fine undergarment.

ARE YOU
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OR SCENES?

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The prissy white apron's bib part pouted out and was tied at his neck like a girl's sun-dress.

For the next few weeks, I got used to seeing Baily in his apron at work. When we did our homework together, I saw his clear, polished nails getting longer. A few guys said something to me at school and I told them about the mafia guys. . .

Others in town saw Baily in an apron at the store, although no one mentioned it after the first time. Baily himself appeared to be so used to wearing these aprons that he was no longer aware of how sissy they looked.

One time I caught him ironing some of the rentals. He blushed a little when he saw my stare, but continued ironing a large pile of lingerie.

Another warm Saturday, I caught him sweeping the floors. He must have worn short pants underneath because the apron wrapped around him and looked like a skirt. In fact, the prissy white apron closed up the back and had a closed skirt in the back where it zipped up. The bib part pouted out and was tied at his neck like a girl's sun-dress.

His mother, always one for appearances, made Baily stay clean with everything perfectly groomed.

As a matter of fact, his longish hair---I wore mine long too, was always neatly brushed, shiny and healthy. I had never noticed it before but from the back it looked like a girl's hairdo.

My long hair was lucky if it ever got combed, but his was overly neat looking. I asked him, "What are you doing to your hair?"

He blushed and confessed, "Mother makes me wash it every day and use a conditioner to give it body." His fingers went up and flipped at the long smooth locks. "It does tangle less when I blow it dry."

I wanted to say something but I didn't. There was more. His mother kept his nails immaculately

clean, filed and polished. His hands were on the slender side and seemed unusually soft and milky for a boy. His nails were almost pretty! I joked about his nails once and he told me that his Mother made him use hand-cream several times a day when he was working to keep them from getting rough.

His long hours at work were taking their toll. His interests were not the same. We no longer talked about football or sports. When I did, he seemed to drift away, uninterested.

One day, in early spring Baily came to school in a new outfit. He was wearing an off white denim overall. Some of the guys wore blue overalls but his was different.

“What’s with the new outfit?” I asked.

“Mother ordered a couple of them for me,” he said on the verge of tears. “I think they fit funny.”

I looked and noticed that it didn’t have a front opening fly but instead the zipper was on the side. It had a tight narrow waist and full cut legs. The high bib-neck had two brass buttons where the shoulders straps were fastened.

Under the overalls, Baily wore a red t-shirt with a V neckline. “The shirt new too?” I asked.

He nodded. It looked too small for him. It was very tight with short sleeves that barely made it over his shoulders.

He looked like he wanted to climb under a rock. I made sure that no one said anything to his face. To my surprise he started wearing similar outfits to school everyday.

My mother told me that she had seen Baily wearing the overalls in the shop and asked his Mother where she got them. Mother said, “Baily’s mother bought them mail order and she is carrying them in her store. I bought your sister two pair of them.”

When my sister Emily came out wearing one, I

realized that they were girl's overalls! It dawned on me then that I'd seen many girls wearing similar overalls.

No boy would ever wear a girl's outfit, even if it was in denim. But I guess Baily was stuck. It seemed incredible to me that with all the money his mother was making she'd have to dress him from the store's sample stock.

I dropped by the store one Saturday evening after they'd closed and I heard them arguing. His mother was mad about something. I saw Baily dressed in a white jump suit. . .only this time it was obviously for a girl. It had a tight waist, flaring legs and cute little short sleeves that stuck out. It had a front zipper that went from the waist to the open neckline. The pants had no pockets except at the breasts----where there were two big pleated ones that made the front protrude out like a girls breasts.

I wanted to laugh but this was not a laughing matter for Baily. He was totally humiliated and blushed under my scrutiny.

"I think it fits him nicely," his Mother flatly stated. "I think white is the only color to wear around here!"

The HOUSE OF BRIDES was decorated in a most feminine way----florals, satins, lace, etc. Add that to the endless accumulation of slips, bras, lacy panties, silk scarfs and garter belts----she was right. . .he did fit in! But that doesn't make it right!

"You mean he's always going to wear that around here?" I asked. "Isn't that for a girl?"

"It's just an outfit. . .a uniform for work," his Mother said arrogantly. "It's not too different from what he's wearing to school, only it's neater and shows off his trim waist. I'm going to wear one myself when I'm not doing fittings."

"Please, don't make me wear this to school," Baily begged.

"We'll see dear," his Mother said harshly. "I think you look very neat and properly dressed. Better than most of the boys at school!" She said, as she cast an eye towards my torn jeans.

The next day I stopped by to see Baily at work. He was wearing the white jump suit but with a white apron over it. He was busy with a customer. That's when I noticed that he had no hair on his arms.

To my surprise, the female customer complimented him on his appearance. "What a delightful uniform, dear. Tell your mother I love what she's done with her shop."

Later, when we were alone, I asked him about his bare arms. "Oh, my Gawd, you noticed," he grimaced. "Mother found some little hairs on some of the dresses and blew up. I told her I'd wear long sleeves but she made me spray some smelly cream on my arms and suddenly the hair was gone. Do you think anyone else will notice?"

He looked scared. "Just because I noticed doesn't mean others will," I said.

"I know why she insists that I look neat and clean but this is too much!" he said. "She's been making me wear aprons at home too. It's disgusting."

I did not reply. What could I say? I just put my arm around his shoulder and said, "You are my friend no matter what you wear." He smiled.

Nothing much happened for a while until one day I stopped by the shop. I noticed that Baily was walked funny---sort of stiff and more erect. I asked, "What's wrong with you. Did you hurt your back?"

He blushed and admitted, "I'm wearing a corset."

"What for?" I noticed how small his waist appeared and how he was standing.

Again Baily reddened. "We just finished fitting a dress," he said, unable to look me in the eye. "I have one for most sizes and mother does the rest."

"What?"

He walked over and opened the closet door. There hung rather formidable looking, full corsets that were each marked with different waist and bust sizes. Most had padding in the busts and some at the rear.

"Mother used to use fitting dummies but they weren't right and didn't breath or move around," he said shyly. "With these, mother does the fittings on me. I walk, sit and see if there's room to breath or eat. When we are busy, I'm in these all day."

"Can I see?" I asked.

First he said "no" but reluctantly unzipped the front of his jump suit. This wasn't like the women's fitting corsets in the closet. This one was silky looking and more like a satin swimsuit with lingerie trim. There was no padding at the bustline.

"That's not like the rest, is it?"

He shook his head. "It's called a trainer." Whatever it was, it pulled in his waist and made his bottom bulge out like a girls'. In the tight jump suit, his derriere was shaped like my sister Emily's when she wears tight pants.

"Please don't tell anybody," he pleaded.

"Of course not," I promised. "But your Mother has gone too far! She should have a girl do this."

"She says I'm better," he replied. "More of a neutral shape. She's working on reducing my waist size a couple inches. That's why I have to wear the 'trainer'."

"How long," I asked.

"Just until I lose the inches," he replied. "I've lost

one and have four more to go.”

“Five inches off your waist!” I moaned. “That’s impossible!”

“I guess not,” he said rubbing his sides. “Mother used to wear one of these when she was young and it kept her waist small.”

“But she’s a girl,” I said shaking my head.

“Doesn’t it hurt,” I asked.

“I’m getting used to it but the minute I do, she’ll reduce the size,” he replied. “It pushes all my excess waist fat down to my hips and up into these cups.”

“Five inches,” I stared, “it’ll be small like a . . .”

“A girls?” he finally blurted out. “The inch that’s off my waist. . .is now at my bottom. My old jeans are too tight in the back so all I have to wear is those overalls and these jump suits.”

There was something else different about his figure and it took me another minute to notice.

“That trainer,” I hesitated asking, “it’s not made for a guy. . .I mean. . .”

He knew what I was talking about. “Yeah. I keep telling mother that there’s no room. The front panel straps to the back and makes my front smooth,” he said, running his hand down his belly showing me how the jump suit’s pants fit smoother.

There was no male bulge to be seen. “How can you stand that!” I empathized. “She’s not making you wear that to school too?”

Baily looked down and he didn’t answer. I just said, “You better lose those inches quickly and get out of those things.”

During the hot spring days, near the end of the school year, Baily seemed to lose it. He appeared at school wearing a light blue denim overall, except that the trousers were cut off into cuffed shorts. They were very short and very tight. It looked

exactly like my sister's play suits.

His waist had lost several inches and they had settled around his hips. Everyone had seen him in some sort of effeminate outfit but this was so girlish that several girls gathered around him and wanted to know "where" he got it. Of course he sent them to his mother's store. I began to see some logic in her madness but doing this for a little new business to her son was crazy.

He no longer concealed the fact that he was wearing girl's clothes and the students became indifferent to his attire. I'd see some of the guys glance at the back zipper of Baily's overalls and his narrow waist but no one teased him. They all knew that the town survived on his mother's business. I guess some of them felt sorry for Baily.

A few days later I went by the HOUSE OF BRIDES after school. Baily was cleaning up wearing a short, shorts style jumper. There was an awful lot of bare leg showing. That's when I noticed that his legs also had no hair on them. They were smoothly shaven or something and from behind they looked just like a girls.

He wore his usual light weight tennis shoes and short white tennis socks.

I felt so sorry for my best friend. I tried to figure out some way to help him but I couldn't. We were drifting apart.

When I invited him over for dinner, he had more in common with my sister. They were dressed in near identical white shorts and oversized sweaters. Emily was showing off a little black dress she was making and Baily was very interested. He even offered to bring over some black lace for the bodice. She took him to her room to show him the accessories she planned to wear with the dress.

What boy would be interested in seeing a girl's high heels and stuff. I walked by her room and tried to listen. Emily was talking about her three strand "Jackie" pearls with the matching pearl earrings. Later I heard them chattering about lipstick colors. What could Baily know about that? I was getting jealous. He came over to see me not my sister!

My father was reading the newspaper and saw me steaming.

"I see you lost your best friend to your sister." he said.

"I lost him to something," I muttered.

He dropped the paper and said, "Sometimes you have to let water find it's own level."

I had no idea what that meant. Eventually Baily and my sister joined me again and we watched some TV. I wanted to watch a baseball game, they wanted to watch a movie, "Love Story."

As our summer vacation started so did the wedding season. Baily had to spend more and more time at his job. I didn't "drop" over nearly as much. He and his Mother had frequent arguments that I hated to get into. Baily always lost.

I could see that Baily had lost those waist inches but still wore the trainer. With his trim waist, wide hips and narrow shoulders, he was beginning to be confused for a girl at the shop.

I was there when one customer came in and referred to him as "Miss" the whole time. All he did now was work around girl things. All the clothes he wore were from the shop. His Mother was even teaching him how to alter dresses and sew "seductive" lace onto lingerie.

After a while, everyone in our little town was used to Baily and his girlish dress. Everyone liked

him since he always had a friendly smile and was helpful to everyone. It didn't hurt that his mother controlled the business for the town. Even my father wouldn't say anything uncomplimentary as the summer bookings grew.

Baily was no longer self-conscious about what he wore from the shop. We no longer saw him in denim. He wore stretchy pants that zipped up the back and little silk tank tops with delicate sandals that were made with beads on the straps.

The owners of the Chevalier mansion told Baily that he could come over and play tennis or swim in the pool anytime there wasn't a wedding. He even had his own key.

"Let's go swimming," I said to him on one of his rare days off.

"I can't," he said. "I'd look stupid in a swimsuit with my legs shaved and all."

It was a really hot day and I wanted very badly to go.

"I'm not asking you to skinny dip. Let's just run over and jump in. . . in our shorts and t-shirts." I pleaded until he agreed. "It'll be like our old pool-hopping days!"

There was no one there but us. He and I jumped in like we did as kids. To my surprise, when he came up his white t-shirt became transparent and I saw the trainer through the wet shirt. "You're still wearing that thing," I asked, then splashed him good.

He laughed and splashed me back. "I guess I've gotten used to the way my shorts fit with it on." He turned to show me his bottom. The white shorts zipped up the back. Wet, they stretched like a second skin over his ample, soft bottom. He joked, "Your sister and I wear the same size shorts now. Don't tell her but I think I have a better butt!"

"You fill 'em out better," I countered and whacked

him on his soft bottom. I wanted to add, "You big sissy!" but didn't. After that we played like kids in the water. I forgot how he was dressed until he accidentally scratched me with his long nails. They were over 1/4 inch longer than his fingers and shaped like my sisters.

That's what caused me to worry about him. He had become so used to his girlish clothes, he seemed to forget what he was wearing and how girlish they really looked. His hair was now touching his shoulders and had a natural wave to it.

He no longer walked like a boy either. I guess that the trainer compelled him to walk differently. The way he walked could be called "sophisticated."

I did not want to hurt him in anyway or make him feel bad, so I never remarked on any of his new clothes unless he did first.

I never heard him complain anymore about the clothes from the shop or why his mother made him wear them. I guess he accepted his assistant duties for his mother and was trying to make the best of it.

I was there one time when a couple of "wide eyed" young boys about ten came up to him outside the shop and asked, "Are you a boy or a girl?"

He matter-of-factly said, "I'm a boy like you two. . .but I get to wear soft and pretty girl's clothes." Turning to the window where a mannequin was dressed in white lingerie, he said, "Maybe someday you'll get to wear something that nice."

The boys blushed. When Baily's Mother happened to hear them, she shoed them away. Boys were always hanging around outside the shops window because of the lingerie displayed there.

Baily's Mother took me aside one day and reminded me that Baily's birthday was in two weeks She asked me to invite all our classmates to she shop

for a surprise Birthday party. I thought that was nice of her.

I invited practically our entire class. The plan was to meet at my house and then as a group go over to the shop and sneak in the back door and surprise him.

My mother made a Birthday cake.

Some surprise it was for poor Baily. Quietly we sneaked into the back door of the shop. Music was on so all twenty of us were able to get in without making too much noise.

It was exactly seven o'clock as planned. We all rushed into the front of the store yelling and singing, "Happy Birthday. Then we all stopped in mid sentence.

There stood Baily on the fitting soapbox. . .completely decked out as a girl. He jumped about a foot into the air, spilling a drink he was holding. His face became a fiery red and he looked like he was going to cry. His Mother started singing again and we all sort of joined in as we stared at him.

He was wearing a well fitted, pink bridesmaid dress with white and pink lace flowers at the bodice and sleeves.

He wore stockings and a white, lace edged petticoat showed where his mother was hemming the dress.

He was perched on pink high heeled pumps that were the same pink as the dress.

"Mother," he cried, "How could you?"

His mother made an announcement about Baily helping her fit clothes most every night and how he might have caught on if she changed the routine.

Since most of the parents of the kids there also survived on the wedding trade, this explanation was accepted. After all, we all knew he wore girl's clothes. . .we'd just never seen him in a dress before.



Baily jumped about a foot into the air, spilling a drink he was holding. His face became a fiery red and he looked like he was going to cry.

After the shock wore off, the girls came over and checked out his dress.

The boys gave me a funny look like I knew all about this.

"I'll go change," he said but his mother said he looked fine. Seeing how badly Baily felt getting caught in a dress, I put my arm around his shoulder and started singing Happy Birthday again. The others joined in.

We had brought him some small presents. When he sat to open them, I noticed just how he sat; knees together and shoulders back.

Opening the presents diverted Baily's attention from his near breakdown. I gave him some baseball cards which he barely glanced then put aside. The other gifts from the guys were equally unimpressive to Baily.

His Mother gave him a gold name bracelet. It looked nice but was very dainty and delicate. She put it on him herself and he seemed to really like it. Abruptly, he looked at her and said, "They spelled my name wrong! It says BAILEY?"

"Oh my," his mother moaned. "I guess they took the girl's spelling. Wear it tonight and we'll send it back tomorrow and get it right."

To me and the other guys, it might as well have said, "SISSY!"

He certainly didn't look like a guy. . .he looked just like a girl. In fact, he was better looking than most of the girls there. If anyone just walked in, they would assume he was a girl even though he wore no make up or anything.

Once the party got going, Baily played the perfect host. . .or hostess. Since he knew where everything was, he scurried around and got some guys to set up a few tables while he set them.

"Don't ruin your dress!" I heard his mother say.

Baily slipped his white pinafore apron over the dress and served soft drinks and cake.

When the party was over I saw him kiss all the girls goodbye. He didn't shake hands with the boys and he blushed fiercely as they said goodbye. Being surrounded by the lingerie in the store, the guys were muttering about what Baily was wearing under his dress.

Two things bothered me about the evening. One was his mother saying "your dress" and two, how he completely seemed to forget about being in a dress. Like it was the normal thing for him to wear.

On the way home, I said to my sister Emily, "Wasn't that terrible to humiliate Baily by making him wear a dress at his own Birthday party?"

"He's been wearing girl's clothes for months. It's a dress. . .what's the big deal," Emily replied. "I think he looked darling and what an adorable dress. I'm jealous!"

"But he was acting just like one of you girls. Did you see how he ordered some of the guys to set up tables?"

She admitted, "It is odd but I think he's adorable."

The next week school began again. The weather was getting cooler and Baily appeared in his usual overall outfits. A surprising number of girls were in the same overalls.

At the store, he still wore his white jump suit and if doing anything dirty, he wore the white pinafore apron.

Since the summers were so booked for weddings, the overflow made Fall busy on weekends.

I dug into my school work and helping my family. Baily had little time for play.

Baily's mother was becoming an even stronger



*Almost every time I dropped by the shop ,
Baily was being fitted in a dress. At first he ran
for it---eventually he realized that I
wasn't going to laugh.*

force in our little town. There was even talk of her running for mayor but she declined saying that she was too busy. And she was. . . a wedding almost every weekend.

I began to stop at the shop less often. Almost every time I did, Baily was being fitted in a dress. At first he ran for it, then eventually he realized that I wasn't going to laugh.

Seeing him in lingerie and a dress had become a non-event. Even the kids at school never mentioned how he dressed anymore.

Then it happened. It was a very big wedding. Almost everyone in the town had something to do with it. A ten thousand dollar wedding gown, six bridesmaids and six men, an orchestra, fine champagne, flowers. . . in all, a hundred grand event.

The planning had taken months. The mother of the bride was a real witch. She'd roll up to the shop in her big, black Mercedes and start ordering Baily and his mother around.

Baily had no part in the wedding but usually took care of the gowns (and probably had been fitted in every one). Sometimes, he and his mother would attend the rehearsals to make sure there was no problem and inform the bride how to handle these sometimes very elaborate dresses.

It is amazing how much work goes into a wedding. Sometimes when there were big weddings, I helped my parents in the flower shop making the decor, bouquets and corsages.

Baily was busy fitting the dresses. One evening I found him helping with the sewing and he seemed to be quite handy at it. But he could not help blushing when I saw him in his pinafore using a

needle so expertly. Another evening I caught him being fitted for one of the bridesmaid dresses. He was standing on a pedestal while his Mother knelt in front of him pinning up the hem. His waist was much smaller and the dress looked like it was made for him.

This time Baily did not even blush when I saw him. His long hair was pinned up so that it didn't hang on the dress and that added to his girlish image.

It was Thursday before the wedding when disaster struck. One of the out-of-town bridesmaids was rushed to the hospital. The bride's mother was near tears on the phone and demanded that Baily's mother get a girl to fill in. "How about your daughter?" she pleaded on the phone.

Yes, the woman thought that Baily was a girl.

Later, when I came into the shop, they were arguing. "It's only for two days," his mother shouted. "The rehearsal on Friday and the wedding on Saturday. Then the whole party is gone!"

It was rather comical to see Baily in a wedding gown, his manicured hands flying as he declared he wouldn't be a girl!

He was still wearing the bracelet that said, "Bailey." Small wonder that he was taken for a girl.

His mother turned to me before I had a chance to run. "Would you think any less of Baily if he helped us out?"

"No." I said honestly. They went around for a while before his mother pulled out a casual dress

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

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Baily's mother pulled out a casual dress and held it up to him.

*"Put this on and let's get Todd's opinion."
She couldn't handle my opinion!*

and held it up to him. "Put this on and let's get Todd's opinion."

Seeing him in the dress, I had to admit, he looked nice. His mother made the decision. "He will attend the rehearsal and the wedding as a girl. I will make sure everyone in town knows not to give him away. The wedding party will leave town and they will never know what happened."

Turning to Baily, she said, "For the next two days, I need you to wear a dress all the time. They will be here in the afternoon. Since we are ready for the wedding, we can take some time getting you ready."

Baily was trying to keep from crying. I put my arms around his shoulders and said, "Come on Baily. . .remember your birthday. You fit right in with the girls. It might even be fun. Just don't upstage the bride."

He smiled and said, "I never thought I'd actually wear one of our dresses in a wedding."

He took the dress from his mother and disappeared behind the curtain. I heard the rustle of the satin party dress that he would wear to the rehearsal. His mother passed to him a pair of high heels and a pair of very realistic bust forms.

He sounded like he was moaning from behind the curtain. His mother peeked back and made him come out. She said, "Honey, I know this is hard on you. Let's try to make it fun. You can wear anything we have. . .and I'll pick you out the softest underthings!" She gave him a kiss on the cheek and looked him in the eyes.

Baily helplessly lowered his hands and nodded.

I stayed and talked to Baily while his mother was picking out things for him to wear. I tried to cheer him up. "It's only for the weekend," I said.

"Could you come over tomorrow morning and



*Baily's mother peeked back and said,
"Honey, I know this is hard on you. Let's try to
make it fun. You can wear anything we have. . ."*

check me out?" he asked. "You're the only one I'd trust to tell me if I really look like a girl."

I agreed.

I came over early the next morning and let myself in, as was my custom. I heard his mother yell, "We'll be right down."

I started to play with Baily's train set. It was so dusty and hadn't been played with for over a year.

I did not have to wait long. Baily was practically pushed into the living room. He wore the same pink dress as his birthday with pantyhose and the matching pink pumps.

His Mother had pulled back his hair with a little hairbow and he was wearing a necklace and earrings that matched his bracelet.

"Now you go and sit at the table like a good girl," she ordered. "We have to do your hair and make-up before Todd decides how sexy you are." She thought that was really funny.

As he sat down I could see the impression of his bra under his dress. He sat with his smooth knees together; hands demurely crossed in his lap.

His limp-wristed hand went up and checked his hair. He asked, "Todd, do you really think this can work?"

"You already look like my sister before she does her make-up and hair."

For about a half an hour his mother's clever fingers used curlers, a curling iron, clips and brushes to create a work of art. Even Baily was amazed as he turned his head from side to side and saw a smooth and sleek girl's hairdo in the mirror.

His mother took a small pair of scissors and cut bangs to cover his forehead. "We'll still be able to put it up for the wedding," she said.

My buddy's hair was no longer just girlish. . .it's



For about a half an hour his mother's clever fingers used curlers, a curling iron, clips and brushes to create a work of art. Even Baily was amazed!

precisely formed curls could only be worn by a girl. His hair was done in a style perfect for a girl to wear almost anywhere. Even Baily was mesmerized beyond his wildest imagination. He looked at me for approval.

"You look good but can you act like a girl for two days?"

"Oh, Todd! Look at HER. SHE's so sweet," his mother said as she put her arms around him. When she stood close to him, I was reminded that her hair was done in the same style. They indeed had mother-daughter hairdo's.

Baily was caught off guard and still engrossed in looking at his image in the mirror.

"Well now, we better finish his make-up. I can hardly wait to see HER. . ."

I watched as his mother began to feminize his features with make-up. She literally started from the top down in making him into an alluring young lady.

"I do look like a girl now, don't I?"

I nodded my head. His mother said, "When I'm finished dressing you up, Todd will want to kiss you!"

I blushed at her joke, but it was true. As the make-up went on, nobody would ever guess that Baily was a boy.

"Women usually put their make-up on before getting dressed, but you wanted Todd here to watch so we'll make an exception."

For the next twenty minutes I watched as his mother applied cosmetics to his face. She used an eyebrow pencil, eye liner, mascara and eye shadow to make his eyes look more dramatic.

"Your lashes are gorgeous! You have hair and lashes that most girls would kill to have. I'm just going to curl your lashes with this eyelash curler."

Baily cringed a little as his mother brought the strange device up to his eyes. He had to hold his head perfectly still as she clamped his eyelashes, forming them into a saucy upwards curl.

Mascara made his eyes seem a lot bigger. Moving to his cheeks Baily's mother brushed on a powder with a large soft make-up brush. She used a light pink powder to highlight his cheekbones.

"Todd, what color lipstick and nail color do you like on girls?" his mother asked. She had me pick a lipstick and nail polish color for Baily.

"I feel like I'm another person," Baily shared.

"That's good." Baily's mother took one of his hands and used a file to shape each fingernail into a smooth oval. She worked on his cuticles and then began applying the nail polish I'd picked out; both to hands and toes. When she was finished, Baily's nails were coated with a clear, high gloss top coat.

She finished with another coat of lipstick, saying, "A lady always wears lipstick!"

I wanted to say, "And a boy never does!" but I didn't.

"I'm sorry Todd," she said to me, "but Baily is going to be a busy girl from now until the rehearsal. We have to run to the shop and take care of a few last minute things."

"Does he have to leave?" my feminized friend asked.

"Maybe he can meet you later and escort you to the rehearsal?"

Baily and I both blushed with that remark. Everyone there would think I was Baily's date! To my surprise, Baily pleaded, "I know it's weird but could you? I'd feel so much better with you by my side."

His mother added, "That is probably a good idea. Sometimes those rehearsal dinners get rowdy." I had forgotten about the dinner. It would be rude for

one of the bridesmaids not to go. I reluctantly agreed.

As I left the house, I heard his Mother making a list. "We have to teach you to use and carry a pocketbook and evening bag. We have to show you how to freshen your make-up. . ." and so on.

By the time I got home, it seemed the whole town knew about the deception. Emily said, "So what? He wore a dress at his own birthday party, remember?"

My father said, "The caterer has warned everyone. . .it's our business that's at risk here. No one is going to say a thing. In fact, the wedding photographer thinks it's great! He's going to make an extra set of prints for Baily's mother."

We all knew that Baily's mother was a perfectionist and he would be flawless as a girl or she wouldn't let him do it.

My own sister, Emily, said emotionally, "I think he should be dressed like a girl all the time. I bet it would help their business."

My parents chuckled and agreed. My dad said, "He can't look any weirder in a dress and make-up. I bet he looks better."

I nearly exploded. "You can't do that to Baily! He's a boy! No other guy in town would do it. . .why should he?"

No one said anything. We all knew he had worn girl's clothes for over a year now. It really wouldn't be hard for Baily to act like a girl. I was worried that he'd be the laughing stock of the town as would I for "escorting" him.

My father said, "It's for the good of the town. No one here will think any less of you or him for doing this."

I went by the shop but Baily was busy helping with some last minute alterations. He was trying to



*At the rehearsal,
Baily arrived wearing
a simple but
girlish dress.*

appear happy but I knew this had to be so degrading. I found out where and when we were to meet and watched him serve some newly arrived customers. He flitted around in his dress, and I couldn't help thinking how real he looked as a girl. Finally I had to leave to help my dad.

At the rehearsal, Baily arrived wearing a simple but girlish dress. It was formal and transparent enough to show the straps of his slip. The dress was so well-fitted that it accentuated his tiny waist and his false bosom noticeably.

He came up to me, forced to take feminine steps because the dress's skirt was so tight and because of the 3 inch high heels he was wearing. His hair had been attractively set with curls covering his ears, but pulled back enough to show the earrings he was wearing.

Of course, all the staff stared at him but they quickly went back to work.

He looked to me colorless when he was forced to join the other bridesmaids for a walk through. How terrible that



To my surprise, the town's hairdresser and photographer were there to check the coloring.



*I thought all this "nit-picking" was silly but
they were responsible for the most important
day of a woman's life.*

No one cared how Baily felt!

must have been for him. . .and how strange he must have felt.

That evening, I felt like I was with a girl instead of my buddy, Baily. Everyone on the staff did their jobs and quickly became used to the new girl. I did see the photographer wink at Baily once as he took pictures.

I watched Baily become more girlish as the evening progressed. His walk, his behavior and mannerisms; everything. He touched up his light make up when the other girls did. He giggled at the guy's clumsiness just like the other girls and even smelled like them. The brides mother gave all the bridesmaids gifts at the dinner. Baily got an expensive perfume, a little ring and some earrings.

PREPARING FOR THE WEDDING:

One of the most thrilling moments a bride looks forward to on her wedding day is slipping into her wedding dress, and walking down the isle giving herself to the person that she loves.

I found out that no one knew that better than Baily. In order for that moment to happen, an unfathomed amount of work went into making it easy.

With measurements in hand, every dress was checked and re-checked by Baily's mother. I found out that by the time of the wedding, Baily would have been the fitting dummy for every bridesmaid dress at least two times and the Bride's gown, as many as a dozen!

That wasn't all! Every smooth piece of lingerie, foundation, and undergarment with their many layers of soft and silky materials had to be checked. . .ON Baily!

Baily's mother had asked for me to help around



Once everything was approved and worked out it was all put together. Baily got up onto the platform.

the store during that last fitting of what had become the town's most elaborate wedding. To my surprise, the town's hairdresser and photographer were there to check the dress colors.

The dress had a tinge of pink in it and the make-up artist had to check shades of pink lipstick to enhance the bride's appearance. Everything was done matter-of-factly, with meticulous notes being taken.

All the opened make-up was left with Baily. Since they would be charging the wedding party for new cosmetics, the make-up artist laughed, "Hey Baily? Remember when we used to throw this make-up away?"

With a deep pink blush on his cheeks, Baily tried to smile at me as a crew of matrimony experts worked about his body.

They applied make-up with the bride's favorite colors on Baily's eyes, amethyst on the lower lids and dark lavender on the upper lids, combined with an eye liner and glowing blush. They finished him off with a pink cranberry lipstick.

By the time they were through with Baily, he had enough make-up on to paint a house! Then there was the nail polish---trying to find exactly the right color in order to perfectly match the dress.

Everyone wanted to see the completed look. I thought all this "nit-picking" was silly but they were responsible for the most important day of a woman's life.

They critically picked on every detail from the lacy sleeves to how tight the shoes could be.

Everything that could affect the bridal experience was discussed and debated. They argued over the exact shade of lipstick by spreading samples on Baily's mouth. Once they all agreed on the perfect looking shade, they immediately pulled out the



I looked at my buddy in make-up and carrying flowers in his hands. He was playing the part of a bride tonight but tomorrow he'd still have to be a girl!

matching nail polish and made him put it on.

Once everything was approved and worked out it was all put together. Baily got up onto the platform for the final time. I was in awe of the beauty I saw. Everyone was smiling and commenting on how pretty he looked. The photographer snapped pictures.

His mother fluffed out his train and the hem of the flowing lace and satin skirt. The four inch heels worked perfectly. I was surprised that Baily could walk in them so gracefully.

I started to tremble as I looked at my buddy in make-up and carrying flowers in his hands. He was playing the part of a bride tonight but tomorrow he'd still have to be a girl!

As he left the platform, I knew that the next time I saw that dress, a blushing bride would be having the day of her life.

As Baily's mother carefully undid all the buttons, then took the headpiece off of him, I could hear her excitement. She said, "Oh honey! You've worn bridesmaid dresses before but NEVER in a real wedding! You'll never be the same!"

When I saw Baily the next morning, he was nervous and excited---all at the same time. I guess the way any bride would be. . .

THE BIG DAY. . .

You have all been to a big wedding so you know what they are like. Since this is not a wedding guide book, I will focus on what was in my mind as I watched Baily.

I have actually done quite a bit of thinking about it.

Although I helped my father set up some flowers, my main job was to escort Baily to the wedding and

protect him from exposure and some drunken par-tier.

But I couldn't protect Baily from the most threatening thing I saw---what wearing a sensuous silky dress and lingerie could do. I saw it in his eyes. There was actually something more to it than just the embarrassment of being treated like a girl. I saw a certain pleasure appear when he knew someone was staring at him because he was pretty.

There seemed to be several different but distinct interacting sensations going on in his mind.

First of all, humiliation! For Baily to display a girl's waist, hips, bosom, and thighs by wearing a fitted dress must have made him feel hideous. Every time he moved, he'd feel the stimulation and constriction of his dress. He would be reminded how unmanly he was.

The tradition of a wedding focuses on it being the "bride's day". Maybe it is really about male domination and suppression of women. But is it? A man "takes" a bride. The bride submits and promises to "obey" her new husband. That's an old outdated sense of marriage but some of it remains.

Baily was getting a taste of it first hand. The sense of beauty and decorum he presented was like a lamb being fattened for slaughter. As a bridesmaid, he was symbolically the next to be deflowered.

That sense of dressed-up and elegant femininity associated with weddings was giving Baily a taste of life that no male should ever experience.

Secondly, the emasculating part of wearing women's clothes---was it like being perpetually stimulated? While sexually, Baily was "nailed down" by the foundation garments, he seemed stimulated in a mild, endurable, teasing way.

It would stand to reason that the tighter and more "remote" normal male response was, the more

intense other stimulation would be.

In other words, the more Baily tried to hide his masculinity, the closer he would get to the mysterious experience of "femininity."

Wearing a tantalizing dress wouldn't let Baily forget that he was a girl. He had to feel it every time he sat down, walked, or made any movement. The bustline was always there, enforcing and inspiring feminine comportment.

It made me wonder how many women would be "feminine" (the visual impression of femininity) without wearing women's clothes.

Men are stimulated by a woman acting feminine, and I found watching Baily flit about rather interesting. It was like he'd given up his male independence and accepted the constrictions of femininity.

Seeing him surrounded by his mother and other girls who derived a great deal of pleasure from dressing like ladies made me wonder if it might rub off on him?

And finally, his mother never had a gun to his head as he swished about in his skirts, taking his place with the girls and being a beautiful bridesmaid.

As I walked Baily home from the wedding, I asked, "Bet you can't wait to get out of this crap?"

He said, "Yeah! Just two more days."

"Two more days? I thought we'd do a movie Sunday night."

"Yeah," he moaned, flipping up in the air the bridal bouquet he'd caught. "There's a breakfast in the morning and the wedding party loves our town so much that they have decided to stay until Monday. I will have to check some rental stuff into the shop. They'll expect to see me in a dress."

I wasn't sure but it seemed that Baily was beginning to get used to thinking of himself as a girl. It showed in everything. With me, he didn't have to walk with such a sway to his hips or talk in such a sweet high voice.

On Sunday night, he received permission to go to the movies with me. "Some one in the wedding party might be at the theater," his mother said, meeting me at the door.

To my surprise, he was in a simple pleated skirt, blouse, nylons and low heels. I commented, "I've never seen that at your store?"

"Samples," his mother said proudly. "I get a ton of them and luckily they are Baily's size." He added a close-fitting angora sweater that only went to his waist but fit neatly over his bosom.

"I'm sorry," he said, "If you don't want to be seen with me, I'll understand. Do you think I'm becoming too much of a sissy?"

Seeing my buddy's pink tinted fingertips checking his skirt, I commented honestly, "I guess everyone already thought that. . .I must say, you look more presentable in a dress and make-up."

"Really?" Baily nearly swooned, his eyes sparkling with mischief. He smoothed the soft sweater over his brassiere and twirled around. "Maybe I should have been a girl."

Before we left his house, I caught him unconsciously swinging his skirt as he turned to see the back view of his legs.

As we headed for the theater, Baily became concerned about who we'd see. He applied a touch more pink to his lips as we walked. I myself felt the difference. It was just like I was on a date with a real pretty girl.

On Monday at school, I was waiting for Baily near the gym with some other friends. When he entered, we could not believe our eyes. He was in his neat, white, girl's overalls. When he saw us staring he blushed fiercely. To my surprise, he was wearing pink lipstick and a touch of mascara. I hadn't noticed before but his eyebrows had been plucked into a thin elegant feminine shape. The overalls fit his bottom tightly and most looming. . .he must have been wearing a padded bra! He looked exactly like a girl **THERE** too.

None of us said a word since we all knew that the Bride's mother had fallen in love with the area and was touring the town today. As a teacher, she could be coming by our school. It was a long shot but we all knew it would be over when they left that night.

I never get calls early in the morning. It was seven a.m. when my Mother called me to the phone. Baily was in tears, sobbing, "I have to be a girl for a while."

"What?!?"

"They aren't leaving. They are staying here for two more weeks! Something about waiting for the wedding pictures. They love it here." Baily moaned. "Mother says we could get sued and lose everything if they found out."

"What's that mean?"

"I wanted to warn you. I'm wearing a dress to school today."

My father, who overheard the conversation, just shook his head. "You know," he said, "At the wedding, a couple guys in the wedding party wanted to know if I had Baily's phone number. When you weren't around, one guy asked him out."

"He never told me that!"

There were no nasty remarks when Baily showed



For the next two weeks, Baily showed up at school completely dressed and assuming the coed role.

He could have worn the jump suits or overalls. . . but no. . .he wore dresses and skirts!

up at school in a dress.

A few of the girls complimented him on his dress and the effort he was making in "being one of them."

Sullenly, I watched as Baily minced about school in a dress and heels. The short, tight skirt came to just above his knees and his smooth legs were something to admire. The dress was obviously tailor made for him because it fit so perfectly. The smooth, close fitting waist defined his girlish, trim figure.

I just could not understand where all this was leading.

"Are you still wearing that trainer?" I asked when we were alone.

"Oh, no," he said, running his hands down over his bustline. "Just a bra and panties. . .like any girl," he remarked casually.

It was like he couldn't have thought of not wearing them---any more than a girl would have thought of not wearing a bra. I once heard his mother say, "If you are a female, this is what you wear." To judge from the fact that every girl in my high school wore lingerie, she was right.

I also noticed that he was wearing the pearl stud earrings that he was given as a gift. I gasped, "Your ears are pierced!"

"THAT woman comes into the shop everyday! Mother said it would be rude to not wear a gift. I have to be constantly aware that I am a girl now."

I looked at my best friend, acting so much like a girl.

What would happen to him if he began to feel like a girl too?

While everyone in our tiny school knew why Baily was dressed like this, I didn't understand why he was doing it so well. His hair could have just been

put up or nicely combed but Baily's was always perfectly curled. He could have worn the jump suits or overalls. . .most girls did. No, he wore sassy dresses, nylons and had begun to use the girl's bathroom. He said, "It's easier and they have a place for my purse."

He also talked in a higher voice, using a lot of words like "darling, and sweet and adorable."

It was all so unnecessary!

I saw something in his purse one day and could not hide the shock on my face.

He nearly turned purple. "It was mother's idea. You know that girls wear these things every 3 weeks. . ."

I just sat there with my mouth open. I could not find words.

For the next two weeks, Baily showed up in school assuming the coed role. He wore casual, yet stylish short jean skirts that were knee length and various sweaters and tops. Nylons and a pair of black pumps, with a three inch heel completed what I could see. But I knew underneath there were nylon panties and a matching silky brassiere. It's impression was eye-catching but looked uncomfortable. Baily had obviously gotten used to wearing a bra.

Surprisingly, with all this "stuff" going on, he still had high grades. His test scores even improved during the weeks he was a girl. Were the teachers easier on the girls, or what?

The day before the Bride's mother was to finally leave town, she came into the shop and insisted that Bailey go to a private girl's college in San Francisco, the one her daughter went to. "And she married a lawyer!" she announced proudly. "Let me see what I can do to get her in. I know some people there."

Reluctantly Baily's mother agreed to "let her help." Somehow she had access to all Baily's grades and SAT scores.

"They have special scholarships for hard-working young girls like you." she told Baily before she left.

Baily whispered to me in a depressed voice. "I'm going to be out of these skirts within 5 seconds after I see their car drive away!"

That was my old buddy!

How wrong he was. How short sighted his mother was when she made Baily "do it for two short days."

He was out of dresses the next day. Back in the sissy overalls for two weeks.

I was beginning to see what I'd call an "after-a-dress" mentality. When Baily had taken off his dress, he still sometimes displayed the feminine effects of wearing them. It was as if he had submitted to the constraints of femininity and now couldn't get back into the greater mobility and freedom of a male.

He still walked like he was wearing a skirt. He held his hands like he was waiting for his nails to dry. Little things that I was sure everyone noticed.

Then without notice, he appeared at school in a dress again. He saw my expression and moaned, "THAT woman is coming back! She loves this place so much that she's planning six weddings for her society club's daughters. There's even a debutante party planned in MAY!"

"What's that mean?" I asked innocently.

"I better get used to being a girl. . ."

Everyone now called him "her" at school. When someone made a mistake, we'd glare at them. The town's economy was at stake.

The first time I made the mistake in front of Baily, he looked agitated and shrugged his shoulders and turned his back on me. He walked away, showing off his wriggling fanny in the tight skirt he was wearing.

From that time on Baily's feminization continued with seemingly no end. Most of the new bookings were somehow related to that first wedding. Everyone was told to "Look up Bailey! She'll take care of you."

My sister said, "That type of work is better done by a girl anyway.

There were still a few jokes around the school. Somehow, he was elected to fill in for a cheerleader that left town. I didn't vote for him but a bunch of my buddies did. . . as a joke. His Mother made him join the cheerleader squad. The uniforms all came through the HOUSE OF BRIDES anyway.

I guess that being a cheerleader must have been especially embarrassing for him. He was a pretty good ballplayer and was now reduced to girlish antics on the sidelines.

He sure hated that revealing short uniform----it's skirt showed off a lot of smooth leg and even his panties when he jumped.

They were daring for our small conservative town.

When he called me or Emily, I actually thought it was a girl on the phone. Baily had become so used to modulating his voice higher, I couldn't tell his voice from the other cheerleaders'.

In our little school, the boys outnumbered the girls about 3 to 2. I found out from my sister that a few boys had asked Baily out.

When I asked him about it, he called them, "Prac-



*Baily no longer allowed me to walk into
the shop when he was dressing.
He asked me to knock
in the future when I dropped over.*

tice dates." Some of the guys can't get a date and want to practice their 'lines' on me. Don't worry," he giggled. "I'm not easy!"

I was almost jealous when I called him to go to a movie and he "had plans." I didn't ask who but later my sister told me she saw him with two guys from the football team.

I watched TV that night. Suddenly, Baily had a better social life than me. Without my best friend, I had a lot of time to think about things.

It's funny. When you meet someone, the first thing you do is make the distinction between male and female. Medical science does that at birth and we continue through life doing the same thing. So I'd been thinking of Baily as male.

People who didn't know him were thinking of him as female- even before he put on a dress. Now, even guys who knew him were reacting to him as a female.

Those football players were interested in anything that jiggled or wiggled. Yet they were "being friendly" with Baily. I'd even seen a few "showing off" for him. How was it that he was able to keep their interest? They all knew!

Was it his girlish interests? Was it his preference for the passive pursuits of women such as fashion, hair and make-up? His girl-like passive manner?

I didn't know. It was a riddle.

These tough guys wouldn't wear shoes that hurt for a minute but were fascinated with Baily's ability to spend the day hobbled by spiked heels. Yes, Baily was more feminine than masculine. I've read that we are all both sexes. . . just more of one.

Poor Baily. Being closely around such masculine guys had to make him more aware of how unmanly he had become. Most guys if forced to wear dresses and act like a girl would have fought to the death to

avoid Baily's current fate. But he didn't. He accepted it, sometimes flaunting it!

Baily had always been less aggressive, and more reliant upon his mother. He had remembered my birthday when my own parents had forgotten. Were those feminine traits I'd never noticed when he was wearing pants?

He had to feel an envy for what he'd lost and feel seriously wronged by his mother.

Yet I saw none of that. Being effeminate and unmanly did not mean that Baily had submitted to the fact completely. When we talked he continued to hold on to his aspiration to be manly again. "I plan on going out for baseball in college," he'd say dreamily checking his hair.

He couldn't throw a baseball now without breaking one of his long polished nails. I wanted to say, "Give it up!" but I didn't.

I could tell he was jealous when I started shaving every day when his face didn't have even the start of "fuzz."

His facial skin was clearer and softer than ever. In fact, his whole body was softer looking and his hips were fuller.

His shoulders were curved softly and he appeared rounder all over. His chest seemed to get fuller but that had to be from falsies or that trainer.

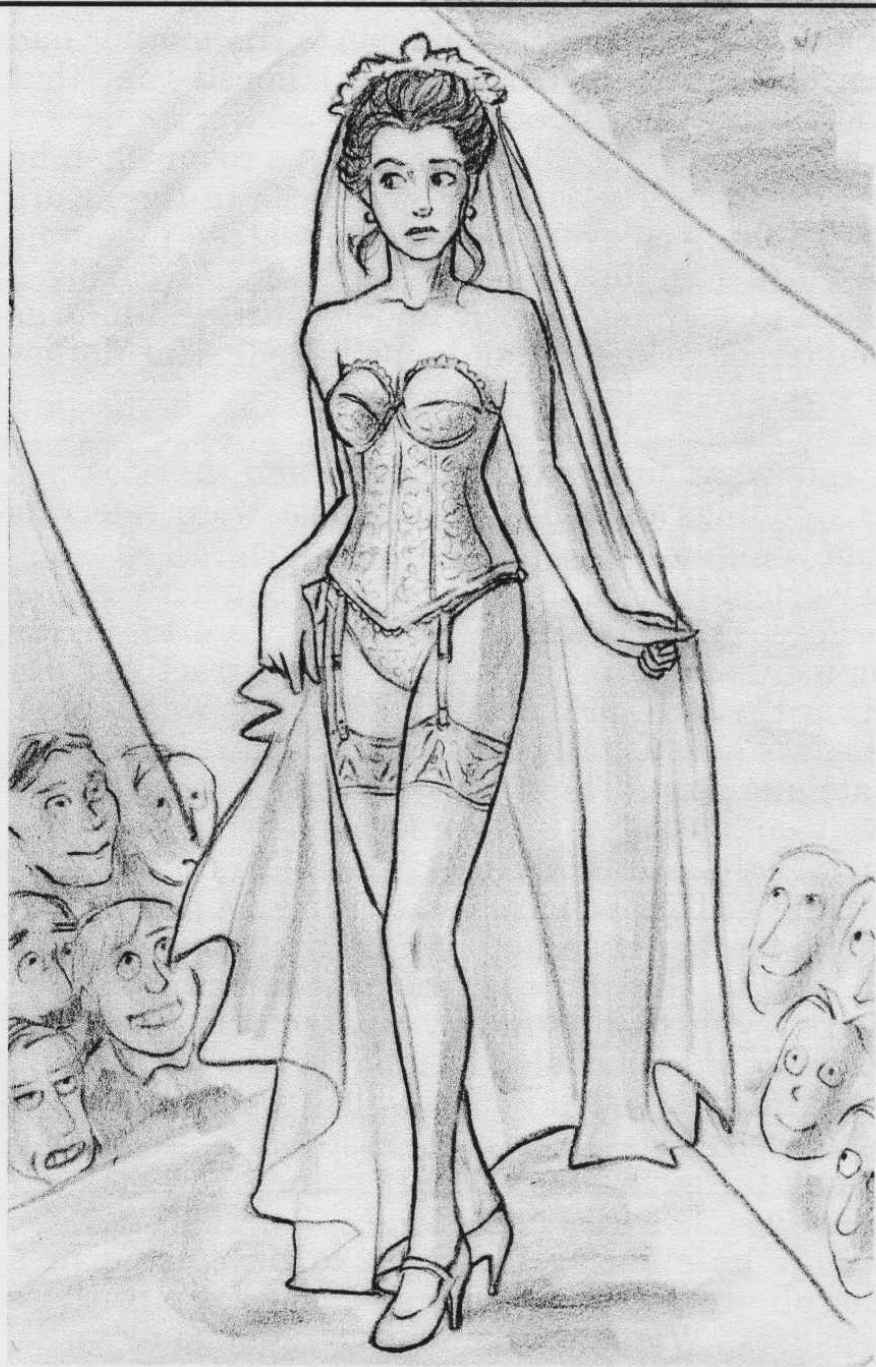
"You'll start a beard soon and then no one will want you in a dress," I said one day.

"I sure hope so," he said. "If my figure doesn't change back soon, I'll kill myself."

"Kill? That's pretty harsh."

Because he was a full-time girl, I guess nobody was aware of it except me. Even I was shocked when he appeared to show a respectable cleavage in a racy top. I asked, "How'd you do that?"

"These darn bras have held everything UP so



During his mother's fashion show, Baily wore the most revealing fashions!

long, it doesn't want to go down." His mother had him on a vitamin treatment. I hoped that that would wake up his potency.

Baily no longer allowed me in his room when he was dressing. He asked me to knock in the future when I dropped over. One time I walked in and he was in a robe but I could see he was wearing a beautiful lacy nightgown underneath. So he was even forced to be a girl at home in bed! His Mother sure was relentless.

Life went on in our little town and the bookings for weddings tripled! Again, most were referrals from you-know-who. Baily was so depressed when he learned that he had to continue being a girl.

There was no way out! There were too many comments in letters about the very attractive sales girl at the HOUSE OF BRIDES. That was Bailey, who was now usually dressed in a smart jacket and matching skirt. The short skirt rode up very attractively on his thighs and sometimes I could not help but give them a second look. The realization that he couldn't go back to pants was a turning point.

His mother even had a fashion show that Baily modeled in. He was the hit. No one had ever seen such sexy fashions! Funny how no one mentioned that they were modeled by a boy!

He must have felt hopeless. He resigned himself to be a girl. He acted in a most feminine manner around the guys and blushed fetchingly when a boy jokingly stole a kiss at a dance.

How humiliating for Baily to have lived in a masculine way for so long and now lose all those pleasures. Worse yet is to be surrounded by virile, young men enjoying the freedom of masculinity while he was confined to little dresses, delicate lingerie and impeded by high heels.

His own self worth and ego must have been demoralized by the comparison to a guy's superior freedoms and virility. There was no hitting or running around---only sitting and looking pretty. Guys have all the fun.

In the spring, we had an assembly where the Principal read all the college applications that had been successful. He read the names then the schools the kids were going to.

When he got to Baily, the principal blinked and announced the college. It was that girl's college!

When we walked home, Baily told me that he had known. "Mother thinks it's a better school than any of the ones that would take me."

"Do you really want to go to that college? You'd have to remain a girl."

"I know," he acknowledged. "But I can't seem to do anything else."

"Sure you can. Stand up to your mother and be a man!"

The next day he came to school wearing a cute tartan miniskirt and white blouse, as well as the usual pantyhose and high heeled pumps. He didn't look happy.

"What happened?"

"I thought about what you said and I went home and put on my old boy clothes. They didn't fit anymore," he moaned almost crying. "And without a bra. . .my shirt looked silly."

"You're a guy! You aren't supposed to wear a bra."

"Mother said that I looked indecent without a bra."


"How?"

He looked down and ran his hands over the two

GIRLFRIENDS
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"FEMININE PROPOSAL"
STAN IS FORCED TO ACCEPT HIS WIFE'S PROPOSAL...AND BECOME A WOMAN.



Volume 2

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GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION

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FEMININE PROPOSAL II



Mike was pissed, Cindy was excited, Vic was smug, and I was terrified! And this is just the start of my week-end as another guy's girl!


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FEMININE PROPOSAL III



Good, they had made me into a woman! How could I ever return to being Stanley now? My husband won't touch me now, but now...!

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FEMININE PROPOSAL IV



Why did he love wearing women's clothes? It felt so, so sensual, so right!

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eye-catching mounds on his chest. "I don't wear padding here anymore. I look like a girl in boy's clothes now."

I was angry. "You have to do it! Just tell your mother that you won't wear dresses anymore. Be a man and stand up to her!"

The next day, Baily came to school wearing his boy clothes. His mother had said, "If that's what you want. . ."

I was glad when he called but when he came to school, I saw what he meant! He did look improper! His unshackled breasts showed clearly with large pert nipples pressing outward from his shirt. They jiggled when he moved. The pants were no better. His small waist and girlish bottom were so obvious. He still looked like a girl.

I finally said, "Baily, I don't think you can come to school like that again. You better go back to girl's clothes for awhile."

He started crying and ran home.

At the end of the school day, I went to his house. He needed my friendship now more than ever.

I found him sitting in his room. He had on a soft, t-shirt dress. His hair was done and he had on make-up. . .and a bra. The bodice was very tight across his bosom.

"Baily, what can I do to help?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said staring at his reflection in the mirror. "I didn't realize that when I woke up today, I'd have to say good-bye to my days as a boy."

Tears were starting to flow. He was crying like a girl. I put my arm around him and tried to console him. But what could I say?

He had become a girl now and everyone could see it--- even me now. He was still my best friend. . .no

matter what he wore or looked like. I stroked his head gently, aware of his sweet perfume. "You smell nice," I said, caressing his shoulder and feeling his bra straps.

He dried his eyes and looked at me. I took his hand and stroked his long hair. "You have to do something," I said as I felt his soft hands and neatly manicured, light pink nails.

"What can I do?"

"Well," I said looking at him. "Maybe it's time for you to replace that desire to be a boy, with an understanding that you are now a girl."

"Mother wants me to go to that girl's college."

"Maybe you should. Once you spend a few years where they don't know you were ever a guy. . ."

"What?" he glared, "You think I'll suddenly want to have a baby or something?"

"No, but you might realize how most everyone loves you this way. Maybe even admit to yourself that you like yourself **THIS WAY!**"

He melted in my arms. We found ourselves in a caress and I kissed him on the lips.

"You kissed me!" he sputtered.

"I like kissing girls," I smiled and kissed him again fully on his pink lips.

For the rest of the school year Baily remained a girl. It was like everyone had forgotten he was ever a boy. Even I forgot.

I guess you could say we started dating. At the



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end of the evening I was usually reminded that he was not my girlfriend. He was so girlish, I just wanted to treat him like a girl.

"It's taking me time to get used to all this," he said at first, adding, "Especially when guys expect me to respond like a girl to their masculinity."

I guess I understood. It had to be weird having guys trying to "get" you.

He wanted to play the field. By graduation, he had learned how to dance like a girl and had gone out with almost every guy in school.

I was jealous but he said, "I love you, Todd. Dating a lot of different guys makes me feel accepted. His cheeks glowed and his eyes sparkled as he said it---making him even more attractive to me.

Baily and my sister Emily double dated sometimes. They both really liked getting ready together. They would put their hair up, spend hours trying on clothes and doing each others make-up. They flitted around and posed like models.

They always left on their dates in a silly mood. I think Baily was learning from my sister about what being a girl meant.

He caught me staring at him in a short mini-dress. He said, "So what. . .I am a girl now."

"I just hope that you are ready for the attention that dress is going to get you."

Our last summer together passed in a whirlwind of activities: parties and beaching.

I once unthinkingly barged into the dressing room at the beach. I don't know who was more embarrassed. Baily was about to pull up his swim-suit top. He admonished me, "Don't you know better than to enter without knocking?"

Baily's hair was in a braid which reached just below his shoulders. Two large hooped earrings,

hung from his delicate ear lobes. His make-up was impeccable. Just the right amount of mascara, eye liner, eye shadow, blush and lipstick. But it wasn't the make-up I was staring at!

"Sorry," I stammered, "I mean. . ."

"Maybe you should be more careful!" he said as he continued to cover his breasts with his hands. Then mischievously asked, "Would you like to see them?"

"I don't know."

Baily immediately turned to face me and dropped his hands. He exposed what were obviously breasts. They weren't large but unmistakable girlish mounds thrusting outward from his chest. His pink nipples were about the size of milk caps and were erect.

Later he came down to the pool, looking like a model. His hair was combed loose, hanging in waves over his shoulders. He wore a one piece swimsuit that was almost the same as my sisters'.

I watched him as he sat down next to Emily and applied suntan lotion.

I raced him across the pool and to my surprise, he beat me! He teased me. "Shame on you. . .to let a mere girl win. . ."

Emily and Bailey became almost inseparable during those last weeks before college. They went together shopping and then had loads of fun doing girl things like trying on each others clothes, gossiping and reading what to wear at college. My sister was teaching him about how girls feel. Stuff a girl couldn't ask her mother about.

Baily's Mother went out of her way to make sure he had a complete and an attractive school wardrobe. I guess having a lot of dresses would make Baily feel more at home with the girls in his school.

The day arrived when Baily was leaving for college. He had his doubts about going to a girls college and was quite nervous. Of course it was also the first time for him to leave home and to be on his own.

We were both feeling sad because our boyhood days were now behind us. His more than mine. When we were alone to say goodbye, I hugged him and found myself passionately kissing him on the lips.

His lips accepted my passion and he whispered,

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"BORN TO BE A BRIDE"
Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Bill even agrees to act as a wife!



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Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



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"Thank you for your support all these years. I'll miss you."

I nodded, "I will miss you too. I just feel so sad about you having to go to a girl's school."

"I'll be okay there," he replied. "Maybe it's all for the better."

Baily left me alone then with my own thoughts. I certainly had a lot to think about. The more I thought about it, the more I began to feel that I had misjudged Baily's Mother. I felt uneasy about the things I had thought of her. I really felt guilty.

I now understood her motives and her harsh attitude towards Baily. I went to the flower shop and arranged a large bouquet of flowers for her then went to the HOUSE OF BRIDES. I found his Mother sitting forlornly in her shop. The shop seemed so lifeless without Baily.

"For me?" she asked when I gave her the flowers.

"We are both going to miss Baily. If there is anything I can do, please let me know."

Her face brightened and she kissed me gratefully. "I could use your help around here on weekends. I've got a uniform or two that will fit you. . ."

I ran from the shop at full speed!

Epilogue:

Baily's mother hired a rebellious boy to help her at the shop. When I asked her why she couldn't find a girl, she replied, "I can control boys better. . ."

THE END
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*One more little thing I may have forgot to tell you!
I lost a little bet with my sister and Baily. . .
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The obvious sequel is:
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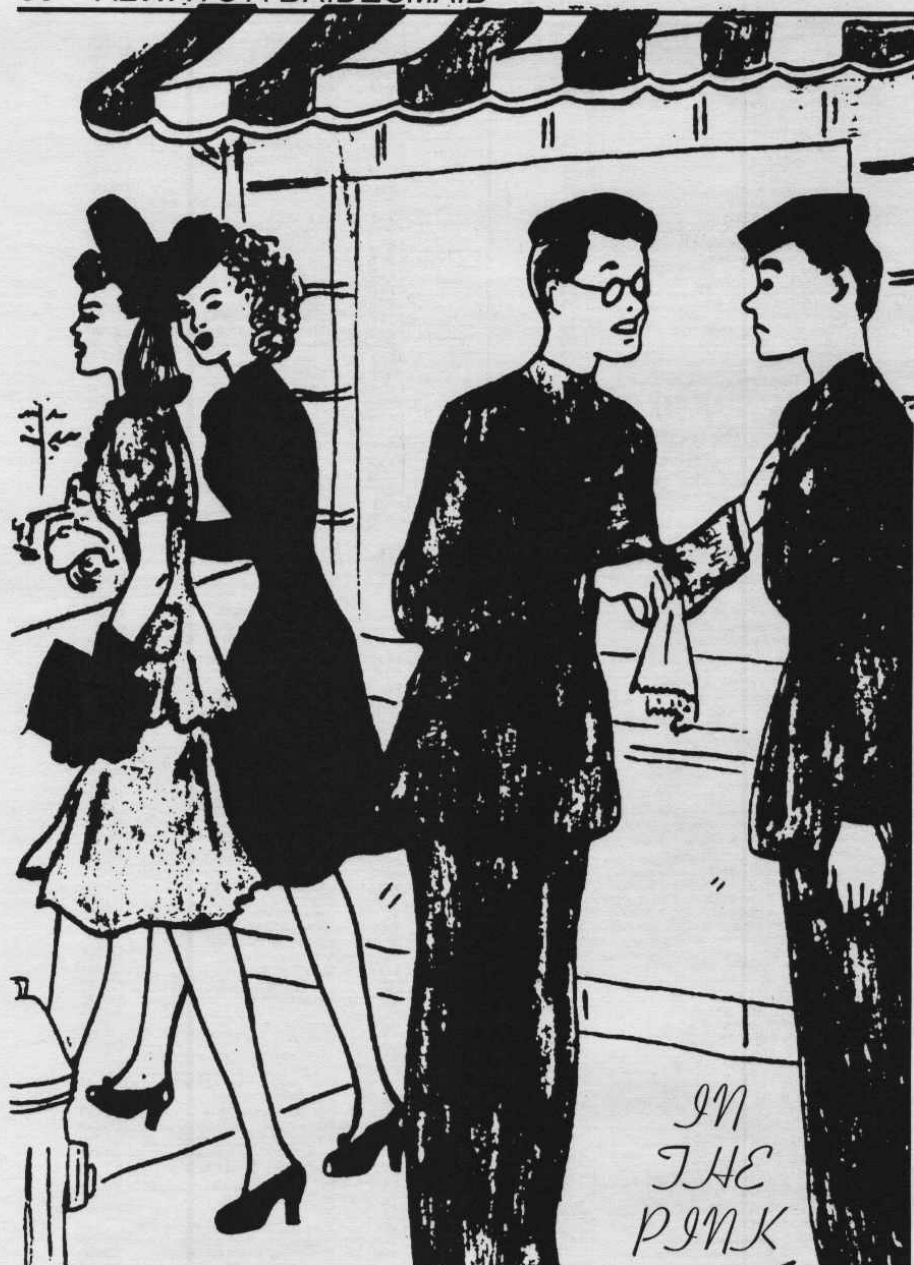
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The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

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 an

elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

What every mother wants: 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.

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

That's actually their son and father! This 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!

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.

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

BOY WILL BE GIRL #93

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! 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 young man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

PRETTY FOREVER #73

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. 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 CHRISSIE #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.

HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

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!

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