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49 pages 17 illustrations

# BORN LEADERS

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER STORIES OF THE  
**SUPERNATURAL**

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**J O E   S I X   P A C K**

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**Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack**  
**A Stories of the Supernatural tale**



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[j6p@sixpacksite.com](mailto:j6p@sixpacksite.com)

[www.sixpacksite.com](http://www.sixpacksite.com)

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## BORN LEADERS

The plan began in December.

“Check this out, dude.” Matt flung an opened letter to his pal Todd. He picked it up and put the Playstation on pause.

“Are you stealing mail?” Todd asked.

“Didn’t steal nuthin’” Matt replied. “It was delivered here.”

It was a letter, mis-delivered to his house just yesterday. It was a form letter welcoming Nicole and Brianna Lannigan to Oak Pines Cheerleading Camp. But the Lannigans lived halfway across town, in the upper upper-class suburbs — somehow the letter had been totally misrouted and wound up in the mailbox of Matt’s house.

They both knew Nicole and Brianna, they were a couple of sisters in the freshman class when they were seniors in high school. But Matt and Todd graduated three years ago, never going to college and staying home with their parents. They worked various part-time jobs to at least pretend they had a real life.

Todd started to read the letter out loud. “Congratulations! You are accepted to Oak Pines Cheerleading Camp for the Summer of 2024! Your skills as cheerleaders are among the best and we look forward to helping you realize the maximum of your cheer potential! You will find your airline tickets and acceptance certificates inside. Read our brochures and fill out your forms, and remember to bring your certificates with you — we will be seeing you in June! Call (311) 167-4308 with any questions. Once again, congratulations!”

“Huh. Great for them.” Todd said, tossing it aside. “You gonna go over and give it to them?”

“No. Better idea,” Matt said. “I’m gonna keep it.” A sinister twinge deepened his voice. “And we’re gonna use it.”

That’s how the plan began.



The initial idea was met with the same accolades that met the invention of the polio vaccine. A boon to mankind, a triumph of the spirit and a tran-

scendent moment in the lives of... well, just Matt and Todd. They had the plane tickets, they had the acceptance letter. They had everything they needed to go there themselves.

“A whole camp of cheerleaders!” Matt enthused.

“Hundreds of teenage virgins!” Todd chimed.

“And we’ll have the whole place to ourselves!” Matt concluded on the evidence.

They were beside themselves with anticipation. They believed they literally had the tickets to paradise in their hands.

But then came the problem.

“Dude,” Todd said during a game of Resident Evil, some weeks later.

“Think they let guys like us into an all-girls’ camp?”

“Aw, fuck!” Matt realized.

And then the boys deliberated for another couple of weeks. They finally emerged from long discussions and negotiations with a new accord towards achieving a more perfect plan for the future.

“We should pretend we’re cheerleaders, man,” Matt said, shoveling dry Cheerios into his mouth.

“Like that movie,” Todd added.

“What movie?” Matt asked.

“You know, that one.”

“Oh. Yeah.”

And then a few days later Todd ratified the initiative.

“What you said, about pretending to be cheerleaders?” Todd asked Matt when they waited for burgers at the drive thru. “We could do that.”

“Right,” Matt said, expressing his doubts with this course of action. “Like that’s possible.”

“You leave this to me, dude,” Todd said with conviction. “I’ll figure this out.”

And so it was that the plan went into action.





By the time June rolled around, the boys were ready. They had spent the six months by concocting a diabolical plan worthy of a children's cartoon show. They had: grown out their hair to shoulder length, bought fake breasts, acquired girls clothing, waxed themselves clean, and practiced speaking in a falsetto reminiscent of Howdy Doody.

They both felt that they had come up with a fail proof plan. This from the minds of boys who grew up with not enough TLC and a far too much THC. But they showed up at the airport, flew to Scranton, Pennsylvania and met the bus sent from the camp. In their sweats and baseball cap getup, they had managed to get past every possible checkpoint, and when they presented the official letters of acceptance to the supervisor on the bus, they were warmly accepted.

Never mind that the boys were bigger, taller, uglier and harrier than any girl should be. Somehow they had snuck under the radar. As they rode aboard the old school bus into the hills, Matt and Todd were nervously anticipating the moments and hours ahead. Frankly, they hadn't thought as far ahead as days, or even weeks. They both figured they'd have to get out of there much quicker than that.

So they started to scan the bus for early conquests. But after only a few minutes, it became obvious that they had boarded some sort of bus designated for the freak girls. There were a lot of chubbies on board, a few horse-faced girls, some skags, a couple of pizza faces and one mutant escapee. It didn't occur to them, but the whole reason they had been able to "slip" by so far was because they weren't the ugliest ones on the bus — by quite a bit. Which was quite sad.

"Hi!" One of the chubbies said to Todd. She was seated in front of them. "Do you know if they have pony rides at the camp?" She grinned. "I love ponies. I hope they have pony rides. Because I really like ponies."

"Uh..." Todd replied.

"I know the brochure said nothing about pony rides, but all camps have pony rides, and I was just thinking that this one would have pony rides, and the last camp I went to had pony rides, and the one before that had pony rides, but maybe that's because they were pony riding camps."

Todd kicked the seat. "Shut up, fatty," he grouched. And the girl slowly turned to face forward again. "Dude, this is a horse trailer, not a hottie van," he said to Matt.

"It's like riding the special ed bus for cheerleaders," Matt observed. "This sucks."



It wasn't long before the bus pulled into a driveway, and the group filed out onto the woody, grassy terrain of the lakeside camp. Matt and Todd ignored the pastoral scenery and tranquil setting and just ogled chicks. At least they tried to. The place was full of snag-faced girls that were desperately trying to look good and failing spectacularly. It was even worse than the girls on the bus.

Todd had a plan. "Let's just get back on the bus and get the fuck outta here, man."

"Yeah. This is a total rip-off." Matt concluded.

And as the boys turned to see the bus pull away, it dawned on them that they were stuck hundreds of miles from home with no way back.



The Brambley Academy for Young Ladies was founded in 1887, by Lucretia Brambley and advertised as way for young girls to acclimate to the demands of being attentive wives. From the very beginning, the academy regarded itself as one of the finest, and held itself to a high standard of perfection. Since then, it had changed its name a dozen times and moved its location five times — all to periodically transform itself into the sort of place that would attract girls in need of help. It had been very successful. The camp was still in the hands of the Brambley family, and held true to its original mission, no matter what the place was called.

And what was its mission? To control the United States.

Lucretia Brambley was a suffragette before the term became well-known. She longed for the power and influence that only men held in this world, and she made it her calling in life to achieve the same level of privilege that males enjoyed. And she eventually succeeded.

'By the side of every good man is a good woman' so goes the phrase, and it was the unofficial credo of the Brambley family. For they knew that to control men, the most effective and subtle way was to control the women they loved.

And that's what the Oak Pines Cheerleading School was set up to do. Unattractive, misfit girls would arrive from all over the country and return as the perfect companion — but under the direct influence of the Brambley family. The camp had been careful to select the most promising young men in schools around the country, and they invited girls from those schools to the

camp. When they returned home, they would then mate for life, and the men would unknowingly be under the control of the Brambleys, by proxy.

The plan had worked very well. The Brambleys controlled some of congress, the courts, the executive branch, military, Fortune 500 companies, media outlets, colleges and local authorities. And less than a dozen people knew it.

They are benevolent rulers, doing the very best to let the country rule itself just as it should. But when they need to, they can scold the country, and punish it like a naughty child.



Matt and Todd were assigned a bunk bed in a small cabin, with just six others. They left their bags there and were told that the camp would assemble soon. Meanwhile, the boys needed to find a phone. They wanted out, and pronto.

“I’m gonna take a piss,” Todd said, in his goofy falsetto.

Matt relaxed on the bed. “Make it quick. Then we go call a taxi or something.” Todd then wandered out to find a bathroom. Matt turned over on his front to lie flat, but found two obtrusive pieces of latex in his way. He nearly grabbed them out of his shirt, but decided better of it, and settled for lying on his back.

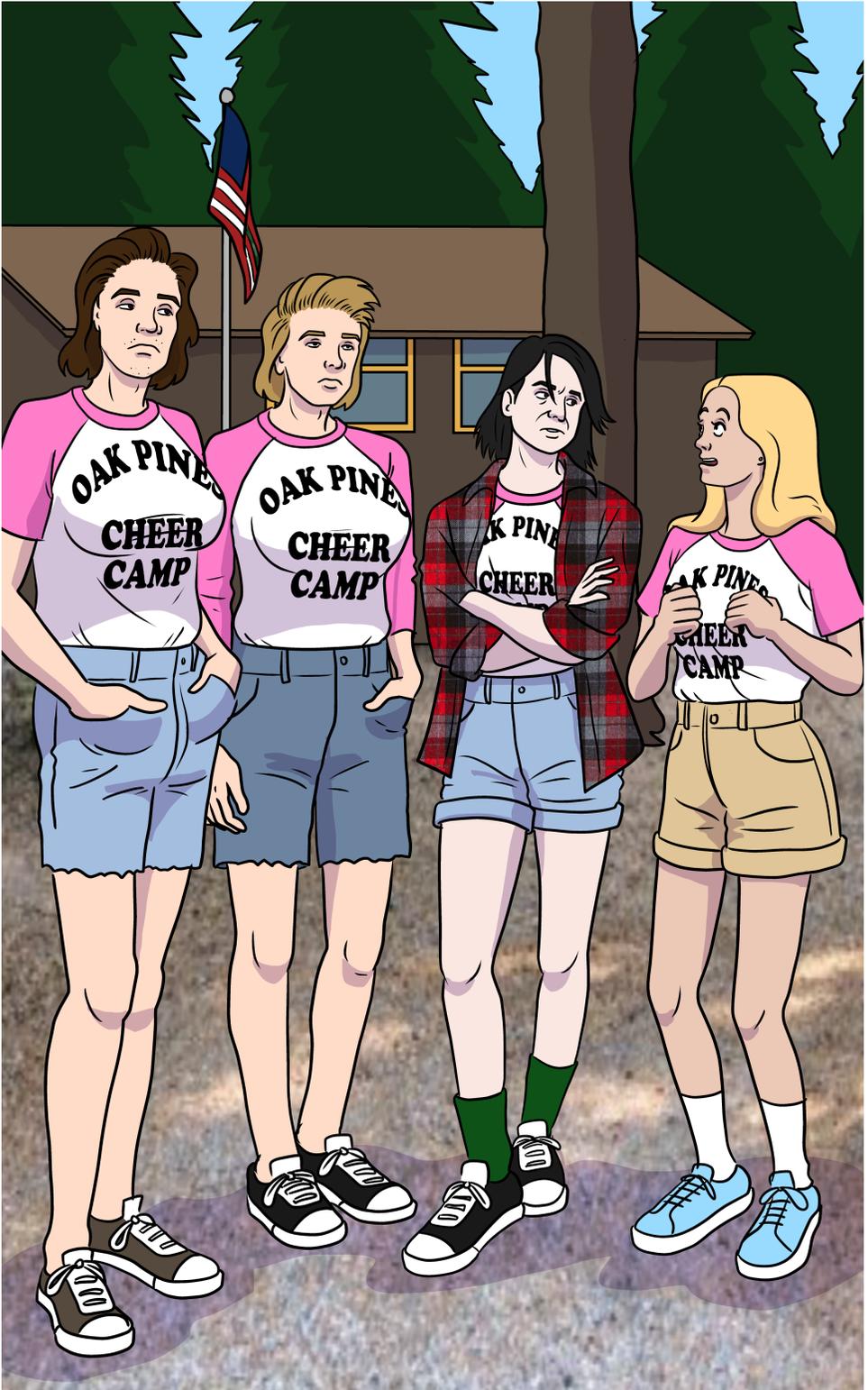
“Hi!” A voice said. Matt snapped to attention. “I guess we’re sharing a room. My name’s Amelia.” When Matt got a good look at the face the voice was coming from, he was disappointed. The voice was very seductive. Kind of throaty and breathy at the same time. What he saw was a girl with braces and limp pigtails.

Matt answered. “I’m Matt.” Oh oh. He forgot who he was supposed to be. And was he Nicole or was he Brianna? The boys hadn’t really decided. “I mean Nicole.” He said, realizing it didn’t really matter.

“Hey, Nicole.” Amelia replied. “That bus ride was so long I forgot my name too.”

“Two hours. No shocks on the bus, either. My ass hurts.”

“I’m so wiped. I just want to get wasted,” Amelia said. “You didn’t bring any skunk, did you?”



“Nah. I was afraid I was gonna get searched.” Matt was intrigued. This girl at least knew how to relax.

Amelia was bummed. “Shit.”

All of the sudden, they were interrupted. “Hi there! I’m Carol Ann. I go to Hogansport High School, home of the fighting crawfish! Double A southern league champs seven years running!” She then ended her little introduction by bouncing. “Gooo crawfish!”

“Hey there,” Amelia said, trying not to pay much attention to her. Matt barely even nodded.

“Where are you guys from?” She asked, but then didn’t even wait for an answer. “You all amped? This is gonna be the best summer ever, don’t you think? I can’t wait!”

This Carol Ann girl, besides being an empty-headed fool, was about twenty pounds over the unspoken cheerleader minimum weight, and thirty pounds beyond hottie status. Which in Matt’s eyes made her as interesting as a tree stump.

Todd returned, looking dejected. “Matt, dude, they told me they don’t have any phones...” He said before realizing his mistake. Fortunately, no one had time to digest it.

“Hi! I’m Carol Ann, I go to Hogansport High School, home of the fighting crawfish!” Carol Ann said. Again.

“Yeah,” Todd replied. “I’m Nicole.”

“I’m Nicole. You’re Brianna,” Matt interjected.

“Oh yeah.” Todd realized. “Well, anyway. The counselor said that there aren’t any phones here. They have a radio thing, but no phones. There’s no signal out here.”

“Aw, that rips.” Matt complained. “Now what?”

Before any more decisions could be made, though, an announcement was made for the camp to assemble in the courtyard. All four trudged off together, some anticipating with great hope, others wondering who they had to bribe to get outta here.



“Hoo doggie!” Cletus said, looking at the forms he had just been handed. “Got some heartbreakers here, don’t we?” In a clean, bright white room

located twenty feet below the camp, Dr. C. R. Fowler, Ph.D., was looking over the reports for his unwitting clients. Dr. Fowler was a genius at everything from geopolitics to brain surgery. But his position here was as the camp witch doctor. Literally.

The secret of the camp's success wasn't surgery, mind control or other technological approaches, they used good old-fashioned sorcery. Tried and true for tens of thousands of years. No need to "fool with all that modern claptrap" as Dr. Fowler would say.

Dr. Fowler, or Cletus as his coworkers called him, broke down the pile into three categories: "Needs Help," "Needs Lots of Help" and "Dawg Pound." Guess where he put Matt and Todd's reports?

He then brought them with him into the computer room. "Gots to git me some help. These girls get uglier every year," Cletus said in his southern drawl to his assembled staff. "Everybody ready now? We's gonna have our first visitor right soon."

Up top, the gathered crowd of campers was greeted and briefed. Then they were told to pick up their personalized schedules and activity list, then report to the outfitters for the camp uniform and workout wear. Then they broke by doing the camp cheer. At least most of them did.

Matt and Todd had already started to wander away. "Like a bunch of zombies." Matt observed.

"Not the brightest bunch, are they?" Amelia said, catching up to the two. "You guys gonna go get the schedules?"

"I guess," Todd said.

"Whatever," Matt enthused.

"Yeah," Amelia added. "This is gonna be one freakin' long camp."

Silently, they all agreed.



Clad in the camp-issued short shorts and sports bras, Matt and Todd looked at each other with equal amounts of ridicule and disgust. How had they miscalculated so badly that they wound up in this condition? How had their brilliant plan gone so wrong? Well there was little time for the deep, critical analysis the two boys were sure to engage in later. It was now time for Todd's "Individual Skills Assessment Test," the first scheduled activity, as

the personalized schedule dictated. Matt's test was scheduled to come soon after.

A loose line had formed outside the cabin in which the assessment was made. Todd was let in, and Matt and Amelia waited outside for Todd to finish.

"You big into the whole cheer thing?" Matt asked her.

"My mom was way big into it, and she signed me up." Amelia admitted. "I'd much rather be home playing th' Switch."

"Switch's for fags," Matt commented.

"That's what my bother says. You a gamer?"

"All the way. I got my PS5 and an XBox Series X."

"No way!"

"Oh yeah. It's suh-weet."

Amelia was impressed. "That's so cool. I could only afford the Switch. Dumb motion control shit."

"It's not that bad for the classic Nintendo franchise games, but..."

"Hey guys!" Carol Ann had pranced over, interrupting again. "You here for the skills test? I'm pretty good, but I'm so excited to see what an expert thinks! You guys excited too?"

Matt and Amelia were getting fed up. Amelia spoke. "Look, Trixie Joe, or whatever your name is, we're having a conversation here."

"Yeah, skankbag," Matt threw in.

Carol Ann put her hand on her hip and smiled even more. "Oh, you guys!" She said in a good-natured way that indicated she wasn't capable of interpreting an insult.

"Hey, Carol Ann!" A voice came from behind. It was Todd. "Hey guys!"

"How'd you do, Brianna?" Carol Ann asked Todd.

"Oh, I need some work, they said." He replied. "But they said I had a lot of potential!"

Matt snickered. "That's great." He stretched his neck. "Guess it's my turn. Wish me luck."

"Good luck, Nicole!" Carol Ann energetically said.

Matt let himself into the cabin, exiting the sunlit outside into the dark interior. "Hop up on the chair, sweetie," a voice said.

Matt saw an examination chair in the middle of the room and crawled up onto it. There was only one person in the room, a middle-aged woman who had a stethoscope and clipboard.

“You’re Nicole Lannigan?” She asked.

“Yeah.” Matt replied. He was worried that this test was going to be a little more intimate than he had first assumed. But Todd got out of it okay, so this must not be that big a deal.

“I just had your sister in here,” the woman said. “My name’s Patty, by the way.” She hit a lever and the chair fell back even further. “Now I want you to relax and breathe deeply. What we’ll be doing first is checking your blood pressure and pulse, just to make sure you’re in good health. No reason to be scared.”

Patty wrapped the blood pressure cuff around Matt’s arm and started to pump. As she let the air out and checked her watch, twenty feet below ground, Dr. Fowler began his incantations.

“You care about your appearance, don’t you?” Patty asked.

“Like anybody else,” Matt replied, shrugging. He felt like he was drifting.

“Nicole, you care about your appearance. It is very important to you.”

Matt thought. It was hard for him to concentrate. He felt a little high — and he had plenty of experience with that feeling. It was true, he did care about his appearance... And it was very important to him.

“It is important for you to look beautiful at all times.” Patty continued.

Beautiful. Matt wanted to be beautiful. At all times.

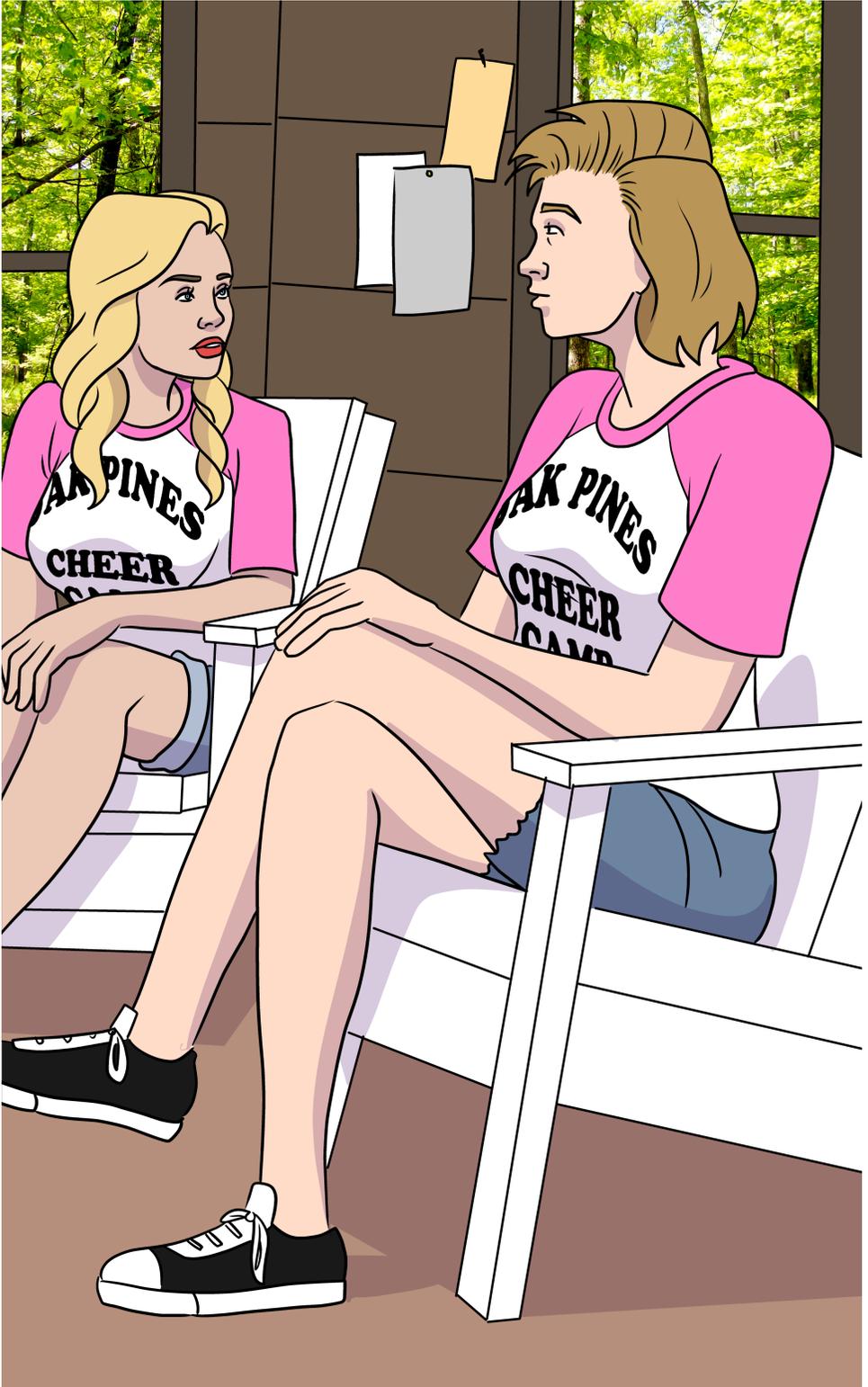
“Like a lot of young women your age, you will be becoming more beautiful and more desirable. You want this, and you welcome it. You will not be alarmed when it happens. You will accept it, and not question it.”

He was maturing. Soon, he would be beautiful. How he looked forward to that.

“You love to wear make-up. You want to wear lipstick, mascara, blush and powder. Learning how to apply it and use it is something you will always work hard on. You are naked without make-up.”

Make-up was crucial. How had he not understood this before? It was so important. Where could he find some? He needed it now.

“You will want to be the very picture of femininity. You will act like the delicate young lady that you are. You will be a well-behaved, considerate and



docile girl.”

He would be these things. Matt knew he was going to be everything Patty said he was.

“This is Nicole. This person who is a beautiful, delicate girl is Nicole. This is you.”

He was Nicole. This was who he was.

“How’d it go?” Amelia asked Matt when he left the cabin.

“Hey guys! Oh, I need some work, they said.” He replied. “But they said I had a lot of potential!”

Amelia looked at him a little cockeyed. “Uh, good?” She wasn’t sure what this meant.

“Amelia Romero?” Patty called from inside the cabin. “You’re next!” Amelia hesitatingly entered, looking at Todd and Matt with doubt. But she still went inside.

“Do you know where I can get some make-up, Carol Ann?” Matt asked.

“Make-up?” Todd asked. “What would you want with make-up?” Matt was a guy. He wouldn’t need any make-up. That was pretty gay — but *he* needed some. “Yeah, Carol Ann? Do you have any we can borrow?” Todd begged.

Carol Ann had all the answers. “There’s tons at the supply shack. They have a whole bunch of stuff, and it’s all free!”

“Great!” Todd said.

“That’s terrific!” Matt echoed.



Todd sat on the bed with Matt as they ravaged through a sack of assorted cosmetics. They were lucky to get them, as every girl in camp seemed to want some as well. Todd was trying his third shade of lipstick and considering the results in a hand mirror he held. Matt was practicing his mascara with his mirror in hand, one eye on the reflection and one eye on his friend.

“Dude,” he said to Todd, “why are you wearing lipstick? It makes you look so totally homo.”

“Lipstick is the most crucial part of my face!” Todd declared. “But I don’t understand why *you’re* wearing make-up, Matt.”

"Nicole," Matt said. "My name is Nicole."

"No it's not. Your name is Matt. What the heck happened to you?"

"What happened to you, Todd?"

"Brianna," Todd replied. "If you insist that your name is Nicole, you can at least use *my* real name."

"Hey!" Amelia said, joining the two boys on the bed. "Why didn't you wait for me?"

"Sorry!" Matt apologized "But I had to get some make-up, it's just too weird not to have it on."

Amelia looked at Matt with a confused expression on her face. She looked at Todd, who was nodding agreement. Then she grabbed a tube of lipstick and started to apply it herself. "*I know!*" She said. "What was I ever thinking? I should have make-up on all the time!"

"Show me how to do this, Amelia!" Todd said, holding some powder in his hands. "I'm just so ignorant!"

Amelia picked up the brush and started to apply it to Todd's face. "You have to blend." She said. "Blend, blend, blend, and then blend some more."

The bubbly presence of Carol Ann inserted itself onto the proceedings. "Hey guys!" She said, taking an uninvited seat on the bed.

"Hi," Amelia said.

"Yeah, hi," Matt mumbled.

"Doing make-up?" She asked. "I love make-up!" She immediately started to root through the pile of cosmetics. She picked out a tube of pink lipstick and handed it to Matt. "This is your shade."

"Huh?" Was his reply.

"You're a Light Summer," Carol Ann estimated. "I used to work a cosmetics counter at Nordstroms. It's my thing."

"What else do I need?" Matt had to know. "I mean, you're the expert!" Suddenly Carol Ann was a lot more intriguing to Matt.

"Okay, you have light brown hair and fair skin and blue eyes. You want to use light grays, light blues, roses, pinks, and lavender colors."

"What am I? What am I?" Todd queried. "Tell me!"

"Okay, you have reddish brown hair and some freckles. You're a Warm Spring. Peach, pumpkin, golden browns, aqua and yellow-greens for you."



Like this!" She held up a glittery orangish eye shadow. Todd snatched it out of her hands.

"Me! Me too!" Amelia begged, presenting her face for analysis.

"Deep Autumn. Dark hair, dark eyes. Blacks, charcoal, rich red, purple, cream." And Amelia immediately went diving into the pile for matches.

"Me?" Todd held up a mascara for Carol Ann's opinion.

"Too light." She answered. She picked out another one. "Here. This one. I'll put it on for you." Without further prompting, Todd stuck his face forward and waited patiently. Carol Ann quickly and expertly applied it, as the other two looked on and memorized the method.

"I still don't think you should be wearing make-up," Matt said to Todd, with offense.

"So what about nail polish?" Carol Ann asked.

"*Nail polish?*" All three said simultaneously. They then went back to picking through the pile voraciously.



When day broke the next morning, Matt knew it was time to get up when he saw Todd's foot — with painted toenails — dangle over the side of the bed. "You awake, Matt?" He whispered.

"Nicole," he whispered back.

"We need to talk. Let's go outside."

They tiptoed outside into the dewy morning, careful not to wake anybody else. They got to a clear area where they could speak in confidence. "I don't wanna stay here, man," Todd said. "It's time we got outta here. Strange things are goin' on."

"Like your new need for make-up. And your new name," said Matt.

Todd scoffed at that. "Me? You're the one with the girly thing going."

"But I'm supposed to be... Never mind." Matt ended that thread. "What we still gotta do is get out of here."

"I was looking on the activity thing." Todd held up his schedule. "There's a shuttle trip to the small town down the road for people who need to pick up something at the store."

"Yeah!" Matt said. "That's what we're looking for!"

“But it’s not until tonight.”

“Shee-it. But I guess it’s better than being stuck here for the month.”

Todd shrugged. “I gotta go do my face,” he said, walking back to the cabin.

“Me first!” Matt said, running past him.

The two boys dressed for the day ahead in the shorts and camp T-shirts. Secretly, both were revolted by the bodies they had. They felt like big apes. Accordingly, they spent a lot of time on their shaving, catching every last hair they could find. And they spent even more time on the make-up, using the new skills they had to make themselves beautiful. Although not much could really help. Carol Ann lent her expertise when she woke up.

“Welcome to Cheerleading 101,” The young woman at the front of the class said. “This is the class where we cover the fundamentals of being a the best of the best. We will have you performing at a championship level. And you will *all* be winners!” She was a tall blond, her hair in a pony tail and wearing a version of the camp t-shirt with a counselor designation on it. When she talked, she had a tendency to bounce and gallop back and forth, and she never spoke a word in anything but the most energetic way possible. “We’ll be breaking up into groups, everyone get in line.” She pointed to a half-dozen other counselors that were waiting at the sides of the class. “Line up with a counselor, no more than five people to a group.”

Matt found Todd and Amelia found them, and of course so did Carol Ann. They then got to a counselor who happened to be the woman who was leading the class. She led them over to spot where they had room to work. “All right.” She began. “We’ll start off with something simple. I want to see you walk a straight line. This will check your balance.” She marked off a line in the dirt with her shoe. “You.” She pointed to Todd. “You first.”

Todd walked over to the end of line, and trudged casually along it.

“Oooo-kay.” The counselor said. “A few tips.” She positioned herself at the end of the line. “One foot in front of the other, short steps, arms out, elbows in, fingers point out, wiggle the hips. Like this.” The counselor proceeded to mince down the line smoothly, like a dancer. “Heel-toe, heel-toe. Okay, you.” She pointed to Carol Ann. “You try.”

Carol Ann followed the directions and imitated the walk exactly. “That’s great!” The counselor enthused. “Now everyone try.”

“Achoo!” Amelia sneezed.

“Bless you!” Carol Ann said. “Allergies?”

“Just something in the air.”



Meanwhile, twenty feet below, Dr. Fowler had already begun to burn the offerings and chant the spell he needed to. Through the sprinkler system, an invisible smoke started to waft across the grounds of the camp.

Cletus then left his staff to continue the incantation while he got to work on the elixir that he needed ready by lunchtime. He had a lot of hungry mouths to feed.

“Okay, now I want to see how you do in the sit test.” The head counselor said. She seemed satisfied with the results of the walk exercise. She walked over to a pile of folding chairs and brought one back. She set it down and started to demonstrate. “What I want you to do is walk to the chair and sit down.”

“What does this have to do with cheerleading?” Amelia asked.

“*Everything!*” The counselor snapped. Amelia shut her mouth. “Watch me now. I walk to the chair, bend at the hips and knees, smooth the skirt under me...” She did the same as she talked. “Keeping my legs together at all times. I then swivel into position, and if I want to, cross my legs at the ankle.” She added another important point. “And if there’s no table, like we have here, keep your hands folded on your knees and your arms straight. Or on your lap in formal situations.”

“Why don’t you try.” She said to Matt. He gulped.



Whistles blew, an announcement was made and it was time for lunch. Matt, Todd, Amelia and Carol Ann had all worked themselves to the bone, and were desperate for something to eat. They hobbled and minced across the grounds, walking with their arms pointed out, the feet going heel to toe and generally looking very swishy.

“Stop doing that!” Matt yelled at Todd.

“You stop!” Todd yelled back.

They made it eventually to the mess hall, where they got their trays and ran it down the line for delicious, delicious food. “What do you suppose that is?” Matt asked Amelia. He was pointing to a green semitransparent glob with chunks in it.

“A semitransparent green glob with chunks,” she replied.

“And this?” He held up a silver goblet with an orange liquid inside that boiled — despite being cold. It leaked a white mist that drifted over the rim.

“Diet shake,” the lunch lady answered, uninvited.

“Diet shake?” Amelia asked. She smelled the acrid odor from the mist.

“Diet shake,” the lunch lady reaffirmed.

They found a table and were quickly joined by Todd, and as usual, Carol Ann. Of course, they all sat down at the table gracefully smoothing nonexistent skirts. “What kind of diet shake is this anyway?” Matt said to Todd.

“A shake?” Todd said excitedly. “Cool! I thought it was some stupid health drink.” He quickly downed the whole goblet. He then plopped the empty cup down on the table and let out a dramatic “Ahhh.” Matt and Amelia exchanged a look of doubt and then took tentative sips simultaneously.

As the group then started to pick at the meager, miserable meal that was laid out for them, it seemed there were no good choices. Most avoided the glob and went for something square that had chicken in it, hypothetically. When Matt stabbed at it, he found a lock of hair falling in his face. He tucked it back in place, and then just as quickly, another lock fell from the other side. After that happened a couple of more times, he finally gave up and undid the rubber band that was holding his hair in place. It then spilled out all over, almost into his food. He had to gather it all back up again and refasten it in his ponytail. It took him nearly a full minute to do so, as he had far more hair there than he was used to. This hair wasn’t just to his neck, this hair was going down below his shoulders.

He was about to say something, but when he looked up, he saw that Todd, Amelia and even Carol Ann all had huge heads of hair. He then just figured he had suffered from some rare mental condition that caused him to underestimate how much hair used to be on people’s heads. That was the only explanation. It couldn’t be that everyone’s hair had grown a foot in the last few seconds, could it? He took another sip of his diet shake to clear his mind.

And another lock of hair fell into his face.



For the afternoon activity, they gathered in a smaller cabin with a few other campers and took seats on benches. A DVD player and flat screen were



at the front of the room, and when they had all made it inside, a counselor steeped forward. "What we want to do is review some basic moves and show you girls how to break down any jump, kick or vault into easy to follow steps. Just watch the video." She then flicked the screen to life.

Matt, Todd and Amelia slouched and got comfortable, while Carol Ann sat on the edge of her seat. "We're paying two thousand dollars to watch videos?" Amelia griped.

"Two thousand dollars?" Todd cried. "You mean a two *whole* thousand?"

"Shhh!" a few dozen people said.

"I didn't know it was that much," Todd whispered.

Then they focused on the tape. It showed a bunch of young girls in assembled formations, jumping and kicking and screaming like cheerleaders do. Instantly, Todd and Matt started to grow bored. And then they started to lose a little bit of consciousness.

"Let's talk about the game of football," The bubbly girl on screen said. "Football is a pretty dangerous sport. Lots of people get hurt all the time. People have broken their spines and become paralyzed. Some have even died!"

Matt hadn't considered this. He had been on the JV team back in high school, but now that seemed like a crazy idea. He could have gotten killed.

"In fact, all contact sports are really, really dangerous! You never know when somebody's going to get a broken bone or a worse!"

He had played basketball, too. Why had he taken such risks with his body?

"That's why we let the boys play those sports, and that's why they need cheerleaders! We cheer them up, and lead the crowd! They need that kind of comfort when they're risking their health for your school!"

Of course. That made so much sense. That's why cheerleading was so important. Matt used to think it was just a bunch of airheads screaming on the sideline. But now he understood their place now.

"Now, football is a game where people run up and down the field and try to get the ball into the end places and through the yellow bar thing. That's all you really need to know about football. Don't even worry about anything else."

In basic terms, that was correct. That's all you really needed to know, Matt realized. With that realization, all the rules of football dropped right out of his head.

“Okay! Now, most important of all, you’ve got to smile! Smile big and bright and be happy all the time! That’s what your team wants to see, not a bunch of sad frowny faces! Smile!”

There. That was just common sense. Matt knew that. But now he knew he had to keep smiling.

“In fact, just smile for everyone! Everywhere! People like you when you’re happy! Don’t limit it to the field, just show your big smile to the whole world!”

Smiling. It was that easy. All he had to do was smile for everyone and people felt better. He knew it worked on him. Now he would show the world how happy they could be.

“Your energy level should be up, up, and up! Be peppy! Be chipper! Feel good about yourself! Feel good about your friends! Feel good about everything! Smile! Laugh! Giggle! You need to get people to forget all those depressing things like politics, money, death n’ stuff! Just like you! You don’t worry about that stuff anymore, do you?”

Matt knew now he had been such a bring-down to everyone. He hadn’t been putting his best face forward, moping around like a dumpy dum dum. He had been so wrapped up in problems and junk that he didn’t do the most essential thing in the world. He hadn’t made people feel good. He needed to forget about all that stuff he worried about, because life was too short not to feel great.

“Let’s not be Crabby Cathies! Always like, look on the bright side of life! You know you can, you know you want to!”

He did. Matt really, really did.

“You don’t need to swear or curse, or ever be angry or nasty to anyone ever again! It’s so like, extra dumb!”

He felt like an idiot for being so blind, so vulgar and so surly. This would all change. It had to change. It was over. The new Matt would be a better person starting right now.



“Like, Brianna, have you noticed, like everyone acting, all weird and stuff?” Amelia asked Todd. “Everyone’s acting like super freaky? Did you notice?” She was tying Todd’s hair into pigtails, trying to manage his huge head of hair in some way.

Todd shook his head. “I think people are you know, like, just settling in, you know? They’re getting more comfortable?”

“Hey guys! What’s up? What’re we doing, huh?” Said a very chipper and peppy voice. Strangely, it wasn’t Carol Ann. It was Matt.

“Amelia was saying that she thought people were acting weird?” Todd said. “And I was saying that like they were just finding it easier to relax?”

Amelia faced Matt. “Don’t you think people are acting strange? Because I think people are acting strange?”

Matt was excited to talk, for no reason. “I don’t think people are acting strange! Everybody’s in such a great mood! Everybody’s feeling great! I love it!” He was gushing.

“That’s what I was telling her?” Todd pointed at Amelia.

She defended herself. “Like, what is it with you guys? Can’t you see that people, are like, changing and stuff? I mean, like physically and mentally? I’m really starting to worry?” Not even Amelia had noticed how their speech had become a series of questions, even if they weren’t asking anything. It was the same kind of inflection a teenage girl might have.

“You need to relax like everyone else, and not, you know, tax your brain and stuff?” Todd suggested. He then took a look at Amelia. “Didn’t you used to have braces, Amelia?”

Carol Ann walked by and waved. “Carol Ann!” Matt called out. “Do my nails? My hair?”

“Um... I gotta go get some stuff at the store in town? The bus is leaving?” Carol Ann said.

“Pleeease?” Matt begged.

“Okay!” She relented, and sat down at Matt’s side. “You know your hair is getting lighter? Like, at the roots?”

“Really? Is that good?”

“Yah! That’s like totally great!” Carol Ann answered. “I think your hair going blond too?” She said to Todd. “And yours?” She said to Amelia.

Amelia then grabbed a mirror and examined it closely. “I am! My hair is turning blonde! Oh my God! Like, no! I’m turning into some kind of... of... blonde airhead?” She then dropped what she was doing, grew a very worried look on her face and minced off in a panic.



Matt and Todd just looked at each other in uneasiness. “Do you think we should go after her?” Todd asked.

“I’ll do your hair next, Brianna?” Carol Ann said.

“Okay!” he said, keeping his seat.

“Have you, like lost some weight, Carol Ann? You look great!” Matt said.

“I was going ask you? Because you’ve lost weight too?” She replied.

“Oh, wow!” Todd said. “I think we’re all, like losing weight!”

“Totally!” Matt and Carol Ann replied. “Thank God for those diet shakes!”



Cletus spit his coffee halfway across the room when he heard it. “Now, I want you to repeat that slowly for me — my hearin’ ain’t what is used to be.” He said to the young woman who was nervously standing before him.

“Well, sir, I was doing the routine mind probes, and I came upon something I couldn’t understand,” she said.

“I got that part, sugar. Move on to the important bit,” Dr. Fowler said, tapping his pen on the desk.

“I was probing cabin five, when I could only pick up six of the eight girls in there. That’s not too unusual, but then I checked with the other telepaths on my shift and they couldn’t connect with the other two girls either.”

“And this led you to believe...”

“Well, I was still trying to figure things out, so I did our standard troubleshooting, having the whole staff probe and such. And when we got to Kyle, he did his mind probe and he came up with two.”

“And because Kyle picked them up, you conclude...”

“There are two boys living in cabin five.”



Matt was sitting on the edge of his seat, listening to every word in this class like it was written on stone tablets delivered by Moses. He was jogging his legs and had his head on a swivel, scanning the room like a gopher. He looked like he was about to leap up and scream in elation at any time.

“The most vital thing you need to consider when being a cheerleader is the ability to read your audience,” The girl lecturing said. “A crowd is a powerful force. You need to know how the crowd will react to what you can do as a cheerleader.” The girl then produced a series of cards that she put onto an easel. “Say you’re this.” She turned a card around, revealing a pink square on it.

She then fetched another card with a green color and put it next to the pink. “And your crowd is this.” She pointed to the green. “Does this work?”

“No!” She declared. “Green and pink just don’t go together! The crowd will hate you!” She put up another card next to the pink. “Now if you’re this,” she had a yellow-green color on this card, “look how well that goes together!”

Matt was amazed. He didn’t see anything wrong with pink and green, but green and yellow-green looked so much better! They matched so well!

“Now, if your crowd is this,” the girl put a light blue card on the easel, “What color goes with this?” She put a peppermint green card next to it. “That looks a lot better, doesn’t it?” Then she took a white card and put that up there as well. “And with the white, it’s a fresh, dreamy color combination!”

Matt was thrilled with this incredible new way of looking at things. He wanted to go play with the colors and cards. What new combinations could he create?

“And if you take our original pink and green, look what happens if you put this cream color in between them.” She rearranged the card. “It’s amazing, isn’t it? And look how this combination gives you a healthy, natural feeling!”

This just blew Matt’s mind. How many color combinations were there? How did colors make you think different things? It was all so much to comprehend. How would he be able to deal with all this incredible stuff he knew?

“Now, I want everybody to experiment with different color combinations and really experience the huge difference this can make in your life, but...” the speaker frowned. “But I just don’t have enough cards.” A groan came from the class. One girl started to cry. “But what I do have is a whole bunch of clothes!” Racks and racks of clothes were wheeled in from the outside of the cabin, filling the room with blouses, top, skirts, stockings, shoes, boots and jackets. “So I want everybody to pick out color combinations from these clothes, put them on and I’ll see how you do, okay?”

Matt, along with the rest of the class attacked the racks with piranha-like appetites for the clothes. He couldn't wait to try every possible combination on. Then he would *be* the colors.



Todd found himself at a cheer hair class, eager — no, downright giddy — to learn the fine art of cheerleading hairstyles. His excitement was matched by his new cheerleader friend, Carol Ann was wondering up almost as much as Todd was. The two sat side by side at a row of vanities, each adorned with a dizzying array of hair care products: sprays, gels, mousses, and more pins than a hardware store could sell in a year.

The seminar was led by Cassie, a camp counselor whose own hair was the stuff of legend. It defied gravity and logic, an elaborate fortress of curls and waves that shimmered under the fluorescent lights. She was the Picasso of ponytails, the Michelangelo of mousse, and she held the attention of her young audience like a seasoned stage performer.

Todd, who weeks ago might have been more interested in figuring out how to spike a punch bowl than a hairdo, was now riveted by Cassie's every word. He listened intently as she introduced "The Ultimate Cheer Bun," a hairstyle that could withstand the most rigorous of routines, and probably a category five hurricane.

"Remember, ladies, it's all about the teasing," Cassie said, holding up a teasing comb like it was a magic wand. "You want to backcomb each section at least twenty times. Volume is what you're looking for here."

Todd was furiously scribbling notes. He leaned toward Carol Ann, who was equally engrossed, and whispered, "I had no idea there was so much to this. It's like a science!"

Carol Ann nodded, her eyes wide. "It's totally an art form," she whispered back.

Todd reached for a can of extra hold hairspray, eager to try out the technique himself. As he began to tease a section of his hair, he glanced at Cassie.

"Cassie," Todd said, his tone as serious as if he were asking for the secrets to the universe, "does it matter if, like, you use a wide-tooth comb for the initial sectioning, or should it always be a fine-tooth? 'Cuz I want to make sure I'm doing it right."

Cassie blinked, clearly surprised by the depth of the question. “Well, for the best results, always start with a fine-tooth comb. It gives you more control, especially with the flyaways.”

Todd nodded, committing this vital information to memory. “And what about ribbon placement? Should it be centered, or is it better to offset it a bit for more flair during tumbling?”

“Good question!” Cassie replied, clearly impressed. “For a balanced look, center it, but if you’re doing a more dynamic routine, a little offset can add that extra flair.”

Todd turned back to Carol Ann, his eyes sparkling with newfound knowledge. “Did you hear that? Offset for flair! This is game-changing.”

The two of them dove into their work, carefully following Cassie’s instructions, their vanities littered with the tools of the trade. Todd’s concentration was intense, his hands moving with an ease and familiarity that seemed to defy any lingering trace of his former self. He was absorbed, lost in the world of braids, buns, and curls, utterly oblivious to the fact that just days ago, he thought the ultimate haircut involved a Flowbee.

As the seminar progressed, Todd found himself asking more and more detailed questions: the best type of elastic bands, the pros and cons of different hairsprays, and the secret to keeping a curl intact through an entire routine. Cassie answered each one with the patience of a saint, while Carol Ann watched with admiration.

“And remember girls, great hair isn’t just for cheerleading! You want to have great cheer-quality hair all the time!” The counsellor spoke as she walked up and down the aisle, examining the work of the campers. “Your hair can never look too elegant and beautiful, no matter where you are. Whether it’s cheering, grocery shopping, nursing a baby, doing dishes or attending a PTA meeting, always have great hair!”

“She is *so* right,” Todd said. “Hair is everything.”

“I’m so glad the counsellors know so much,” Carl Ann added.

By the end of the session, Todd had not only mastered “The Ultimate Cheer Bun,” but had also added a few flourishes of his own, much to the delight of Carol Ann. The two of them sat back, admiring their work, while the other girls began to chatter and pack up their things — but Todd was not done. He carefully placed each product back on the vanity, as if they were sacred artifacts, and made sure every bobby pin was accounted for.

As they left the seminar, Todd was already thinking about the next hairstyle he wanted to master, eagerly anticipating the hours he'd spend in front of the mirror, practicing until it was perfect. If you had asked him before camp, Todd might have claimed that hair was just something that sat on top of your head, no more significant than the hat you wore on a bad day. Now though, it was a science, and Todd was going to earn his Ph.D in cheer hair.

Todd passed by Matt as one left, and the other was just arriving for the next class. Matt's eyes practically exploded out of his face like howitzers, dazzled by the enthralling display of shiny, curly cheer hair perfection.

"Oh my gaw!" Matt replied in a voice that was an octave higher than it had been two days ago. He marched into the classroom and got a seat in the front row, ready to learn. "I'm not gonna let that slut look better than me!"



"We're just concerned about your well-being, honey," said the woman in the lab coat. "You must trust us."

The figure in the chair was bound to it, as it struggled and fought. "Please? Let me go?"

"Now, now. We just need a little bit of information..." The woman checked her clipboard. "...Amelia."

Amelia was thrashing about wildly. "What do you, like, want with me?"

"You're staying in cabin five, aren't you?" The woman asked. "I see you've struck up a friendship with three other girls, Nicole, Brianna and Carol Ann."

"How did you know that?" Amelia asked.

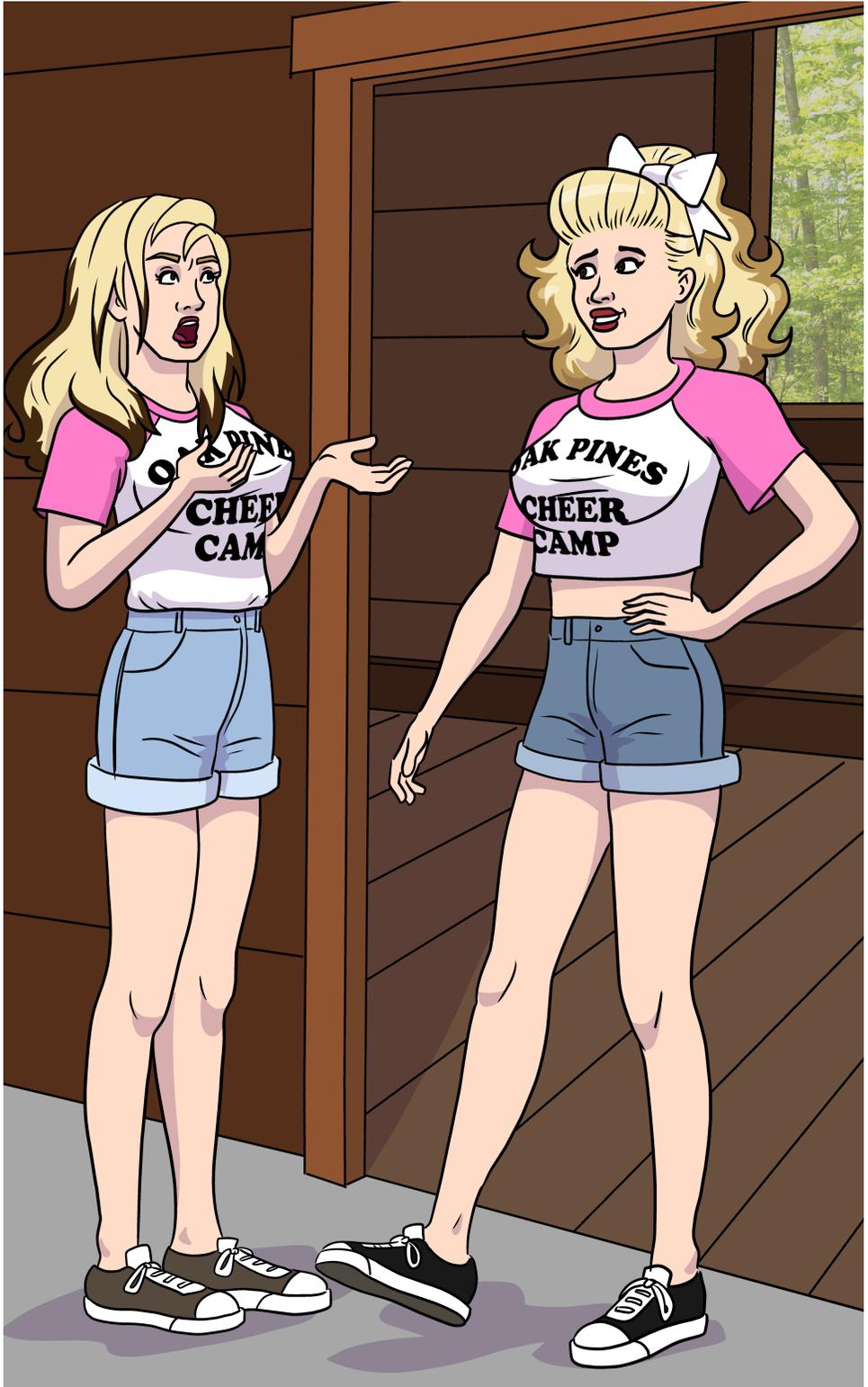
"Just observation. I wanted to ask you if you've found any of your cabin mates... unusual. Weird. Not fitting in."

Amelia stuck up for her friends. "N-n-no? They're all really great girls?"

"You've skipped more than a few activities, Amelia. Don't you like the camp?"

"I just wanted some time, like, to myself?"

"That's not true is it? There's something else bothering you, Amelia. I can sense it." And she could, too. She concentrated to go further into her mind.



“You’re... worried... you think we’re changing people here somehow.”

“N-n-no!” Amelia said, unable to understand how they could know. It was like they could read minds. “I just wanted to, you know, get away for a while n’ stuff?”

“Well, Amelia, I’ll make a deal with you, you tell me who the boys are in your cabin, and I’ll tell you if we’re changing people.” The woman offered.

“What? What are you, like, talking about? What boys?”

“Amelia, you need to be honest with me.”

“I am, like, being totally honest with you?”

“All right Amelia, if that’s the way you want it.” The woman then started to chant in a language Amelia couldn’t understand.



“Keeping your team on the same page requires a strong leader. In order to make sure that your cheerleading team can be everything it can be, all members of that team look to that leader.” Matt agreed with this wholeheartedly. Leaders were very important.

“I’ve always thought that?” He said to Todd.

“It’s so true?” Todd replied.

“It’s not unlike a family. In a family, the husband is the leader. In cheerleading, the team is the leader!” The girl at the front of the class had a bright, big smile on her face and talked in the same peppy way that everyone at camp had adopted. “In a football team, the players are boys. And in the family, the husband is a boy. Boys always lead!”

“Except boys like you, Todd?” Matt sneered.

“Brianna!” Todd snarled.

“And being a rally girl on your team is like being the wife in a family! In fact, it’s almost exactly the same!” The lecturer walked over to where she pressed a button on the wall. A large screen descended from the ceiling, the light dimmed and a movie started to play.

“The Modern Housewife” was the title of the film. It was in black and white, and was filmed sometime in the fifties, despite being titled ‘Modern.’

“In America today,” said the narrator, “the family unit is a vital component of the structure of our country.” A family having dinner was shown. “It is,

therefore vital that the members of a family know how to function in their proper roles.” The father was shown in close-up. “The husband is the money-earner and head of a household. He dictates in every way what a family believes in and will accomplish in life, much like the way a military commander or corporate executive does.”

A close-up of the kids were shown. “The kids are the future of the family. They will grow up and make families of their own based on the teachings and traditions laid out by the father.”

A close-up of the mother was on screen. “And finally, the mother. She does the work of the family, taking care of the husband and the kids. Her place is to assist the husband and follow his wisdom. When a wife becomes a mother, and has a family to attend to, it is then that she truly becomes happy.”

Matt and Todd watched on, bathed in the grey light of the screen, and awash in what it said. When the film ended and the light came on again, the girl leading the class spoke again. “Okay, I want everybody in the first three rows to follow me, we’re going to the kitchen and learn to cook.” She pointed to another counselor next to her. “Everyone in the back three rows follow Amber here, and you’ll be learning how to sew.”

Some of the class groaned. “Don’t worry, tomorrow we’ll switch!” The girl said. Then the groans turned to cheers. Todd, Carol Ann and Matt were in the first three rows and headed out for the kitchen.

“We’re gonna learn how to cook!” Todd said, bouncing high in the air as he walked.

Matt was bouncing, too. “I’m so excited!” Then a sour look crossed his face. “I hope it’s not too hard?”

“It’s no biggie, I cook all the time?” Carol Ann said.

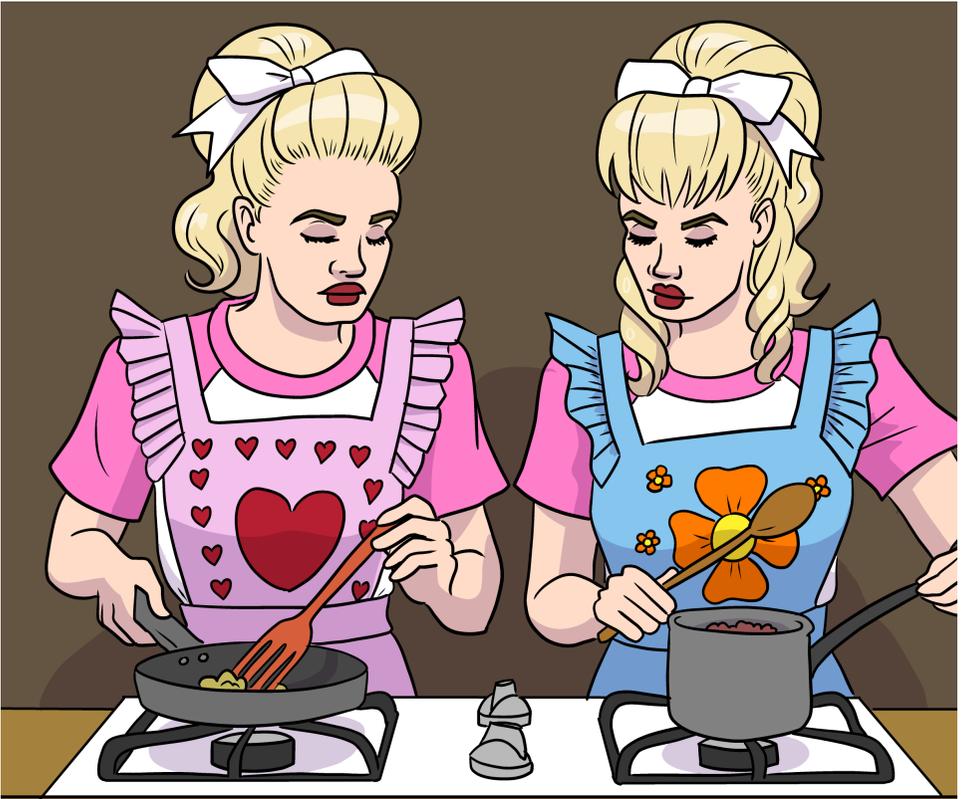
Matt faced Carol Ann and begged. “Can you teach us, Carol Ann?”

“Yeah, you’re so smart!” Todd added.

“Like, for sure!” Carol Ann replied. “Totally!”

When they arrived, they were all given frilly pink aprons to wear along with a copy of “The Joy of Cooking” which they were told to keep. They formed into neat groups, watching the way things were done, and then trying it themselves. Oddly enough, every one of the girls seemed to be able to cook with absolute perfection. One might call that supernatural.

As Todd poured his batter into the mold he had an insight into what he was doing. “Why do they call it bundt cake anyway?”



“Well, because it’s all... bundt-y?” Matt replied. He shrugged. Doing so, he felt uncomfortable. He moved around his shoulders inside of his t-shirt. Something felt wrong to him. “Does your bra seem too small, Todd?” He asked.

“Brianna!” Todd hissed. He then tugged at his chest. “It’s been, you know, bugging me for hours and stuff.” He reached inside and pulled out a fake breast. “That’s like, so much more comfortable!” He then took out the other one. He felt his own flesh spill into the cups of his sports bra.

Matt then removed his. “Oh, wow! That’s like so much better! Now my breasts can breathe!” Then Matt spotted someone. “Hey, isn’t that, like, Amelia?”

Todd turned to look. “Yah! Oh my gawd! Where has she been?”

“Amelia!” Matt called out. He didn’t get a response, so he minced over to where she was mixing her cake. “Amelia! It’s me, Nicole?” He said to her.

Amelia turned around. Only she looked different. She was shorter, only five feet tall and had curly blond hair that sprang out of her head like a party favor. Her breasts were huge on her small frame, around a D-cup. She looked at Matt with uncertainty. “Do I, you know, know you or something?” Her voice was almost a squeak, as high pitched as a little girl’s.

Todd followed behind Matt closely. “It’s us, Nicole and Brianna? Your, you know, friends n’ stuff?”

Amelia shook her head. “I’m sorry, but you can’t be Brianna or Nicole, they’re like, real tall and real big, and don’t have you know, blond hair n’ stuff?”

Matt and Todd looked at each other. They hadn’t noticed it before, but they had shrunk considerably, now only a few inches taller than Amelia’s height. Not to mention that their long hair had gone platinum blond.

Matt was first to say something. “Oh my gawd! Todd, you’re like totally small and blond now?”

“I’ve always looked like this, Matt! It’s you that have changed n’ stuff” Todd protested. “And my name is Brianna, okay?”

“I’m sorry, but I gotta get this cake in the oven? Please?” Amelia said, skittering past the two bickering boys.

“She’s been, like brainwashed, Todd!” Matt said. “I mean ‘Brianna.’”

“She was, you know, saying earlier that people’s minds n’ stuff were being changed?” Todd was suddenly horrified. “What if, you know, she was right n’ stuff!?”

“Oh my gawd, oh my gawd!” Matt said. “It’s like, everything she feared, you know?” He grabbed Todd by the wrist. “We gotta tell someone!” Matt and Todd strutted out of the kitchen and looked for someone to help them.

They made their way across the courtyard, into the main office. “Excuse me?” Matt asked the woman at the desk. “We need, to you know, tell the police that you’re controlling people’s minds?”

“Can we use the radio?” Todd added. “Pleeease?”

The weary woman who was seated behind the desk, who up to a second ago believed that she had seen everything, stared an incredulous stare at the boys. “Controlling people’s minds?”

“Yah!” Matt said. “You like, made our friend Amelia forget about us and stuff?”

“I see,” the woman said. “Amelia. From cabin five?”

“Uh huh!” Todd affirmed.

“And you two are from cabin five?” She asked. The boys nodded.

“I’m Nicole Lannigan.” Matt said.

“And I’m Brianna Lannigan.” Todd said.

“Sisters, huh? Two sisters? *Two* of you.” The woman was putting it together. She pushed a button on her desk and spoke into a speaker. “Get me Dr. Cletus Fowler.” She said. “Tell him two boys from cabin five need his help.”

“So is he in charge of the radio or something?” Matt asked, twirling his hair on his finger.



Matt and Todd were out cold on examination tables, in the offices twenty feet below the camp. Dr. Fowler was pacing nervously, running his hand through his short hair.

“If we had just gotten to them ten minutes sooner, I declare.” He mumbled. “Ten tiny minutes.”

“They’re stuck this way, aren’t they?” An assistant asked, looking at the two figure on the tables. They really didn’t look a thing like boys at all.



“That’s what I was just tellin’ y’all!” He shouted. “It’s too late to try and fix it, these boys is girls now, no matter what we do! Two more weeks, and they’ll be just as female as any other girl!” He found a chair and fell into it. “If the Brambley family finds out, you, me, the people upstairs — we’s just as good as dead. Bury us now, lord!”

“How did they get in?” The assistant asked.

“Well, I swear we never *ever* thought that boys would be stupid enough to try and dress up like girls. And I never thought that we’d not be able to tell a boy from a homely girl.” Dr. Fowler scratched his ear. “Either boys are gettin’ stupider or these girls are gettin’ uglier. Maybe both. I don’t know.”

“So, maybe we have to fix it?” The assistant asked.

Dr. Fowler stood up and got into the assistant’s face. “Boy, you better be real good at keepin’ secrets.”



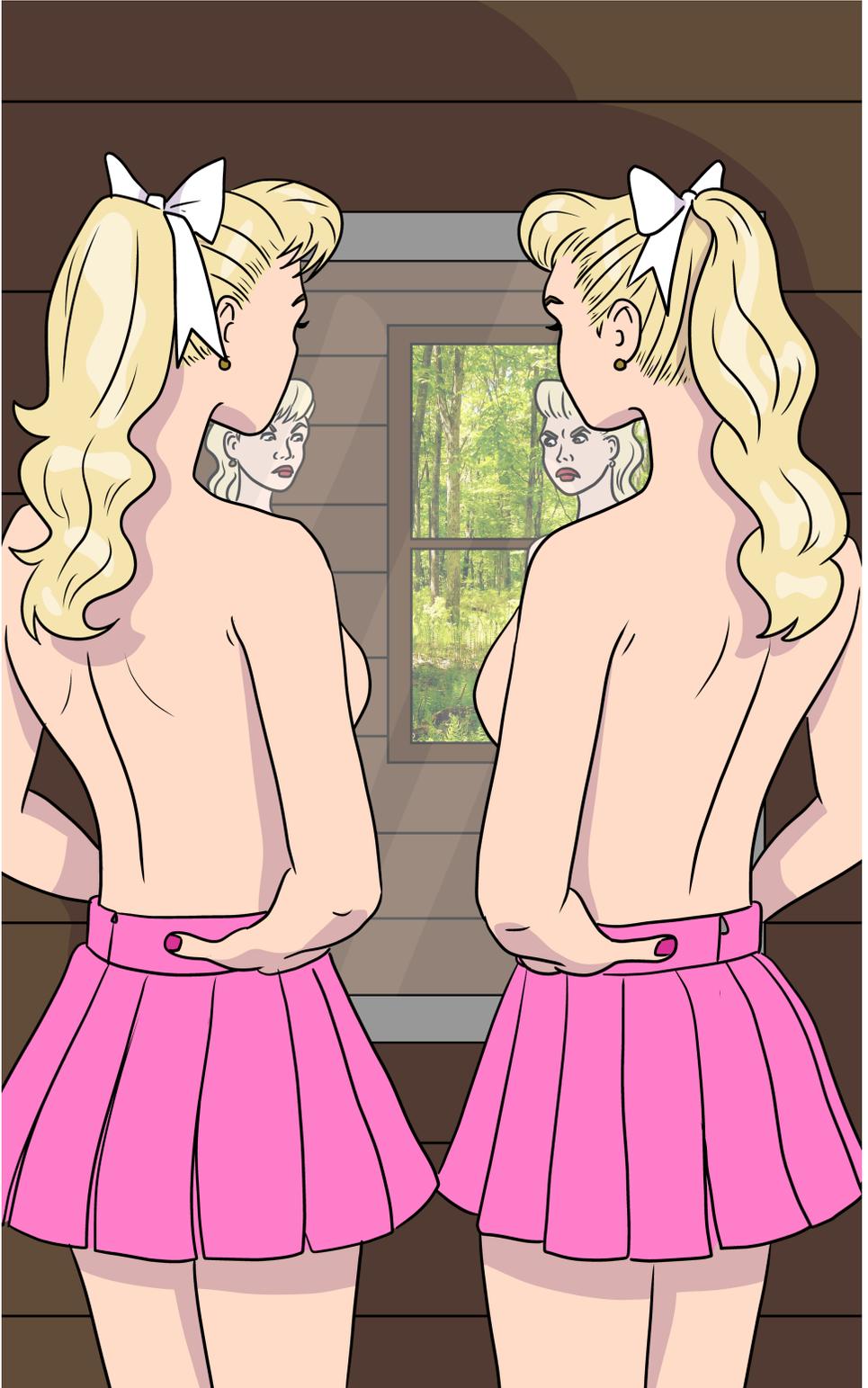
Todd and Matt stood in front of the full-length mirror in their shared cabin, looking every bit like they’d stepped straight out of a high school drama about cheerleaders. Their elaborate cheer hair — Todd’s in a perky high ponytail with a neon-pink ribbon, Matt’s in a massive, teased half-updo — bounced as they posed and pouted, each totally absorbed in their own reflection. Their faces were caked with makeup: glittery eyeshadow, bold lipstick, and a whole lot of blush. They wore matching pleated skirts but any harmony ended there.

“Oh my God, Matt,” Todd said, pushing out his bare chest and inspecting his reflection with a look of smug satisfaction, “I’m like, totally bigger than you. Look at these! They’re like, so much fuller.” He grabbed his 36-C cup boobs with pride.

“Nicole!” Matt replied, rolling his eyes dramatically. He mimicked Todd’s pose, jutting out his chest and giving it a little shimmy. “Ugh, no way! As if, Todd! You’re just, like, totally hallucinating. Mine are, like, way bigger. And they’re way bouncier.” He hopped up a little to prove his point.

“Puh-lease!” Todd shot back, flipping his ponytail with a flourish. “You wish! These are so much bigger *and* bouncier! When we get home I’m going to measure them and prove it! ...And my name is Brianna!”

Matt huffed, flipping his teased hair with an even more exaggerated motion. “Oh, whatever. You’re just jelly because my hair is, like, a million times



better than yours. Look at this volume! It's, like, total cheer hair goals."

Todd pouted, giving his ponytail a snappy flick. "As if! Your hair looks like, totally cray-cray. It's like a bird's nest if a bird built their nest out of boogers. Mine is, like, sleek and perf. So there!"

Matt gasped, scandalized. "Excuse you! This took, like, forever to get right. It's, like, the perfect messy but still cute vibe. You just don't get it."

"Ugh, whatever," Todd said, leaning closer to the mirror to inspect Matt's makeup. "At least my makeup doesn't look like a total disaster. Your eyeliner is, like, way uneven. And your contouring? Like, who even taught you that? A clown?"

"OMG, Todd, you're, like, totally blind," Matt shot back, hands on his hips. They were still bare-chested, their boobs jiggling with every movement. "Your blush is so bright it's, like, radioactive or something. You look like a circus reject."

For a second, they glared at each other, the tension thick in the air, but then, as if on cue, they both broke into giggles, the absurdity of their argument finally hitting them.

"Oh my God," Matt said, laughing so hard he had to hold his sides, "we're, like, the biggest freaks ever."

"Totally," Todd agreed, trying to stop giggling long enough to fix his smudged mascara. "But, like, at least we're still sisters, right?"

They bumped hips, playfully pushing each other before turning back to the mirror. Despite their earlier bickering, they both knew they looked amazing.

"The Lannigan sisters can do anything, right?" Todd said, holding out his pinky.

Matt hooked his pinky with Todd's. "That was such a Disney Channel moment!" he said, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. "Brianna."

"Aww!" Todd replied, touched. "...Nicole." He seemed to be tearing up. "But, like, my boobs are totally bigger."

Todd pinched Matt's nipple, and Matt pulled on Todd's hair, their momentary truce shattered. They put their bras back on, settling their jiggy flesh into the surprisingly large cups and then shimmied into their shirts.

"Brianna, can I, like, ask you something kinda weird?" Matt hesitated, fidgeting with the hem of his skirt.

Todd looked up, curious. "Sure, what's up?"

“Did you, like, feel anything strange last night? You know... down there?” Matt asked, his cheeks turning pink under his glittery blush as he gestured awkwardly toward his crotch.

Todd’s eyes widened in recognition. “Oh my God, yah! It was, like, this super intense pain. I thought I was, like, dying or something! But then it just... stopped. I figured it was just a bad dream or something.”

Matt nodded quickly. “Exactly! I felt it too. It was so freaky. The whole cabin smelled like incense or something. I was really losing it.”

After a moment’s hesitation, they both looked at each other in the eyes, and then slowly peeked into their panties. What they saw left them speechless. Their eyes met in shock.

“Oh my God,” Todd whispered, his voice trembling slightly. “We’re... we’re, like, totally girls.”

Matt’s heart raced as he processed the reality. “Yeah, but... isn’t that, like, what we are?”

They both paused, trying to recall anything different. But the harder they thought — which wasn’t very hard — the foggier their memories became. No matter how much they tried, they couldn’t remember ever being anything other than the girls they were now.

“So, like, what shade of lip gloss are you wearing today?” Todd asked, deciding to talk about something more important

Matt grinned. “I’m thinking something red and sparkly. You?”

“Definitely. Let’s, like, totally match!” Todd replied, the mystery of the night before already slipping from their minds as they giggled and got ready for another day at cheer camp.



“Bye! G’bye! I’ll miss you!” Todd said, hugging her friends. “Goodbye, Kylie!” She said to Carol Ann.

Carol Ann hugged back. “Bye Bree! Promise you’ll call me, and e-mail me, and text me and call me... n’ stuff?” She then turned to Matt. “Bye Nikkie!”

Matt hugged her too. “Oh my gawd, I’m gonna miss you so much? You’re like the big sister I never had?” She then turned to Amelia. “You too, Aimee!”



Amelia, timid and shy, was breaking down in tears. “Why do we have to go?” She wailed. “I don’ wanna go home!” She bawled like child.

“C’mon Aimee! We’ll see each other! We’ll get together n’ stuff!” Carol Ann, said, patting her on the head.

Amelia was pouting. “I don’t want you to go, Kylie! You’re, like, the most smartest person I’ve ever known!”

“We’ll keep in touch, Aimee!” Carol Ann said, wiping a tear from Amelia’s eye. “And when you get home, think of the cute boy at school that’s waiting for you!”

“Barry Walker!” Amelia said, dreamily.

“Peter Fellows!” Todd said in the same voice.

“Danny Parker!” Matt said as well. “He’s just the coolest boy ever!”

“See?” Carol Ann said. “It’s not gonna be so, you know, bad?”

“Sprit Cheer!” Todd declared. They all formed in a circle.

“One-Two-Three-Four!!” They called out. “Who’s got the spirit you’ve been looking for?”

Todd moved his arms in a rhythmic fashion. “P!” he said.

“I!” Matt yelled, doing the same.

“N!” Amelia shouted.

“E!” Carol Ann cried.

They took turns again. “O!” “A!” “K!” “S!”

“*Pine Oaks! Pine Oaks!*” and for the finale they wound their torso 360 degrees around their spread legs, ending up in the splits. “*Piiiiine Oaks!*” And then they started to jump up and down and high kick randomly as they screamed and cheered. They hugged for the final time, the four nearly identical thin, blond, bubbly, bosomy, sprightly young teenage girls were saying goodbye forever.



“We’re home!” Matt called out as he entered the Lannigan home. “*Mom?*” he yelled louder.

“*Mooooom!*” Todd yelled. They dropped the bags at the door and rushed up to their rooms.



When they got there, they froze. "Which one is mine again, Nikkie?" Todd asked.

Matt put her hands on her slender hips and rolled her eyes in mock disgust. She blew her straight blond hair out of her eyes. "Like, the one with your name on it, Bree?"

"I knew that?" Todd answered.

The sound of locks being undone in the front door came from downstairs, "Girls?" A voice came from below. "Girls? Are you home already?" Immediately, the girls burst back out of their rooms and stampeded down the stairs. "Mommy!" They called out. When they got to the door, they practically gang tackled her.

"So much happened at camp!" Todd said.

"It was the coolest!" Matt said.

"Wait a minute!" The woman said. She took steps back. "Who are you?" She took another step back and then her eyes opened wide.

Todd and Matt looked at each other in shock.

The woman held her head in her hands. "Because these aren't the same girls I sent to camp, now!" She held out her arms in acceptance. "Look at you! You've changed so much, I hardly even recognize you!" She said. "Turn around!" She made a twirling gesture with her hand.

Todd and Matt spun gracefully in their three inch heels, letting their short flirty skirts and long hair fly around them.

"So grown up! My little girls are growing up!"

"Moth-errr!" They said simultaneously.

"Well, you're just in time to say goodbye to the exchange students from Nicaragua." She motioned out the open door for two people Matt and Todd couldn't see to come in. "This is Nicanora and Brigida, they've been staying in your rooms while you were gone."

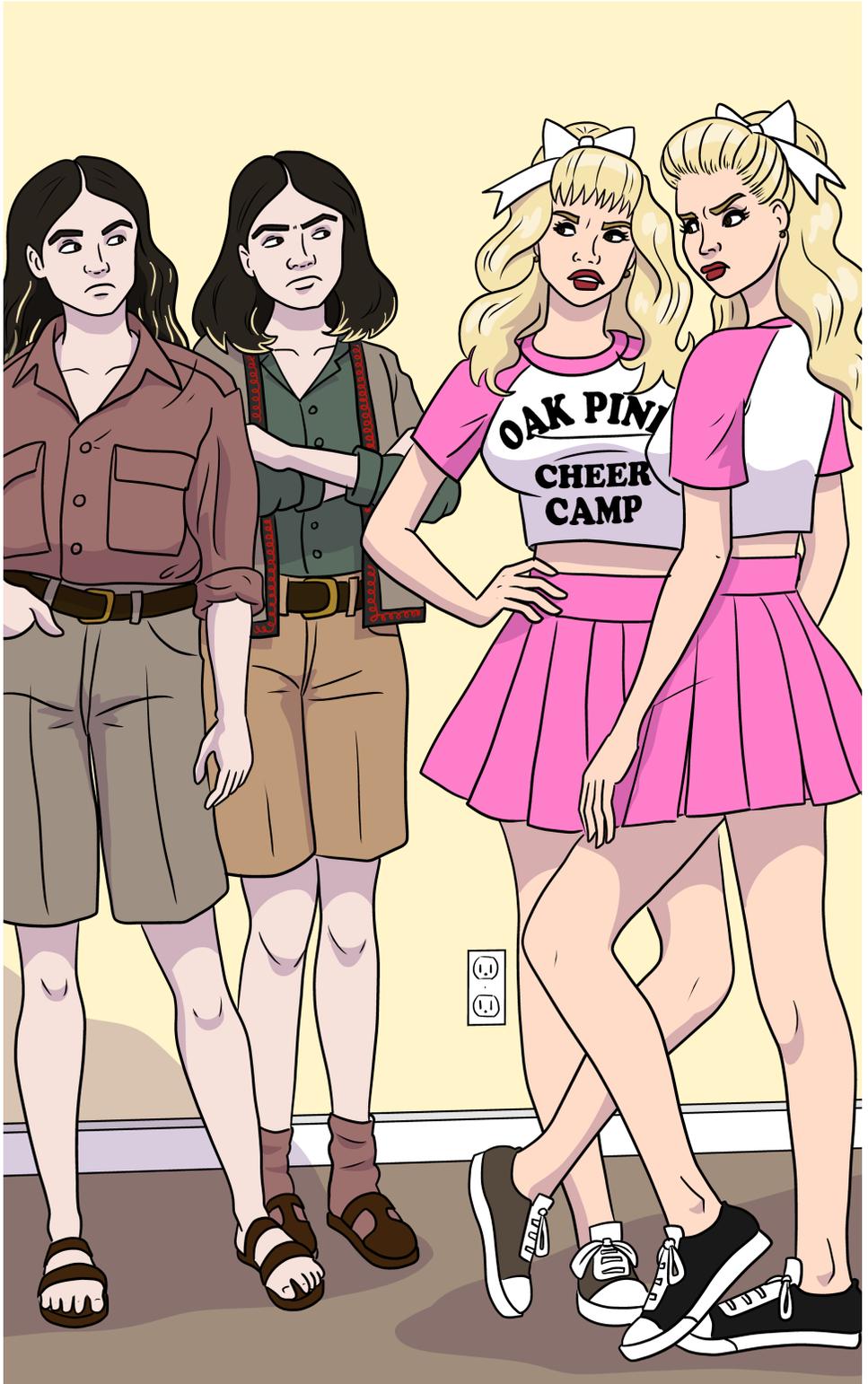
"Why?" Todd asked.

"I.. Don't remember..." their mother said. "Something to do with the students exchange program or some such," she added, immediately dismissing her own confusion.

"Do you think they... Kinda look like us?" Todd noticed.

"Yah?" Matt seconded. "Major weird?"

"I was thinking the same thing." The mother said.



“So cringey,” Todd said, skeptically. “Do they talk?”

“I don’t think they understand English,” their new mother replied. “You know, it was the strangest thing. I got this visit from someone at your camp, they said it was a follow-up visit to make sure everything was okay. It had skipped my mind about you two going to cheer camp! I’m so silly sometimes. His name was Fowler?” She looked for an acknowledgment.

Todd and Matt shrugged.

“Well anyway, he came by and said you two were doing great. Then he asked me who the girls staying in your rooms were, and for some reason — and this is going to sound crazy, I know — but I totally forgot we even had exchange students with us. Isn’t that odd?”

Matt and Todd rolled their eyes at each other. “I swear to god, Mother.” Matt said. “You’d forget, like, your name if it wasn’t on your keys.”

“My keys!” She suddenly realized. “Where are my keys?” then she took them from the doorknob where they were still waiting to be removed. “Whew!” She said. “Okay, everybody in the car, we’re going to the airport to drop Nicanora and Brigida off!”

Todd and Matt moaned and groaned, but they did follow everyone out to the car.

“Wow!” Said a neighbor boy, on the other side of the bushes. Watering the lawn, he saw the two teenage bombshells walk down the driveway to the car. “Nicole? Brianna?” He asked.

“Nikkie,” Matt responded with a great big smile.

“Bree,” Todd said with another smile and a toss of her hair. They waved a little as they carefully and gracefully slid into the car and never broke eye contact, and never stopped smiling as the car rolled out.

“I can’t wait to see Peter at school!” Todd gushed. “All I thought about all summer was how cute he is?”

“I swear to god, one more moment away from my Danny and I was going to burst!” Matt fawned. “We really need to get them to be our boyfriends?”

“Oh. My. God.” Todd said. “Totally. That’s our mission this year? We need to make them, like so totally our guys!”

“Do you think it’s too soon to start thinking about marriage?” Matt asked.

Todd shook her head. “Ohemgee. Absolutely not!” They both giggled.

“I’m gonna wear a big lacy gown with a big long train and a white veil, and there’ll be like a thousand people there, and it’ll be in a big church, and...”

“Mine’s gonna be outdoors, on a hilltop in the spring, and I’m gonna have this dress with a slit up the side and...”

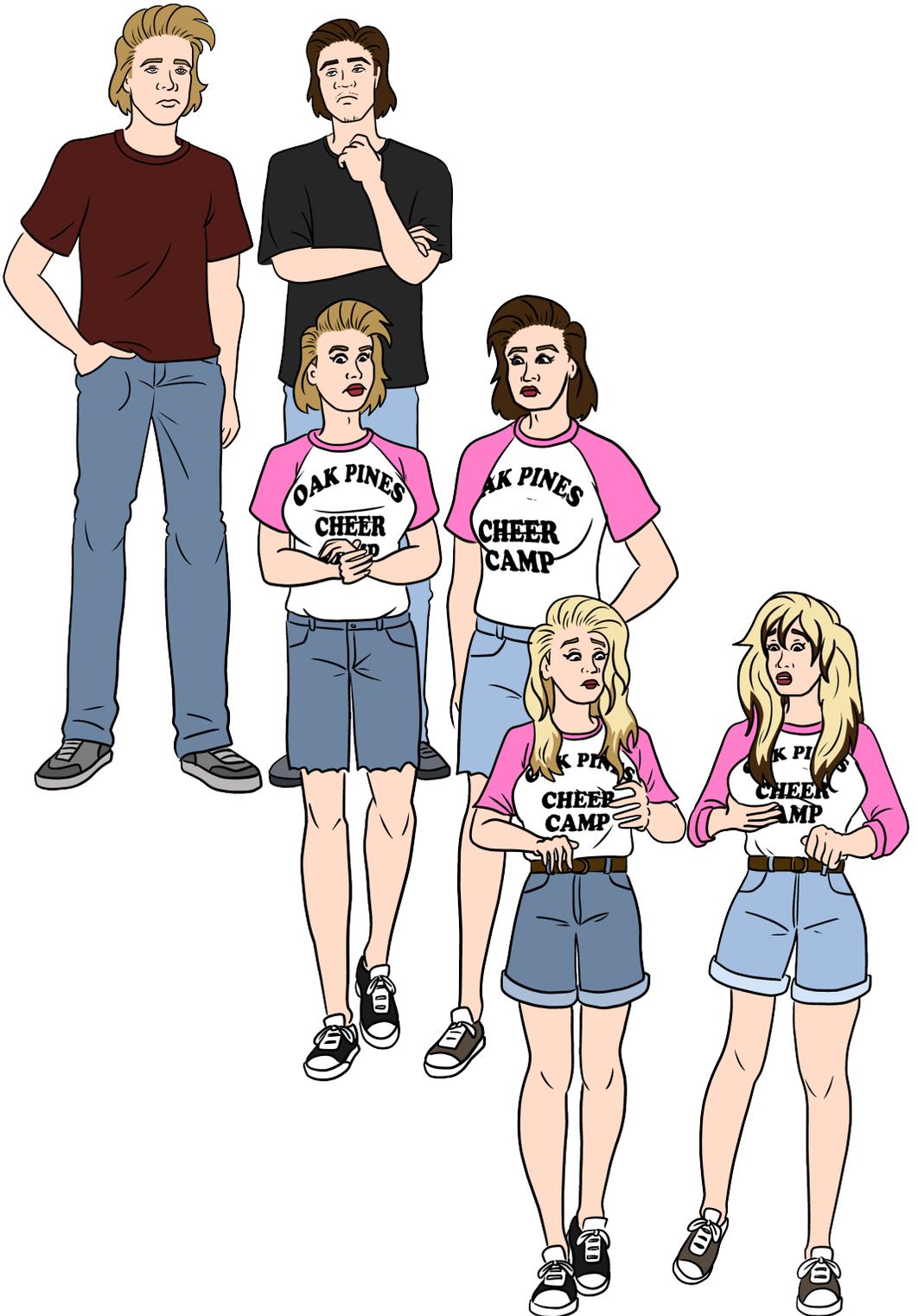
Nicanora and Brigida, as they listened, knew something very odd was going on. But they couldn’t quite define it. All the same, they would be grateful to get away from these scatterbrained American girls and their petty little world of boys and fashion. Soon they would return to their homeland, where earning your way and working hard meant something. These girls could have their plastic America. They never wanted to come back again.

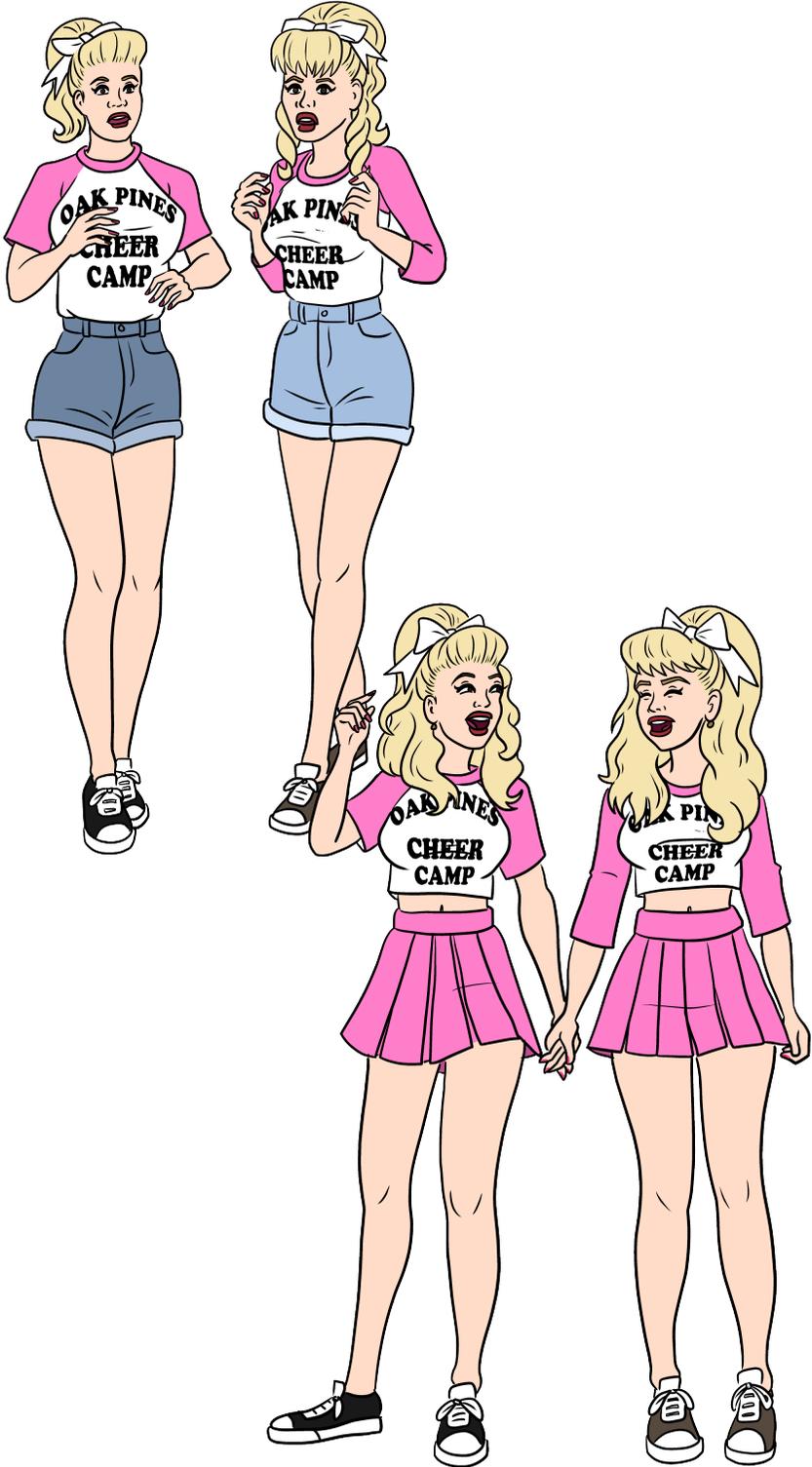
“Wow-woo-oooww,” the boy behind the bushes said again, watching the car disappear down the road. He rubbed the bulge in his shorts. “They’re just making girls fucking sexier every day.” He dropped the running hose where it was and ran up to his room for privacy.

So next time you see a young, unattractive girl return from a summer away transformed from an ugly duckling into a beautiful swan, don’t assume that nature is to thank. Because somewhere, a lot of very busy people are working very hard. And all it costs you is control of the country.

The End







## Titles from Sick Puppy Press

### *Lulu.com PDF books*

#### **Sick Puppy Comics**

#### **Making Friends**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

#### **The Pet Sitter**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

#### **A Curious Curse**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

#### **Boys Will Be Girls**

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes a new group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

#### **Double-Crossed**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Jesse is on the run from justice. When he finds an old friend who can help him, that old friend seems more interested in helping Jesse become a woman. Comic / 24 pages

#### **The Step-Witch**

Story by Joe Six-Pack. Dillon has a new step-mother. Problem is that she and Dillon don't get along. More of a problem for Dillon is that she's a witch — and wants a daughter. Full Color Comic Book / 17 pages

#### **The Charm**

Story by Joe-Six Pack, art by Osoku WARUI. Gavin is a student who laments his boring life. Then he crosses paths with Krista. Things are about to change, and not necessarily for the better. Comic / 24 pages

#### **College Can Change a Man**

Story & art by Joe-Six Pack. A small college has been hanging on to its male-dominated mindset for too long. Now, a new member of the board has arrived to make some changes. A lot of changes. Comic / 243 pages

#### **Help Wanted 1**

Story by James J Craft, art by RocketXpert. Three boys are getting far more than they bargained for when they get summer jobs at a woman's fancy mansion. Comic / 40 pages

#### **Help Wanted 2**

Story by James J Craft, art by RocketXpert. Three more boys are getting far more than they bargained for at a woman's fancy mansion, and three others are finding their places. Comic / 40 pages

#### **Teens Transformed**

#### **She Made Me Into My Sister**

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

#### **He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure**

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

#### **From Boys to Bridesmaids**

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

## **Little Mis-ter Popular**

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

## **Bride to Be**

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

## **Gone Girly for Good**

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

## **One Year in Tokyo**

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

## **Mall Makeover Madness**

"A Day at the Mall" by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Four boys are going to have one weird day at the mall. By the time the day is over, it's four girls who leave the mall to begin their new lives. Book / 109 pages / 25 illustrations

## **Convicts to Co-Eds**

Story by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear, illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Three teen boys are sent to a reform school. What they can't know is that they are about to be "reformed" all the way into skirts... And beyond. Book / 154 pages / 31 illustrations

## **Creating Samantha**

Story by Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by The Might Fenek. Samuel was under the tutelage of his legal guardian, only his guardian had no intentions of letting him grow up male. Book / 70 pages / 16 illustrations

## **Crosley High Chronicles**

By Joe Six-Pack. River is coming to a new school, and trying to fit in. The problem is the only way he's going to fit in is in skirts and heels. Book / 217 pages / 75 illustrations

## **Student Exchange**

By Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 77 pages / 22 illustrations

## **The Substitute Ski Bunny**

By Joe Six-Pack. Walker is a young man who's fallen in love with a girl. The only way he can get close to her is to dress up and become her roommate. It's not going to go according to plan, though. Book / 132 pages / 31 illustrations

## **My Brother, My Mother, My Doll**

By Joe Six-Pack. Seven year old Amelia has made a wish. A wish that she had a mother more like her doll, and that her brother weren't so mean. Her family is about to have their lives turned inside-out. Book / 109 pages / 34 illustrations

## **The Princess Center**

By Cheryl Lynn. Jeffrey wanted everything his brother Alan had. He was willing to to any length to get it, even to send Alan to... The Princess Center. Book / 85 pages / 26 illustrations

## **From Cheer to Eternity**

Loner Logan Knox liked to provoke people. When he tries to mess with everyone by changing places with a cheerleader, Logan is about to find how just messed up things can get. Book / 149 Pages / 34 illustrations

## **Tales of Transformation**

### **He's the Wrong Girl**

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

## ***City Boy, Country Girl***

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's successful city life is interrupted when a sheep he wants to fleece needs urgent care out in the country. But instead of returning home, all Richard's wife hears are a series of suspicious excuses. Revised in 2019. Book / 92 pages / 34 illustrations

## ***Thames Greene***

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

## ***Hiding in High Heels***

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

## ***A Blessing in Disguise***

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

## ***I'm Your Dolly***

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***Winning is Everything***

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

## ***His Life as a Trophy Wife***

By Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Revised in 2018. Book / 256 pages / 39 illustrations

## ***Male Monday, Girl Friday***

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***The Happiest Place on Earth***

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

## ***Hello, Nurse***

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care". Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

## ***My Boss, The Bimbo***

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

## ***He's the Girl They Want***

"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

## ***Demoted and Degraded***

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

## **I, Candy**

“Sissy Sweets” by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family’s bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

## **Boyz II Girlz**

“The Making of the Ballroom Brats” by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

## **His Strangest Desire**

“Employee of the Month” by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he’s going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

## **Hard Time or High Heels**

“I’m Turning into My Mother” by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he’s on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

## **Seriously Skirted**

“The Show Piece” by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

## **From Mister to Sister**

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Dan just wanted to help guide his girlfriend’s sister out of her depression. Instead, he’s being guided out of his manhood. Book / 84 pages / 24 illustrations

## **The Russian Girl**

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Casey’s wife has had enough of watching him kill himself with work, so she forces him out of his comfort zone... Into the life of a female stripper. Book / 196 pages / 30 illustrations

## **Swindled into Skirts**

“Beta Male” by Joe Six-Pack. Kyle inherited a multi-million dollar mansion in southern California. He begins to adjust to the Cali lifestyle, but his adjustments seems to have a decidedly feminine flavor to them. Book / 78 pages / 23 illustration

## **Mergers & Acquisitions**

Story by James J. Craft, Illustrations by Sortimid. Mark is a disaffected retail salesperson, and after a takeover of his store, he finds himself selling feminine fashion... and struggling to embrace everything about it. Book / 103 pages / 31 illustration

## **Suddenly a Secretary**

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Rock guitarist Mick has become obsessed with following the life of secretary Lori Chandler through her inter-office email messages. Soon, Mick is taking her place. Book / 133 pages / 30 illustrations

## **Stories of the Supernatural**

### **A Change for the Better**

“Do-Overs” by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

### **Changed and Rearranged**

“Wrongs Make Wright” By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris’ dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

### **From Pals to Gals**

From the files of TGStories.com: “Mandate of the People” By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

### **A High-Heeled Halloween**

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A costume shop has four spooky tales to tell this Halloween, where the price you pay for your costume is far more than money. Book / 128 pages / 34 illustrations

## **Born on Black Friday**

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Malcom Balford was forced to go shopping on Black Friday. What he finds at the mall may mean that Malcom will never leave. Book / 57 pages/ 17 illustrations.

## **In the Family Way**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. The Finch brothers are trying to catfish a man out of his money. To do so, they dress up as mother and daughter. But their impersonations slowly seem to be taking them over. Book / 182 pages / 42 illustrations

## **Crossed Fiction**

### **Sisters for the Summer**

“Camp Counseling” By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he’s no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

### **They’re the Girls for the Job**

“Peace and Harmony” By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

### **Blondie’s Lost Summer**

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl’s dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

### **Blondie’s Lost Year**

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl’s trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

### **Blondie He’s Not**

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Mark got a job at a salon, and fell in love with one of the customers. Problem was that customer was Candi “Blondie” Wethers, and what happened to Candi was about to happen to Mark. Book / 151 pages / 40 illustrations

## **I Never Wanted to be a Woman**

“Politically Corrected” By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael’s politically active mother has decided she’s going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

### **If the Shoes Fit**

“Hand Me Downs” By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

### **The Boy’s Guide to Girlhood**

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal’s twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

### **Fashion Victims**

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by Fraylim. Teenage boy Jamie just needed clothes for school. Oh, he’s going to get clothes for school. Just not male ones. Will he ever need male clothes again? Book / 67 pages / 26 illustrations

### **The Boy’s Guide to Girlhood**

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal’s twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

### **The Making of a Beach Bunny**

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Before heading off to college, John wanted to spend his last normal summer at the old rental summer house with his friend Stanley. There was nothing about this summer that would be normal. Book / 134 pages / 58 illustrations

### **Medical Miss-Practice**

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Jerry just needed a medical procedure. He came out with two big new problems and a whole new life. Now he’s losing everything he loves, piece by piece. Book / 95 pages / 51 black & white illustrations

## **12 Days of Christmas**

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Paul was a rising executive, but he had a secret embezzlement scheme. Now he's being blackmailed into skirts day-by-day in the 12 days of Christmas. Book / 74 pages / 21 illustrations

## **What's Your Tale, Nightingale?**

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by DreamLN. Will is a young man exposed to the world of retro car culture and the rockabilly lifestyle — the he quickly falls into the world of retro feminine fashion that comes with it. Book / 140 pages / 25 illustrations

## **Seriously Sissified**

### **A Family Femmed**

"The Femmed Family Robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book / 96 pages / 29 color illustrations

### **Forever Femmed**

Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. "A Family Femmed's" Deborah is still hard at work, flipping men into sissies and selling them to the highest bidder. But this time, there's a new wrinkle. Book / 108 pages / 28 illustrations

### **Auntie's Girl Time**

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

### **Revenge of the Cheerleaders**

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

### **He's Got His Mind Maid Up**

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

## **Fated for Femininity**

Story by KK, illustrations by RocketXpert. When a web page shows Evan having sex with another boy, the poor kid is chased out of town — right into the arms of a gender therapist who has her own agenda. Book / 70 pages / 15 illustrations

## **Un-Boxed & Undone**

By James J. Craft, illustrations by Banedearg with additional art by Joe Six-Pack. Caleb is struggling to get his YouTube career started. When he gets some strange shipments of make-up and clothes, he finds his channel suddenly taking off - but can he control it? A picture story. Book / 41 Pages / 33 illustrations

## **Web Classis Revisited**

### **Two Forms of ID**

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only

### **Barbie's Life**

Story & Art by Melissa N. Chris was a student actor who said he could play any role. A disgruntled girlfriend and playwright are about to see if he'll be able to play the lead role in... Barbie's Life. Book / 55 pages / 21 rendered images

## **Amazon.com Kindle books**

All Kindle books have the same content as the Lulu.com PDF versions.

### **Two Forms of I.D.**

Sold in two parts

### **Suddenly a Secretary**

Sold in three parts:

He's the New Office Girl (Part 1)

Working His Way into Skirts (Part 2)

He Gave at the Office (Part 3)

### **I'm Your Dolly**

#### **(Barbie-in-a-Box)**

Sold in three parts:

He's Her New Doll (Part 1)

Destined to be a Doll (Part 2)

I'm Your Dolly (Part 3)

### **Beta Male**

Sold in two parts:

Swindles into Skirts (Part 1)

Hijacked into Heels (Part 2)

### **Costume Drama**

Sold in three parts:

Becoming His Costume (Part 1)

Stuck in His Costume (Part 2)

Corrupted by His Costume (Part 3)

### **Bride to Be**

Sold in two parts:

Born to be a Bride (Part 1)

He's the Bride to Be (Part 2)

### **The Substitute Ski Bunny (Switchback Ridge)**

Sold in three parts:

The Substitute Ski Bunny (Part 1)

The Seduction of a Ski Bunny (Part 2)

The Surrender of a Ski Bunny (Part 3)

### **Hiding in High Heels**

Sold in one part

### **His Life as a Trophy Wife (The Puppy Mill)**

Sold in three parts:

He Was Bribed to be a Bride (Part 1)

His World as a Spoiled Girl (Part 2)

His Life as a Trophy Wife (Part 3)

### **The Fairest One of All**

Sold in one part

