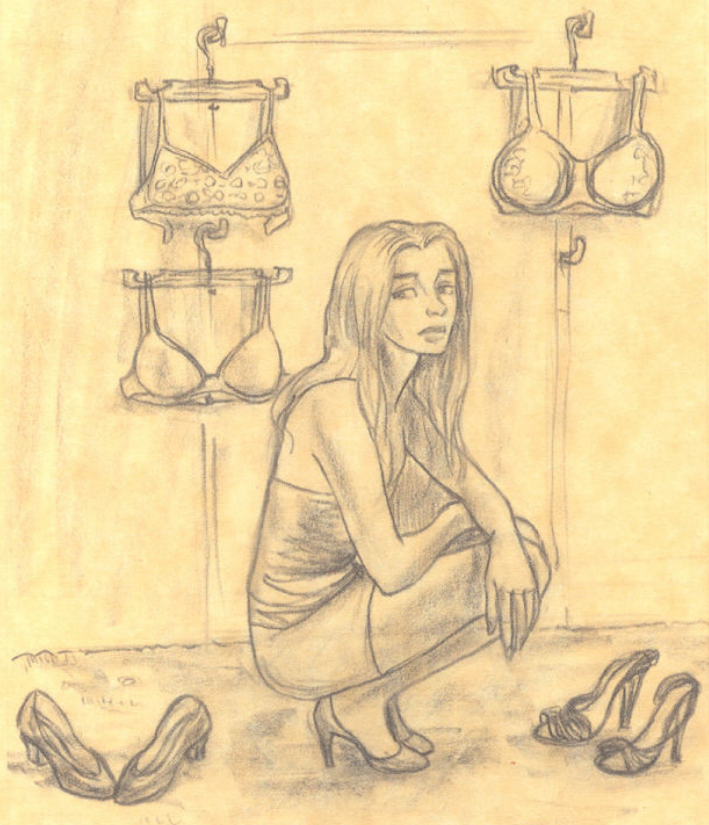


EMPATHY TV FICTION
BOY!
HE'S A PRETTY GIRL!



Competition between the town's prettiest girls and their mothers, heats up when a longhaired boy joins into the fight!

VOLUME 4

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

EMPATHY

TV FICTION

VOLUME 4

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL!

Illustrations by Gabi

Published by
SANDY THOMAS ADV.
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

BOY!
HE'S A PRETTY GIRL!

© 1978, 2002 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without the express prior written permission of the publisher.

Contact Sandy Thomas for information.
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309



REWARD!!

The TV-TS PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION
will pay for information leading to the
arrest, conviction, and/or successful prosecution of anyone for gain
reproducing, copying, counterfeiting or unauthorized use of copyrighted
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

The characters, companies, and incidents in this book are entirely the products of the author's imagination and have no relation to any person or event in real life.

1357908642



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

QUOTE BOARD

“No one on their death bed wishes they had spent more time trying to please the neighbors”

PREFACE

This story is pure fiction, but the episodes could well be true to life in rare or interesting cases. Names of people are not real and it is only accidental if they coincide with acquaintances of the reader.

This is written for entertainment and humor but with one goal in mind, To bring out the beauty and attraction of longer hair on women and in many cases in today's world on men.

Effort has been made to portray mental pictures to the reader of the varied hairstyles which our mothers and grandmothers adorned their heads with. These descriptions of flowing looks and silky Chignons are attempts to glorify womanhood...and in the case of men, the feminine side that exists in every person regardless of sex.

Many who admire efforts along these lines fail to express themselves. One would be surprised to find out how many people are attracted by a "crowning glory". The well-styled coiffure when viewed from the back can be every bit as exciting to many as the attractions that commonly appears in the front. It the past people with ultra long hair have been looked to.

Some girls pretend not to notice that "romance is on the barber shop floor" or else they simply don't want to admit it. On the opposite side of the coin many males today are beginning to discover the attraction that long hair on them has with women. Suddenly they are using cream rinses and conditioners and actually getting their hair styled instead of just cut. It would seem that while women are forgetting the power of beautiful hair men are Just discovering it. Perhaps there is more to the old Samson and Delilah story than we are being told.

Many teachers, mothers and housewives in the past have taken pride in doing their hair up just as attractively as they knew how. The fad of short, "practical" hair styles does not have to be followed by all and it is hoped by this author that his descriptions will help return the reader to an appreciation of the value of beautiful long hair on all.

On to the story...

BOY!

HE'S A PRETTY GIRL!

Edited and new edition by Sandy Thomas

A small street in an average town...

Bonnie Harrison lived on a quiet winding street on the edge of a small town. She and her mother had only moved there a year ago but Bonnie had already made a close friend in the neighborhood.

Her name was Cheryl Presley and since the two of them were about the same age they attended the towns high school together. Recently both of them had just graduated with honors and were two of the most attractive and popular students on the campus.

Just days after their graduation from the school they had celebrated their 18th birthdays together and now they considered themselves to be mature young ladies.

While both of the girls had nice figures and equally attractive faces they also shared another outstanding feature that often drew a lot of attention; their beautiful long hair. Both of their mothers had trained them in the art of growing and styling long tresses and the results for both of them were nothing short of traffic stopping.

Bonnie's hair was fiery red and long enough to make a huge braid which would wind around her head several times until it resembled a beautiful coronet.

Cheryl also could lure almost anyone who had an appreciation or admiration for long hair as she had learned how to fix her shiny golden blond tresses into many attractive styles. With all the "practical" hairstyles, people were forgetting how beautiful and alluring long hair could be on a young lady.

They were glad that they had been allowed to let their hair grow as long as nature would allow and that their moms had seen fit to train them in the art of styling it.

Their small town had decided to enter a float in the up-coming flower parade held in a nearby city.

A queen was to be chosen in order to make the float more outstanding and attractive. Both Cheryl and Bonnie

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 5

would have liked nothing better than to culminate their high school careers by riding on the float as the queen.

In the past year the girls had become the closest of friends. They went everywhere together and even did up one another's hair. They thought that nothing could ever come between them.

But suddenly this queen contest placed them in a potential situation where only one would come out on top. Could their friendship survive this?

Excitement began to build up as word spread concerning the two girls' decision to enter the parade queen contest. Soon the town would have to decide by a vote who would be the main feature of their float entry.

Everyone knew that the obvious choices centered on Bonnie and Cheryl. They were both such extremely attractive girls! Both of them were excited about being considered as contenders for the coveted honor and their enthusiasm soared with each passing day.

After awhile, however, jealousy began to build up between them. Soon there were differences and a confrontation seemed unavoidable. Bonnie was sitting in her front yard one morning when Cheryl came walking by. Her pretty blond hair was done up in a neat Chignon that protruded far out from the back of her head.

Jealousy blazed inside Miss Harrison as she beckoned for Cheryl to come over and sit with her for a while. The hopeful queen leisurely walked over and, with a somewhat defiant look on her pretty face, sat down facing Bonnie.

Cheryl was trying to imagine what was eating at Bonnie. She did not really think that Bonnie would be resentful if she was chosen as queen. She did notice her staring at her in an unusual way, however. Finally Bonnie asked, "Who are you trying to attract by making your chignon so large? Do you think that will help you beat me in the contest for parade queen?"

Cheryl was annoyed with both her tone of voice and her attitude. Perhaps Bonnie was jealous of her and worried that she might win the contest. Anger flared in her stomach as she tried to contain herself. "If a vote were taken right at this moment I know I could beat any redhead she replied haugh-

6 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

tily. "Besides, my hair is longer than yours anyway," she finished.

Miss Harrison's anger gained steam. "I'd love to grab a hold of that pretty chignon of yours and pull it out of your head." Miss Presley was astonished at this display of hostility toward her by her "best friend."

"If you ever try something like that I'll show you who would pull whose hair out or whose head," the blond retorted. Both of them stood up as the argument almost came to blows.

"I've got it" Cheryl offered. "Why bruise each other before the contest? Let's wrestle to settle this thing."

Bonnie did not hesitate to accept the offer. Not only did it make sense in terms of the contest it would also give her the perfect opportunity to do exactly what she had wanted to do; yank that dumb blonds beautiful Chignon right off of her head.

The girls agreed that whoever could pin the other first and get her hair down would be the winner. And that afterwards they would compare to see just exactly which one really did have the longest hair.

It was getting late and no one was around. By this time both of the girls were in a fighting mood and needed no further urging. As they came together they interlocked their hands and tried to force each other off balance. Momentarily it was a tie as they see-sawed back and forth. Suddenly they threw their arms around each other's necks and began whirling around and around. Cheryl's feet went out from under her but as she fell she pulled Bonnie down with her.

They grabbed for each other frantically, slapping and rolling together with first one on top and then the other. Bonnie reached for the beautiful roll of blond hair at the back of Cheryl's head and Cheryl tried to grab for her hair at the same time. She dropped her arms around Bonnie's midsection in an attempt to gain the advantage but at precisely that moment Bonnie got a firm hold on her finely braided hair and held on tightly.

Bonnie pulled until at last Cheryl cried out in pain. "Oh, please let go of my hair! Ah, please, please let me go," she wailed as Bonnie continued the torture.

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 7

Cheryl fought desperately to make her let go and finally she succeeded. Quickly she made her move and threw Bonnie over as she now got a hold of the large roll of red hair that protruded from the back of her head. As they continued to tumble all over the lawn Cheryl retained her firm grip on the bundle of red hair. "Ouch! That hurts, please let me go?"

Bonnie trembled and shuddered as Cheryl twisted her pretty bun. She kicked her legs high and began to weave and wiggle as she tried to escape the hold that Cheryl had on her.

The fight continued for quite a long time since there was no one around to stop them and if there had been it was doubtful that they would have interfered anyway.

Cheryl's eyes began to look dazed. Bonnie got a hold of her Chignon but quickly lost her grip in the shuffle. She grabbed Bonnie's bun next to her head and held on very tightly. Bonnie seethed with rage.

She simply could not stand to be held by her bun and she twisted every which way to escape. Bonnie showed sighs of weakening as their bodies were drawn tighter together in the battle. At last Bonnie caught hold of Cheryl's golden locks and she held on for keeps.

Action began to increase and hair flew in earnest as they wrestled with each other. The girls groaned and screamed but still they continued their battle. The tables turned several times before Bonnie got a firm grip on Cheryl's golden prize.

"Let go of my French roll!" Cheryl demanded as Bonnie began to unravel her hairstyle. No amount of shouting would stop Bonnie from what she had set out to do. Cheryl spat. "You're just jealous of my pretty Chignon."

Bonnie laughed harshly. "You had better shut your mouth honey or soon you won't have a hair on your head!" The long hair that had been done up so neatly when they had begun was now disheveled and coming undone as they continued to wrestle one another. They had fixed it very prettily that day in order to attract the attention of the townspeople but they had not imagined that it would end up getting the two of them in the fight of their lives!

With both of them on their backs Cheryl finally managed to pull Bonnie on top of her. From this position Cheryl found Bonnie's large bun rubbing her in the face. As she

8 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

gaped for air her mouth was suddenly filled with a mass of hair as Bonnie's bun continued to unravel from the fight.

It was an unusual predicament indeed as Cheryl found that she could not even open her mouth wide enough to utter a word of complaint. She was rather enjoying it except for the fact that there was so much of it that it was starting to stretch her mouth. If there was such a thing as hair-a-la-mode this must surely be it. "Too bad it's not coming in smaller bites," she mused.

Bonnie knew that she must get free from this Cheryl sunk her teeth deeply into Bonnie's bun. Finally she rolled off almost leaving her hair behind. At last they were separated from each other. Immediately they grabbed at me another as each tried to get the best hold for the next round.

Cheryl was still angry from the mouthful of red hair that she had just had to endure and she went at this next encounter with a vengeance. They slapped and grabbed at each other, as each looked for the hole in the others defense. Jealousy was at its height, honor was at stake and the top in popularity would soon be decided. All of these things fueled the battle that was now taking place on the lawn.

Bonnie's temper peaked as Cheryl pulled her irresistible red hair. They had lost all respect for one another by this point and they went at each other's silky manes with anger in their eyes. Bonnie rolled her head from side to side to loosen Cheryl's grip then she grabbed her by the arm and threw her down hard onto the grass. She screamed but couldn't get loose as Bonnie cinched her hold on her long pretty hair.

At that moment a dark figure came walking down the sidewalk. "HEY! What's going on here?" he asked as he stopped in front of the two girls as they wrestled on the lawn.

In one motion the two girls let each other go and sat up. "Oh it's you Tim," a blushing Cheryl responded as she tried to straighten her hair and make it presentable.

Bonnie too was making an attempt to quickly cover her disheveled appearance with a couple of quick smoothing motions of her hands through her hair. "Man, even my hair looks better than yours tonight," the boy said.

Bonnie and Cheryl eyed the neighbor boy. Tim was about five foot six inches tall, & little on the slim side for his height and his face had small features for a guy. Not a very

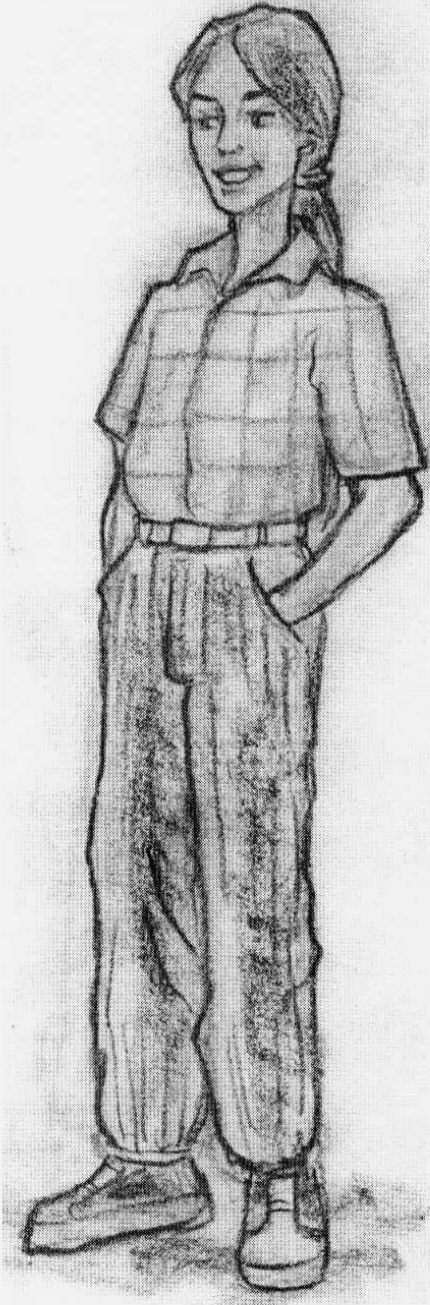
SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 9

pronounced chin and a slight smooth nose to boot. But they were both really looking at his hair. Since he had made that comment, Tim was one of those guys that liked to wear his hair long...a style not really too unusual nowadays...but his hair was not like most long haired guys that you see around town.

It was well past the middle of his back! As a matter of fact, more unusual for a guy was that he kept it clean and well trimmed.



**It's not every day you come across two beautiful girl's fighting each other—with no concern for their skirts.
For Tim...it was just the beginning of his unusual experiences...**



The girls didn't know if he brushed it one hundred strokes per night or not, but they did know that right now he was right...his hair did look better than theirs! His hair was soft and moved gently in the breeze.

"Hey Tim," Cheryl chided, "maybe you ought to fix up your hair and enter the contest with us for queen of the parade float?"

"Yeah TIM! That's a great idea. I think I've got a dress that will fit you!" Bonnie chimed in with a grin.

The young male shifted his uncomfortably at these remarks. He had taken some ribbing in his day for his long hair, but nothing quite like this. Here were two of the prettiest women that he had ever seen teasing him about his appearance.

It wasn't like the little old ladies gossiping that he might be a drug dealer behind his back. In a way it was worse.

They were talking about doing his hair like theirs with braids and twists; all neatly tucked into place. He didn't know ex-

actly why, but he did not like the look in their eyes.

By this time Bonnie had risen to her feet and was walking toward him. He smiled nervously but did not move as she fingered the strands of his long hair. "You know Cheryl...he

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 11

might just have nicer hair than both of us!" she chuckled as Tim again rocked uncomfortably from one foot to the other. Cheryl joined her friend and began brushing her soft fingertips across Tim's blushing cheeks. "Yes...I can see it all now.-a bit of rouge here ...some highlighter here.-a touch of mascara some lipstick "

"Hey come on...lay off me, will you? I get enough of that kind of talk from my mother," the male complained.

"You mean your mother says stuff like this to you? Bonnie asked.

"Yeah...she's always wanting to do my hair up and stuff," he told her.

"Well how interesting," Cheryl commented.

"Have you ever let her do it?" Bonnie questioned.

"Heck no. I get enough teasing as it is," he replied. "Sometimes I just feel like getting a crew cut and ending the comments."

Bonnie and Cheryl exchanged glances. They heard him correctly but wasn't there a bit of a tone that said something else? Perhaps Tim really secretly wanted someone to doll him? Maybe he was just too shy to ask for it. Why else would a guy wear his hair so long and take such good care of it like a girl?

These were the kind of thoughts that ran through their heads as they eyed the slim boy before them with his near waist length hair flipping gently in the evening breeze.

"Listen I've got to get home, I just came by to see what all the commotion on the front lawn was all about," he muttered as they continued to size him up.

"Okay Tim. We'll be seeing you around," the girls called after him as he headed on down the street.

Cheryl's mother was starting to get ready for bed and she happened to think that Cheryl had not come home yet. "I'd better take a look outside," she muttered. It was getting dark and the streetlights had just gone on as she looked out from one of the front windows.

Spotting her daughter and Bonnie on the lawn she stuck her head out the door and called to the pair.

Bonnie had just wrestled Cheryl to the ground again when Mrs. Presley stuck her head out the door. Cheryl's

12 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

mother could not believe her eyes as she watched Bonnie attempt to pull her daughters beautiful hair out of her head.

Quickly she raced back into her room to out her clothes on so that she could go out and help her daughter. She could not believe that the two girls would be fighting since they were close friends. The girls were feeling the oncoming cold by now and they were tiring quickly from their match.

"Lets go into the house to finish this argument," Bonnie suggested with Cheryl quickly agreeing. Without a moments hesitation both of them got up from the ground and began to walk toward the house. They agreed to resume the same position that they had had on one another outside but this time on the living room floor.

Mrs. Presley had by this time gotten completely dressed and was headed back down the stairs to separate the fighting girls. Not seeing them in the living room, she raced right out the door to break them up. Cheryl and Bonnie chuckled at her antics but neither of them realized how much Cheryl's mother adored her daughters long hair...and she was not about to let Bonnie soil it before the final judging of the contest:

Much to her surprise there was no one out there to break up. Had she imagined the whole thing because she was afraid that the contest would bring out the jealousy in her daughter and her friend? No, she was sure that she had seen the two girls locking horns on her lawn. The devoted mother heard a loud commotion coming from inside of her house and she ran back to her porch and opened her front door. No doubt about it, they were at it in her living room at this very moment. Hearing Cheryl screaming she raced to her side on the living room floor as-Bonnie fiercely tugged at her beautiful lump of blond hair,

The anxious mother could not stand to see her daughter's lovely hair being treated like this. She know that Bonnie was a close friend and she did not really know why they were fighting but she could not lot it go on...especially in her own home. Bonnie was surprised to suddenly find herself outnumbered in the battle.

"Hey this isn't fair," Bonnie shouted in Cheryl ear as the loyal mother tried to separate the two gladiators. Realizing that this was bar golden opportunity Cheryl quickly used the

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 13

diversion to better her hold on Bonnie and quickly began to undo her lovely bun once and for all.

Still not understanding what was going on Mrs. Presley held Bonnie as firmly as she could but the young girl kicked her and scuffled for her freedom.

"Cheryl you cheater...I'll get even for this," she shouted over Mrs. Presley's demands for an explanation. There was no way that Cheryl's mother would let go of her hold as she could readily see that as soon as she did the angry red head would attack her precious daughters lovely hair again. Bonnie was very angry.

She knew that she had been winning the struggle and that soon she would have had Cheryl's pretty blond hair completely unfurled. Now her hands were held as the shapely blond took the pine and clips out of her tightly wound bun.

The angst that Bonnie felt against Mrs. Presley mounted by the second. Since Cheryl's mother had been preparing to go to bed she had let her hair down from its usual bun for the night.

Bonnie had rarely ever seen this older woman's pretty hair lot down like this. She had admired the nice Chignon that Mrs. Presley frequently wore and she know that that was where Cheryl had gotten her export training in hair styling but seeing the mother now with the long strands of her thick hair flowing freely gave her an irresistible desire to grab a hold of it and teach the woman never to interfere with Bonnie's activities again.

Before Mrs. Presley even knew what was happening Bonnie had shifted from trying to stop Cheryl and had gotten a firm grip on her long hair.

"Let me go," the older woman shouted as the youngster yanked with all her might and refused to unleash her hold. Mrs. Presley was amazed at the strength this slim girl had in her arms as she struggled to obtain a better position to defy her from. Cheryl jumped into the fray at this point and with the odds again at two to one it didn't take them too long to get Bonnie down onto her back and pin her arms helplessly to the floor.

Bonnie's mother had been out for most of the evening but now that she had returned home she was surprised to

14 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

find that even though it was getting late her lovely daughter was no where to be found.

"I'd better walk over and check at Cheryl's house" she thought as worry crept into her head. "They're probably discussing the upcoming parade."

There was no way that she could have anticipated the scene that met her eyes when she walked in the front door of Cheryl's home. Since they had been friends for so long she often came in without knocking.... She went straight into the living room where the racket was coming

"What on blazes," she exclaimed as her eyes took in the scene before her. There was her daughter pinned to the floor, her hair all a mess as Charlene and Cheryl Presley held her there. Without a second's hesitation she strutted across the room and grabbed Mrs. Presley by her long flowing mane of hair. Whipping it fiercely she proclaimed, "Let my daughter go or I'll tear every hair out of your pretty little head, you hussy!"

"Let her up," Charlene told her daughter as Bonnie's mother continued to yank on her hair as if it was a rope and she was raising a huge boat anchor. As soon as Bonnie was on her feet her mother let Mrs. Presley's hair fall from her hands.

"Now what is going on here?" she demanded.

"I don't care" Charlene shouted.

"How could you pull my hair like that you fool? I ought to pluck you bald right now!" Cheryl's mother screamed.

"Oh yeah? Well your just lucky to have any hair left yourself after what I saw you two doing to my daughter," Bonnie's mother shouted back.

"Really?" the heavier Mrs. Presley replied with a fierce grin on her face,

There they stood--four women on two sides...each waiting for the others to make the first move. Bonnie couldn't wait to get her hands on Cheryl again. She'd fix her so that she couldn't enter any beauty contests for a long time to come!

Mrs. Presley too was anxious for the battle to begin anew. She would teach Harriet Harrison not to touch her precious hair under any circumstances. "I think that somebody had better explain what this thing is all about?" Bonnie's

mother asked quietly as she tried to restore order among the friends in the room.

It sounded kind of foolish at first to the mothers as their daughters explained just how this whole affair had gotten started but in the back of their minds each of them know the importance that long hair played in each of their lives. It was a crowning glory...a gift...a part of the queenly right of every woman that understood the true meaning of femininity. These two mothers had passed on that knowledge to their daughters and now their daughters were involved in a contest that had brought out the true competitive spirit in each of them.

Both wanted to come out on top despite their friendship hence they had tried to destroy the most feminine and outstanding feature that each of them possessed their long, well maintained hair. The mothers understood well the undercurrent of truth that had caused this fight.

I don't think that our daughters should be fighting so close to the judging of the contest," Cheryl's mother offered.

"I feel maybe then we should use seconds like they do in formal duels, Harriet suggested.

"What do you mean?" Charlene asked.

"What I mean is that I am going to take Bonnie's place...and if you have any guts you'll take Cheryl's place too and then I'm an going to trounce you to within an inch of your hair!" she told her through clenched teeth.

That was it. The challenge had been offered. Cheryl's mother practically had to be held back from starting another fight there but then but finally agreed to meet Harriet the next night in the recreation room in the basement of her house.

Only the daughters would be permitted to coach and watch their mothers have at. The girls were excited with the prospect of watching their mothers fight. It seemed so war-like...so much like the gladiators of olden times except for in this case the only swords and shields would be their beautiful buns and chignons.

The following day was Saturday and the air was full of electricity as the women thought of the upcoming battle that night in the recreation room of the Harrison's home. But that wasn't all that Bonnie and Cheryl had on their minds, for

16 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

some reason now that their mothers had taken on the task of fighting for the moment they had returned to a state of friendship. The main thing on their young minds at that moment was their encounter with Tim the night before. There was something about the way he had reacted to their teasing that made them want to pursue it further.

Early in the morning Bonnie arrived at Cheryl's house as if nothing had transpired between them only hours before. "What do you want to do today?" Cheryl asked.

"I don't know about you, but I want to go over to Tim's house and talk to his mother" she replied. A look of agreement crossed her friends face.

"Now why would you want to do a thing like that?" she asked.

"To tell you the truth...I can't get his long hair out of my mind since last night; I'm just dying to put it up in a big, beautiful chignon," Bonnie sighed in earnest.

"Funny...but I've been thinking along the same lines myself. He has such beautiful hair and all...its such a shame that no one had ever showed him how to fix it properly," Cheryl commented. Their minds made up they set off down the block for his house.

TIM'S MOTHER...

Tim's mother, Mrs. Dagger, was happy to see the girls. It was a friendly neighborhood in general but these girls had never come over to visit her before. They all sat around the kitchen table and had sweet rolls and coffee together while making girl talk. "So what brings the two of you over to my place this morning? Selling scout cookies?"

"We haven't done that for years!" Cheryl laughed. Cheryl looked to Bonnie to break the topic of their reason for being at her home that morning. Picking up her friends cue Bonnie cautiously began. "Well you see Mrs. Dagger...we saw your son Tim last night. It's so nice of you to let him grow his hair long..."

"Thank you," she smiled wondering if they wanted to ask her if he has ever thought about dating them.

"Well we kind wondered about how he keeps his hair so long and in such good condition," she stammered as she struggled to get to the point.

Mrs. Dagger was a little off balance by the question. She said, "I insist that he take care of it. You two know how hard it is to keep long hair nice?"

"We know! No one in town but Tim and us have such nice hair. That's why we thought that it might be kind of fun if we did his hair up to try different styles," she finally said as she blushed a deep crimson color.

Mrs. Dagger suddenly had a genuine look of surprise on her face and Cheryl quickly tried to explain in more detail what they had in mind. "You know," she began, "It's hard for the two of us to see how we look in what...maybe Tim could help. I'd like to put his hair up in a chignon and see how it looks with a couple of my dresses...just to see how they would look together...you understand?" she stuttered, feeling really silly.

It was quiet for a moment. Mrs. Dagger just stared at them. Only heaven knew what was going through her head at this moment and the two girls were scared that they had really made a big mistake in coming here with such a hair brained idea.

The boy's mother was still sitting there as if in some sort of deep trance. What if she was angry with them for talking like this?

Finally the older woman spoke up. "You want my son to put on a dress and let you put up his hair?"

Bonnie finally got up the nerve to nod yes.

"Funny that you should say a thing like that to me," she gasped. "I must admit that I have wanted to do the same thing to that boy myself! Nearly every Halloween when I thought that he wouldn't mind letting me do it...you know...all the kids dress up and stuff at Halloween."

"Did he let you?"

"No."

"What a shame," Bonnie stated. "He's got such a pretty head of hair on him...lots of boys have long hair but Tim's is real pretty...not all stringy and greasy like the other boys you see...do you help him keep it clean and shiny and brushed?"

18 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

"I insist!" she said. "I've asked him plenty of times if he would let me curl it...and at Halloween I offered to buy him in a princess dress and some glittery high heels...but NO!"

"It's not fair, Mrs. Dagger," Cheryl added. "He's your only child...and I think that every woman would like to have a daughter to dress up and all. Our mother's have always had a ball teaching us how to do up our long hair.

"I just wanted to have a little fun that's all," she said. "Curl his hair, maybe put a bit of make up on him and some heels and a pretty dress. I always thought that he would look real cute on Halloween as a princess."

Bonnie and Cheryl listened quietly as the woman shared her secret desires with them. What luck! His mother too had wanted to do the same thing to the boy that they had wanted to do.

When Mrs. Dagger was done talking, Cheryl spoke up, "Well playing a little dress up was exactly what we had in mind too. It seems a real shame that he never let you play with his hair. After all, what would it hurt to let your mother have her way once in a while? You did bring him into the world and all."

"He really does have your features too," Bonnie added, "I think that he would make such a pretty girl."

Mrs. Dagger had an intense look of interest on her face when she looked up into their eyes. "Do you really think that you could make him do it?" she asked.

"How could he resist the desires of three beautiful women?" Bonnie answered with a giggle.

"What do you want me to do?" Tim's mother asked as she sealed his fate.

"When he gets home tell him that I came looking for him and send him over to my house. Cheryl and I will be ready for him and then you can come over in about half an hour and join us in the fun" Bonnie told her. His mother glowed with pleasure as she agreed to the plan.

On the way home, Bonnie and Cheryl could not have been happier with the outcome of their meeting with Tim's mother, "I just can't wait to see his beautiful hair done up in a full braid and twisted into a crown around his pretty head" Cheryl beamed.

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 19

"Me too," Bonnie quickly agreed with a chuckle. "We're actually helping his mother to fulfill a long time desire...not a bad deal if I do say so myself."

They quickly they went to work getting everything ready for Tim's arrival. Bonnie looked through her entire collection to find just the right things for Tim's coming out. Cheryl selected the items of make up and the accessories that they would need to complete his outfit.

Bonnie grinned as Cheryl nodded.

As Tim left her home looking for Bonnie Mrs. Dagger smiled perhaps the broadest, happiest smile anyone had ever seen on her since her husband's untimely death several years ago.

She had carried her burden well over the years and she rarely ever complained about having to raise Tim on her own, but much of her smiling warm personality had seemed to leave when her husband had died, Now she beamed with pleasure over the thoughts of what was going to occur. She waited anxiously for the clock to reach the half hour mark so that she could go and join the two young girls in their effort to transform her young son into a pretty girl.

Bonnie and Cheryl had changed their clothing since they had left Mrs. Dagggers house a while ago and now they both looked as if they were dressed to go out on one of the most important dates of their lives. Both wore a sexy short dress and sheer pantyhose with four-inch high-heeled shoes.

They had let their hair down and then each of them had carefully done up the others hair into a perfect chignon with not one hair out of place. A generous sampling of perfume and then the skillful application of make up turned the regularly beautiful girls into walking cover girls.

The results would be impossible for any real man to resist and they knew it. Tim would not stand a chance with these two...they would coax him into letting them have their way if it was the last thing that they ever did.

There is nothing in the world that a man finds harder to deal with than a beautiful woman with a strong will. Bonnie

20 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

and Cheryl slicked on an extra coating of lip-gloss as the doorbell rang. They couldn't have been more ready.

Tim didn't know why Bonnie would be looking for him. Outside of that chance meeting the night before he rarely ever talked to her or Cheryl. They hang around with a different set of people at school...and besides he could never stand a chance with girls that were as popular and good looking as those! He knew that he was not bad looking himself...but there was definitely a hip crowd at the school and he was definitely not I part of it. He was sure that she had probably just wanted to say hello as she was walking by or something. His mother had probably messed up the message as usual.

The door swung open and as it did Tim's mouth dropped down in awe. Bonnie stood before him dressed in a very hip dress with her splendid legs generously exposed by its very short skirt. Her face was made up perfectly and her long, beautiful hair was sitting atop her hair in a neatly styled chignon. Tim sighed silently.

Bonnie was incredibly beautiful He felt weak in the knees when she spoke to him through her glossy red lips. "Don't just stand there...come on in." she offered, Dumb-founded, he stumbled through the doorway as she closed the door behind him. "I'm glad that your mother gave you the message. I thought that you might not come over," she said.

"What can I do for YOU?" he asked.

"Do for me." she thought. "Just wait and see WHAT I DO TO YOU." these thoughts thrilled her and a smile broke out on her lips as she answer ad him. "Well we never seem to see each other at school or at home so when you dropped over to Cheryl's last night I took-that as an omen that I should make more of an effort to get to know you," she responded to the near disbelieving boy. A beautiful campus queen wanting to get to know him? This was too much.

"By the way." she continued "I took the liberty of asking Cheryl to come over too." At precisely that moment Cheryl came into the room from the kitchen carrying a tray of snacks and soft drinks.

Again Tim was stunned with her appearance as she was dressed to seduce. Her dress clung to her every curve and

sheer nylons clung to her shapely legs that were angled perfectly on a pair of super high heels.

Her hair too was piled atop her head in a perfect chignon, its blond strands looking almost like a crown in its shining glory. Tim mumbled his thanks as she handed him a coke in her neatly manicured hands, the fingernails gleaming with a fresh coat of polish that matched the shiny pink color on her lips.

The girls made small talk about school and asked Tim the usual questions about after school snorts and such until Bonnie finally swung the questions and answers around to what she had really intended for the unsuspecting youth.

"You know," she began as she moved closer to him and took a large portion of his hair into her hands "I really meant what I said last night about wanting to do your hair for you," she finished sweetly.

Tim blushed darkly. "Aw come on. Don't tease me. I just happen to like my hair long that's all," he countered.

"That's just the point honey. We like it long too. I never want you to get it cut...I just want to do it up in a pretty chignon so I can see how cute you look," Bonnie told him as she stroked his chin with her brightly painted red fingernails that surprisingly matched the fiery color of her red hair.

Tim felt trapped. Here he was with two of the most beautiful women he had ever seen in his life. Already he had been uneasy, but now this one was sweet-talking him and telling him that she wanted to play with his hair. Maybe he should make a hasty exit already. Cheryl saw his discomfort and she too moved over next to him on the sofa.

"Oh Timmie...I think that you'll be just adorable," she squealed. She sensed that he was meek around women...especially women dressed like they were.

She knew that there had been plenty of times in her life when she had gotten what she wanted out of a man by using her beauty against him and she knew now that if they overwhelmed this meek and mild boy they would have him in the palms of their hands for sure.

"I don't know if I want to do that" he replied quietly. The girls knew that they were on their way now. He had not been very forceful in his reply...and they sensed that he was

22 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

no match for their feminine wiles. Bonnie ran her fingers through his long silky hair. "Your hair is so thick and full...I just can't wait to braid it," she whispered to the confused lad. What should he do? These two girls had never so much as given him the time of day before. Any guy in the school would give his eyeteeth to spend some time alone with either of them. BUT maybe they were just teasing him. BUT maybe if he went along with it they would forget it. Yeah! That was it. They only liked to talk about it because they could see that it made him embarrassed. He would have to relax more. They were from a faster moving crowd than he was used to.

While he was thinking Cheryl pulled his pant leg up suddenly and proclaimed, "Oh Bonnie. Look at his legs! Nice and round, not scrawny like other boys. I think that his legs would look great in a pair of your textured pantyhose."

"Do you really think so?" Bonnie retorted.

"Yes I do," Cheryl chuckled.

"Well then let's give it a try," Bonnie replied as she stood up. Tim still did not know how to take their kidding.

As Cheryl took him by the hand he stood up alongside the two beautiful girls. In their heels they were both taller than he was and it seemed strange to be looking up to see their eyes. He didn't understand it...but with each passing minute he felt less and less in control of what was happening to him. "Come on Timmie...lighten up. This is going to be fun," Cheryl whispered hotly in his ear and then followed it by licking his earlobe sensuously.

Tim shivered in his boots, He was really excited...and yet he didn't really know over what was in store for him. Like a lamb to the slaughter the young man followed his two beautiful new friends up the staircase to Bonnie's room.



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

Once they had him in Bonnie's room they lost no time at all. They both knew that at any moment his mother would be arriving and they did not want to lose the momentum that they had built up.

Swiftly Cheryl calmed him as she began to undress him. Tim was so very confused...here was a beautiful woman undressing him...but for what purpose?

It didn't take long for her to remove his clothing and soon he found himself sitting on Bonnie's pink bedspread with nothing on but his jockey shorts. As he sat there passively Cheryl put a pair of textured tan pantyhose on his slim legs. "See Honey, it doesn't hurt at all...and those legs look so good!"

She fastened a pair of white two-inch pumps on his feet and then went to work adjusting the straps on a bra so that it would fit him.

While all of this was going on Bonnie had climbed onto the bed from behind him and was busy braiding his pretty long hair. Tim was lost. Why was he letting her do this to him? Perhaps it was one of those rites of passage that he had heard some people use to let others join their select set. Anyway, at this point it would seem foolish to try and stop them. When they spoke to him with those glossy wet lips he felt like he was going to melt into the carpet.

Cheryl helped him into the neat print dress and then zipped up the back. He felt so awkward sitting there in a dress, bra, heels and nylons while some girl did up his hair. He had not even let his mother do this to him on Halloween! Yet these two were doing it to him now, big time!

If this ever got around the school he would die. Both Cheryl and Bonnie couldn't have been more pleased with his passive behavior. This was the power of womanhood and they felt like queens with their pert chignons on their heads like crowns as they turned this longhaired boy into the image of the perfect lady.

His hair quickly took the shape of theirs under Bonnie's expert direction. Bonnie was soon putting the finishing touches on Tim's coiffure as Cheryl made up his face.

She knew that he had been embarrassed beyond action as he sat there quietly and did not move a muscle when she applied coat after coat of mascara to his pretty, long lashes. A

24 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

touch of rouge, some eyeshadow and a smooth application of lipstick completed his face.

His hair had just been finished when the doorbell rang. Cheryl ran downstairs to answer it as panic ripped through Tim's guts. Who was it? What if it was a friend of his that had come looking for him? Oh why had he let them do this to him? He sat on the bed frozen as he listened to the footsteps of two people coming up the stairs. He stared to run as Bonnie pushed him down and said, "Relax beautiful."

The faces of mother and son as they met each other across the room will be forever imbedded on the minds of Bonnie and Cheryl.

Mrs. Dagger had a look of great Joy as she saw what they had done to her son. Tim had not known how to react or what would his mother say? But her face told him that even though he did not understand what was happening to him it had made her very happy. Happier than he had seen her in years!" She walked across the room and slipped a red rose from her garden into the thick braids of his now girlish hair-style.

"Mom," he moaned...

WE ACCEPT



CREDIT CARD NUMBER

Expiration Date

Signature

OVERSEAS SHIPPING INFORMATION.

We Ship To Most Parts Of The World With
FOUR-DAY AIR—PRIORITY WORLDPOST

3-6 Books to Europe only \$7.00

3-6 Book—Pacific only \$9.00 SECURE AND FAST!



**Bonnie put the finishing touches on her
emasculatation of Tim. He took to femininity better
than she'd ever dreamed!**

OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

Room for a Change #2

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

Model Husband #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

Substitute Daughter #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

Pat Goes Coed #5

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

Cheerleader Mascot #6

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

Passport to Femininity #7

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

Like Mother, Like Son #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy french braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer. A daughter and son, all in one child.

Just Like a Woman #9

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

Skirting the Issue #10

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

Not Enough Girls #11

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

All Dolled Up #12

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

Acting Like a Girl #13

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

Maid Up #14

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

Flight of Fancy #15

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

Dressed to Dance #16

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

Going a Broad #17

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

Near Miss #18

In a small town, everyone knows everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

Tit for Tat #19

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

That's a Girl #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a

girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual hobby.

Woman's Work #21

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

My Son, the Bridesmaid #22

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

Paul: Girl Model #23

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

Husband to Housewife #24

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

One of the Girls #25

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

Woman-Hood #26

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

Woman-Hood Completed #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

Holiday in Heels and Hawaii in Heels#28

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

Like a Daughter #29

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

My Son, The Debutante #30

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

My Son, The Bride #31

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

Pretty As You Please #32

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

Feminine Appeal #33

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

Hair Today, Gown Tomorrow #34

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

Daughters Only #35

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

Slink Or Swim #36

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

Camping in Curls #37

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

Blonde & Blonder #38

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

With Mother's Help #39

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

Girl By Choice #40

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

Letting His Hair Down #41

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

Coed Created #42

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

More Than A Woman #43

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

Dressing Up & D.U. Completed #44 & 45

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

Born to be a BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 & 47

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

Darwin's Womanhood I & II #48 & 49

Never has there been so much put into two books!

Then she took a pair of large loop earrings out of her purse and fastened them onto his ears with great care.

Taking him by the arm Bonnie led him over to her full-length mirror. He was still staring at his mother in disbelief at her having come over during this. Cheryl forced his head over so that he could look at himself in the mirror. At first he moved to turn back toward his mother...but then something caught his eye in the mirror. He did an abrupt double take at the image. He gasped, "Is that me?"

NO IT COULDN'T BE! The mirror reflected the image of a beautiful girl...a very pretty young lady. His hair stood out from the back of his head in a perfect chignon plus his make up brought out his facial features. The dress hung from his slim male body over that a bra that gave him a cute, curvy figure and his long legs were now sheathed in pantyhose, and perched on a pair of white heels.

Tim could not believe his eyes. There was a distinct feeling in his guts that this was what he had feared all along.

He was great looking...and he almost did not want to take his eyes off of himself. "I shouldn't feel this way," he ordered himself. But the sensations that he was feeling at that moment couldn't be denied. Whatever the reason may be...he was falling in love with his girl self.

"Timmie," his mother squealed to she hugged him until her thought that his earrings would pop off. "You're so very pretty," she continued as tears rolled down her cheeks. "Thank you for letting me have a daughter for once..."

Bonnie and Cheryl simply stood aside and watched the results of what they had done. "He looks so girlish doesn't he," Cheryl whispered in Bonnie's ear.

"He sure does...matter of fact, I may be a bit jealous of him. That dress never fit me that well she replied.

As Tim and his mother talked to each other Bonnie took dozens of photos of the new girl. He seemed reluctant to pose but soon they had him posing as good as any professional model.

"Promise me that NONE of my friends will ever find out about this!" he begged them.

"But sweets" Cheryl cooed, "We are your friends, aren't we?"

28 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

"Be nice to the girls now," his mother admonished him. "After all, they did do such a pretty job on you."

Tim blushed. He didn't know why...but secretly he was enjoying his now role. His mother seemed to be so happy now and that alone made it worth it to him to momentarily shuck his jeans for a pretty dress.

His mother said, "Don't you wish you'd taken me up on that Halloween princess dress now?"

"Don't tease me mom," he blushed, thinking, "What if she wants him to do it at Halloween? Or worse yet, judging from the way he felt after seeing himself in the mirror, what if he started WANTING to dress up like a girl?"

His long hair looked so nice and fitting with a dress. From head to toe he appeared to be a very cute girl. Why should that thrill him? He was so confused. No doubt it all had to do with pleasing his mother and making her smile at last. Yes, that was it. After this he would never dress up like this again. His mother would have the photos that Bonnie was taking and that would keep her happy. He would again refuse to let her doll him up as he had before.

"I'm sorry girls but I think that we had all best get going," Bonnie told them. She and Cheryl still had to help their mothers get ready for that night's challenge match and there was much to do.

"You can borrow that dress Timmie dear" she told him. He looked upset as his mother thanked her for the offer. He had hoped that he would get to change clothing and end this whole set up. But no. Now he would be walking out in broad daylight fully dressed as a sweet young girl.

"I think that Timmie and I are going to go out for lunch and have a real mother to daughter day," Mrs. Dagger beamed as Tim shrank in his high heels. "Perhaps we'll even do a bit of shopping and get him some new dresses and things," his mother said as she flicked the pretty earring in his left lob.

Tim blushed darkly as Bonnie and Cheryl giggled. They had done what they had wanted with him and now his mother was not about to let him climb back into his pants.

Perhaps they would have a talk with Tim's mother about the upcoming parade contest. It would certainly be wonderful if they could get her to dress up little Timmie with

his pretty long girlish hair and enter him in the judging for float queen.

Mrs. Dagger thanked them again as she and her now daughter left to go shopping. Tim behaved in a docile, submissive manner when in Bonnie's dress. That made the girls ecstatic.

Before he left, she handed him the purse that went with the dress and told him that it contained the make up they had used on him. "In case you want to freshen up after lunch," she giggled.

Again Tim blushed much to her enjoyment. He had a feeling that his life would never be the same again.

ROUND ONE...

Tension was high in both homes as the hour of the contest approached. Charlene felt that Harriet had no business getting her nose into things without asking any questions and that she had far exceeded her rights by coming into the house in the middle of the fray and getting involved. Harriet, of course, felt that she had done the right thing in trying to protect her lovely daughter since she had been outnumbered two to one in the struggle. In her opinion a mothers love extended all the way to the boxing arena if need be. Before this night was over one of them would be the victor in the contest that was supposed to settle this disagreement between them,

Cheryl gave her mother as much encouragement as she could.

She told her that she had every reason to believe that her Mom could whip Bonnie's mom any day of the week. Charlene had asked questions of her daughter about how this whole fight had begun but Cheryl's answers were very sketchy...and led her to think that Bonnie had instigated the encounter on the lawn.

In fact that was not totally false...but both girls knew that they had really had an equal part in the battle since it takes two to tangle. Besides the youngsters were both excited over the prospect of watching their mothers "take each other on" and they didn't want to say anything that might change their minds about the wrestling match.

30 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

Much to her delight and pleasure Cheryl's mother asked her if she would do her hair up for the night's battle. Cheryl was thrilled that she had been honored with her mother's request. She hoped that she would be able to fix her mother's chignon so that Mrs. Harrison could never get it down.

She took her time and applied all of the lessons in proper hair styling that her mother had shown her as a child. Using plenty of clips and pins to secure its shape she did her best to construct the chignon so that it would sustain repeated attacks by Bonnie. When she was finished both she and her mother were greatly pleased with the results.

"You've learned your lessons well daughter," her mother complimented her as she gave her a great big hug of appreciation.

"I had a good teacher," her lovely daughter replied as she swung her long pretty mane out of the way so that she could give her mother a peck on the cheek. "Good luck," she whispered.

At the same time Bonnie and her mother were involved in similar preparation. Bonnie's mother too had offered her the opportunity to prepare her hair for the challenge. As Bonnie worked her mother sat in the chair breathing deeply to relax before the night's confrontation.

She knew that this event might seem strange to others...but she was definitely excited with the thought of battling her best friend...getting her hands on that wad of hair. She smiled as these thoughts rolled through her mind. Mrs. Harrison and her daughter had a different plan of attack for this fight. Bonnie did her mother's hair up in a long tight braid. That way they hoped that it would act like a thick rope...and hold up long enough to let Harriet get the better of Charlene.

The doorbell rang and both Bonnie and her mother smiled at one another. "Guess this is it," her mother commented as she motioned for her daughter to go and open the door. As Bonnie opened the front door Cheryl and her mother strutted into the room looking very confident. When Harriet saw Charlene perfectly braided chignon she gave her head a defiant away that sent her long braid whipping through the air with a loud "swish". Both women seemed to sneer at one

another as their daughters led the way down into the basement recreation room...the scene of the nights challenge.

Immediately Charlene sat down in the best chair in the room. A look of real irritation crossed Harriet's face. That was her favorite chair...the nerve of that woman! She know that she had done this just to annoy her and now more than ever she could not wait to get her hands on this hussy.

"Sitting down already" Harriet cracked. "You'll have plenty of time for that after I whip you senseless. I'm ready to start right now...so if you're not too tired already I suggest you get up...unless you've decided to chicken out an me." Her voice out the air like a knife through soft butter and a chill ran down Bonnie's spine. Never had she seen her mother react like this) It was shaping up to be a pretty interesting night already. "Put your money where your mouth is you braided bully"

Charlene practically shouted as she jumped up from her comfortable seat.

Caught off guard for a second by the leap from the chair by her opponent Harriet suddenly found herself being swung around the room by her long braid. Even Bonnie and Cheryl were shocked by Mrs. Presley quick attack. As she spun around Harriet stuck out her foot and tripped Charlene. She would need both hands to break the fall to the floor so she let go of the long braid and freed Harriet to counter attack.

Mrs. Harrison did not even give her opponents a chance to get up. She would teach her to use a surprise attack like that on her!

She grabbed a firm hold on the beautiful chignon and began to drag Charlene across the room by the hair. Charlene smashed her teeth together as she strained to keep from shouting out in pain. Reaching out with her right hand she grabbed Harriet by the ankle and in a second the two of them were rolling together on the floor.

Standing up, they flung their arms around each other as they struggled for the hold that they needed to win. Pushing with all her might Harriet finally forced Charlene to fall onto the spare bed in the corner of the recreation room.

32 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

Swiftly Charlene rolled over onto her side and flipped Harriet over on her back. Harriet resisted but it was no use. Charlene had a firm grip on her and did not intend to let go.

The two daughters grimaced as Charlene grasped Harriet's forty-inch braid and pulled on it hard until it was loose and unraveling.

"Let me go you hussy," Harriet wailed.

"Look who's laughing now," Charlene replied as she continued to apply all the force she could muster. Reaching for a better grip, Charlene suddenly found herself the recipient of a fast elbow jab in the guts.

Quickly Harriet sat up and dumped her opponent off of her. Blocking with one hand and grabbing with the other Harriet got a handful of Charlene's beautiful chignon and started to yank on it. Charlene tried to resist but it was no use. Soon Harriet had both of her hands firmly into the thick French chignon then pulled out a main clip and jerked the rest free. She was determined to end this fight as quickly as possible.

"Come on mom...show her who's boss," Bonnie squealed. Her mother gave her a wry grin then leaned in and for a second the two women's lips touched...then touched again only longer. Suddenly they were locked in a full kiss!

*Ask about our special products!
Let me know which stories you like the most!*

*SANDY THOMAS ADV.,
P.O. Box 2309 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA*

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....**STATE**.....**ZIP**.....

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.



At that very second, the doorbell rang. Both jumped as they separated. Harriet outstretched tongue had obviously penetrated deeply into Charlene's pink lips. The two of them smiled in secret pleasure. "Someone answer it," Harriet shouted as Bonnie ran for the front door.

"It's okay mom...I'll get it!" she called back. What were the two women to do? Who was at the door at this time of the night? They were not expecting anyone...especially now that they were in such compromised shape.

With Harriet's torn blouse and Charlene's disheveled hair, they were a sight to behold.

Before they could even take steps to straighten themselves up the sound of footsteps were heard on the steps leading down to the recreation room. Both of them sat up in the bed and tried to make the best of their appearance.

Harriet pulled the scrapes of her blouse to cover up her breast which by now had large red bruise marks appearing on

34 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

it...as Charlene ran her fingers over her hair to try and put it in place. As the two women waited for the appearance of the guests at the bottom of the stairs they held one another by the hand...remembering the joy and pain that they had just suffered with one another.

They easily recognized the first visitor as Mrs. Dagger who lived just a few doors down the street from them. But who was this pretty young girl she had with her? The child's hair was done up in a perfectly neat chignon that any woman would be envious of and her make up and attire were also very complimentary.

"Hello," Mrs. Dagger said hesitatingly as she tried to take in the scene before her as calmly as possible.

"Why hello," Harriet returned. How nice of you to drop in this evening. Charlene and I were just practicing our wrestling techniques...you know...the now fitness stuff that the president always talks about and all. We find it most invigorating," she said smoothly as she tried to cover for the two of them.

"Really?" Mrs. Dagger commented with a grin.

Quickly trying to change the subject and get it off of them Charlene asked, "Who is the darling young lady with you?"

Mrs. Dagger and the two daughters in the room smiled at one another as the other "young girl" blushed deeply and shuffled her high-heeled feet.

"Why you mean to tell me that you haven't met my daughter Timmie?" Mrs. Dagger beamed.

"Daughter? But I've known you for years and you've only had a..." Charlene's voiced trailed off as she realized what was going on and jumped up from the bed to take a closer look. "Why I wouldn't believe it!" she exclaimed as she walked around the blushing boy. As Harriet was hit by what was going on she too came, over for a better look.

"Oh my gawd," Charlene gasped. "Is that you TIM?"

Tim nodded and his mother beamed. "He's letting me have a chance to see what having a daughter is all about..."

Both women were thrilled with his appearance...his neatly styled hair...his perfect make-up...his girlish figure, short dress... those smooth logs...and lastly the pretty image of his feet in the high heeled pumps.

"Isn't that your dress Bonnie?" her mother asked as she began to put the pieces together.

"Doesn't it look better on him than it ever did on me, MOM?" her daughter squealed.

All of the women surrounded the boy and made a fuss over every detail of his appearance.

"I really have to thank your daughters for bringing this side of him out," Mrs. Dagger told the mothers.

"Really?" Charlene asked.

"Yes, your daughter did this to him...and I couldn't be happier about it."

"You were out shopping with him wearing Bonnie's dress?"

"Timmie was really scared at first but I was able to calm him down. As a matter of fact, I took him out today and bought him a complete wardrobe of pretty things to wear."

"His own dress?" Harriet asked.

"More than just a dress. I bought him all the cute things that I couldn't all these years. I just can't wait to see him tonight in the pink baby-doll pajamas that I picked out...and I'm hoping that he'll let me put his hair up in curlers."

Tim was blushing a fiery red by this time. Yes his mother had convinced him that he should have a "few" things of his own. But the car was now full of packages.

"Oh he's so cute!" Harriet exclaimed as she pinched him on the red cheek. "You simply must have your mother put your hair up in curlers. But you hair also looks good up."

"You girls did such a great job on his hair too," Charlene complimented them as she touched his hair gently and with a look of great interest on her face.

"Why don't all of you go upstairs while Charlene add I take a minute to get cleaned up," Harriet told them.

As the crowd moved up the stairs Charlene and Harriet first touched and then hugged each other. The tension made shudders run up their spines. Both of them felt that their "challenge" was unfinished...but they certainly couldn't continue now with company there.

Neither spoke about it...but the fight and the sight of young Tim dressed as a girl excited them tremendously. Eve-

36 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

rything was so new and different. They had always secretly wondered about the boy and his pretty long hair...and now to see it in a girlish bun and him wearing a short dress was enough to drive the both of them nuts.

Imagine wrestling with a guy like him...all the sensuality of taking on another female but while he looked like a girl, he would have male equipment underneath to tease and dominate!

Although it seemed erotic and strange at the moment but the idea nevertheless crossed both of their minds.

Quickly they went into the bathroom and straightened themselves up. Harriet put on a new blouse and they were ready to join the company upstairs.

When they joined the other people in the dining room, they found Cheryl putting a fresh application of red lipstick on the still blushing Tim.

"If you are going to be wearing dresses, you really must be more conscious of your appearance," she scolded, as his mother looked on happily. There was coffee and cake for all and plenty of good conversation to boot.

Both Harriet and Charlene were extremely interested in talking to the shy boy/girl before them. They were anxious to find out how a boy had liked his first day in skirts.

Tim seemed reluctant to talk about it but they kept prodding him with questions anyway. He was so cute they simply could not ignore him!

Tim was worried. He had thought that this whole thing would blow over in a few hours but it seemed that his mother loved the idea of having a daughter to dress and spoil.

She had spent hundreds of dollars on girl's clothes for him that afternoon so he was sure that she had no intention of just letting the whole thing be a one-time event.

If only he had stopped her at first but she had begged him to let her buy him a "little something to remember the day."

But that only led to more "a few more things." They had gone from store to store for most of the afternoon and she had purchased him padded bras, hair clips, pantyhose, tons of make up and several pairs of high heels. Before long, he was into the shopping.

He tried on dress after dress in boutique after boutique as she happily judged each one for its affect on his appearance.

If the women in the shops suspected that he was a boy they never let on about it. Could it have been that they knew his mother was spending a lot of money? Who really cared whether a woman brought her longhaired son in fully decked out as a female. Or was he really cute?

Trying to change the subject from himself he brought up a topic. "What was going on between you two downstairs?" he asked as he pointed a polished finger at Charlene and Harriet.

Both of them shifted a bit uncomfortably in their chairs as all attention was put on them. Charlene began. "Well Harriet and I were just having a friendly wrestling match on the bed with Bonnie and Cheryl as refs," she explained.

"Oh really?" the pretty she-male responded. "I've done quite a bit of wrestling at the high school myself. I think it's fun," he commented as Harriet's eyes lit up.

"So you're into wrestling. Well perhaps you'd like to take me on someday soon she told him challengingly," Tim didn't know what to say.

"I don't know about that Mrs. Harrison. I'm pretty strong and I'd hate to hurt you. Guys are usually stronger than women," he finished authoritatively.

"Well you certainly don't look like a guy to me" Harriet came back at him. Tim squirmed and the other women giggled.

"Maybe we could have special rules or something to make it more even," Harriet continued.

"Yeah... I guess maybe we could at that," the boy replied through his blush.

Bonnie and Cheryl knew what she was driving it. They had seen the desire in both of their mothers eyes as soon as they had found out that the pretty girl before then was in reality Tim from down the street. Little did the mothers know, but both Bonnie and Cheryl had been terribly excited by watching their mothers battle it out...and the two of them were also wondering how they could get this very feminine male into a wrestling match with one...or both of them.

38 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

Just the thought of grabbing his pretty chignon was driving four of the women at that table up the walls at that very instant. Through it all Tim's mother simply sat and drank her coffee thinking how wonderful it was to have a pretty daughter that everyone admired so much that they wanted to spend time with her.

"Perhaps you could come over and give us all some wrestling pointers since you have had so much more experience than we have," Charlene coaxed as she stroked his mile ego.

"Sure I'd be happy to do that," he replied. "When would you like to get together," he asked.

Sensing that they had him, Harriet replied "How about tomorrow afternoon in Charlene's back yard? There's plenty of room and the thick grass will act as a mat for us. That way there will be plenty of room for all of us."

Tim looked into her face as she spoke. Why would she be so excited by his offer? All of the girls here seemed to be in on some immense joke that he did not understand. Oh well, there certainly couldn't be any harm in teaching them a thing or two about wrestling. And besides, maybe then they would see just how-male he was and let him alone about his long hair. "Sure, that will be just fine," he agreed.

His mother told him that it was time to go and Harriet giggled as he picked up his matching purse and slipped a pretty new white sweater around his shoulders.

"Timmie, you're a doll," she squealed as she gave him a kiss. Again he blushed darkly as his lipstick smeared onto her mouth.

"Here Timmie, let me fix that before you go out," Cheryl offered.

"That's okay," he replied.

"No I insist babe!" she ordered as he stood still before her beauty. As everyone watched she carefully filled out his upper lip into a cupids bow once again and then filled it in with a fresh coating of the bright color. "That' a girl," she giggled when she was done.

"Goodnight," Tim muttered as he and his mother left.

"What a beautiful boy," Charlene sighed as she closed the door behind the mother and "daughter."

"Yes he is! You girls certainly did a fine job on him," Harriet complimented.

"Thanks" they chorused. They retreated back to the dining room table for a last cup of coffee. Bonnie and Cheryl had loved watching their mothers fight and they were anxious to find out if they were ever going to do it again. They hoped that they would...although they did not want to see anyone get hurt. There was something really exciting about watching two women go at it.

xxxx

Bonnie breached the topic. "What did you think of the challenge tonight mom?" Her mother eyed her suspiciously and then looked over at her opponent. Both Mothers were still fatigued and sore from the tremendous effort that they had put forth that evening. She took a heavy breath and another sip of coffee before she replied. "Personally I don't feel as if we settled anything," Harriet said calmly.

"Neither do I!" Charlene replied.

The tension was almost unbearable in the room as the two competitors stared at each other across the table. Cheryl felt a tingle in her tummy as she sensed the mounting jealousy between the two of them. Her mother would show up Mrs. Harrison, yet Bonnie didn't wait for her mother to continue her response. She stood up and walked over behind Mrs. Presley. Grabbing a firm handful of the thick chignon she tugged at it and said, "I'll pull it out for you if you are too tired to go."

Cheryl sat up in her chair with a start. "You touch my mother and I'll personally make sure that you pay dearly for it!" she said hotly.

Bonnie smiled broadly. "Sure bet sweetheart. Unless you plan on entering the parade contest as the bald woman of the town I think that you had better just shut your trap."

Their mothers glanced at each other as they recalled how this whole thing had gotten started.

"Cheryl do you really think that your mother is up to fighting me again after the beating that I just give her?" Mrs. Harrison asked with a chuckle.

Cheryl looked at her mother and then back to Harriet. "You bet. She was just getting started on you. If you were going three out of four fights like they do on championship

40 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

wrestling, she would whip you for sure. She spoke confidently. Bonnie continued to apply pressure to Charlene's disheveled chignon and Cheryl responded for her team. In one motion Cheryl rose up from her chair and shoved Bonnie across the room.

Taken by surprise she left go of Charlene's hair to use both hands to keep from falling.

"Keep away from my mother you little slut," Cheryl barked as she sat down again.

"Why you little..." Bonnie shouted as she raced back to the table for revenge. "Girls! Girls! Stop it this minute," Harriet shouted. "I am not going to let you ruin one another's appearance before the judging."

Charlene had leapt up and stood between the two daughters so that they would have to go through the larger woman before they could get at each other. "Harriet is right," she told them. "Remember...she and I are fighting now as your seconds," she reminded them.

The girls sat down in their chairs again with smug looks on both their faces. Did their mothers realize that the girls had only done this bit of acting in hopes of guaranteeing that their mothers would see fit to fight each other again? It was a cheap trick but it had worked extremely well. Their mothers told them that after a few days of rest they would surely go at it again since they had not finished with each other that night.

"I hated to be interrupted," Harriet said. "But after seeing Tim it was worth it! If he is as good a wrestler as he is a girl, I'm sure that we can all learn something from him tomorrow."

Everyone laughed and agreed with that comment. They all had a few more laughs about how the boy looked so much better in a dress instead of his old faded blue-jeans and with his hair unbraided.

"I kind of wish I had a man I could feminize," Charlene commented.

"But mom," Cheryl protested. "You have me...a real girl to work with."

Her mother gave her a wry glance. "I don't know why dear...but its not the same. To take a man and emasculate him, that would be fun."

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 41

Harriet agreed, "Can you think of any man we could invite over and make a lady of?"

"Maybe that Mr. Arthur?" Charlene stated. "He's got longish hair, fine features and is slender. I bet we could take him..."

"I wish we had something on him," Harriet laughed.

The following afternoon the group of woman waited anxiously in Charlene's back yard for the arrival of their new wrestling coach.

When he finally arrived a little ripple of laughter ran through the four of them. His mother had bought him a bright pink sweat suit with rows of yellow flowers adorning the cuffs and wrists and she had insisted that he wear it over to the session today.

Further more, he now sported a pair of pink tennis shoes. His hair was still up in the pretty bun the girls had put it in the day before and his face was graced with mascara, eye shadow and just a touch of pink lipstick. He looked darling. Much more like a girl than a boy.

Swallowing their pleasure they tried to present themselves as a serious group of learners. "So glad you could make it dear," Charlene told him as she admired him from head to toe.

"Boy would I love to wrestle in a bed with this guy," Bonnie whispered quietly in Cheryl's ear as her friend nodded in agreement. "I'd make him scream!"

That would be girl wrestling at its finest. Not only would they be able to get off on pulling at that marvelous chignon of his, they would also be combating female against male...with both of them smelling sweetly from perfume and hairspray. For both of the daughters those thoughts-seemed about as close to heaven as any one could ever hope for.

Tim knew that he was drawing all of the attention at this meeting so he was quick to get things started. "I'll show you some of the basic things that we will be working on today and then we will break up into teams and practice," he said.

Using Bonnie as his partner for now he demonstrated a few simple tricks. Cheryl was secretly furious. How could he choose that brazen red-head for his first partner when he could have used her, a shapely blond? She hoped that she

42 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

would get an opportunity to teach this little man a lesson or two before the day was over.

After he had showed them the trick several times, he ordered them to break up into pairs for practice. "I think that we should keep mothers and daughters together," he ordered wisely.

He assumed that if he let them intermingle, they would soon be going at it full force. He didn't want that to happen so he kept them in family pairs as a precaution.

Trick after trick he continued to maintain tight order over his troops. Bonnie was getting ticked at his serious attitude.

"This isn't fun...it's work," she muttered under her breath. "I'd love to get my hands on him and use a few of his own tricks against him," she thought.

Tim continued the training with some intermediate moves. This time he used Cheryl as his partner much to Bonnie's further anger. "I'll get that baby girl yet for this," she thought.

Carefully he demonstrated the next set of moves that he wanted them to learn and they parodied him slowly but well. All of the women were impressed with his sincerity and determination to improve their wrestling. They had thought that this session would quickly degenerate into a massive gang match because he would have so little to offer them in terms of new tricks. But that was simply not true at all.

He was quite good and was a good instructor for them. They were all learning new things and improving old stuff too. In each of their minds though they couldn't wait to really get down to it and use the stuff full out.

Charlene frequently glanced over at Harriet to try and see exactly where her weaknesses in technique were. She wanted to know where the weak link in the armor would be for their next encounter.

She had every intention of beating her senseless on the next occasion and she practiced like she meant it. Harriet to was working hard on the lessons. Sure she had had the upper hand for most of the last fight but now Charlene too was learning these tricks. Only the person that could apply them better and faster would come out on top...and she wanted to be sure that it was her.

Funny enough though it was the daughters were working hard also. For one thing they had no choice since their mothers were driving them relentlessly, but for another thing they both knew that there might come a time when they would have to use the moves against Tim himself.

In that case they would have to have learned the lessons extremely well. It would be hard to beat the teacher at his own game unless they worked doubly hard. Morning passed into afternoon and still the young man in pink continued to work them out on the grass.

"Don't you think it's time for a break?" Cheryl asked as the others chimed in agreement. Tim realized that he was not working here with a bunch of guys at school that were training for an upcoming meet. He had better give them a breather.

"Sure thing. Maybe we should call it a day," he replied.

"Stay for lunch," Charlene told him.

"Thanks," he replied.

They all went inside to wash up while Cheryl's mother prepared a hot lunch for them. Tim came out of the bathroom and joined the other "girls" in the living room.

"Don't you think that you should put on some fresh lipstick?" Cheryl asked him when she noticed that he had but a mere trace left on his mouth.

The boy shifted nervously. He had not wanted to come over here that morning dressed like this but his mother had made such a fuss he found that he couldn't refuse. She seemed to be so happy when he was dressed up like this...and she had been so depressed since his father had died he hated to spoil her fun.

But what about him and his feelings? Didn't she know what she was putting him through? His dreams last night had been full of scenes of himself as a girl...walking down the street with her skirts blowing in the wind...wearing flowers in his prettily curled hair...painting his nails in dazzling pink and red, having long mascaraed lashes and the feeling of sheer pantyhose against his slender legs. These were not the dreams a boy his age should be having. He needed to stop this craziness before it was too late.

44 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

While he was lost in thought Cheryl had left the room and come back with a tube of lipstick in her hand. If he wouldn't answer her, she would take care of her little girl herself. She went right up to him, grabbed his chin in her hand and held it firmly and she applied a coat of the rich pink gloss.

"Hey?" he shouted, "What are you doing?"

Cheryl smiled as she placed the cap back on the tube. "That's much better isn't it Bonnie," she chuckled.

"My yes. I hate to see a girl in pink sweats that isn't wearing pink lipstick. It's just not right. That's perfect now though!" she giggled.

Tim felt so helpless as he sank back in the chair red faced. Just minutes ago he had been in control as he taught them how to wrestle...but in a second these two beautiful girls could take all of the fight out of him simply by treating him like a little girl.

Here he was a top wrestler and this girl had just smeared his mouth with pink lipstick. He had to get a hold of himself soon or all would be lost.

His worries were broken up by lunch being served. They all sat around the table and dug in to the food Mrs. Presley had prepared for them. Conversation centered on that mornings lessons for the most part.

"You must be a really good wrestler," Bonnie complimented Tim.

"I should think so too," Harriet added. "Have you ever thought about going into teaching as a profession?" Cheryl asked him as she tucked a few loose strands of hair back into his chignon.

He seemed to be disturbed by her touching his hair but he replied anyway. "Well I've thought about it some, but I really haven't decided what I would like to do for a living."

Bonnie looked over at Cheryl with a grin in her eye. Knowing that she must want to tell her something Cheryl excused herself from the table and Bonnie followed a second later.

"What's up?" she asked when they had gotten out of ear-shot. "I think that we ought to repay our coach" Bonnie told her.

"What do you mean?" her friend asked in confusion.

A broad smile came across Bonnie's lips as she strained to keep from laughing. "What I mean is that he has spent a great deal of time teaching us how to be better wrestlers and I thought that the least that we could do is spend some time teaching him how to be a better girl!"

Both girls giggled and strained to keep from bursting out in loud laughter, "I must admit," Cheryl agreed "that he could use some work. We made him look great but some of his movements are still boyish. If he can coach us in his area of expertise, I guess we can return the favor and coach him in ours?" she chuckled.

Before they returned to the table they selected a cute dress from Cheryl's wardrobe and collected several other items that they would need for the days lesson.

After lunch Cheryl said, "Why don't you come into my room honey. I'd like to fix those loose ends in that chignon of yours before you go home."

Tim blushed as the mothers giggled but when Bonnie took him by the hand, he followed the two daughters into Cheryl's female lair.

Tim suspected that something might be up since they had left the room earlier in private but he couldn't imagine what it could be. No sooner had he entered the room and seen the pile of clothing on the bed than he knew that he might be in trouble.

Swiftly he turned on his heel and tried to make a run for it. But the day of wrestling training had sharpened both of the girl's reflexes and as soon as he made his break Bonnie brought him down with one of the very same moves that he had so carefully taught her that morning.

Recovering rapidly he sprung to his feet and made a second effort. This time he was dropped within seconds by Cheryl.

She too had learned her lessons of the morning well and the young lad suddenly found that his feet were pulled out from under him and he was headed for another fall. Before he had a chance to recover this time the girls sprang on him, Bonnie grasped his thick chignon in her fingers and jerked his

46 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

head back on his neck. Holding it back as Cheryl pinned Tim's arms she planted a kiss on his pretty pink mouth.

"Why fight us my pretty one? We only want to return a favor to you." Cheryl told him.

"What do you mean?" Tim questioned as she started to remove his sweat suit while Bonnie continued to control his arms.

"You coached us in what you know best...so we thought that we would return the favor and coach you in what we know best...femininity!" Cheryl informed him as she pulled down his sweat pants. "Oh my!" she gasped when she saw that Tim was wearing a pretty pair of panties that matched his sweat suit.

"Mother bought them to go with this suit," Tim groaned. He laid there a defeated man. He knew that it was no use trying to run now. He couldn't very well run home without any clothes on and there was always the chance that if he did get past these two students of his and out of the bedroom there were still their mothers outside in the living room.

He had taught them all well and even though he was still much better than any single one of them, there was no way that he was a match for them in pairs. It would be no use at all for him to even try. He decided that the best thing that he could do right now was to see what they planned to do with him and then figure out what to do later.

It didn't take the girls all that long to dress him up. Both Harriet and Charlene looked up from what they had been doing as he entered the living room.

"Well will you look at that," Harriet murmured. He looked fantastic. Cheryl's dress fit him well and his slender legs were very eye-catching in the pair of pantyhose that Cheryl had put on him. The stylish dark blue sandals had been a snug fit but once the pantyhose had been put on him they helped the shoes to slip on with just a little shove.

Charlene loved the way the blue and white print dress fit his padded bust line and his make up and pert chignon were just the right thing to complete the outfit.

Tim was blushing even redder than the blusher the girls had put on his cheeks. The two mother's commented and admired his tasteful feminine appearance.



Tim's training had begun. First low heels, then higher and highest! Everything was a matter of finding just the right size. Not too much or too little on top or bottom.

To be added to our confidential mailing list, write:
SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
P. O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

48 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

Harriet stated, "Tim, with that hair, you've always look like a girl from behind...our daughters have just completed the package. You just need some finishing touches."

It did not take Tim long to realize what the girls had in mind by "coaching" him. The two daughters went right to work on his walk.

"If you are going to be wearing skirts, you've really got to learn to swing your hips more," Bonnie told him as she showed him how to walk back and forth across the room. Back and forth he followed her. Back and forth he walked like Bonnie until he began to get the hang of it.

"Great! Now not too much swing...just the right amount for attention. You don't want to exaggerate the hip movement too much or folks will think that you are a hooker," Cheryl kidded him.

His pretty heels made trip after trip across the plush shag carpeting as he perfected a girlish walk. Tim felt silly but knew his mother would be delighted. She had spent so much money on high heels and skirts, the least he could do was learn to move properly in them.

Next they showed him how to sit down in a skirt. As he practiced the mothers giggled from the kitchen. He was a good student. It was so fun to watch this boy in skirts as he learned to primly and smoothly tuck his dress underneath him and cross his legs.

Sure he looked good, but they knew that underneath it all he was a hot-blooded teenage male that they had known for years. They derived a great deal of pleasure out of his excellent performance here today.

Hours went by as Bonnie and Cheryl covered every move they could think of. They worked on his hand motions and even on the way that he moved his head on its slender neck.

"Girls move like this," Bonnie told him as she demonstrated for the millionth time. Tim dutifully copied her every move as best he could. All of the girls were amazed that a boy could pick up this stuff so easily. He was getting quite good at feminine comportment...but they did not let on except for an occasional compliment. They wanted him to continue to

put out the maximum amount of effort in perfecting his new image.

As Tim practiced his lessons many things went through his mind. He had always been sort of a perfectionist in everything that he had done in his life.

In wrestling he had always worked extra hard to learn the moves the coach showed the team, and in this he was no different. But why he thought. Why should he be putting so much time and effort into perfecting his movements as a girl?

The whole situation had him baffled. For some reason he enjoyed all of the attention he was receiving from these two very beautiful young women. Yet the only time that they really bothered to spend with him was when they were turning his maleness into femaleness. Why should he like that? Okay, it made his mother happy for some reason but why were these girls finding it so easy to control him?

One touch of either of their perfumed hands and he felt like letting them do whatever they wanted with him. At this point he was a very tired and confused young man.

There was a light knock at the door and Harriet had answered it. It was Tim's mother Mrs. Dagger. She came into the living room and Tim froze when he realized that it was his mother. "Don't stop on my account dear," she told him. "I just came by to watch."

All in all, it was a fun and interesting day. Yes, the girls teased him occasionally but in general, they were serious about teaching him all that they knew.

The end of the day was highlighted with a fashion show where Tim pranced about in nearly every one of Cheryl's favorite dresses, pretending that he was in a beauty contest.

The girls and his mother applauded and cheered him on. His mother said, "Maybe I should enter Timmie in the float contest! Cheryl, can he borrow one of your dresses?"

"No way," Cheryl laughed. "Besides, he'd be much more comfortable in his own..."



At one point, the girls had Tim straddle the arm of the couch. He asked, "What does this teach me? Balance?"

Bonnie laughed, "Nothing! Just how to keep a boyfriend happy!"



**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

AS THE JUDGING DAY APPROACHES...

The contest-judging day came closer, both of the daughters had been spending extra time each morning on their hair and appearance. They would often be seen in the downtown area window shopping or browsing around in the local shops.

Each of them was determined to get out and be seen by as many of the townspeople as possible in order to increase her chances of winning.

That day Cheryl was walking back home from the grocery store when she spotted Bonnie and some other very attractive girl coming the other direction. Cheryl had not been hanging around Bonnie much as she felt that she did not want to be seen with any competition around.

If two pretty girls were walking together, people automatically compared one to the other and she did not want her beauty to be detracted by anyone at this point with the contest so close.

That was why she could not understand why Bonnie would be walking down the street with some other girl.

As the two girls approached her on the sidewalk she noted Bonnie's friends long hair that was gently curled and flowing in the slight breeze of the day. She wore a simple but pretty dress that clung to her shapely figure and a pair of tan sandals with open toes revealing ten bright red toenails and a string of small white pearls graced her neck.

She moved with that light feminine air that comes from much practice and modeling technique and Cheryl cringed with a touch of jealousy as she watched a man passing in a car look at this girl before he even bothered to look at her. The closer she got the better this girl looked.

At last they were only a few feet from each other. "Hello Cheryl!" Bonnie called out.

"Hi Bonnie. I don't think I have had the pleasure of meeting your..." Cheryl gasped and nearly choked as she realized that Bonnie's beautiful, feminine friend was none other than Tim!

Bonnie looked at her Tim and he looked at her as the two of them burst into laughter at Cheryl reaction. Bonnie laughed, "You didn't recognize you own creation?"

Tim was blushing deeply as he still felt uncomfortable in his present role but there was no doubt in his mind that he had fooled Cheryl. "I've been practicing," he reddened.

"I don't believe my eyes," Cheryl stammered, as she took in his appearance close up. His eyes were so expressive with eyebrows that had been fully plucked into high thin arches, a fine bead of eyeliner brought out their natural roundness, a subtle gray shade of eyeshadow added depth while a thick and curly pair of false eyelashes made his eyes so totally feminine. Cheryl was ashamed of her own "plain" appearance.

His face make up and rouge were expertly applied to cover any trace of youthful beard stubble that he might have while bringing out the female lines in his face.

His frosted lips glittered in the daylight from a red shade of lipstick that was applied perfectly. As the wind blew his softly curled hair, the scent of perfume wafted the air and whenever his ears were uncovered momentarily they sported pretty white pearl earrings that matched his dainty necklace.

Cheryl was stunned at the total effect this boy presented. She recalled how awkward he had been that first night they had used their feminine wiles to get him into skirts...and now he could stand next to them and easily match their beauty.

Pangs of jealousy crept into her blood...and yet she felt it hard to be jealous. After all he was really a boy and not a girl. But who could tell that now? She felt like a poor second fiddle at the moment...and the heck of the thing was that she felt outclassed by a pretty creature...that was really a boy. A boy that she had helped to turn into this very essence of young womanhood.

"I don't know what to say," she finally muttered.

Tim looked at the ground and Bonnie beamed with pride. "He looks terrific, doesn't he," Bonnie buffed.

"Yes, I must say, he's come a long way," Cheryl complimented.

"I've been spending some time working with him and so has his mother," Bonnie began. "She's even paid for some modeling lessons from a professional. His mother had hired a lady from a charm school to come out and give Tim private lessons in proper female behavior and etiquette."

"It shows," Cheryl gasped.

"Since his mother first saw Tim dressed as a girl, she had not let up for one second. It seems that she had desired this for years...and she's determined to make up for lost time."

Tim spoke softly in a high voice; "It makes Mother so happy to set my long hair. She taught me to shave my legs and how to maintain my highly arched plucked eyebrows."

"Can you look like a boy anymore?" Cheryl asked looking at his long manicured nails.

Bonnie answered, "His mother and I decided that he should dress as a girl all of the time until he gets it down perfectly..."

"Then what?"

"I don't know but his mother bought him a closet full of the prettiest things any girl could want! She even locked his male clothes in an old chest that she keeps in the garage," Bonnie stated.

She went on, "When he wanted to wear pants she bought him tight girls pants and a padded panty girdle so that he would have the proper curves even in pants. A call to the proper store had resulted in a lady coming out to the house to measure Tim for a couple of sets of complete foundations garments. One of the combinations was done in lacy black material and included everything from a garter belt and waist cincher to a long line lacy bra."

Bonnie knew that if her friend Cheryl saw him in that outfit she would jump him on the spot. His mother had been dissatisfied with his progress as far as acting female under all circumstances and with the contest coming up Bonnie and Cheryl had not been coming over. So she hired a professional to come over to the house and help her daughter "catch up."

Each time she came, Tim was dressed to the hilt as a girl and his mother told him that if he were careful the lady would never suspect that he was in fact not what he appeared to be. If the lady knew it she had never let on.

With the proper clothing and his pretty long hair Tim could have outclassed many of the girls in the town without lessons, so it was no surprise that this woman did not suspect what was going on. Cheryl had seen the transformation from start to finish and now she faced the results of her and Bonnie's prank.

54 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

If Bonnie was serious about getting Tim's mother to enter him in the upcoming contest she had no doubt that he might prove to be stiff competition for the two of them. Had they created a monster?

She had to find out if Bonnie still intended to try and get him into the judging. As the demure she male stood there in his pretty dress she inquired, "Bonnie do you still think that the contest is a good idea?" Tim looked puzzled but Bonnie knew exactly what was going through her girlfriend's head.

She was worried already about the judging...and now she wanted some assurance that she would not be getting added trouble from Tim's direction. After all, what self-respecting female would like to compete with a MAN in a beauty contest? And worse yet...how would it be to lose?

"Yes I think that it will still happen," Bonnie replied so that Tim still had no idea what they were talking about.

Cheryl was furious. How could her "friend" even think about doing this? It might have been funny if Tim had not made such a stunning girl but faced with his present femininity, even Bonnie would have to do her best to beat him.

Cheryl slugged Bonnie in the arm and Bonnie returned the hit harder. Pretty soon they were both beating on one another.

The young boy/girl made no attempt to break up the fray before him but simply clutched his purse tightly and pressed his glossy lips I together as he watched the proceedings.

Bonnie suddenly said, "I'm bringing back my mother to settle this. Look! You've bruised my arm!" She took her new girlfriend by the hand and dropped him off at his house.

Bonnie and her mother suddenly burst into the house and neither Presley had a moment to speak out as the older woman ran right in and tackled Charlene right where she sat. Harriet quickly achieved the dominant position and began ripping into Charlene's thick bun.

Cheryl stepped back for a moment as she tried to decide what to do. Just as she was going in to help her mother she found herself falling backwards onto the rug as strong legs wrapped a scissor grip around her waist.

Now it seemed that the Harrison's were here to end it once and for all.

Swiftly Bonnie took command of the struggle and pinned Cheryl to the shag carpeting. Her string young fingers dug deeply into her friend's braided hair and tugged harshly as a cry of pain split the air. It was joined seconds later by a similar cry from the lips of her mother as Harriet ripped into her beautiful bun once again.

The Presleys had been taken by surprise by the rapidness of the attack and they had yet to recover from their initial shock over it. "Harriet! Please let go! You're hurting me! Don't pull so hard," Charlene cried in agony.

"Shut UP," Harriet told her. "Look at the bruise your daughter gave Bonnie!" she finished as once again she applied terrific pressure on the mass of hair.

Harriet big tuft of hair began brushing the side of Charlene's face. She caught hold of it and hung on. Harriet kept hold of Charlene's enlarged chignon as Charlene dug her fingers into her large braided bun. "You're going to be sorry you ever came into my house," Charlene threatened as she now began to yank for dear life.

"Actions speak louder than words," she returned as she applied a huge tug on Charlene's hair. Charlene pulled Harriet closer to her and tried to fondle her breasts until she gave up.

But Harriet too could play that game. She got hold of Charlene's beautiful breasts and massaged them until they began to go erect. She moaned and tried to get Harriet to ease up but she only held on more seductively. Charlene began begging Harriet to let her up.

"Understand! From now on, we settle our daughter's battles, okay?" Harriet demanded but Charlene only laughed.

"Okay but you and I have a few things to settle too!" she complained as she continued her attempt at psychological warfare.

"Any time sweetheart," Harriet told her. With that she dug deeper into Charlene's already stretching mane.

"Enough mom" Bonnie cried out as she tried to get her mother's attention for a moment to break the spell of hostility that had enveloped the room.

"It's been a great fight mom... A good wrestle is one thing," Cheryl added. "But why should you actually pull each others beautiful hair out? If you want to fight each other again some other time that's fine but right now you've gotten too serious about the whole thing," she told them firmly.

"Now kiss and make up!" Bonnie stated firmly.

The mothers lay still for a few minutes as they caught their breath and thought about what the girls had said. Perhaps this whole thing had gotten out of hand. Both of them knew that they had gotten so angry that they actually wanted to see the other injured. What kind of ending would that be?

They had started fighting to please and prove themselves to their daughters. Now their girls were asking them to stop so why shouldn't they? They could always resume the battle another day after they were both rested up a bit.

The two beautiful mothers looked at each other and hugged one another before kissing gently on the lips. The tastes of each other's lips begged for another longer kiss and a full embrace.

Suddenly and without warning, Charlene's tongue probed deeply and without breaking the kiss, was able to flip Harriet over on her back and straddle mounted her!

Having learned well, Harriet kept moving with the rolling momentum and was able to roll Charlene on her back with her spread legs wailing about in the air. Their lips never parted.

The two daughters gasped and yelled together, "MOTHER! STOP IT!" Finally the girls had to physically pull Harriet off Charlene.

"This is not over yet!" Harriet yelled.

"You bet your life," Charlene replied.

All four women embraced in an after fight hug. Everyone agreed that there would be no fighting between them until after the contest and parade. They all got dressed and cleaned up and went out to a hearty breakfast together.

Word had spread throughout the village that Bonnie Harrison and Cheryl Presley had been feuding over who was going to win the contest and ride on the float in the upcoming parade.

It was also rumored that the girls had been pulling each other's beautiful chignon buns that everyone admired so much. Even worse, it had come from a reliable source that even their mothers had gotten involved in the dispute and were wrestling and pulling at each others pretty braided buns.

Nearly everyone who had seen them considered them to be the most attractive women in the village and they were fast forming the same opinion about their growing daughters. A solution to this unfortunate problem had to be found quickly or their chances of entering and winning the upcoming contest would be ruined.

Most of the townspeople could not stand such a thing going on. They I felt that if the girls ruined each other's beautiful long hair a valuable "natural resource" would be lost and the town would never be the same. A great number of the townsfolk met in a very solemn meeting at the town hall.

The principle of the high school, Mr. Arthur, presided over the meeting. "A solution to this problem must be found or we will surely be disgraced by every other town that sends in a float," he began in his opening statement.

"I think that we can stop this fighting if we decide to elect more than one girl to ride on the float." one townsman suggested.

"How about a queen and her court?" a woman called out from the back of the hall.

A murmur of agreement rustled through the crowd. "What do you think?" the principle asked as a formal vote took place. "Do we alter our plans to vote for just one girl to ride the float so that maybe four or five pretty girls can have the opportunity to represent our town?"

The show of hands was obviously in favor of the new plan. "Then its settled. I'll inform the entrants that the plans have been changed to allow more winners and hopefully that will end this crazy battle between the Presleys and the Harrisons and keep them beautiful at least until our float rides proudly down that main street with our best girls on board," the principle announced as the crowd applauded with enthusiasm.

"What about their mothers?" a voice cried out from the crowd. "This might stop the girls from fighting but will it stop their jealous mothers?"

Mr. Arthur thought about this for a brief moment before he replied. "What do you think about having the winners mothers ride along on the float with their daughters...sort of like it all runs in the family?" He asked the anxious crowd. A cheer of approval went up as the group agreed with the plan wholeheartedly. Not only would this end the fight between the families it would make the towns float more attractive and competitive.

As the meeting broke up, Mr. Arthur decided that he would go immediately to the homes of the girls in question, and tell them the good news.

As he walked to the block where the families lived he saw Mrs. Presley and her daughter going up their porch and into their house. Her hair was hanging in a disorderly manner. It was not in the beautiful French chignon he had once seen it in. It apparently had been pulled down ruthlessly from the ragged look of it. Beautiful women intimidated him so he steadied his nerves as he walked up the steps and knocked on the door.

Cheryl answered his rap and she too showed signs of having been in a recent struggle. "What can I do for you?" the pretty girl asked her ex-principle. He proceeded to tell her about the town's new decision to elect a queen and her court as opposed to just one girl to ride the float in the parade. Cheryl's eyes lit up with the news.

"Mom" she called, "they're going to vote for more than one girl to ride the float."

Her mother came running to the door to hear the rest of the news. "The townspeople have heard that the one winner plan had fostered some jealousy among some of the potential candidates...and they certainly would not like to see some of the best and prettiest candidates eliminated due to bruises and ruined hair."

Cheryl and her mother nodded in understanding. Surely this would make things better for everyone that planned to enter the contest. "I think that it is a great idea," Mrs. Presley

replied as she tried to tuck her pulled and unruly hair back into place.

"Another thing that we decided" Mr. Arthur continued, "is that the mothers of the winners will ride the floats along with their daughters...sort of 'like mother like daughter.'"

Charlene blushed at this comment, as at that moment she looked worse than she had ever looked in her life. How could she let herself be seen when she was in such a mess? She would have to get herself together...what if her daughter did win and she had to ride on the float looking beaten and haggard.

"That's great, Mr. Arthur," she told him and he could tell that she was thinking frantically about how they could get rid of him so that she could get to work putting herself back together. Sensing that his job was about through at this house he decided to ask one final question before he left. "Will this stop the fighting between you and Harriet Harrison?" Charlene looked at him with a wry smile on her lips.

"Why of course it will," she chuckled as he heaved a sigh of relief.

"For the time being anyway," she continued. "As soon as this contest is over I'm going to make sure that Harriet is really sorry that she ever challenged me to anything," she finished with a haughty tone of voice.

Mr. Arthur shuddered. This beautiful woman seemed so strong even he would not want to take her on...most likely she would rip out his own full head of hair. "Well that's all I came to say. Goodnight," he called out to them as he headed down the street for the Harrison residence.

He regained his composure as he silently made his way down the sidewalk to his second stop. Hopefully he would be able to catch the Harrison's at home too so that this horrible fighting could be stopped before the judging. He knocked on the door and held his breath as he waited for it to be answered. Luckily for him both Bonnie and her mother came to answer the door.

The floor was littered with the material and patterns for Bonnie's gown that she planned to wear in the contest. He was glad to see that she was working on it...at least he could be sure that she still intended to enter.

60 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

Mr. Arthur proceeded to tell them about the town's decision to have more than one pretty girl ride their float and the two women beamed a smile of approval over the change.

Next he informed them about the change that would allow the mothers of the girls to ride right behind them on the float in honor of where the beauty and training had come from.

Harriet blushed at this remark but told him that if her daughter won the contest, she would be proud to ride on the same float.

Mr. Arthur was genuinely pleased to see her reaction and then breached the subject. "Will this help to stop the fighting between yourselves and the Presleys?" he asked.

"Oh yes of course," Bonnie agreed readily. "Much of the jealousy was because we knew that only one girl could ride the float and represent the town...so this should cool any hostility that's left between us."

"Well that's great," Mr. Arthur sailed. "I'm glad to see that you two are so mature about this thing. The Presleys swore that as soon as the contest was over they were going to pull every hair out of your pretty heads," he chuckled.

"They said that?" Harriet shouted. "Why those hussies! After this contest we'll show them a thing or two about who is going to beat whom!" she screamed as Bonnie joined her outburst.

Mr. Arthur realized that he had just added fuel to the flames and he cringed with guilt. Had he not mentioned it perhaps the whole affair would have died without a hitch. All he wanted to do now was get out of this volatile situation.

"Goodnight" he said quickly as he sprang for the door. Bonnie ran to open it for him and thank him for the visit, as she knew that he was one of the judges and she wanted to leave him with a favorable impression. After all, it was going to be a tough enough contest to win as it was without the fighting problems over their heads.

Mr. Arthur blasted out the door to the relative safety of the city streets. Boy was he ever glad to get out of that place he thought as he walked for his own house. At least he could report to the town committee that a temporary peace had been established between the four beautiful women. Was this how Colin Powell felt each time he reported to the president?

With time running out Bonnie went over to Mrs. Dagger's house the next day to ask the big question.

"Welcome," Mrs. Dagger said to her as she left her in. "What brings you here today? You should be at home preparing your hair for the big judging tonight," she told her.

"That's sort of why I've come over," Bonnie replied. "I don't know quite how to say it Mrs. Dagger but I came over to ask you if you to enter Timmie in the contest judging," she said with a blush of embarrassment.

"It's for girls, right?" Tim's mother asked and seemed thoughtful.

"Yes," Bonnie said, adding, "the town's prettiest females! You know...I think he has a chance of placing but I'll probably win..."

His mother thought about how well he been doing playing the part of a girl now. She had seen many of the other girls that lived in the town and at this point her son had mastered more of the skills of femininity than most of them had.

"What a strange and wonderful idea!" she gasped, thinking, "Wow! My own son...fully decked out in his best girlish dress; competing with real girls for the honor of riding on the town's parade float. She could just imagine people waving and throwing flowers at her lovely son...all the time thinking that he was just another lovely girl.

She would be so happy if he did well in the contest...it would be the total fulfillment of all her feminine dreams for a daughter. Both mother and son could feel comforted in their hard work if the judges elected Tim as one of the chosen "girls" to ride their precious float entry.

A broad smile crossed her face as she finally replied. "I think you're right Bonnie dear. He's worked hard and deserves to try and win that contest. Do you really think that he stands a chance?" she asked.

Bonnie recalled the last time saw Tim. It had been the day of the last fight. Tim had never looked better...with his well-padded figure and his perfect make up and hair. He seemed almost destined to play this role with his nicely shaped legs and thin, piano fingers.

62 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

"Yes...I really do think that he stands as much a chance of winning as any other girl in the contest." she replied as Mrs. Dagger sighed with pride.

"Then I'll do it. I don't care what I have to do to get him there...he'll be in that judging tonight," she told her neighbor firmly.

Bonnie said her goodbyes and headed home knowing that Tim's contest fate had just been decided once and for all.

JUDGEMENT DAY...

Both Bonnie and Cheryl spent the rest of the day preparing for the evening judging. Their mothers helped them tremendously by pampering them and doing their pretty chignons just as perfectly as they could possibly be done.

Their years of expertise in making themselves the picture of femininity were now applied to the girls in every detail. Hair, nails, make up and dress had to come together flawlessly to create the winning image.

The dotting parents were each determined to fix their daughter up to look the very best that she had ever looked in her life. This contest had been preceded by so much fighting and jealousy they did not want to risk losing it now.

Meanwhile just down the street, a bashful Tim was getting a similar going over by his mother. He had argued with her about entering the contest but as soon as she talked about releasing some of the photos she had of to the local newspapers, he came around to her way of thinking.

At least if he pulled this thing off, the only people that might guess the truth about him were people that had known him in school. Since the actual parade was going to be held in another town he could rest assured that many of the people would not recognize him at all as anything but a pretty girl. Of course there was always the good possibility that he would not win the judging at all and have to face the crowds from the float.

After all, there were plenty of real girls in that town that were pretty enough to win over a boy in a dress. Even as Tim settled into his bra and slip, he hoped that the other girls in the contest would be so pretty he wouldn't stand a chance.



Tim's mother helped him with his slip and lingerie. "Sometimes what's under your pretty dress is more important than the dress," she said, before bursting out laughing. "Maybe not for you!"

64 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

His mother, however, hoped that he would be the star of the show and was willing to do anything to get him there.

Evening arrived quickly and soon a steady flow of parents and beautiful daughters was seen entering the town hall where the judging was to take place. In that crowd were Bonnie and Harriet, both looking terrific in their perfectly coiffed hair and stylish dresses. Another car parked and its doors opened to reveal Mrs. Presley and her pretty daughter Cheryl both decked out to perfection in anticipation of the nights judging. The foursome spotted one another as they entered the stream of people and they exchanged waves to one another and calls of greetings.

Still another car pulled into the parking lot and discharged its passengers. The young girl by the "mans side seemed a bit shy or reluctant to head toward the building where the crowd was anxiously headed. She looked fabulous as her thick, soft, gently curled hair moved as she walked and brushed down her back. A hand of bright painted fingernails was lifted as she brushed a few stray hairs from her face being careful not to spoil her neatly applied make up. Her mother squeezed her arm to give her some confidence.

"Relax Timmie," her voice soothed. "You look great. No one is looking at you for any reason except that you are so pretty" she told the poor boy in skirts.

Tim really felt beautiful that night. His days of lessons had resulted in his having every move perfected...and he loved the feeling of the soft skirt as the wind blew it against his pantyhose clad, closely shaved legs. He didn't know what to make of it...but he had actually come to love these feelings of femininity.

At times he found it hard to imagine that he had ever gone to bed in anything other than sheer lace and bows. He loved the smell of his perfumed hair as the wind blew it past his face...the glimmer of the sun on his brightly polished nails...the fluttering of his heavily curled and mascaraed eyelashes...the snug secure feeling that his padded bra gave him as it gently shaped him into female form...it all added up to pure joy for the youthful male in make up and heels. Tim looked as female as any woman that was in that crowd that night yet he still felt disturbed over entering the contest for float queen.

His mother couldn't have been happier though and she had told him on the way over that the only thing that could make her happier than she was at that moment was for her "pretty girl" to win a coveted position on the town's float. She said, "I want you to show them all just how feminine you can be!"

The town hall began to fill rapidly as many people wanted to be at the contest judging that night. The contest was going to be simple. The girls were to line the stage so that the crowd and the judges could see them. Each would hold a number in her hand so that all votes would be cast by number eliminating any prejudice that a name might have for any of the judges.

This would probably help the two girls that had been involved in the "chignon war" as they would be judged on appearance alone.

After that each girl was to walk the stage alone so that the judges could get a good look at her away from the crowd. Since there was to be no "bathing suit" type of competition, each girl was asked to wear what she felt helped her to look her best.

As the numbers of the first contestants were being called, Bonnie caught Cheryl in the aisle. "You look great!" she whispered to her with a touch of jealousy in her voice as she gazed at her friend's neat chignon.

"Thanks, so do you!" Cheryl returned, as she too seemed to be enviously taking in her girlfriend's lovely hair do.

"Have you seen Tim? He looks absolutely darling! His mother has turned him into a perfect little lady," Cheryl giggled.

"I caught a glimpse of him just before he sat down...what great hair and legs!" Bonnie replied.

"We had better do our best or he may steal this whole show from us!" Cheryl warned as she headed for the stage.

Luckily all three "girls" were in separate judging lines so at least they would not be directly competing with each other in these stages of the contest.

Line upon line of pretty girls stood on the stage then went behind the curtains and then came out one at a time for their individual walk across the stage. The judges would write

66 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

down the numbers of the girls that they liked and then ask for the next group of contestants.

The first round finished, they then called the numbers of their first round choices back for the second judging.

Cheers and shouts of friends went up as the girls mounted the stage for the second eliminations.

At last it was time for the final judging. Bonnie grinned at Cheryl as the two of them climbed the stage together for the tense last round. Then both of them smiled broadly as the number that they had by now memorized as Tim's was called.

They watched him as he daintily climbed the steps to the stage in his high-heeled shoes. He looked so sweet, so feminine as he stood perched on the thin, spiky heels his mother had put on him.

Both of the girls were truly pleased with his appearance...although they could not help feeling just a bit of jealous about how well he had turned out.

A lot had happened to the boy since that first night when they had dressed him up at Bonnie's house! Tim may have been nervous but to everyone but himself he presented the perfect picture of female calm.

His eyes were clear and bright beneath their dark made up lashes and his mouth with its luscious red lips was parted in pure female excitement. The audience cheered as he took his place in the line with the others.

The finals began in earnest now as each girl took her turn at walking the stage alone. Several pretty girls took their trip in front of the footlights to minor applause from the crowd.

Then it was Cheryl's turn and the cute blond made every move count. Her huge bun gleamed in the bright stage lights as she strutted the wooden floorboards with her head held high. The judges took notes as the crowd went wild. Obviously she was going to be one of the chosen few! Other girls went next and one in particular drew a great response from the audience.

A few others went out and then it was Tim's turn.

"Good luck sweets," Bonnie whispered as he took his first step on that lonely walk to the front of the stage. From his first minute out there the crowd was on its feet applaud-

ing. Some of the judges too had revealed their feelings and applauded along with the crowd as the pretty "girl" moved demurely around the stage.

Tim was so beautiful that night there were probably dozens of men in the crowd that were frantically trying to find someone who knew where the pretty creature lived so they could call her for a date. Little did they know that this lovely creature parading before them that was the recipient of their applause and cheering was male.

Tim's gorgeous dress, long curled hair and make-up were as perfect as any girl on stage. His movements portrayed what good training can accomplish. He walked steady on his feet even though the heels of his pumps were high. Balanced, he carefully made his way out on the runway, the feeling of his feminine clothes creating a whole new set of sensations.

Tim was very aware of the noise his nylon slip made as it slid against his nylon stockings and pantied bottom. His heels clicked on the wooden stage as the large audience look intently for flaws in all the girls. Tim felt very self-conscious, but at the same time secretly thrilled by many new sensations.

He hoped that these thrills would not give away his true gender. He knew that he'd have to be careful, and think about every move so as not to give away his real sex.

He smiled and looked around at audience. The way the men looked at him gave him a queasy feeling in his stomach and had a chilling effect on Tim. He felt his face flush, knowing what he'd be thinking if he saw a girl showing off her sexy femininity...like he was...

Bonnie was the last of the triplet to make her appearance and she too was a smash hit. Her flaming red chignon captured every eye in the place as she made slow turn after slow turn across the stage.

The final results were tabulated and five girls were called back to the stage by number. Cheers and cries went up as the excitement mounted with each number. Soon Bonnie mounted the stage with tears running down her eyes. Next came two other girls that she had seen around school. For a second she thought that she might have been the only victori-

68 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

ous one of the three, but when Cheryl's number was called next she burst out with even more tears.

The two of them hugged in front of the footlights as the final number was called out. It was Tim!

Again both of the girls embraced as the lovely shemale climbed the stairs to join the rest of the pretty girls that had made it into the finals. He was slightly embarrassed, but at the same time his chest was padded with pride as he realized that he had fulfilled his mother's dream by placing in the contest.

Just imagine! Here he was a boy...and he had just beaten a roomful of pretty girls at their own game...being beautiful. It was something he still wasn't sure he should be proud of.

As Cheryl looked at him, all she could think of was snuggling up to his padded figure and planting a great big kiss on his rich red lips.

It was time for the selection of the queen. All five girls strained to hear the results of the secret ballot. A hush fell over the crowd as the head judge stood up to deliver the ranking of the five winners...the queen and her court.

"I regret to announce that the results are a tie," he shouted. "We are going to take another vote" he informed the crowd. Again a silence came over the room as the judges conferred.

"We have reached a decision but we need the support of the townspeople before, we can make it official," he announced. "The judges have voted three times and each time the results have been the same. The problem is that we have had a repeated tie for the honor of queen - and we would like to announce that both women shall share the honor if that is okay with you folks. The two girls are finalists Bonnie Harrison and Cheryl Presley"

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA



Tim stood in the middle of his two mentors as they waited for the final announcement of who won. He worried that they might tear him apart if he won...

The entire crowd roared with applause and agreement, nearly shaking the building.

That was it--the judging was over and it had resulted in a tie. All that fighting and chignon tugging in jealousy and now the two girls were to share the honor of being the queens of the town float.

What a turnabout this was. But best of all turnabouts was the turnabout of Tim into pretty Timmie. He too would grace the float with his newfound beauty and both Bonnie and Cheryl could enjoy the fact that they had had a hand in his transformation.

70 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

The five gorgeous females took bow upon bow as the applause continued to rock the room. The mothers of the winners had joined them on stage now and another round of cheering went up as the head judge introduced them. It was quite a memorable night for everyone.

But the biggest memories were still to come on the following day. Many people had worked long and hard on the pretty float. The flowers that adorned it were grown on local farms and gardens and the design had been from a contest among the high schools design student. Some flowers had even come from the Presley's and Harrison's yards. It was a beautiful float and the townsfolk hoped that it would win a prize in the parade.

THE FLOAT...

The winners of the beauty contest spent the early morning hours getting ready for the parade. Bonnie encircled her red braids with pretty red roses while white carnations graced Cheryl's blond chignon. Both of the mothers also did their hair up into super high chignons as they were going to ride on the float with their daughters as planned. The anticipation was almost more than they could bear after the many weeks of fighting and jealousy because of this contest.

Tim's mother was having the time of her life as she prepared her gorgeous boy for his first public appearance as a princess. She was so proud of him the night of the judging she had practically hugged and kissed him to death. By the time he had left the auditorium his lipstick was smeared terribly and his mascara was running all over the place because he had cried so much.

His mother did his hair, in a series of cascading curls for the parade that day and they turned out beautifully. His thick shiny hair fell in large tubular curls down his bare back so nicely it made his mother want to start crying again. He was such a pretty girl! The dress that she had bought for him to wear in the parade left a great deal of his back exposed and the sight of his pretty curled hair as it tumbled onto his white bare flesh was almost more than she could take. He was stunning in his gown and make up and she loved him for it.



**Tim felt wonderful in his princess dress. His mother
was determined that it would be a day
he'd never forget!**

72 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

Mr. Arthur came by each of their homes to pick them up and take them to the float and with each house he became more and more amazed at how beautiful these creatures were. What a pleasure it was to drive around a carload of pretty women. Young and old alike they were beautiful.

Last on the list of pick-ups was young Timmie and boy was he ever a showstopper. All of the other girls in the car whispered to each other about how he looked as he walked out to the car perched on a pair of sexy four-inch high heels.

They were all impressed and even jealous but only Bonnie and Cheryl and their mothers knew that he was really a boy...and that made it even more fun and exciting for them.

They mounted the float and even the most die-hard cynic had to admit that they made it even more beautiful than ever. It was a great float...and it really looked super now that it was crowned with the queen and her court.

The crowds cheered the float and its entourage of beautiful girls everywhere they went. The sight of the pert chignons and neat French rolls was really one to behold. All four chignons protruded far back from their wearers heads and the girls loved the way they seemed to stick up into the air almost like individual flagpoles.

As the parade continued Harriet could not stand it anymore. She shifted closer to Charlene and gently began to stroke and pat her sixteen-inch chignon like a kitty cat.

Her face shined with her pleasure as she kept it up and Charlene smiled at her with approval. Their daughters saw them and they too smiled at their behavior. With their entire long French rolls protruding high into the air, they made a most alluring picture to the crowds who cheered and gasped at them and the beauty of their float as they rode by.

Timmie in his cascading curls and pretty dress also drew plenty of attention from the eager onlookers.

The parade would be long remembered by the townsfolk, as the float and its beauties took the first prize. The front page of the town newspaper was covered with photos of the twin queens and their princesses the next day.



After the contest, Tim let his hair down. One of the celebrity judges came up and gave him some tickets and back stage pass to his concert.

Tim's mother especially liked the group shot of them accepting the first place trophy. Her son was almost in the center of the photo and it was a great picture of him in his princess outfit.

Yes, it would certainly be a day that was long remembered by many. The contest and parade had brought changes into the girl's lives that they could never go back an.

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION
MAGAZINE

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



Volume 2
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION
MAGAZINE

FEMINE PROPOSAL II



Mike was pissed, Cindy was excited. Yet was
scared, and I was terrified. And that is just
the start of my marriage as another sex's girl
MAYBE: THREE

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION
MAGAZINE

FEMINE PROPOSAL III



Good, they had made me into a woman!
How could I ever return to being Stanley now?
My marriage wasn't much better, but now...!
VOLUME FOUR

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION
MAGAZINE

FEMINE PROPOSAL IV



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

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

CAN'T FIND A PART OF THIS BEST SELLER!

\$10.00 each plus 2.00 shipping.

If you would like to be on our confidential mailing list, write to me:

Sandy Thomas, P.O. Box 2309, Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

All mailings in plain, unmarked envelope.

Even the plan to feminize Tim had been a result of the upcoming judging and he too would never be the same again--to say the least.

The morning after the parade Mrs. Harrison found herself waking up after a night of deep sleep and heavy dreams. She simply could not get her thoughts off of Charlene's beautiful chignon of the previous day. Her fingers trembled as she recalled how she had stroked the mass of shapely hair in front of the throng of people...what a turn on that had been for her!

Each minute another view of Charlene's, hair popped into her mind. The way the bright sunlight had glistened off of its clean strands, the tiny hairs on the nape of her exposed neck, the tight braids that wound around into the chignon bun that rode her head like the crown of royalty...as far as Harriet was concerned Charlene had been the real queen of that parade float to her.

Harriet dressed quickly and joined her daughter in the kitchen for breakfast. "You look thoughtful this morning," the concerned mother said when she saw her daughter.

"Yes, I am," Bonnie replied. "I just can't forget the pretty picture that Cheryl made yesterday on that float with her hair in that huge chignon bun. It was all I could do to keep waving at the crowd while what I really wanted to do was get my fingers into its thick braids," Bonnie said with a sigh.

Harriet smiled. "You too eh? All I can think of is Charlene's hair when I started stroking it during the parade. I thought that she would resist, but instead she fully enjoyed it. I'm dying to get my hands on it again," her mother replied.

"Then lets do it!" Bonnie said eagerly. "Let's go over there this morning...I doubt that they have taken their hair down yet. We haven't!" the excited daughter exclaimed.

"Okay," her mother agreed as she shoveled the last of her eggs into her mouth.

They went out into the pretty, clear day and walked purposefully toward the Presley household. On their way they passed Tim's place and just as they did he and his mother were coming out to their car.

Tim looked absolutely beautiful that morning. His mother had done another excellent job of dressing him up and

76 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

she walked proudly by her emasculated son's side as the Harrison's watched them. They wore matching dresses and shoes and it was such a cute sight to see. Tim's hair was still full of the cascade curls from the parade and he looked so feminine Bonnie even felt envious of him. His lips glistened with lip-gloss in the bright sunlight and his heavily mascaraed eye-lashes were so sexy Bonnie practically wanted to stop and kiss him right then. She had dated many boys in her time...but for some reason, this one in skirts excited her more than any other guy she had known. She made a mental note to discuss the issue with Cheryl. Perhaps her girlfriend might have some idea about why she felt this way.

The Harrison's smiled their hellos and continued on their way to the Presley's.

Mrs. Dagger told them, "I'm taking Tim out on a shopping spree as a reward for his winning the contest."

Tim interrupted, "Mom, you said I could get some pants too, right?"

"Of course dear!" Mrs. Dagger replied. "All the girls wear pants now..."

Bonnie knew that he would be sporting some pretty new outfits before the day was over.

Arriving at the Presley's, they knocked on the door and nervously waited for it to be answered. Charlene opened it and immediately her eyes went to Harriet's hair; its high chignon still protruding neatly into the blue sky of the day.

Harriet too looked to see whether Charlene had taken her bun down after the parade...and she had not. It still looked perfect and beautiful and Harriet shuddered as she gazed at it.

"Please come in," Charlene told them.

They all sat down for some coffee and cake but Harriet quietly rose from her seat and stood behind Charlene. Before their guests could turn around to see what was going on, Harriet began to gently caress her long, thick chignon lovingly.

Charlene moaned with pleasure as she stood up and the two of them headed for the living room. Soon Charlene was fondling Harriet's hair in unison with her guest's stroking of

hers...and it didn't take long for it to evolve into a real wrestling match.

Harriet pulled on Charlene adorable braids until she screamed. But the daughters could see that all of this anger merely added to the mother's enjoyment.

The mothers broke apart and began stalking each other and maneuvering for an opening. Charlene came in abruptly but Harriet sidestepped. Grabbing her arm, Harriet spun Charlene around and then tackled her-by the hips causing them both to tumble to the floor.

Charlene fended off the attack on her hair as Harriet slapped her face. As they rolled and pummeled each other their daughters were on the couch gently caressing each other's chignons. Charlene clamped a scissors hold around Harriet's hips but was unable to hold her and she broke loose. With a loud rip, Harriet's dress tore off and revealed her pretty blue panties and her sheer tan pantyhose. The sight of that shapely half naked body and that full head of hair increased Charlene's will to win and she went at the struggle with renewed energy and interest.

Charlene was able to get Harriet pinned on her back. Charlene pressed her body down as Harriet's spread legs flailed to get free.

Their bodies now locked together in a fierce test of strength and endurance, their breasts squashed together. Finally Charlene's strength won out and she ended up on top as Harriet stopped struggling. She was really tired now and couldn't stop Charlene from gripping her wrists, pinning them down. Charlene laid her body flat on top between her spread legs. Harriet was completely helpless. It would have appeared to an onlooker as though they were making love.

Charlene's body was pressing down and her hips planted between Harriet's. She smiled down and counted to three for the pin. Then she suddenly bent her head down, gave Harriet a deep sensuous kiss on the mouth. Harriet struggled but knew she was beaten.

Charlene held both of her wrists with one hand and used her other hand to caress her breasts. "I won and I can do whatever I like!" she said, realizing how much she loved the feeling of Harriet struggling under her.

78 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

As the fight wound down, Bonnie and Cheryl went out onto the porch. They loved to watch their mothers but right now they had something that was more important to them to discuss.

"That Tim is driving me nuts," Bonnie began. "I saw him this morning and I wanted to knock him down and ravish him on the spot."

Cheryl got a true look of jealousy on her face. She knew that she had wanted Tim long before her friend ever thought of it. The mere idea of seducing this poor male in panties excited her beyond belief.

She longed to run her hands through his long cascading curls and plant kisses on his luscious painted red lips. But now it sounded as if there was going to be some competition for the lad's affections.

"I wanted him first," Cheryl replied angrily as Bonnie jumped back in surprise.

"Says who?" Her friend countered.

In a flash Bonnie jumped on Cheryl and knocked her to the ground. It was like a return to the very start of the battle as they tackled each other in front of Cheryl's house.

Weeks ago the wrestling matches had started here with the daughters...then spread to their mothers...and had now returned to the beginning by these two beautiful girls again yanking at each others long silky hair. They still had not found out who had the longest hair and once again they were tugging and pulling at their most feminine feature to find out who the winner would be, as they fought outside on the lawn their mothers continued to fight lovingly in the living room.

That night Tim got a call to come over to Cheryl's house for some desert. Little could he realize that he was, in fact, the desert the girls had in mind after their morning struggle. With Charlene and Harriet out at the movies the girls had the run of the place. He arrived on time and looked fantastic in a new mini-skirt and large looped earrings.

His mother had had his ears pierced that day downtown and had bought him the lovely things as a gift for allowing her to have his ears "fixed properly."

Both Bonnie and Cheryl were squirming in their seats as they watched this very feminine boy with the long cascade of curls glide across the carpet.

Their mothers had not told their daughters the truth. They had not really gone to the movies. Instead they had gone to a female wrestling match that featured "Golden Haired Amazons" so that they could pick up some pointers.

But the daughters had not told the truth either. They had said that they were going to sit quietly and watch television all night...when they were really seducing a young, innocent boy in pantyhose and make up.

Tim seemed confused at first as Cheryl ran her hand up his short skirt and Bonnie gently licked his ear lobe and flicked his dangling earring with her tongue. But as the effort continued his youthful heat rose and he allowed himself to be totally used by these gorgeous girls.

These girls made him feel so...so...female...so sexy and desirable...and the girls completely reinforced his demure behavior by treating him totally like a pretty girl.

They took the aggressive approach that a guy would take with any girl as beautiful as Timmie and they smothered him with strokes and kisses. It was quite a night for him as he had his first sexual experience dressed and treated fully as a sexy girl.

It was so great for him...so completely satisfying...that nothing would ever be able to replace it in his life.

Such is the story...a small street in an average town with some very UN-average people.

THE END

Or is it...

Epilogue:

It was obvious from the float contest that Tim fit in with girls easily and from his new experiences with Cheryl and Bonnie, he certainly enjoyed their company!

Since his mother adored buying him the prettiest dresses and seeing as Tim didn't mind wearing them; no one could find any reason to make Tim dress in male clothes.

Tim's hair never looked better from the increased brushing and he hoped it would soon reach down to his waist. Bon-

80 -- SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

nie and Cheryl loved fussing with Tim's hair and they often came over and spent hours just messing with each other's hair. Tim learned to love doing the feminine little things that girls his age all adore.

When the three "beauties" would go "shopping", he always was coming home with "something to die for!" There was always a pair of panties, or a darling little dress or spiky high heels that he just had to have for his well-filled wardrobe.

No boy could have had more flirty dresses, sexy shorts, revealing tops, tight, fitted sweaters, tantalizing skirts, and the most girlish slips and panties. While the three friends couldn't be closer, they still fought...actually wrestled.

Bonnie and Cheryl's favorite game was to catch Timmie all dressed up, ready to go out to the mall. He would be primly wearing a pretty dress, carrying his little purse with his hair all done up perfectly.

That never failed to spark the girl's interest. They would tackle him; the two were now nearly his equal in any brawl. One girl would pin him down while the other lifted his skirts to enjoy the boy's pantied bottom.

Tim fought back virtuously but he had taught the girls too well. Knowing that the girls could easily take him at will certainly reinforced his feminine feelings.

With his mother influence, Tim was becoming versed in the domestic side of what being a daughter was all about. His mother was teaching him to cook, sew, take care of his pretty clothes...even how to keep a comfortable, neatly decorated house.

Before, Tim had never expressed any interest in college but suddenly he was interested. Bonnie and Cheryl were going to a local Junior College and encouraged him to join them as coeds.

His mother was thrilled that he wanted to further his education and even more thrilled that he wanted to do it in skirts!

Bonnie said it best to Tim: "You'll make a truly beautiful coed...it's obvious that your personality is more suited to that of a girl. And by now all your mannerisms are oriented to being girlish. Instead of being a long haired, odd-ball, you'll be flitting about campus in a pretty dress with your

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 81

long hair flowing. The only problem will be the college boys! And the three of us can take any of them... We'll pin 'em down and put them in a dress too!"

And we know they could too!!!

If you'd like to see a sequel to this story, write to me:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



Wearing a pretty dress with his hair all done up perfectly, Tim never failed to spark the girls odd interests. If they had their way, he'd never see pants again!



**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

*Ask about our special products!
Let me know which stories you like the most!*

SANDY THOMAS ADV.,

P.O. Box 2309 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

WE ACCEPT



CREDIT CARD NUMBER

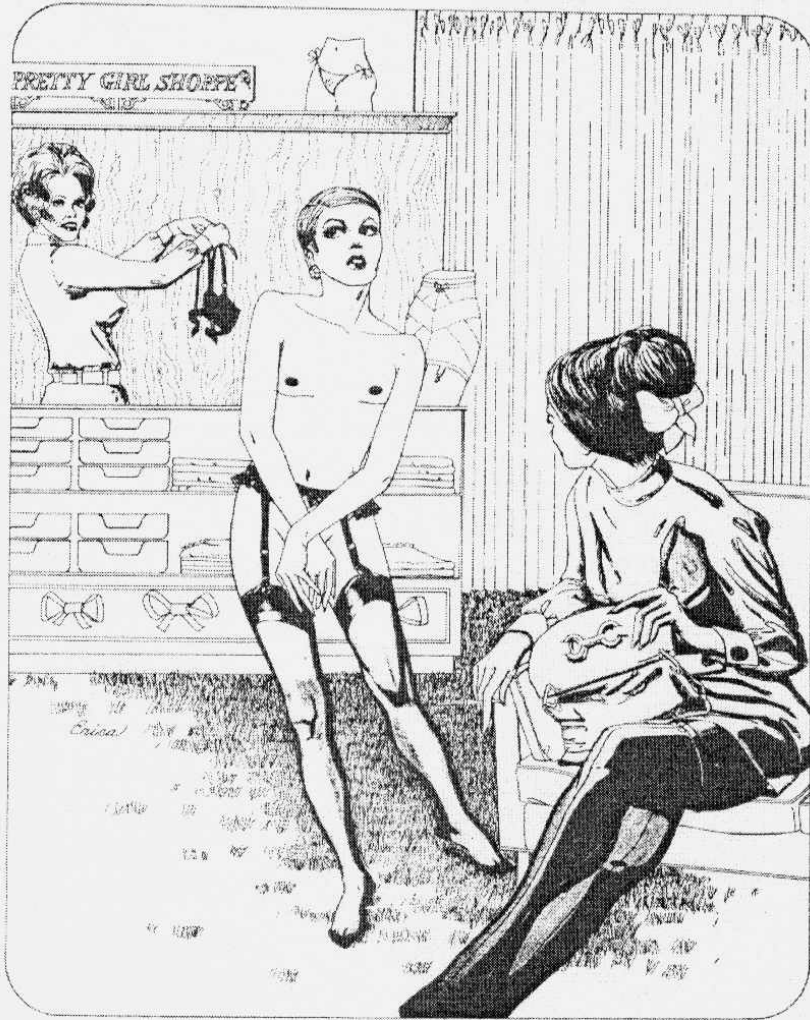
Expiration Date

Signature

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TELEVISION TV FICTION SERIES!	
HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW	10.00
WHAT GIRLS WANT	10.00
WHAT SISSIES WANT	10.00
MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL	10.00
PRETTIER IN PINK II	10.00
PRETTIER IN PINK I	10.00
THE STORE BRIDE	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS II	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS I	10.00
A WILLING WOMAN	10.00
PRACTICALLY A GIRL	10.00
UNDER HER SKIRTS	10.00
AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2	10.00
AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1	10.00
HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3	10.00
HUSBAND TO SISTER #2	10.00
HUSBAND TO SISSY #1	10.00
GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION	
SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW	10.00
HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10	10.00
DRESSING DOWN #9	10.00
A PARTY GIRL #8	10.00
LUCK BE A LADY #7	10.00
FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #)	10.00
#1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5	10.00
ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY! #1	10.00
TV Fiction Classics	
BOY WILL BE GIRL #93 NEW	10.00
AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW	10.00
A PROPER LADY #91	10.00
A PROPER LADY #90	10.00
GIRLHOOD #89 NEW	10.00
SWITCH #88 NEW	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #1B	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #1A	10.00
GIRLIE #87	10.00
PINK SLIP #1 & #85 & #86	20.00
GIRLS GETAWAY #84	10.00
PRETTY AS PRETTY DRESSES #83	10.00
MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81	20.00
GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78	20.00
JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75 & 76	20.00
A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74	10.00
AUNTIE GETS TOUGH(er) #72 & 73	20.00
TOES IN THE ROSE #71	10.00
MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70	10.00
WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69	20.00
BIRTH OF A LADY #67	10.00
JUST TRAINED LIKE MOM #65 & 66	20.00
HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64	10.00
FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63	10.00
HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
A DRESS FOR DANNY #61	10.00
BECOMING LADIES/GIRL #59 & #60	20.00
THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58	20.00
MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	20.00
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53	10.00
THE GIRLMAKERS #52	10.00
SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50 & 51	20.00
DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49	20.00
BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46 & 47	20.00
DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books!	20.00
MORE THAN A WOMAN #43	10.00
COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS	20.00
LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41	10.00
GIRL BY CHOICE #40	10.00
WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39	10.00
BLONDE & BLONDER #38	10.00
CAMPING IN CURLS #37	10.00
SLINK OR SWIM #36	10.00
DAUGHTERS ONLY #35	10.00
HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34	10.00
FEMININE APPEAL #33	10.00
PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32	10.00
MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31	20.00
LIKE A DAUGHTER #29	10.00
HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28	10.00
WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books!	20.00
ONE OF THE GIRLS #25	10.00
HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24	10.00
PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23	10.00
MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22	10.00
WOMAN'S WORK #21	10.00
THAT'S A GIRL #20	10.00
TIT FOR TAT #19	10.00
NEAR MISS #18	10.00
GOING A BROAD #17	10.00
DRESSED TO DANCE #16	10.00
FLIGHT OF FANCY #15	10.00
MAID UP #14	10.00
ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13	10.00
ALL DOLLED UP #12	10.00
NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11	10.00
SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10	10.00
JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9	10.00
LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8	10.00
PASSPORT TO FEMINITY #7	10.00
CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6	10.00
Contemporary TV Fiction:	
PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW	10.00
DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE I #70	10.00
DRESS UP DAY #69	10.00

SISSY'S HISSY BIT #68	10.00
PURSE STRINGS #67	10.00
BIKINI BOUND #66	10.00
DISCOVERING DRESSES #65	10.00
MY BETTER HALF #64	10.00
LEARNING CURVES #63	10.00
THEY'RE (A) GIRLS! NOW! #61 & 62	20.00
DRESSES & TRESSES #60	10.00
MAKEUP MATERIAL #59	10.00
HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58	10.00
BECOMING EMMA #57	10.00
PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56	10.00
FEMININE BUDDY #55	10.00
GIRLIE GIRL #54	10.00
SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53	20.00
CHEEK'S RULE #51	10.00
DIFFERENT KIND RIDE/MOD#49-50	20.00
SON TO SISTER #48	10.00
MISTAKEN for GIRL #46 & 47	20.00
TAKING HER PLACE #45	10.00
FEMININE DRESSES #44	10.00
SISTERS FOREVER #43	10.00
JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42	10.00
HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41	10.00
METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bk)	20.00
FRILL OF IT ALL #38	10.00
WINDOW DRESSING #37	10.00
HORMONES FOR LIFE #36	10.00
A SUMMER GIRL #35	10.00
TASSLES FOR TOMMY #34	10.00
JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33	10.00
JOINING THE GIRLS #32	10.00
CLEAVAGE #31	10.00
CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30	10.00
FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29	10.00
A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
THE FAMPERED SISSY #25	10.00
JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
REDTIES #21	10.00
I DRESS, THEREFORE #20	10.00
HEAD OVER HEELS #19	10.00
MY BOSOM BUDDY #18	10.00
HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
GIRLIES #16	10.00
HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00
MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14	10.00
THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13	10.00
THE GIRL'S PART #12	10.00
THE NEW GIRL #11	10.00
FRENCH DRESSING #10	10.00
VOW OF FEMINITY #9	10.00
VIRGIN VOWS #8	10.00
CHANGING VOWS TOO #7	10.00
EXCHANGING VOWS #6	10.00
FLIRT FOR A SKIRT #5	10.00
Transvestite Fiction Series	
MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
POOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
BOYS TO BABS #19	10.00
THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
FEMININE FORTE #16	10.00
MANNEQUIN #15	10.00
BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
IDEAL MARRIAGE #13	10.00
CHARM SCHOOL #12	10.00
ACCEPTANCE #11	10.00
FASHION MODELS #10	10.00
TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9	10.00
CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7	10.00
CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5	10.00
EMPATHY TV FICTION	
QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
TV VACATION #3	10.00
BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00
SISSY'S SKIRTS	
THE SLIP	10.00
THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00
HE'S SO SKIRT	NEW 10.00
TOTAL ORDER	
STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA. residents only)	
USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max)	
(OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate - up to 10 books)	
TOTAL ENCLOSED _____	
SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:	
SANDY THOMAS ADV.	
P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA	
VISA or MC	exp. /
NAME _____	
ADDRESS _____	
CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____	
I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-08	



**"BUT MOM! None of the other boys
my age are being fitted for a bra?"**

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,
WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

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

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

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

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

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

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

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

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

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

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

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

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

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

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

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

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

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

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

#1 NORM:

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

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

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

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

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

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

BOUND TO BE A MAID

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

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

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

THE SARAH SCHOOL

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

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

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

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

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

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:

ONE, TWO, THREE

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

MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1

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

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3

"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE

A young man finds "domestic bliss" as a fashion model's sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1

**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC
BOOK#1)**

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC
BOOK#3)**

Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC

UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.
A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.
FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER

A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

THE SISSY SERIES

**SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4
-#5**

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

**THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS
ONE & TWO**

A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM

A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

THE SLIP

A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

THE SECRETARIAL SLIP

A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

NON-FICTION BOOKS

THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.

The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

TV CONTEST VIDEOS


MODEL SEARCH 2004

THE ART OF FEMININE ILLUSION

Take a bunch of boys, a hundred foot runway, a slew of beautiful dresses,

swimsuits and the highest heels and what do you get??? Two hours of the finest of female impersonations! **In VHS or DVD. Please Specify.**

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



VOLUME 46
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

TV FICTION CLASSICS
MAGAZINE
"BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER"
Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



VOLUME 47
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

Ask your dealer or write:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ONLY DIRECT FROM SANDY THOMAS!
FEMININE PROPOSAL



Boobs, bush, and a blonde, nobody would
ever believe that I was Stanley, a guy,
only a week earlier. What was I going to do!"

MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



ARE YOU A WRITER?

ARTIST?
OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE
BEST IDEAS
START WITH
SOMEONE JUST
SCRIBBLING
DOWN A FEW
SCENES TO A
FANTASY?
I'D LOVE TO SEE
THOSE AND
MAYBE EXPAND
UPON THEM.



SEND THOSE
THOUGHTS TO:
SANDY THOMAS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO
BEACH, CA
92624-0309

DAZZLE YOUR FRIENDS...

WITH BIG, BEAUTIFUL PRETEND BREASTS!



HEY FRANK!
I LOVE YOUR
TITS!

MY WIFE
GAVE THEM
TO ME!

They say, "Diamonds are a girl's best friend," but we all know what the real "best friend" is...
Guaranteed to make you the center of attention every time you wear them.

A PERFECT
GIFT...
HARDLY ANY
MAN HAS
THEM!

For this and many other stories of men getting unusual gifts, WRITE TO:

SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

MOST ORDERS ARE
SHIPPED IN 24 HOURS!



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
24 HOURS!
We appreciate your business!
Sandy Thomas
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

WE ACCEPT



_____ CREDIT CARD NUMBER

_____ Expiration Date _____ Signature

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TITILLATING TV FICTION SERIES

..... WHAT GIRLS WANT NEW... 10.00
 WHAT SISSIES WANT NEW 10.00
 MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL NEW 10.00
 PRETTIER IN PINK II NEW 10.00
 PRETTIER IN PINK I NEW 10.00
 THE STORE BRIDE 10.00
 GIRLS' THINGS II 10.00
 GIRLS' THINGS I 10.00
 A WILLING WOMAN 10.00
 PRACTICALLY A GIRL 10.00
 UNDER HIS SKIRTS 10.00
 AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2 10.00
 AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1 10.00
 HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3 10.00
 HUSBAND TO SISTER #2 10.00
 HUSBAND TO SISSY #1 10.00

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

..... HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10 10.00
 DRESSING DOWN #9 10.00
 A PARTY GIRL #8 10.00
 LUCK BE A LADY #7 10.00
 FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #)
 #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 10.00
 ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY #1 10.00

TV Fiction Classics:

..... A PROPER LADY II #91 NEW 10.00
 GIRLHOOD #89 NEW 10.00
 SWISHFUL THINKING #88 NEW 10.00
 FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #18 10.00
 FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #1A 10.00
 GIRLISH #87 10.00
 PINK SLIP #86 10.00
 PINK SLIP I #85 10.00
 GIRLS' GETAWAY #84 10.00
 PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83 10.00
 MISS UNDERGOOD #82 10.00
 SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81 20.00
 GOING AS GIRLS #79 10.00
 CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78 20.00
 JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75&76 20.00
 A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74 10.00
 AUNTIE GETS TOUGHEN #72 & 73 20.00
 TOES IN THE HOSE #71 10.00
 MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70 10.00
 WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69 20.00
 BIRTH OF A LADY #67 10.00
 JUST TRAINED LIKE MON #65&66 20.00
 HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64 10.00
 FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63 10.00
 HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62 10.00
 A DRESS FOR DANNY #61 10.00
 BECOMING LADIES' GF #59 & #60 20.00
 THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58 20.00
 MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56 10.00
 LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55 20.00
 ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53 10.00
 THE GIRLMAKERS #52 10.00
 SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SSIS #50&51 20.00
 DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49 20.00
 BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG' #46&47 20.00
 DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books! 20.00
 MORE THAN A WOMAN #43 10.00
 COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS 20.00
 LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41 10.00
 GIRL BY CHOICE #40 10.00
 WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39 10.00
 BLONDE & BLONDER #38 10.00
 CAMPING IN CURLS #37 10.00
 SLINK OR SWIM #36 10.00
 DAUGHTERS ONLY #35 10.00
 HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34 10.00
 FEMININE APPEAL #33 10.00
 PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32 10.00
 MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31 20.00
 LIKE A DAUGHTER #29 10.00
 HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28 10.00
 WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books! 20.00
 ONE OF THE GIRLS #25 10.00
 HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24 10.00
 PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23 10.00
 MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22 10.00
 WOMAN'S WORK #21 10.00
 THAT A GIRL #20 10.00
 TIT FOR TAT #19 10.00
 NEAR MISS #18 10.00
 GOING A BROAD #17 10.00
 DRESSED TO DANCE #16 10.00
 FLIGHT OF FANCY #15 10.00
 MAID UP #14 10.00
 ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13 10.00
 ALL DOLLED UP #12 10.00
 NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11 10.00
 SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10 10.00
 JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9 10.00
 LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8 10.00
 PASSPORT TO FEMINITY #7 10.00
 CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6 10.00
 PAT GOES COED #5 10.00

Contemporary TV Fiction:

..... LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW 10.00
 LAVENDAR & LACE I #70 10.00
 DRESS UP DAY #69 10.00
 SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68 10.00
 PURSE STRINGS #67 10.00
 BIKINI BOUND #66 10.00
 DISCOVERING DRESSES #65 NEW 10.00

..... MY BETTER HALF #64 NEW 10.00
 LEARNING CURVES #63 10.00
 THEY'RE (A) GIRLS NOW! #61&62 20.00
 DRESSES & TRESSES #60 10.00
 MAKEUP MATERIAL #59 10.00
 HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58 10.00
 BECOMING EMMA #57 10.00
 PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56 10.00
 FEMININE BUDDY #55 10.00
 GIRLIE GIRL #54 10.00
 SITTING PRETTY #52 & #53 2 bks 20.00
 CHICKS RULE #51 10.00
 DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD #49 + 50 20.00
 SON TO SISTER #48 10.00
 MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & 47 20.00
 TAKING HER PLACE #45 10.00
 FEMININE DESIRES #44 10.00
 SISTERS FOREVER #43 10.00
 JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42 10.00
 HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41 10.00
 METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks) 20.00
 FRILL OF IT ALL #38 10.00
 WINDOW DRESSING #37 10.00
 HORMONES FOR LIFE #36 10.00
 A SUMMER GIRL #35 10.00
 TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34 10.00
 JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33 10.00
 JOINING THE GIRLS #32 10.00
 CLEAVAGE #31 10.00
 CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30 10.00
 FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29 10.00
 A LIVING DOLL #28 10.00
 GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27 10.00
 DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26 10.00
 THE PAMPERED SISSY #25 10.00
 JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24 10.00
 FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23 10.00
 TOO MANY SKIRTS #22 10.00
 REDTOES #21 10.00
 I DRESS, THEREFORE #20 10.00
 HEAD OVER HEELS #19 10.00
 MY BOSOM BUDDY #18 10.00
 HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17 10.00
 GIRLIES #16 10.00
 HIS FIRST DRESS #15 10.00
 MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14 10.00
 THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13 10.00
 THE GIRL'S PART #12 10.00
 THE NEW GIRL #11 10.00
 FRENCH DRESSING #10 10.00
 VOW OF FEMINITY #9 10.00
 VIRGIN VOWS #8 10.00
 CHANGING VOWS TOO #7 10.00
 EXCHANGING VOWS #6 10.00
 FLIRT FOR A SKIRT #5 10.00

TRANSYST TV Fiction Series:

..... MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25 10.00
 RED, WHITE AND PINK #24 10.00
 FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23 10.00
 TURNABOUT PARTY #21 10.00
 BOYS TO BABES #19 10.00
 THE MAKEOVER #18 10.00
 PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17 10.00
 FEMININE FORTE #16 10.00
 MANNEQUIN #15 10.00
 BIRTH OF BARBARA #14 10.00
 IDEAL MARRIAGE #13 10.00
 CHARM SCHOOL #12 10.00
 ACCEPTANCE #11 10.00
 FASHION MODELS #10 10.00
 TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9 10.00
 CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7 10.00
 CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 10.00
 PINK MIRROR #3 10.00
 IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2 10.00
 FATED FOR FEMINITY #1 10.00

EMERGENCY TV FICTION

..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1 10.00
 TV TRAINING CAMP #2 10.00
 TV VACATION #3 10.00
 BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4 10.00
 BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5 10.00
 DRESS UNIFORM #6 10.00

ORDER SLIP \$10.00 ea.

..... TRANSFORMA COMIC 10.00 ea.
 #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 or #6
 THE SLIP NEW 10.00
 THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW 10.00

TOTAL ORDER

STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA residents only) _____
 USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max.) _____
 (OVERSEAS \$11.00 flat rate—up to 10 books) _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED _____
 SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:
SANDY THOMAS ADV.
 P. O. BOX 2308, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

VISA or MC exp. / _ / _

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____
 I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 3-08