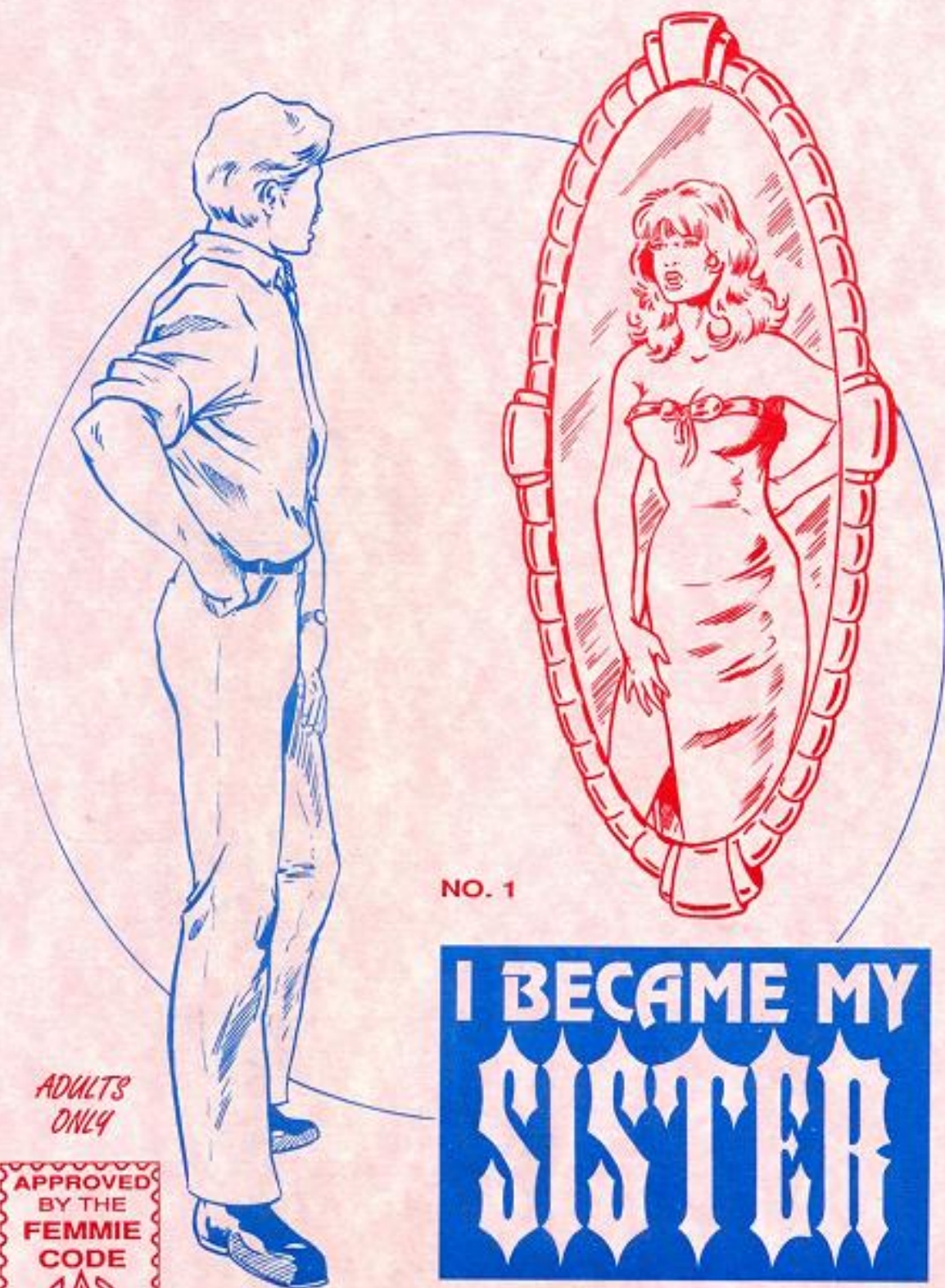


TRANSFORMATION



FORM OF WOMAN, MIND OF MAN



NO. 1

I BECAME MY
SISTER

ADULTS
ONLY



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and CHEER for a
ONCE - IN - A -
LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!

TRANSFORMATION

FORM OF WOMAN, MIND OF MAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-MINUTE COMIC
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



ON ALL
STANDS

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author's imagination and have no relation
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don't miss
TRANSFORMATION
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

HI. MY NAME'S JACK REILLY. AH... THAT IS, I *USED* TO BE JACK REILLY. NOW... WELL, WAIT A MINUTE, LET ME START FROM THE BEGINNING.

I'M JACK REILLY, WHITE, MALE, SINGLE, AGE: 31, BOSTON, MASS. I TALK LIKE THAT BECAUSE I'M A REPORTER.

THE DATE WAS JUNE 12th, 1992. TRUST ME, I'M *SURE*. SEE, THAT'S THE DAY I *DIED*.

I WAS WORKING LATE AT THE *GLOBE*. THE *BOSTON GLOBE*. THE BEST NEWS-PAPER IN THE WORLD. LEAST I THOUGHT SO.

ANYWAY, IT WAS JUST ME AND MY STORY. MY *STORY*. THAT'S WHAT *DID* IT. THAT'S WHAT GOT ME *KILLED*.

-30-

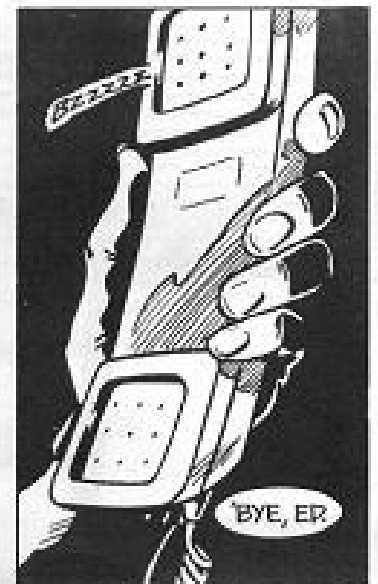
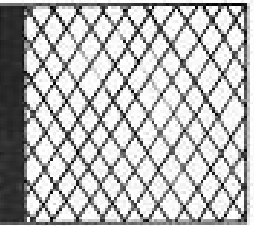
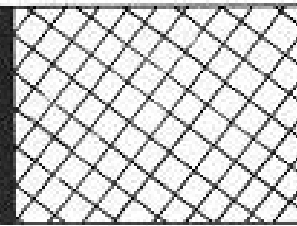
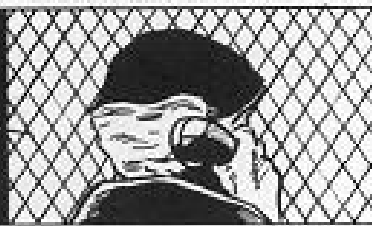
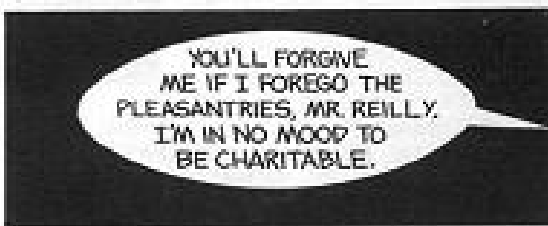
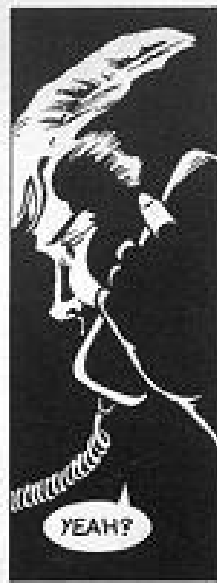
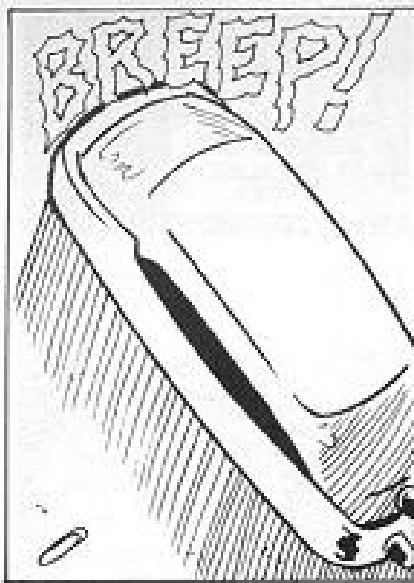
SEE, IN OUR LITTLE STATE, THE BIGGEST POLITICAL POWER IS ONE *EDWARD HORATIO BRONSON*, U.S. SENATOR. HE LIKES TO BE CALLED SEN. BRONSON OR MR. BRONSON. IF YOU'RE A REAL CLOSE FRIEND, YOU MIGHT GET TO CALL HIM E.H. ME, I CALL HIM *ED*. HE HATES TO BE CALLED *ED*.

ED IS VERY HIGH UP IN NATIONAL POLITICS. EVERYBODY'S SURE HE'LL BE ELECTED PRESIDENT IN '96, MAYBE '96. HE'S CHARITABLE, CHARISMATIC, INVOLVED IN WORTHY CAUSES. HE'S ALSO THE BIGGEST CROOK I'VE EVER KNOWN.

THAT'S NOT JUST PERSONAL OPINION. I'VE GOT THE *FACTS*. WHERE, WHEN, WHAT, WHY, HOW, AND MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL, *WHO*. SEE, THAT'S MY TROUBLE. THE *WHO*. ORDINARILY, I'D GO TO THE COPS OR THE FEDS WITH SOMETHING LIKE THIS. THAT WAY, I GET THE EXCLUSIVE ON THEIR REACTIONS AND STILL HAVE THE ORIGINAL STORY. THAT'S WHAT I'D DO *ORDINARILY*. UNFORTUNATELY, THE NAMES IN *THIS* STORY READ LIKE A WHO'S WHO OF *POLITICIANS, SHOW-BIZ TYPES, AND GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS*. IF THE COPS OR FEDS SAW IT, THEY'D *BURY* IT. *BURY THE EVIDENCE, MAYBE BURY ME.*



SO THIS GOES STRAIGHT TO PRINT. THEREBY *AFFIRMING THE 1ST AMENDMENT*, ALLOWING *JUSTICE TO TRIUMPH*, AND *MAKING MY CAREER*. AFTER THIS, JACK REILLY'S RIGHT UP THERE WITH THE BIG BOYS. MURROW, WOODWARD, BURNSTEIN, *REILLY*. YEAH!



WHEW! HE *KNEW*! WELL, WHAT DID I EXPECT? WITH ALL THE EVIDENCE I'D GATHERED, IT HAD TO GET BACK TO HIM. QUESTION WAS, WHAT WOULD HE DO ABOUT IT? ONE THING ABOUT ED, HE DIDN'T MAKE IDLE THREATS.



AND HE'D
THREATENED
ME.

WISHED I WAS FINISHED WITH IT. TRUTH IS, IT WAS READY TO GO, SOON AS I GOT THE PHOTOS FROM PEANUT. PEANUT, THAT'S PEANUT MCGEE, A VERY ENTERPRISING SNITCH. HE'S HELPED ME QUITE A BIT OVER THE YEARS. HIS STUFF'S RELIABLE AND USUALLY REASONABLY PRICED. **THIS** WAS AN EXCEPTION. 'COURSE THIS COULD GET PEANUT VERY DEAR, TOO.



THEY WEREN'T ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. THE STORY WOULD DO ITS JOB WITHOUT THEM. THEY'D JUST GIVE IT A BIG SLASH. SORT OF THE CHERRY ON THE SUNDAE.



AND I **WANTED** THAT CHERRY.

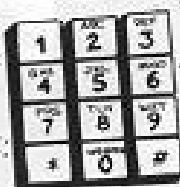
SEE, PEANUT SAID HE COULD PUT HIS HANDS ON A COUPLE OF PHOTOS OF ED AND SOME CONVICTED GANG BOSSES. SAID ONE OF 'EM WAS EVEN AUTOGRAPHED FROM ED TO "MY BEST CONTRIBUTOR."



YEAH?

REALLY
THIS'S PEANUT.

YOU GOT
'EM?



I GOT 'EM. I ALSO GOT SOME O' BRANSON'S BOYS ON MY TAIL. THIS STUFF'S TOO HOT TO BRING THERE. I'M AT GUNNIGAN'S STEAK HOUSE OUT ON HIGHWAY 109. GET OUT HERE SOON AS YA CAN.

I'M ON MY WAY.



DAMN! YOU'RE FASTER THAN I THOUGHT, ED. AT LEAST THEY'RE JUST SITTING THERE. PROBABLY FIGURING ON SEARCHING THE PLACE AFTER I LEAVE. ON THE OTHER HAND, THEY MAY BE WAITING FOR ME. ROUGH ME UP AND TAKE THE FILE. THAT'S IF I HAVE IT WITH ME.



LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME FOR THE VAULT.



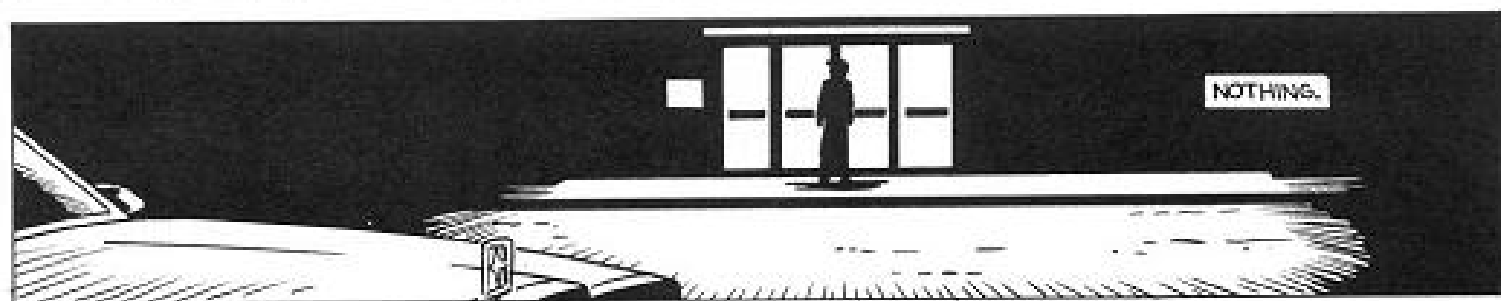
OKAY, NOW TO GET OUTTA HERE.



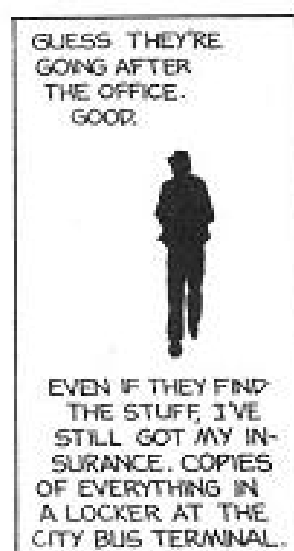
THAT'S MY VAULT. BOTTOM OF AN ELEVATOR SHAFT. NOT AN EASY PLACE TO GET TO. NOT A PLACE THAT EVER OCCURS TO ANYONE TO SEARCH. YOU PUT 'EM IN PLASTIC IN CASE THERE'S WATER DOWN THERE. AND YOU DROP 'EM FROM AS LOW A FLOOR AS YOU CAN. BASEMENT'D BE BETTER. UNFORTUNATELY, ED COULD HAVE SOMEBODY DOWN THERE, JUST IN CASE I TRIED TO GET OUT THROUGH THERE. SAME GOES FOR THE FIRST FLOOR. NOBODY ON SECOND, THOUGH. YOU CAN'T GET OUT FROM SECOND. AND THAT'S ALL THEY'RE INTERESTED IN: WHETHER OR NOT I GET OUT.



OKAY GUYS.
IT'S SHOWTIME!



NOTHING.

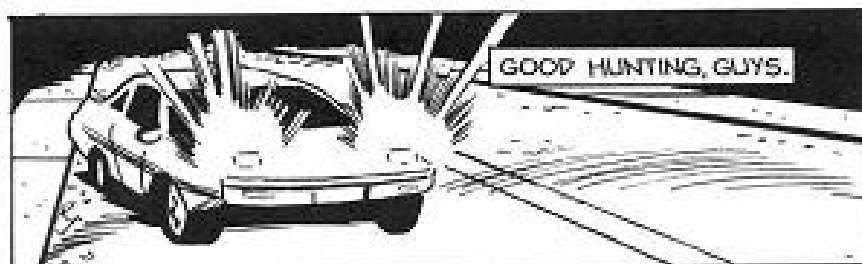


GUESS THEY'RE
GOING AFTER
THE OFFICE.
GOOD.

EVEN IF THEY FIND
THE STUFF, I'VE
STILL GOT MY INSURANCE. COPIES
OF EVERYTHING IN
A LOCKER AT THE
CITY BUS TERMINAL.



ANYWAY, RIGHT
NOW I'VE GOT TO
GET TO PEANUT.



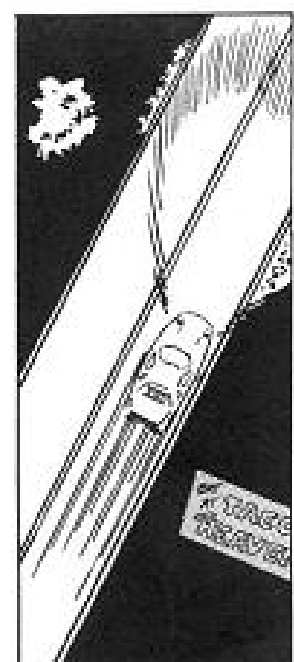
GOOD HUNTING, GUYS.



CLEAN UP WHEN
YOU'RE THROUGH, HUH?

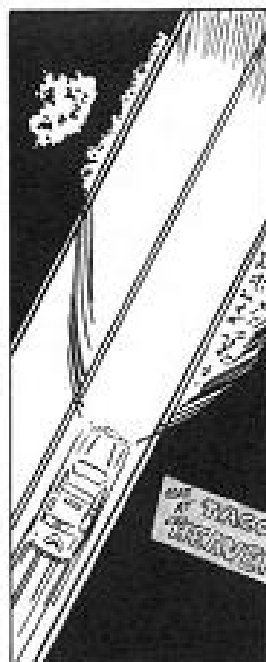


GUESS I SHOULD FEEL FLATTERED.
THAT WAS THE LINCOLN. EP ONLY
SENDS THE LINCOLN AFTER GUYS
WHO'RE REALLY PUTTING THE
HURT ON HIM.



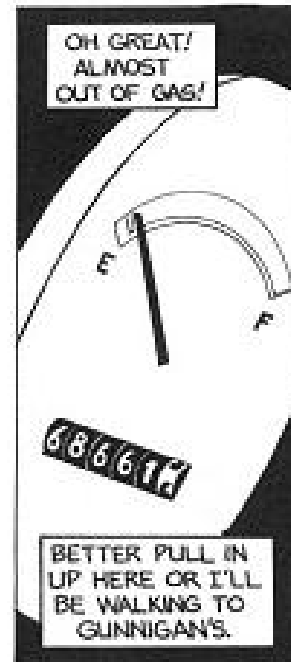
PEANUT SURE
PICKED A
GREAT SPOT.

GUNNIGAN'S IS
A THIRTY MINUTE
DRIVE EVEN WITH
NO TRAFFIC.



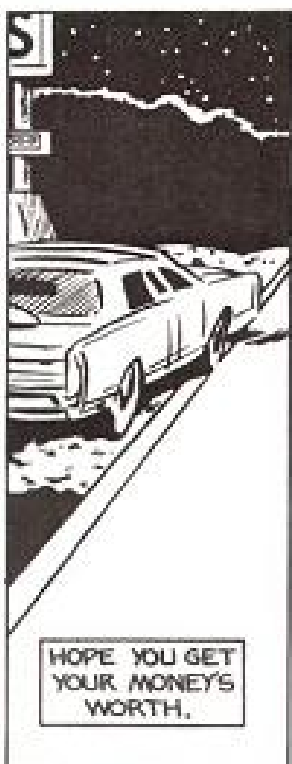
WISH HE'D
DECIDED TO
MEET SOMEWHERE
IN TOWN.

STILL... GUESS
HE DID THE BEST
HE COULD. THESE
ARE PRETTY HIGH
STAKES.



OH GREAT!
ALMOST
OUT OF GAS!

BETTER PULL IN
UP HERE OR I'LL
BE WALKING TO
GUNNIGAN'S.

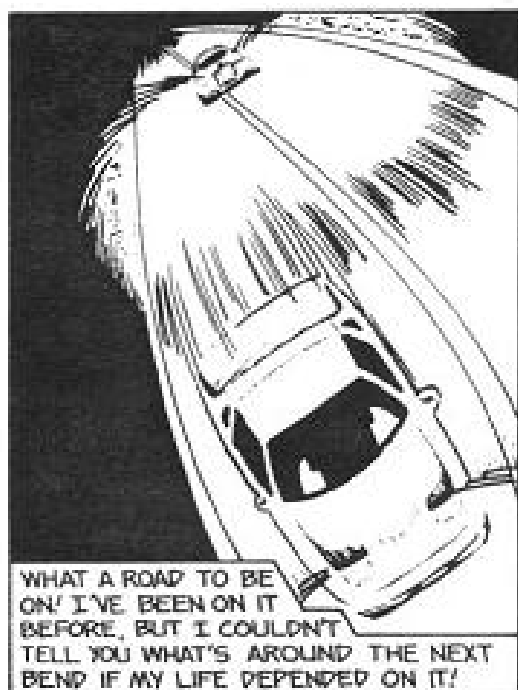




THESE GUYS ARE OUT TO KILL ME!
THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT THE FILE.
THEY JUST WANT ME DEAD!



DAMN! CAN'T EVEN
SEE! THEY'VE GOT
THEIR BRIGHTS ON.



WHAT A ROAD TO BE
ON! I'VE BEEN ON IT
BEFORE, BUT I COULDN'T
TELL YOU WHAT'S AROUND THE NEXT
BEND IF MY LIFE DEPENDED ON IT!



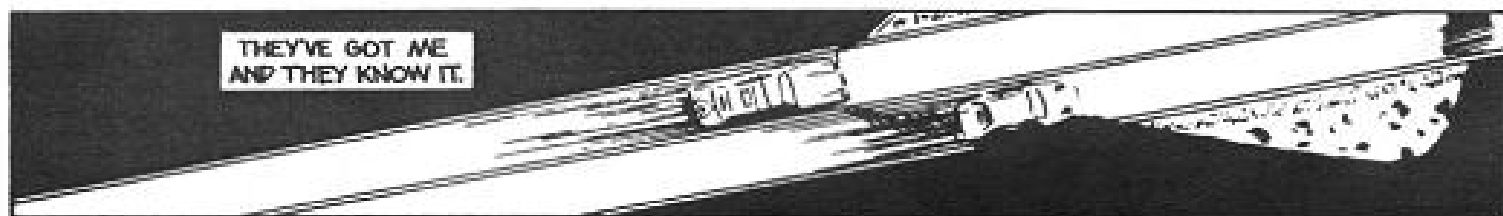
AND IT LOOKS
LIKE IT *DOES*!



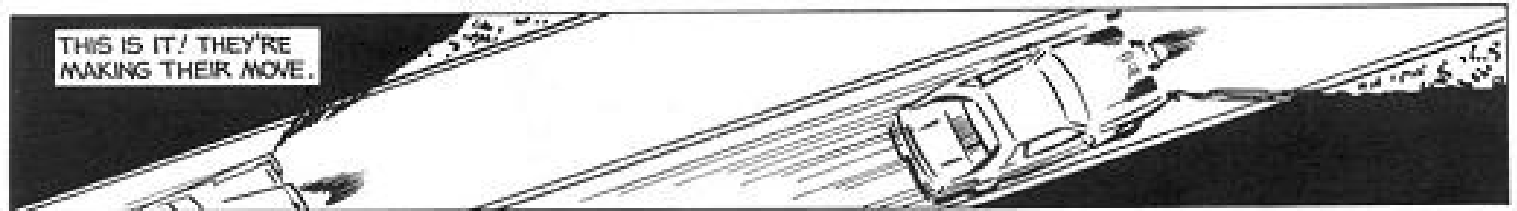
ALMOST LOST IT RIGHT THEN. IT'S
LIKE RUNNING AGAINTLET BLIND.
THERE COULD BE A SIDE ROAD AHEAD,
BUT I'D NEVER KNOW IT.



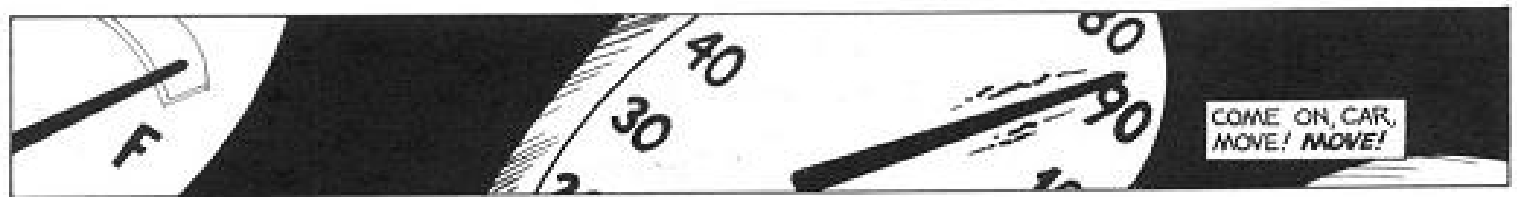
THEY KNOW THIS IS
THEIR PLAYGROUND.



THEY'VE GOT ME
AND THEY KNOW IT.



THIS IS IT! THEY'RE
MAKING THEIR MOVE.

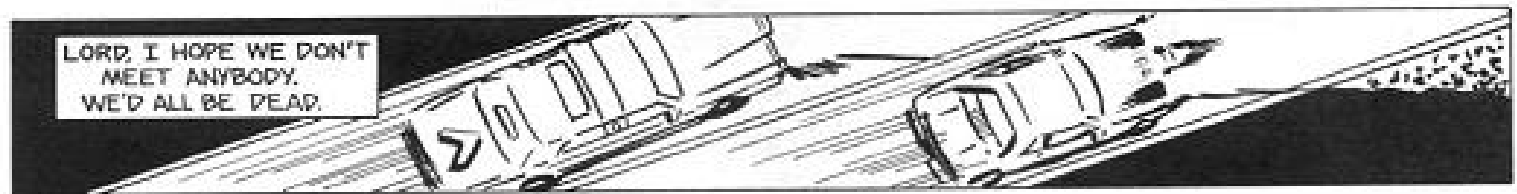


COME ON, CAR,
MOVE! MOVE!

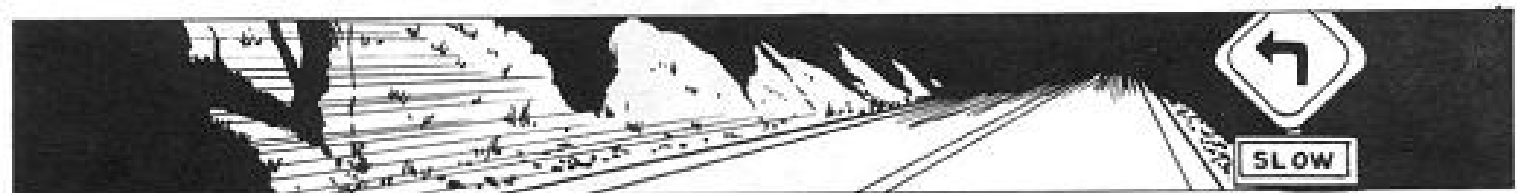


IT HAD TO BE THE LINCOLN,
DIDN'T IT ED?

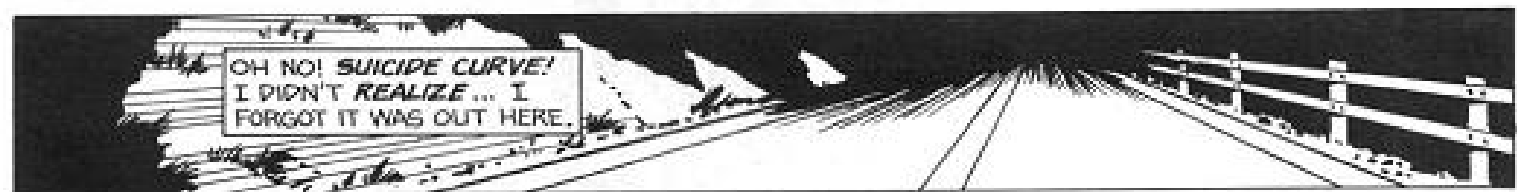
I CAN'T OUTRUN
THE LINCOLN.



LORD, I HOPE WE DON'T
MEET ANYBODY.
WE'D ALL BE DEAD.



SLOW

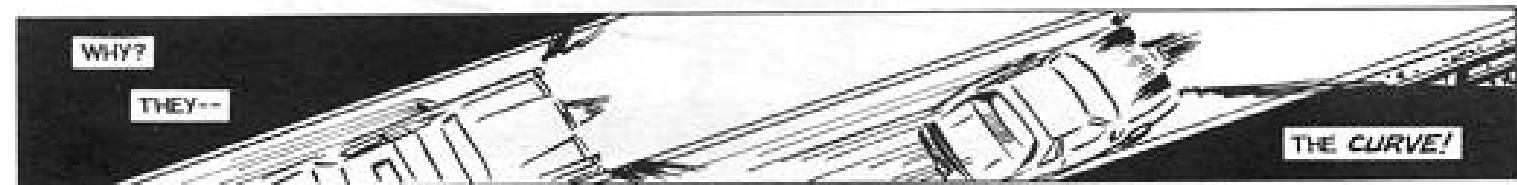


OH NO! SUICIDE CURVE!
I DIDN'T REALIZE ... I
FORGOT IT WAS OUT HERE.



WHERE ARE
THEY?

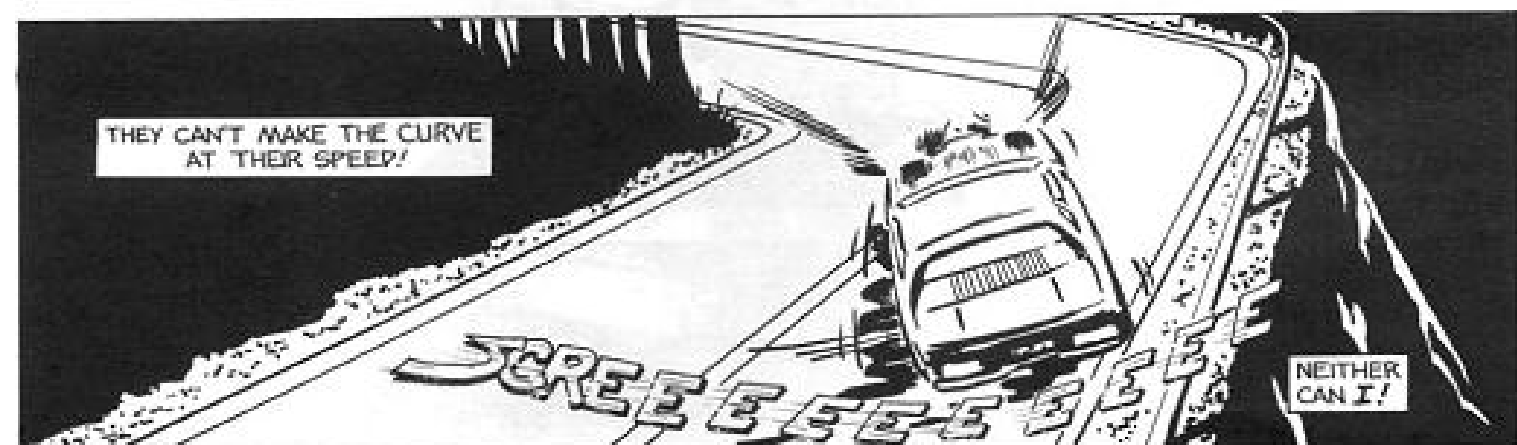
WHAT ARE...
THEY'RE SLOWING!



WHY?

THEY--

THE CURVE!



THEY CAN'T MAKE THE CURVE
AT THEIR SPEED!

NEITHER
CAN I!



I'M DEAD!
I'M A
DEAD MAN!

NOW I SEE
WHY YOU USE
THE LINCOLN, ER

THAT WAS THE LAST THING I SAW.

THEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK.
I THOUGHT IT WAS STRANGE
THAT I DIDN'T EXPERIENCE
THE CRASH. EVERYTHING WENT
BLACK BEFORE I HIT.

I JUST ASSUMED IT WAS WHAT
HAPPENED WHEN YOU DIED--

-- A SORT OF SPARING YOU
THE FINAL PAIN OF DEATH.

EITHER THAT OR I'D DIED OF FRIGHT.

FOR A LONG TIME
I WAS SWIMMING
IN A SEA OF
BLACKNESS.

AT LEAST IT SEEMED
LIKE A LONG TIME.

WITH NO REFERENCE
POINTS, NO SENSORY
INPUT, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE
TO TELL TIME.

I WAS LOST IN A POOL OF INKY BLACK-
NESS. IT WAS AN OVERWHELMING
SENSATION OF CLAUSTROPHOBIA,
OF TOTAL SUFFOCATION.

I COULDN'T BREATHE,
COULDN'T SEE, COULDN'T
SMELL, COULDN'T FEEL
ANYTHING, NOT EVEN
THE PAIN I EXPECTED

THERE WAS NOTHING.
ABSOLUTELY *NOTHING*.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT
WAS SELF AWARENESS;

I THOUGHT, THEREFORE I WAS.

THEN, AFTER WHAT SEEMED
AN ETERNITY, I BEGAN TO
HEAR SOMETHING,
VERY FAINT AT FIRST.

PEOPLE'S VOICES,
WORRIED ABOUT
SOME GIRL
WHO'D FAINTED.

THEN I REALIZED
I COULD SMELL
SOMETHING:

A MIXTURE OF
FRESH-CLEANED
CARPET, WINE,
AND... PERFUME?

THEN TASTE CAME BACK.
SLAMMED BACK, ACTUALLY,
WITH THE TASTE OF BRANDY.

THE STRONGEST BRANDY
I'D EVER TASTED, YET
MINGLED WITH... LIPSTICK?

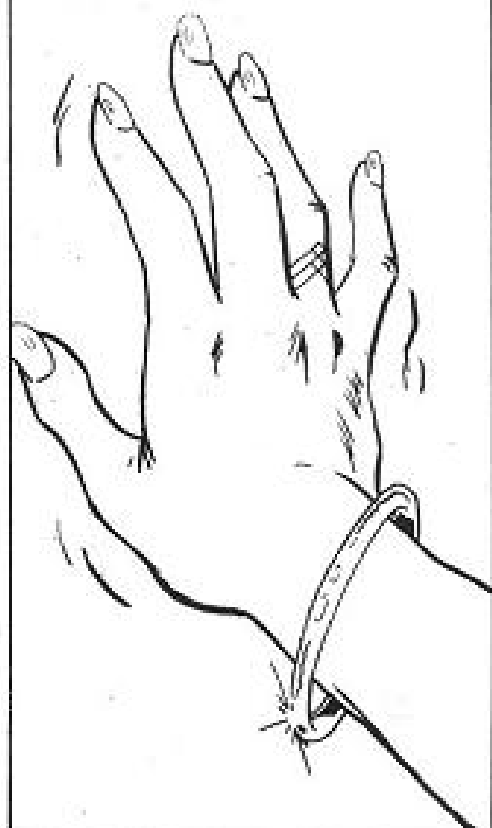
THEN I COULD FEEL AGAIN.
A THOUSAND STRANGE AND
ALIEN SENSATIONS BOM-
BARDED ME FROM INSIDE.

ON THE OUTSIDE, I KNEW
I WAS LYING ON A
THICKLY CARPETED FLOOR,
SOMEWHERE.

LASTLY SIGHT RETURNED.
AND WHAT A SIGHT!
A SMALL, TINY HAND.
BEAUTIFULLY MANICURED
NAILS. A GOLD
BRACELET AND RING.

NOT A WEDDING RING,
I NOTED. SOME HABITS
ARE WITH US ALWAYS.
A WOMAN'S HAND.

AND IT WAS *MINE!*



TRANSPOSITION

I KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED BEFORE I'D EVEN OPENED MY EYES. IN BOOKS AND MOVIES, WHEN A PERSON CHANGES, **PHYSICALLY** CHANGES, THEY DON'T NOTICE AT FIRST. NOT 'TIL THEY LOOK IN THE MIRROR.

IT DON'T WORK THAT WAY. TRUST ME. I KNEW THE INSTANT I WAS AWARE. I KNEW I WAS DIFFERENT. IT TOOK A FEW SECONDS TO SORT THROUGH THE SENSATIONS AND COME TO ONE INESCAPABLE CONCLUSION: I WAS A **WOMAN!**

THE FIRST THING YOU NOTICE -- THE FIRST THING I NOTICED -- WAS THE EMPTINESS BETWEEN MY LEGS. THERE'S NO WAY TO DESCRIBE THE SUDDEN LOSS OF SOMETHING YOU'VE HAD ALL YOUR LIFE, SOMETHING YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN CONSCIOUS OF. ESPECIALLY IF IT'S REPLACED BY SOME STRANGE, **NEW ARRANGEMENT**. ESPECIALLY IF IT HAPPENS IN A MATTER OF MINUTES. SUFFICE IT TO SAY, IT WAS **CONSPICUOUS BY ITS ABSENCE**.

NEXT, YOU BECOME AWARE OF THE BREASTS. OR MORE PRECISELY, THE **BRA**. WHAT YOU'RE REALLY AWARE OF IS THE TIGHTNESS, THE CONSTRAINT, AROUND THE CHEST. A SENSATION TOTALLY ALIEN TO A MAN.

THEN YOU QUICKLY BECOME AWARE THAT YOUR HIPS FEEL FUNNY AND YOUR WAIST'S TOO HIGH AND YOUR HAIR'S TOO LONG AND YOUR LEGS ARE SMOOTH AND YOU'RE TERRIBLY WEAK AND YOU FEEL PRACTICALLY WEIGHTLESS.

AND TO TOP IT OFF, YOU'RE WEARING A **DRESS!**



STORY/ART:

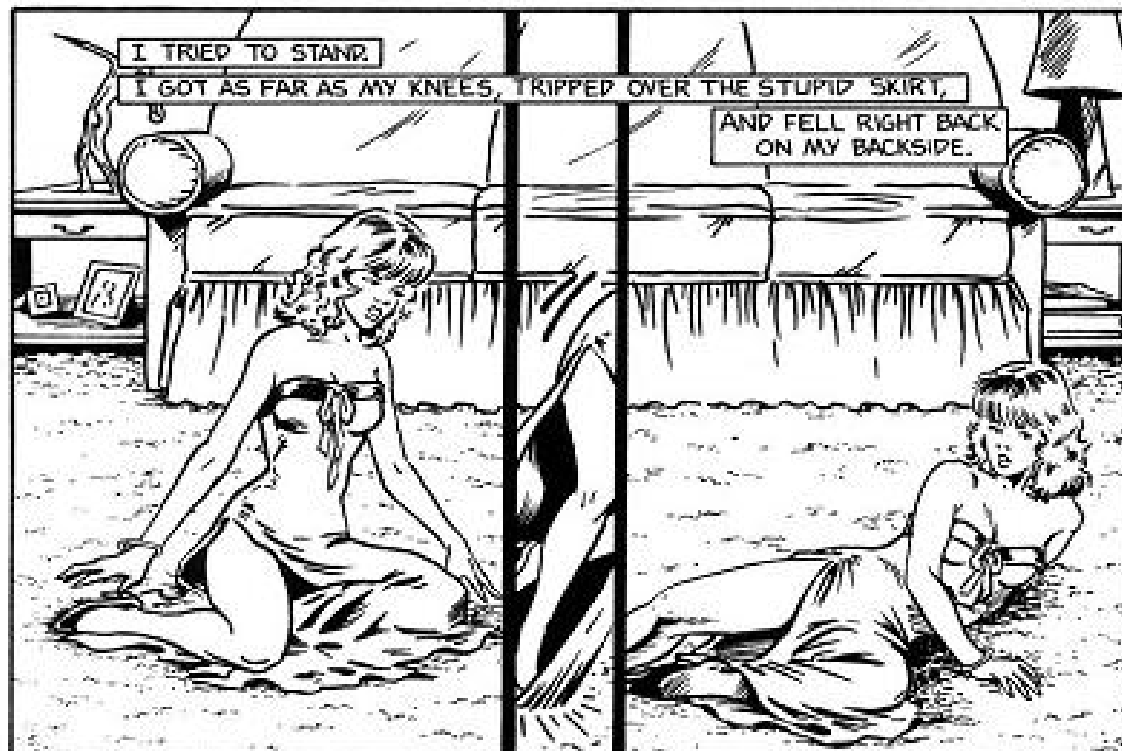
Tebra

LETTERS:

Leigh

CONSULTANT:

Debbie M.



HER...MY VOICE! IT SOUNDS
LIKE... LIKE THAT WOMAN ON
FAMILY TIES, MARILYN BAXTER-
WHAT'S-ER-NAME. I COULDN'T
BELIEVE IT. IT WAS SO *FEMININE!*
WITHOUT ME EVEN TRYING. IT
PROBABLY SOUNDED A LITTLE
DIFFERENT TO THEM, BUT NOT
BY MUCH.

ALL THE FACES CROWDED IN AROUND ME. EVERYBODY WANTED TO KNOW IF I WAS ALL RIGHT. THEY DIDN'T SEEM DANGEROUS, JUST CONCERNED. I THINK THEY REALLY WERE PARTY GUESTS.



I WAS GLAD OF THAT. AT FIRST I THOUGHT THEY MIGHT BE SOME OF ED'S GUYS.

ALTHOUGH I WAS BEGINNING TO REALIZE THIS HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ED.



THIS DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH ANYONE HUMAN.



THIS WAS TOO **BIZARRE!**

THEY SEEMED TO THINK I WAS DRUNK. FROM THE WAY I MUST LOOK, WHO COULD BLAME 'EM? I WAS STARING AT EVERYTHING, TRYING TO ORIENT MYSELF.



WHERE'S HER DATE?

HE DUCKED OUT WITH LARRY A FEW MINUTES AGO.

DON'T WORRY. I'M SURE HE'LL BE RIGHT BACK.



RIGHT NOW, THAT WASN'T REALLY HIGH ON MY LIST OF WORRIES.

THE GIRL IN BLUE CAME BACK WITH A WET CLOTH FOR MY HEAD. SHE TOOK ME INTO A BEDROOM AND MADE THEM LEAVE ME ALONE SO I COULD "COMPOSE MYSELF".



I WAS FINALLY ALONE.



ALONE WITH THIS BODY.



I BEGAN A ONCE-OVER OF THIS BODY, BUT EVERYTHING I ENCOUNTERED JUST REAFFIRMED MY REACTION.



THIS REALLY WAS A WOMAN'S BODY. NO CLEVER MAKE-UP JOB OR HYPNOSIS, I REALLY WAS A WOMAN! SOMEHOW, I HAD GONE FROM FLYING OFF THE ROAD TO ATTENDING A FANCY PARTY IN THIS WOMAN'S BODY.



FROM THE SKYLINE OUTSIDE, I MUST BE IN NEW YORK. AND ACCORDING TO THE CLOCK, I LEFT THE OFFICE JUST 20 MINUTES AGO.

THAT MEANS I SWITCHED FROM MY BODY IN BOSTON TO HER BODY IN MANHATTAN ALMOST INSTANTLY.

ORDINARILY, THE CONCEPT WOULD HAVE FLOORED ME. TONIGHT, I'D ALREADY HAD A SHOCK THAT MADE THAT LOOK TAME.

I HAD A THOUSAND QUESTIONS: HOW HAD IT HAPPENED? WHY HAD IT HAPPENED? WHY ME?

AND... WHO WAS I NOW?



SHE LOOKS VAGUELY FAMILIAR...

I KNOW HER...

... BUT SOMETHING'S DIFFERENT ABOUT HER.



HER PURSE! SHE'D HAVE I.D. IN HER PURSE! THE GIRL IN BLUE HAD GIVEN IT TO ME SO I COULD "FRESHEN UP."

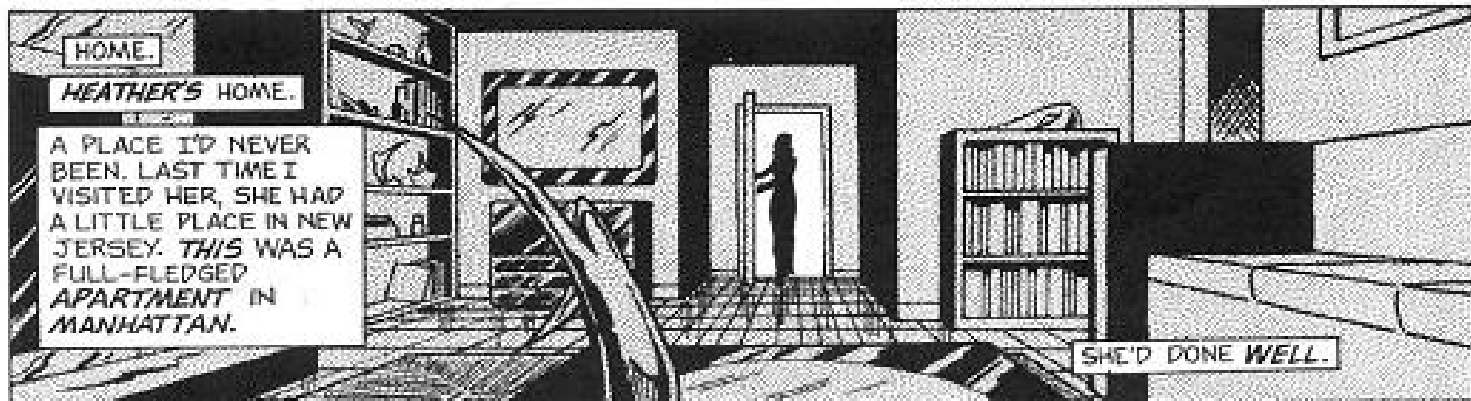
I RUMMAGED THROUGH 'TIL I FOUND A CREDIT CARD HOLDER. I FLIPPED IT OPEN.



AND ALMOST HAD A HEART ATTACK.







HOME.

HEATHER'S HOME.

A PLACE I'D NEVER BEEN. LAST TIME I VISITED HER, SHE HAD A LITTLE PLACE IN NEW JERSEY. **THIS** WAS A FULL-FLEDGED APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN.

SHE'D DONE WELL.



SHE'D ALSO CHANGED. THIS PLACE WAS NOTHING LIKE THE HEATHER I REMEMBERED.

SHE LOVED NORMAN ROCKWELL.

AND STUFFED CHAIRS.

AND TEDDY BEARS.

SHE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THE SAME PERSON, EITHER. THE **BODY** WAS THE SAME, BUT THE **PACKAGING** SURE WAS DIFFERENT.

OH, SHE USED TO WEAR **LOW-CUT** DRESSES, BUT NOT LIKE **THIS!**

THE THOUGHT FLASHED THROUGH MY MIND: "WHAT WAS SHE TRYING TO **SELL?**"



HER **HAIR** WAS DIFFERENT, TOO. SHE WAS A NATURAL STRAWBERRY-BLONDE. HOW'D SHE EVER COME TO THIS **BLEACHED-PLATINUM** LOOK?



I KILLED THE THOUGHT.

QUICKLY.

GUESS THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T KNOW WHO I WAS, WHY I COULD SEE MY OWN **SISTER'S** FACE AND **NOT KNOW IT**. STILL, IN ALL FAIRNESS, YOU DON'T USUALLY LOOK IN A MIRROR AND SEE **SOMEONE ELSE'S** FACE. AND IF YOU DO, AND IT'S A **FEMALE** FACE, YOUR FIRST THOUGHT ISN'T "IS THAT MY **SISTER?**" BELIEVE ME, I **KNOW!**



I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING:
SWITCHING BODIES,
FOLLOWED BY FAINTING
FOR THE FIRST TIME,
TENDS TO WEAR
YOU OUT.

I DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS BEING
A WOMAN, BEING WEAKER, OR
JUST THE CHANGE ITSELF, BUT
SUDDENLY I FELT WEAK AS A
KITTEN. I HAD TO LIE DOWN.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE
COUCH LOOKED ABOUT
AS COMFORTABLE AS
A PARK BENCH.

HEATHER'S
BEDROOM.

MY
BEDROOM,
NOW.

THIS SEEMED A
LITTLE MORE LIKE
HEATHER. AT
LEAST THE BED
LOOKED SOFT.

AWFULLY
LOW, THOUGH.

WELL... GUESS
SHE DIDN'T CHANGE
THAT MUCH
AFTER ALL.

HOW DO I GET
OUT OF THIS?

Ahhh... THAT
FELT GOOD!
HOW CAN THEY
STAND THEM
ALL DAY,
EVERY
DAY?

NEVER HAD
TO OPEN
ONE FROM
INSIDE
BEFORE.

SOMEWHERE,
PEEP INSIDE
ME, A TINY
VOICE SAID
"YOU'LL
FIND OUT!"

NOW WHAT? I REALLY
DID NOT WANT TO WEAR
A NIGHTGOWN. BUT--
SOMEHOW, SLEEPING
NUDE WOULD SEEM--
DISRESPECTFUL
TO HEATHER.

I FOUND
AN OLD PAJAMA
TOP.

IT WOULD
DO.

I STARTED THINKING
I SHOULD BE TRYING
TO FIND OUT IF MY
BODY -- AND, I
ASSUMED, HEATHER'S
MIND -- WAS ALIVE
OR NOT.

THEN THE BLACK
CAME IN AGAIN
AND I WAS GONE.

MORNING. I WOKE UP EARLY. THE FIRST THING I BECAME AWARE OF WAS A DISCOMFORT IN MY CHEST. I TRIED TO EASE IT, MOVED, SHIFTED -- AND PINCHED MYSELF.

THE PAIN BROUGHT FULL CONSCIOUSNESS, AND AWARENESS. I REMEMBERED WHO AND WHAT I WAS.

I SAT UP AND FELT FINE. PART OF MY MIND AUTOMATICALLY MADE A NOTE TO AVOID SLEEPING ON MY BREASTS LIKE THAT IN THE FUTURE.

THEN I REALIZED WITH A SENSE OF HORROR HOW CASUALLY I WAS REACTING TO HAVING BREASTS.

MY GOD, I'M GETTING USED TO IT!

I JUST SAT THERE AND STARED AT THEM.

THEM.

THAT'S HOW I THOUGHT OF THEM. SOMETHING ALIEN. SOMETHING FOREIGN.

BREASTS.

MY BREASTS.

NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVER HAVE TO SAY THAT.

TWO LIVING GRAPEFRUITS ADHERING TO MY CHEST.

TWO SOFT LUMPS OF FLESH I'D BEEN SENTENCED TO CARRY AROUND FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

ALL THE OTHER CHANGES WERE EITHER SUBTRACTIONS OR REARRANGEMENTS OF EXISTING PARTS. BUT *THESE* -- *THESE* WERE ADDITIONS, PURE AND SIMPLE. THERE WAS NOTHING IN MY PAST EXPERIENCE TO CORRESPOND TO *THESE*.

YOU THINK A CHAIN WAS SOMETHING, TRY CARRYING *THESE*, JACOB MARLEY!

AFTER MY LITTLE TANTRUM, I CALMED DOWN. I'LL ADMIT IT, RIGHT ABOUT THEN, I WAS ON THE EDGE. IT WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN MUCH TO PUSH ME INTO THE LOONEY BIN. STILL, IF YOU'RE ABLE TO REALIZE YOU'RE LOSING IT, YOU MUST NOT BE TOO FAR GONE.

BAD ENOUGH TO BE A WOMAN, NO WAY WAS I GONNA SPEND THIS FEMALE LIFE IN A PADDED CELL. I TOOK A FEW DEEP BREATHS AND GOT HOLD OF MYSELF.

I FIGURED A HOT SHOWER WOULD HELP CLEAR MY HEAD.

BAD IDEA.

OH, IT *FELT* GOOD, AND IT *DID* GET MY MIND OFF BEING *NUTSO!*

IF YOU'RE A *GUY*, YOU HAVE CERTAIN INGRAINED *REACTIONS* TO CERTAIN STIMULI.

AND ONE OF THOSE STIMULI IS THE FEMALE BODY, ESPECIALLY THE *NAKED* FEMALE BODY.

TAKING A SHOWER IN A NEW BODY IS A VERY DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE THAN IN YOUR OWN.

YOU DON'T JUST WASH WITHOUT THINKING OR LOOKING AT WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

A NEW BODY REQUIRES ATTENTION FOR THINGS YOU USUALLY DO WHILE THINKING ABOUT WHAT'S FOR LUNCH.

AND IF YOU'RE A *MAN* IN THE BODY OF A *WOMAN*, THIS CLOSE ATTENTION RESULTS IN A CERTAIN MENTAL *TURN-ON*.

A NOT *UNPLEASANT* STATE.

UNFORTUNATELY, IT ALSO GOT ME *TURNED ON!*

IT WAS EVEN BECOMING *ENJOYABLE* WHEN A THOUGHT SHOT THROUGH MY HEAD:

THIS IS MY SISTER!

I'M GETTING *TURNED ON* BY MY *SISTER!*

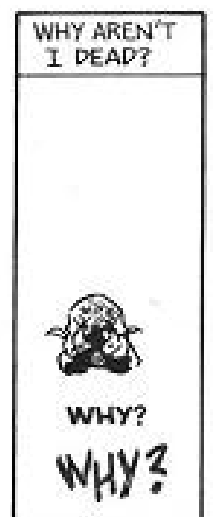
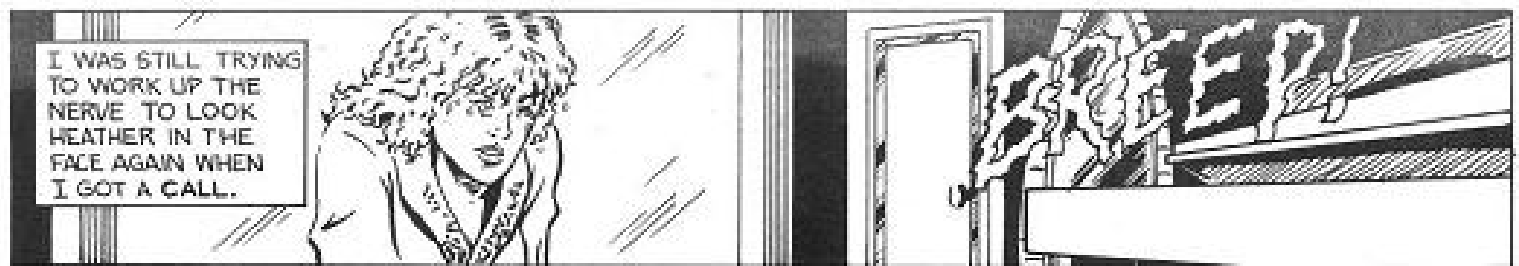
THIS IS EQUAL TO HAVING A BUCKET OF *COLD WATER* PUMPED OVER YOUR HEAD. I *DID* A QUICK SHAMPOO AND GOT OUT.

HERE I AM, A *MAN* IN A *WOMAN'S* BODY. YET I WAS ACTUALLY ABLE TO, IF ONLY FOR A *MOMENT*, REACH A STATE WHERE BEING A *WOMAN* WAS NOT ONLY *NOT UPSETTING*, BUT WAS ACTUALLY *ENJOYABLE!*

THEN, WHEN I'M THINKING *WOMANHOOD* MIGHT NOT BE SO *BAD*, I REMEMBER THAT I'M *NOT* JUST A *WOMAN*, I'M MY OWN *SISTER!*

I BEGAN TO REALIZE THAT THINGS WERE *STRANGER* THAN I THOUGHT.

THE GUILT WAS *INCREDIBLE!*



sniff ... I SURE
LOVED YOU, SIS.
I SURE WILL
MISS YOU.

MISS YOU.

BUT HOW AM I SUPPOSED
TO GET OVER YOU?

HOW AM I SUPPOSED
TO MOVE ON?

HOW THE HELL AM I
SUPPOSED TO ACCEPT
YOUR DEATH AND GET
ON WITH MY LIFE
WHEN I'LL SEE YOUR
FACE IN THE MIRROR
EVERY DAY?

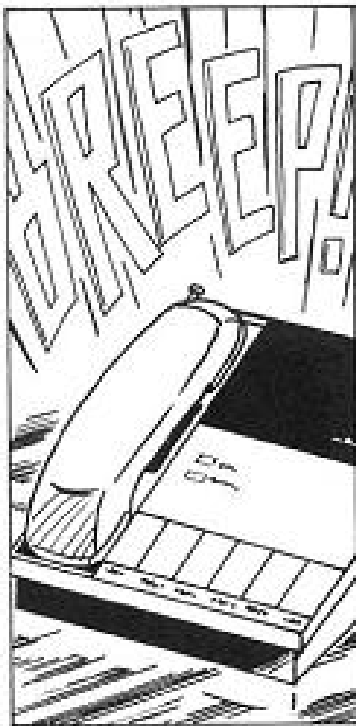
DEAR GOD...
I'LL BE LIVING
WITH A CORPSE.

NO.
A GHOST.

THIS IS INSANE!

I'M CRYING OVER YOUR DEATH.
CRYING WITH *YOUR* EYES.

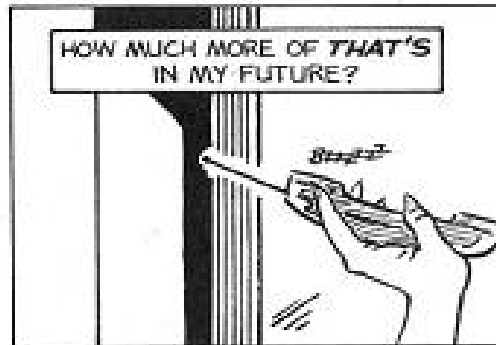
AND WIPING THEM
WITH *YOUR* HANDS.



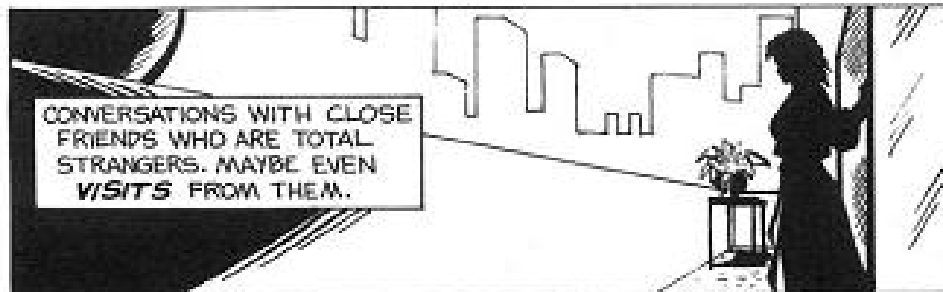
HELLO? WHO?
I--I DON'T ...
FROM WORK?
OH... OKAY.
NO, NO, I
WON'T BE IN
TODAY. I'LL
BE OUT ALL
WEEK. MY--
MY **BROTHER**
DIED LAST NIGHT.



NO, I'M ALL RIGHT.
BUT I'LL BE IN
BOSTON ALL WEEK.
YEAH, OKAY.
I WILL.
THANKS.



HOW MUCH MORE OF *THAT'S*
IN MY FUTURE?



CONVERSATIONS WITH CLOSE
FRIENDS WHO ARE TOTAL
STRANGERS. MAYBE EVEN
VISITS FROM THEM.

AND HER JOB!
OH, LORD, I
CAN'T DO THAT!

BE AN EXECUTIVE ACCOUNTANT
FOR SMITH, BARTON AND
WATERHOUSE? I CAN'T EVEN
BALANCE MY CHECKBOOK!



GREAT! I'M A WOMAN, I'M
LIVING IN THE BODY OF
MY DEAD **SISTER**, AND
NOW I HAVE NO WAY OF
MAKING A **LIVING**.

NO MORE BEING A
REPORTER UNLESS I
WANT TO START AT
THE BOTTOM; MY REP,
MY STORIES, ARE ALL
JACK REILLY'S.



I DON'T **BELIEVE** THIS!

I'M CUT OFF FROM MY PAST, BUT
I CAN'T LIVE THIS
BODY'S **FUTURE!**

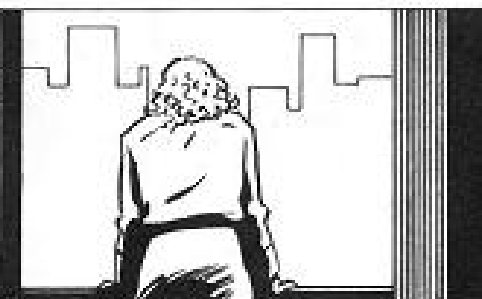
IT'S CATCH 22.



NO, THIS -- **THIS** IS CATCH 44!

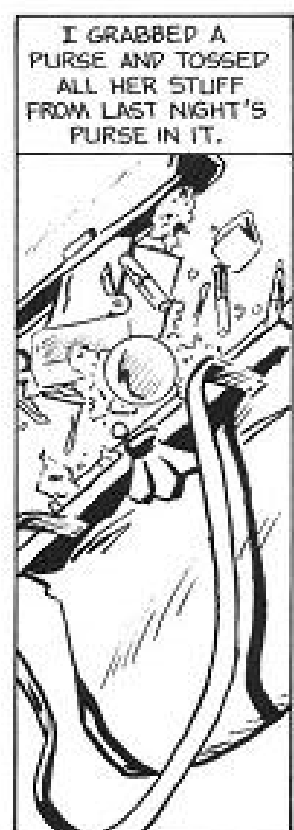
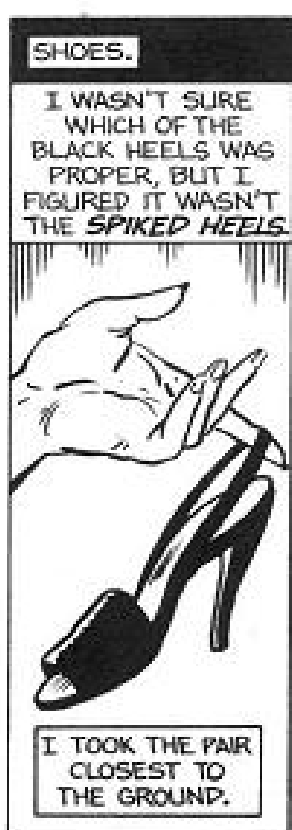


THAT WAS IT!
I KNEW IF I
STAYED THERE
ANY LONGER,
I'D GO LOOPEY!



I STARTED
TO PACK.

MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS NOT TO PACK ANYTHING, SINCE I WAS GOING BACK TO MY PLACE. THEN I REALIZED THAT EVEN IF I COULD GET *INTO* MY APARTMENT, NOTHING THERE WOULD *FIT* ME ANYMORE.





THAT TAKES CARE OF THE WEEK. WHAT ABOUT TODAY?



LESSEE... BASIC PANTIES, WHITE.



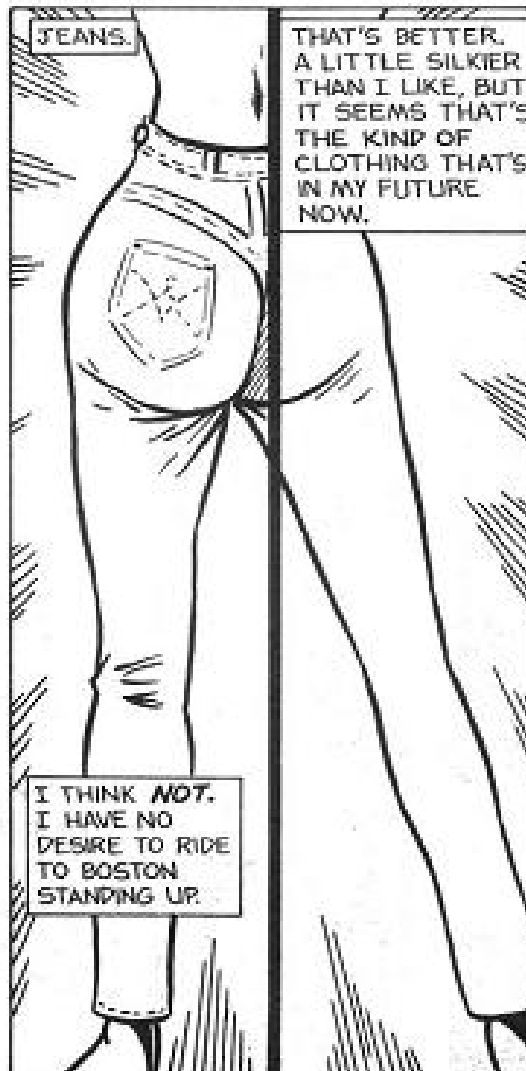
BRA. HOW DO YOU... FASTEN IN FRONT, I GUESS, AND PULL IT AROUND.



IT WAS AN ODD FEELING. THERE WAS A STRONG SENSE OF RESTRICTION, BUT THERE WAS ALSO A FEELING OF... **COMFORT**. THEY HUNG SECURE IN THEIR SLOTS.

STRAPPED IN PLACE.

IT FELT **GOOD**.



JEANS.

THAT'S BETTER. A LITTLE SILKIER THAN I LIKE, BUT IT SEEMS THAT'S THE KIND OF CLOTHING THAT'S IN MY FUTURE NOW.

I THINK **NOT**. I HAVE NO DESIRE TO RIDE TO BOSTON STANDING UP.



I WAS COMPLETELY RUMPLED AND SLOPPY. I HAD NO MAKE-UP ON AND MY HAIR WAS PULLED BACK.

UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS STILL A **KNOCKOUT**!

WELL, THAT'S IT. NOW...
OH, YEAH! "WHY DIDN'T YOU DO
THAT BEFORE YOU LEFT HOME?"



ACTUALLY, I'D BEEN TRYING
TO PUT THIS MOMENT OFF AS
LONG AS POSSIBLE.



I COULD PROBABLY
HAVE HELPED OUT A
LITTLE LONGER,
BUT THEN I'D HAVE
MY FIRST EXPERIENCE
WITH MY NEW
"PLUMBING" ON THE
TRAIN TO BOSTON.



TEMPTING AS THAT
PUBLIC RESTROOM
WAS, I FELT I'D
BETTER GO NOW.

I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHY
I'D BEEN HOLDING IT BACK
SO LONG. IT'S NOT LIKE IT
WAS SOMETHING I COULD
GIVE UP!



I GUESS I FELT IF I WENT
THROUGH WITH THIS, I WAS
ADMITTING DEFEAT. THAT I
WAS SOMEHOW AGREEING
TO BE FEMALE.

OH, YEAH, LIKE I HAD
SOME SAY IN IT!

NOTHING TOO STRANGE SO
FAR. FIGURED I SHOULD LEAN
FORWARD, THOUGH. MAKE
SURE THE ANGLE WAS RIGHT.



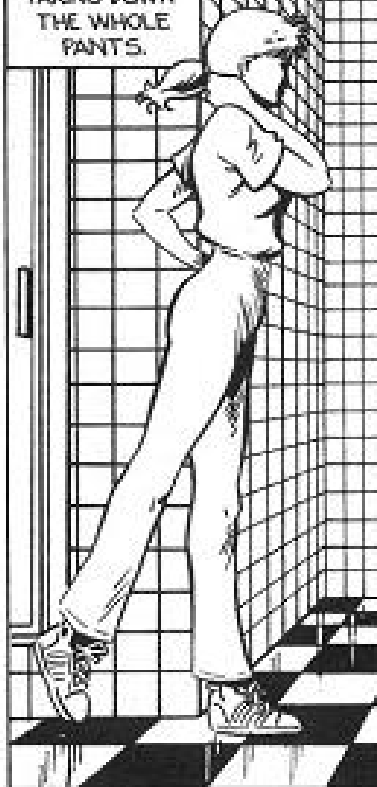
LOOK, I
CAN'T
DESCRIBE
IT SO A
MAN COULD
UNDERSTAND
AND WOMEN
DON'T NEED
AN
EXPLANATION.
SUFFICE
IT TO SAY,
I'VE
NEVER
FELT
ANYTHING
QUITE
LIKE IT
BEFORE.

EEP!

WELL, *THAT* WAS HUMILIATING. IT WASN'T REALLY, I SUPPOSE. STILL, IF YOU WERE A MAN, TO HAVE TO *SIT!* SIT EACH AND EVERY TIME! FOR THE REST OF YOUR *LIFE*... IT JUST MAKES YOU FEEL SO ... *HELPLESS!*



TAKING A LEAK WAS NO LONGER A QUICK THING. FROM NOW ON, IT REQUIRED TAKING DOWN THE WHOLE PANTS.



I TRIED NOT TO THINK ABOUT LIFTING SKIRTS.

BEING IN THE BATHROOM REMINDED ME THAT I'D FORGOTTEN TO PACK A TOOTHBRUSH.



TOOTHBRUSH, TOOTHPASTE, DEODORANT. STRONG ENOUGH FOR A MAN, MADE FOR A WOMAN... AIN'T IT THE *TRUTH!*

RAZOR... RAZOR... WHERE'S THE RAZOR?



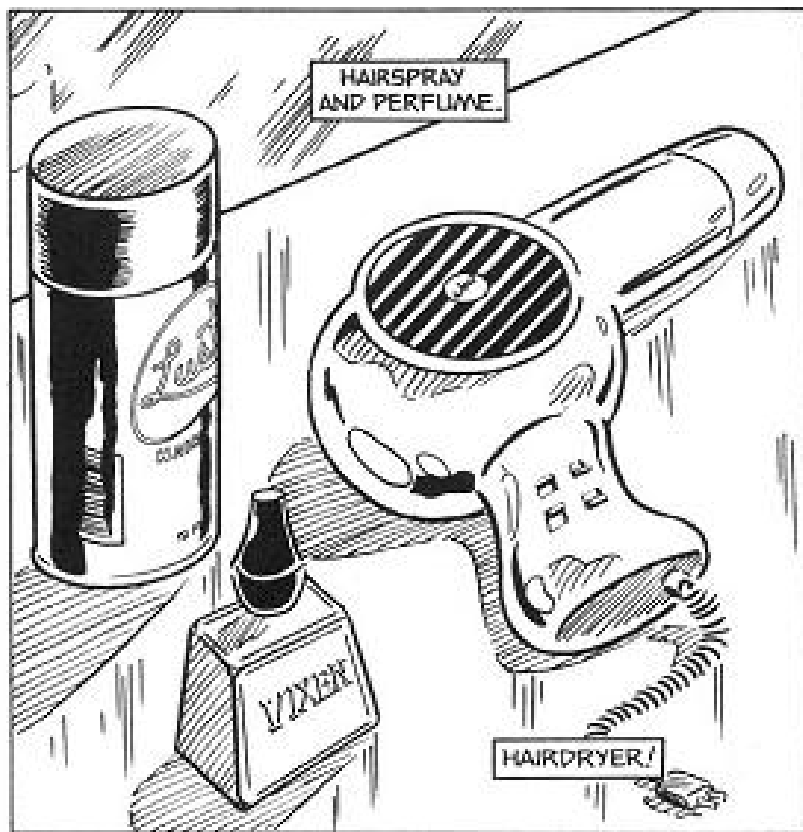
OH, YEAH, IN THE SHOWER.

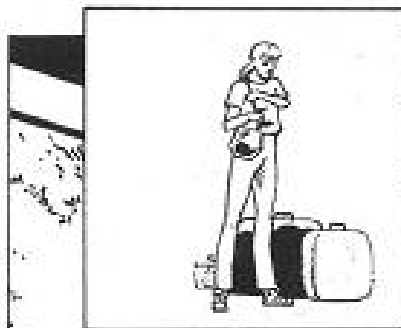


HA! THE FIRST *POSITIVE* ASPECT TO ALL THIS! NO MORE SHAVING EVERY DAY.

SOME COMPENSATION.







GREAT!

GREAT,
GREAT,
GREAT!

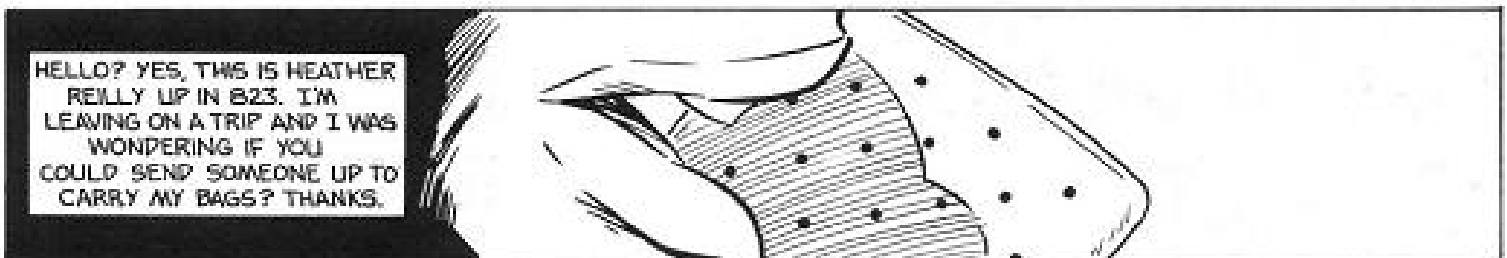
I CAN'T EVEN LIFT A
STUPID **SUITCASE!**



I'VE GOT **NO STRENGTH**,
I'VE GOT **LITTLE FEET**,
LONG HAIR, **BIG BOOBS**,...



...AND TO TOP IT OFF,
I KEEP **CRYING!**



HELLO? YES, THIS IS HEATHER
REILLY UP IN 823. I'M
LEAVING ON A TRIP AND I WAS
WONDERING IF YOU
COULD SEND SOMEONE UP TO
CARRY MY BAGS? THANKS.



I WAS WRONG BEFORE.
THIS IS THE ULTIMATE
HUMILIATION!

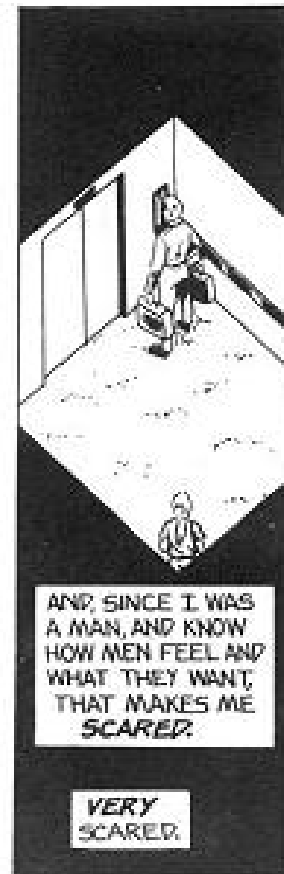
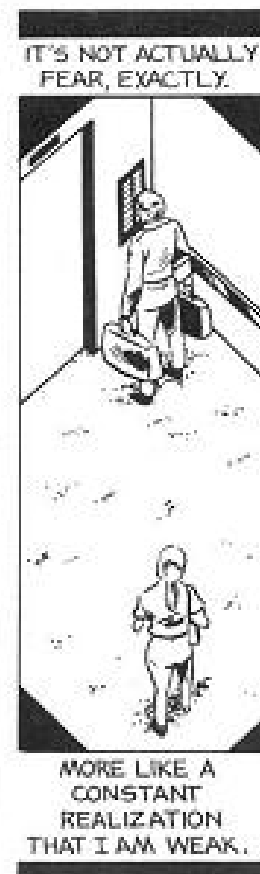
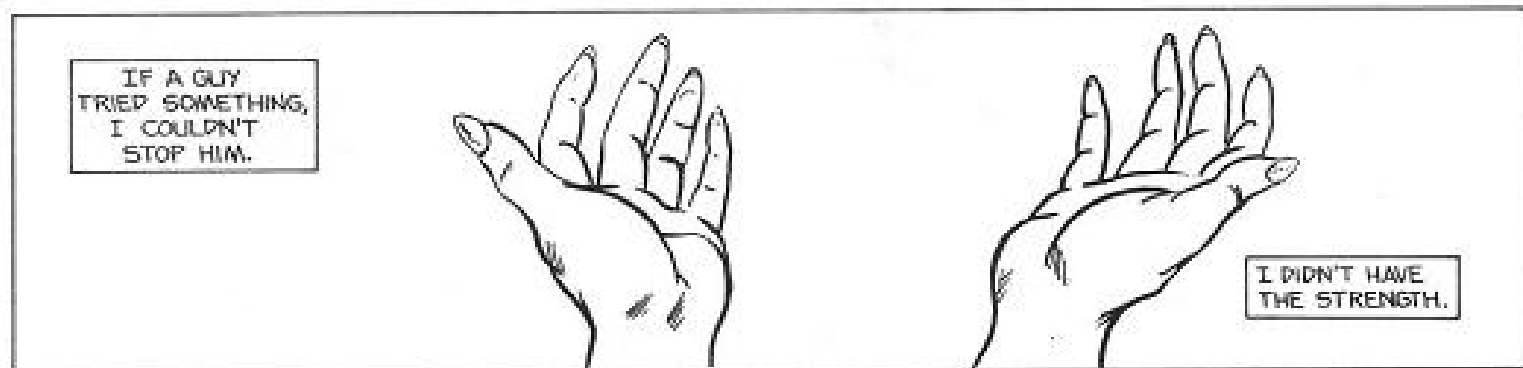


HAVING TO HAVE THIS LITTLE
TWERP CARRY MY BAGS!



WHEN I WAS ME, I COULD
HAVE TAKEN THIS GUY EASY.

NOW HE'S
A LOT
STRONGER
THAN ME.





I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING:
THAT COP SAID I LOST CONTROL OF
THE CAR AND CRASHED.



THEY DON'T *KNOW*!
THEY THINK IT WAS
AN ACCIDENT!

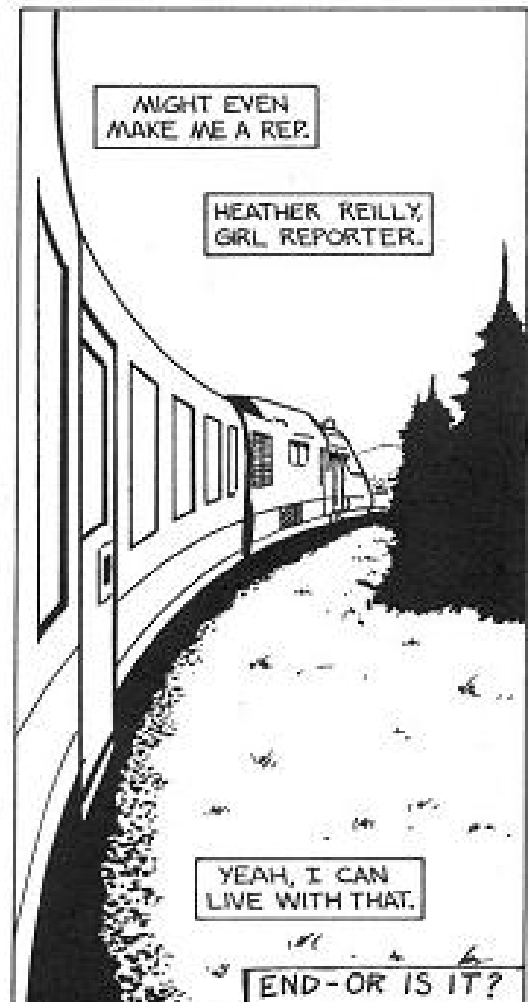
YOU ALMOST GOT AWAY
WITH IT, ED. IF I HADN'T
WOUND UP IN THIS BODY,
YOU'D HAVE GOTTEN
AWAY WITH MURDER.



BET YOU THINK YOU'RE SAFE, TOO.
PROBABLY FIGURE THE EVIDENCE
BURNED UP WITH ME.
WELL, IT DIDN'T, ED. AND
I KNOW WHERE IT IS.



JACK... NO, MAKE THAT
HEATHER... REILLY IS
GONNA PUT YOU AWAY.



MIGHT EVEN
MAKE ME A REP.

HEATHER REILLY,
GIRL REPORTER.

YEAH, I CAN
LIVE WITH THAT.

END-OR IS IT?

THE INSULT THAT MADE A WOMAN OUT OF "MAC"



WILL SANDY THOMAS BOOKS MAKE A NEW PERSON OUT OF YOU TOO?

Are you fed up with seeing the 'cutie pies' walk off with the best of everything? Sick and tired of being muscular, strong, with an iron-hard stomach and hairy body — only HALF ALIVE? I know just how you feel. Because I myself was once a macho 197-pound "stud." And I was so ashamed of my broad shoulders and chest that I dreaded being seen in a short dress.

THE SECRET OF HOW I GOT MY FIGURE

Then I discovered the secrets of the fantasy way to develop my curves fast. It worked wonders for me — changed me from the athletic "casanova" I was at 23, into a person with the most titillating curves and figure. "ALL IN YOUR OWN MIND!" You'll see in your own mind how you can develop YOUR body the very same natural way — without weights, springs or chemicals. Only 15 minutes a day of pleasant reading — in the privacy of your room.

My "Feminine-Tension" method has already helped thousands of other fellows experience real femininity in double-quick time. Let it help YOU. Not next month or next year — but RIGHT NOW!

"FEMININE-TENSION" Builds ROUNDED FEMININE FIGURES FAST! IN YOUR MIND!

If you're like I was, you want a soft, rounded figure — well proportioned breasts and hips that you can be proud of any time, anywhere. You want the "Voluptuous" type of physique that everyone raves about at the beach — the kind that makes other fellows stare with envy.

Mail Coupon Now for My FREE FLYER of my many Illustrated Books.

Mailing the coupon can be the turning point in your life. I'll send you a copy of my FLYER telling of my many Illustrated Fiction Books. "YES! Feminine-Tension Can Make You a NEW PERSON." The over fifty SANDY THOMAS fiction books that tells how and why feminization works; shows many drawings and pictures proving what it has done for others. Don't delay. Mail coupon NOW. SANDY THOMAS, P. O. Box 2309, Capistrano Beach, CA 92624.



SANDY THOMAS P. O. Box 2309, Capistrano Beach, CA 92624

Dear Sandy Thomas: Here's the kind of Body I WISH I HAD: (Check as many as you like)

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| ...Big Full Breasts | ...More Feminine Personality |
| ...Tiny Slender Waist | ...Long Painted Fingernails |
| ...Smooth Shapely Legs | ...Long Curled Hair |
| ...Full Hips and Buttocks | ...Well Fitting Lingerie |
| ...A Sexy Swing to my Walk | ...Make up and Pierced Ears |

I enclose \$0.00 Please send me a copy of your famous FEM-FLYER showing how "FEMININE-TENSION" can make you a new person. It lists the many SANDY THOMAS books crammed with fiction stories, drawings, and even photographs. This does not obligate me in any way to feminize myself.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City, State _____ ZIP _____

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.

Miss-Ing Passport #7

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 encourage him to help around the house. John finds happiness as 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!

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, Randy tries to find work...and himself.

Virgin Vows #8

Randy and his twin sister, Rose, have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike. This year it's in prom gowns! A yearly tradition for the twins turns to terror when Randy is asked to wear a prom gown.

Vow of Femininity #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy or spend the rest of his life 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. Will Stephan do what is necessary to 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.

TRANVESTIA REVISTED

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 step-mother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

His and Hers Equine 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, conversation.

If You Can't Lick 'Em, Join 'Em #5

(Double Issue)

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

He...Crossed the Line! #6

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

Chris to Chrissie #7

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

Martin to Marion #8 (2 books)

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

A Tale of Two Mothers #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

Fashion Models #10

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

Acceptance #11

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

Charm School #12

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

Ideal Marriage #13

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

The Birth of Barbara #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara, finds he likes the role, the housekeeping and the clothes. They live happily as sisters with Amy earning the living and Barbara the housewife.

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!

Fund Raising Project

All "girl" team helps out the high school class.

The Turnabout Party

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

Adventures in Petticoats

By the same author of "Pink Mirror". Every page is illustrated with "Gilbert" drawings. An old classic.

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE**Destined for Dresses-Part One**

The story of what happens to Terry when he's "drafted" to become a cheerleader. Will he stick with it?

Destined for Dresses-Part Two

Terry becomes a cheerleader and meets Kim, a young man with similar interests. Will Kim help Terry get out of skirts?

Destined for Dresses-Part Three

Kim is enrolled in Terry's school. They both become cheerleaders! Will Kim and Terry remain in skirts?

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

Rob takes a job as a manicurist and must be one of the girls. For how long?

Polished to Perfection #3

Rob learns to handle life as a girl, finding new challenges and a few surprises. Will he find happiness as a female?

Maid In Form "A"-B-C

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 -Learning to be a Daughter-Becoming a Daughter -3 parts

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 learn everything a daughter should know!

TV FICTION NARRATIVES

(Books on AUDIO Tape)

Holiday in Heels #1

The story of Dale wearing dresses for a school play.

Hawaii in Heels #2

The continuing story of Dale's vacation in Hawaii as a girl.

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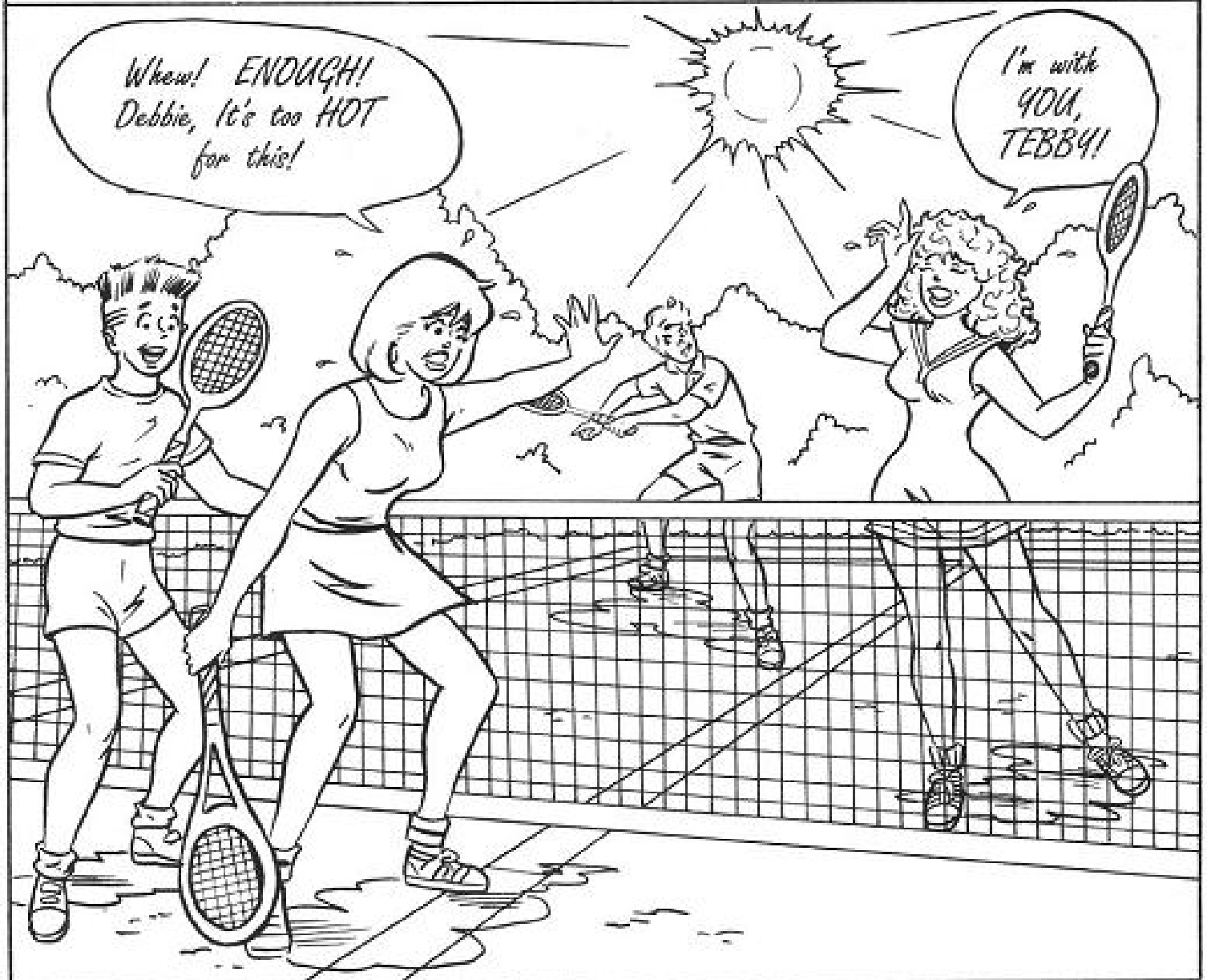
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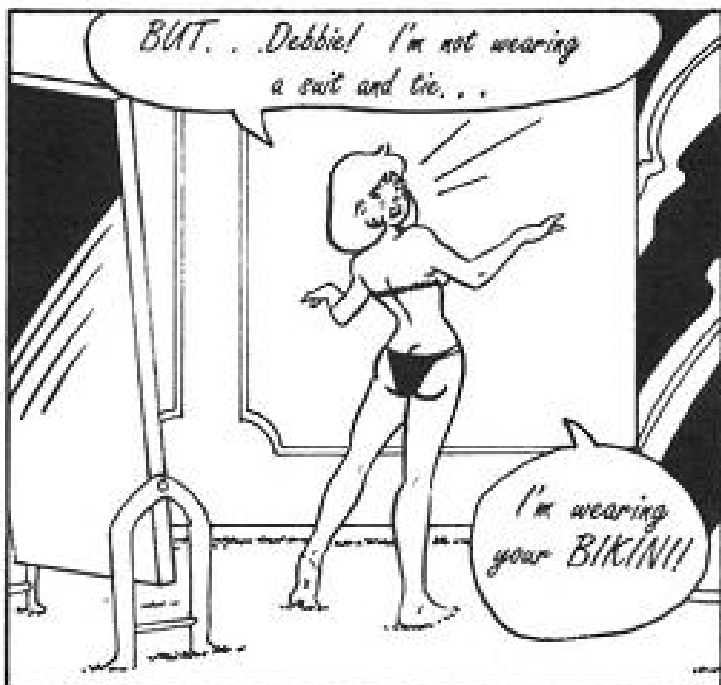


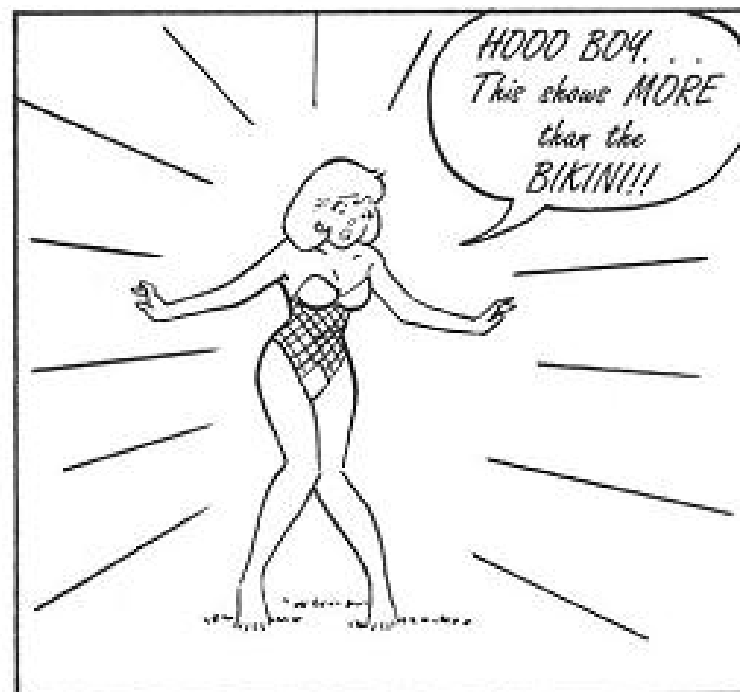
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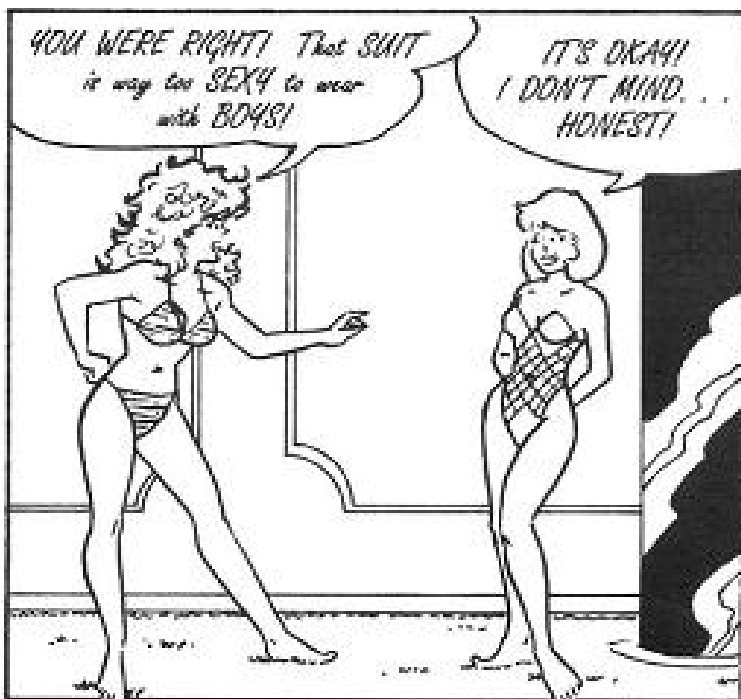
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