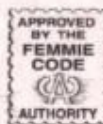




6
2005

TRANS Forma

ADULTS
ONLY



FORM OF WOMAN, MIND OF MAN



A Sandy Thomas Publication

Tebby

The Teen-Age Transvestite

HI, EVERYBODY!
TEBBY, HERE--
YOU KNOW--
YOUR FAVORITE
TEEN-AGE
TRANSVESTITE!

I KNOW!
I LOOK A LITTLE
DIFFERENT!

**"IMAGE IS
EVERYTHING!"**













A TEBBY CLASSIC!

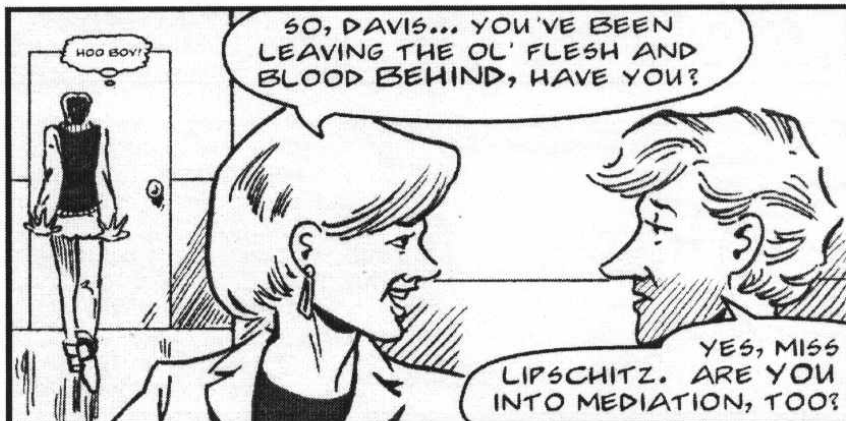


INTERLUDE WITH DAVIS #1 "ADVICE"

by
Tebby



A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!



INTERLUDE WITH DAVIS #2

"Uh-Oh"

by
Tebby

WOW!
THIS ASTRAL
PLANE STUFF'S
NEAT! OUT OF
MY BODY LIKE THIS,
I CAN GO
ANYWHERE!



HEY! I COULD
SNEAK INTO
TEBBY'S HOUSE!
BOY, I'VE WANTED
TO SEE HER NAKED
FOR A LONG TIME!
HUBBA-HUBBA!

UH-OH! WILL
DAVIS SEE TEBBY'S
"LITTLE SECRET"?

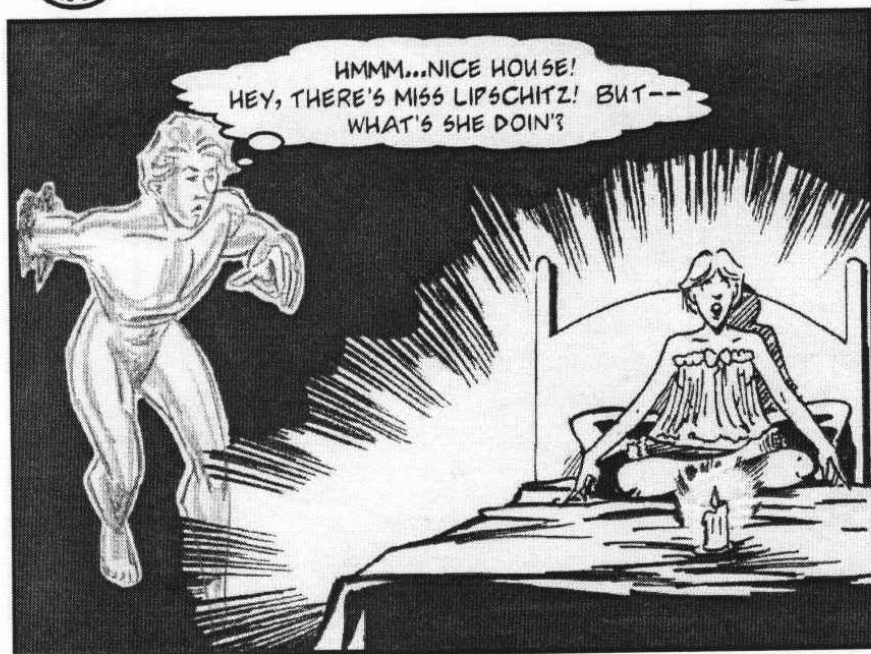


A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!



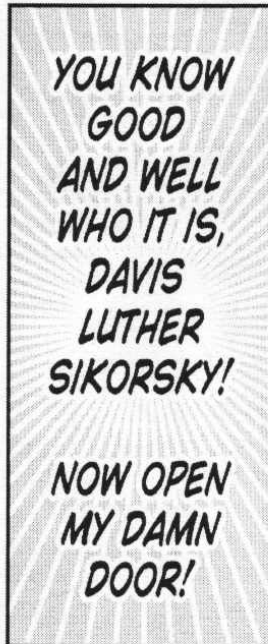


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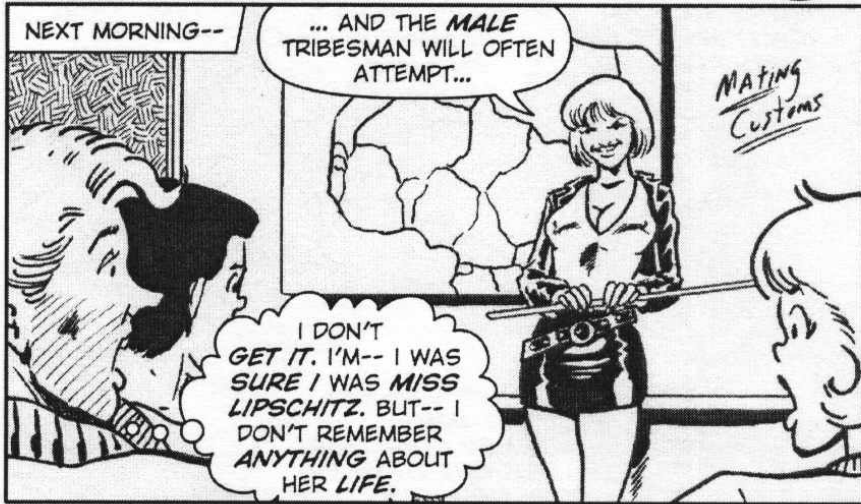


A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!





A TEBBY CLASSIC!



SUCH AS---?

SUCH AS WHY I FEEL LIKE SUCH A *SLUT*. MISS LIPSCHITZ WAS REALLY FULL OF SOME *KINKY FANTASIES*!



AND NOW I'VE GOT 'EM RUNNING THROUGH MY HEAD.



KINKY?

LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE, FREDDY.



WELL, THAT'D EXPLAIN THE CLOTHES--

THE REAL MISS LIPSCHITZ KNEW HOW TO DEAL WITH ALL THE FEELINGS AND FANTASIES.

BUT NOW THAT THEY'RE YOURS, YOU'RE NOT READY TO DEAL WITH THEM.



HOWEVER-- THERE IS THE MATTER OF MY PAYMENT...



NO PROBLEM, DUDE--

THIS IS MY FREE PERIOD.



A TEBBY CLASSIC!

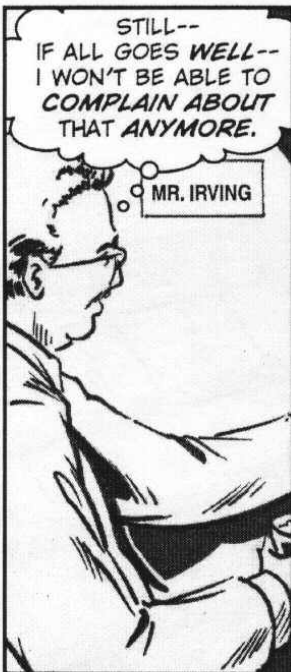


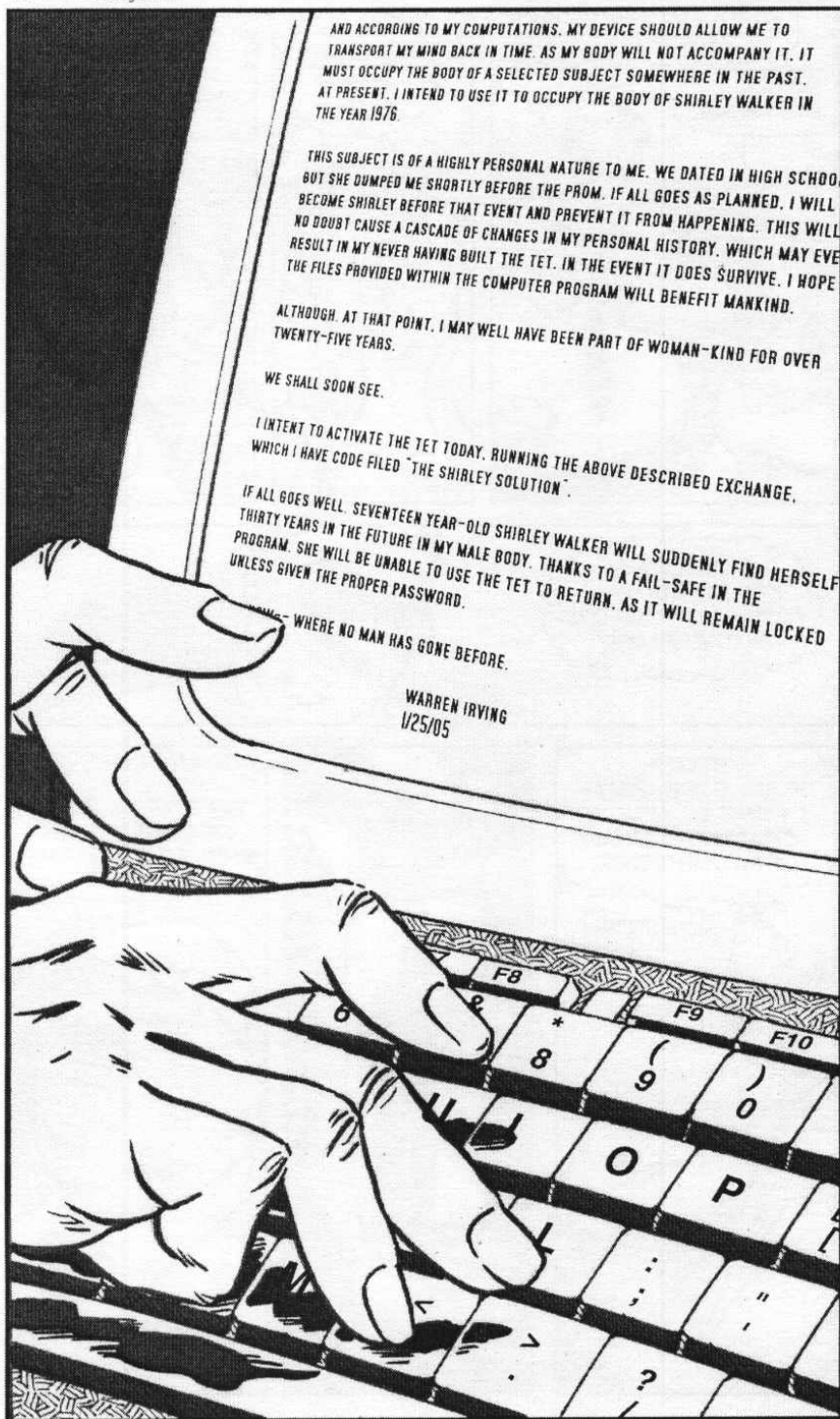
YOU
JUST BETTER
LAST THE *WHOLE*
HOUR!



THE
END.







AND ACCORDING TO MY COMPUTATIONS, MY DEVICE SHOULD ALLOW ME TO TRANSPORT MY MIND BACK IN TIME. AS MY BODY WILL NOT ACCOMPANY IT, IT MUST OCCUPY THE BODY OF A SELECTED SUBJECT SOMEWHERE IN THE PAST. AT PRESENT, I INTEND TO USE IT TO OCCUPY THE BODY OF SHIRLEY WALKER IN THE YEAR 1976.

THIS SUBJECT IS OF A HIGHLY PERSONAL NATURE TO ME. WE DATED IN HIGH SCHOOL BUT SHE DUMPED ME SHORTLY BEFORE THE PROM. IF ALL GOES AS PLANNED, I WILL BECOME SHIRLEY BEFORE THAT EVENT AND PREVENT IT FROM HAPPENING. THIS WILL NO DOUBT CAUSE A CASCADE OF CHANGES IN MY PERSONAL HISTORY, WHICH MAY EVEN RESULT IN MY NEVER HAVING BUILT THE TET. IN THE EVENT IT DOES SURVIVE, I HOPE THE FILES PROVIDED WITHIN THE COMPUTER PROGRAM WILL BENEFIT MANKIND.

ALTHOUGH, AT THAT POINT, I MAY WELL HAVE BEEN PART OF WOMAN-KIND FOR OVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

WE SHALL SOON SEE.

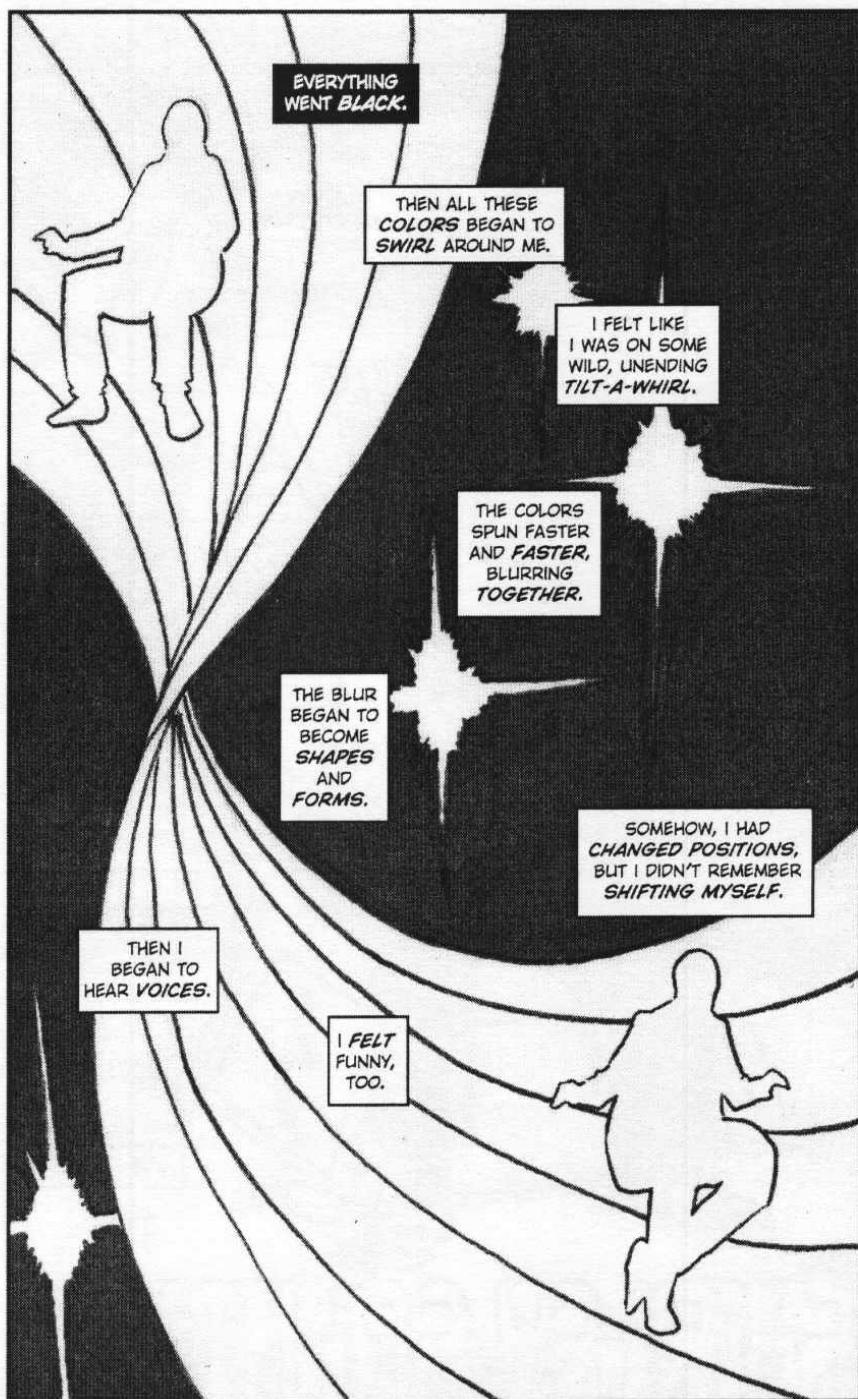
I INTEND TO ACTIVATE THE TET TODAY, RUNNING THE ABOVE DESCRIBED EXCHANGE, WHICH I HAVE CODE FILED "THE SHIRLEY SOLUTION".

IF ALL GOES WELL, SEVENTEEN YEAR-OLD SHIRLEY WALKER WILL SUDDENLY FIND HERSELF THIRTY YEARS IN THE FUTURE IN MY MALE BODY. THANKS TO A FAIL-SAFE IN THE PROGRAM, SHE WILL BE UNABLE TO USE THE TET TO RETURN, AS IT WILL REMAIN LOCKED UNLESS GIVEN THE PROPER PASSWORD.

WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE.

WARREN IRVING
1/25/05





THEN, ALL MY
SENSES **LOCKED**
IN AT ONCE AND
I WAS **THERE!**

HERE.

LANGLEY,
TEXAS.

LANGLEY
HIGH SCHOOL,
ENGLISH CLASS.

1:20 PM.
FRIDAY,
JANUARY
25TH, 1976.

SHIRLEY
WALKER'S
BODY.

I HAD
DONE IT.

I HAD PLACED
MY MIND IN
SHIRLEY'S
SEVENTEEN
YEAR-OLD
BODY.

I WAS
HER!

SHE
WAS **ME!**

WE WERE
US!

IT WAS AN
INCREDIBLE
SENSATION.

SUDDENLY TO BE **SEEING**
THE WORLD THROUGH
ANOTHER PERSON'S EYES.

EVERYTHING SEEMED
A LITTLE **DIFFERENT.**
SLIGHTLY **BIGGER**
THAN I REMEMBERED,
SLIGHTLY **SHARPER**
COLORS.

AND MY **EYES--**

HER EYES!

NO **GLASSES!** SHE--I DIDN'T
NEED GLASSES! I HAD WORN
GLASSES SINCE **THIRD GRADE.**
NOW, SUDDENLY, I COULD **SEE!**
SEE PERFECTLY! AND WITHOUT
ANY **HELP!** IT WAS **GREAT!**

AND I WAS SO **LIGHT!** SHIRLEY HAD
ALWAYS BEEN A **WISPY THING,** BUT
BEING **INSIDE OF HER,** I FELT AS IF
A STRONG **WIND** MIGHT JUST **TAKE**
ME AWAY LIKE A **STRAY BALLOON.**







Uh... I--
I DON'T *FEEL*
SO GOOD.
CAN I BE
EXCUSED?

OH WOW! CAN YOU *BELIEVE* IT!?
THAT *VOICE!* HER *VOICE!* SHIRLEY'S
SWEET, HIGH-PITCHED *GIRLY TONES!*
THEY WERE *MINE!* I COULD MAKE
HER SWEET LITTLE VOICE SAY ANYTHING
I *WANTED.* I *HAD* TO TRY IT!



BITCH!

THE SOUND OF
IT JUST *BLEW*
ME AWAY! I
COULD BARELY
SUPPRESS A
GIGGLE.

SHE LOOKED AT ME STRANGELY.
HAD SHE *HEARD* THAT *WHISPER?*
WHY DIDN'T I WAIT UNTIL I WAS
ALONE TO DO SOMETHING LIKE
THAT? I WASN'T *THINKING*
STRAIGHT. I WAS LIKE A KID
WITH A *NEW TOY.*

A TOY I'D THOUGHT
ABOUT AND DREAMED
ABOUT FOR OVER
THIRTY YEARS.



WELL,
I *SUPPOSE.*
GO SLOW. YOU
DON'T LOOK TOO
STEADY.



"NOT TOO STEADY"
WAS *RIGHT*.

I WAS *WEAK*
IN THE *KNEES*.

I COULD
HARDLY WALK.

GIDDY WITH
EXCITEMENT.

ALSO, I WASN'T USED TO
SHIRLEY'S RATHER *PLEASANT*
ARRANGEMENT OF BODY
WEIGHT. STILL, I MANAGED TO
STAGGER OUT INTO THE HALL.

THIS WHOLE EXPERIENCE
WAS *SO WEIRD!* EVEN
IF I WASN'T IN *SHIRLEY'S*
BODY, IT WOULD STILL
MESS WITH MY MIND.

EVERYTHING WAS
EXACTLY LIKE IT
WAS *THIRTY*
YEARS AGO.
ALL THE PEOPLE
WERE SO *YOUNG*.
THE BUILDING WAS
STILL *NEW*.

I PASSED MR. VANDERBILT,
DEAD EIGHT YEARS AGO.
I *KNOW* I GAVE HIM A
STRANGE LOOK.

WALKING WAS STRANGE, TOO.
I HAD ON JEANS, SOCKS, AND
TENNIS SHOES, A VERY *UNISEX*
LOOK. BUT I STILL FELT SO
ULTIMATELY *GIRLISH* WHEN
I *MOVED*.

RECOGNIZING THE FAMILIAR, I WENT INTO THE BOYS ROOM.

TOM KEITE WAS IN THERE. HE WAS THE STAR OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM AND ALL-ROUND LADIES MAN.

LEAST HE WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL. BUT I'M IN HIGH SCHOOL AGAIN. THIS IS THEN. THEN IS NOW! IT MADE MY BRAIN HURT.

ANYWAY, I ALWAYS THOUGHT IF A GIRL WALKED IN ON HIM TAKING A PISS, HE'D JUST WHIP IT AROUND AND OFFER HER A QUICK ONE.

HEY! SHIRLEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' IN HERE? THIS'S THE GUYS ROOM! GET OUT!

GO ON, GET OUT!

I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. HE WAS SCARED. JUST LIKE ANYBODY ELSE. ANOTHER LEGEND SHATTERED.

I MADE IT INTO THE GIRLS ROOM. THERE WERE TWO GIRLS ALREADY IN THERE, SO I PRETENDED TO WASH MY HANDS UNTIL THEY LEFT.

I DIDN'T REMEMBER EITHER OF THEM, BUT I DID ENJOY BEING THERE AND WATCHING THEM DO THEIR BUSINESS WITHOUT THEM GIVING ME A SECOND LOOK.

THIS WAS AN UNEXPECTED BENEFIT OF BEING SHIRLEY.

THEY LEFT AND I WAS ALONE. ALONE WITH SHIRLEY.

AND ALL OF IT WAS MINE.

IT WAS MY BODY NOW.

MINE TO DO WITH HOWEVER I WANTED.

I STARED INTO THE MIRROR. THERE SHE WAS-- CUTE NOSE, CURLY HAIR, POINTED CHIN-- ALL OF IT.

I BEGAN UNDOING THE BUTTONS ON HER SHIRT. 1...2...3... DAMN!

SOMEONE CAME IN. LOOKS LIKE SOME LITTLE FRESHMAN.

THIS JUST WON'T WORK. I'VE GOT TO HAVE PRIVACY. I'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL I GET HOME. TO SHIRLEY'S HOME. HOPE I CAN STAND HER PARENTS.

HEY! HOW DO I GET HOME? I REMEMBER WHERE SHE LIVED, BUT DOES SHE RIDE THE BUS OR DOES SOMEONE PICK HER UP OR DOES SHE DRIVE? WHICH?

WELL, I FIGURED IF SHE DROVE, SHE'D HAVE CAR KEYS ON HER. NOTHING IN HER POCKETS.

MAYBE IN HER PURSE. I BET IT'S BACK IN ENGLISH. WHICH MEANS I HAVE TO GO BACK THERE AND BE A GOOD LITTLE STUDENT UNTIL CLASS IS OVER. WELL, WHAT CHOICE DID I HAVE? WISH I'D PUT MYSELF IN HER AFTER 3:00.



I MADE IT BACK TO CLASS AND TRIED TO LOOK INTERESTED. BUT THE ONLY THING I WAS INTERESTED IN WAS MY WONDERFUL NEW BODY.

BRINGGGG!

EVERY MOVEMENT WAS A SENSATION. I BECAME AWARE OF THE CONSTRICTING TIGHTNESS OF THE BRA. THE SNUG, ENFOLDING FEELING WHICH I FOUND I LIKED. EVERY BREATH WAS LIKE A GENTLE HUG.

WOW. I WAS SO INTO HER BODY, I DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE CLASS WAS OVER. I GATHERED UP MY BOOKS AND PURSE. COULDN'T LEAVE 'EM. THEY WERE MINE NOW. CAME WITH THE BODY AND THE LIFE.

I WAS GONNA BE SHIRLEY WALKER FOR GOOD...



SO I'D BETTER BE A VERY GOOD SHIRLEY WALKER.

AND HER PANTIES! SHIRLEY WORE SILK PANTIES TO SCHOOL. WHO KNEW? THEY FELT SO WONDERFUL NEXT TO HER SKIN.

HELL, HER SKIN FELT WONDERFUL!

I MOVED OUT INTO THE HALL. I HAD NO IDEA WHERE HER NEXT CLASS WAS AND I DIDN'T CARE. I HAD NO INTENTION OF GOING TO IT.

I SLIPPED INTO THE GIRLS ROOM AGAIN AND OPENED MY PURSE. THERE WERE CAR KEYS INSIDE.

SHIRLEY DROVE!

THAT'S IT! I WAS OUTTA THERE!

I STARTED FOR THE PARKING LOT.

ENDING TRANSMISSION: FILE ENCODED SHIRLEY SOLUTION: ARRIVAL.

Tell it to Tebby

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

Dear Tebby,

I'm writing to you in hopes you can help me. I am a 62 year-old male, married, with two children, a son, 22, and a daughter, 19. My wife and I have been happily married for years and were looking forward to retirement, with the kids moved out and having some quiet time together.

Recently, the entire family took a vacation to the Caribbean. While there, I was strolling along the beach alone and found an ancient looking bottle. I opened it and was astounded to have released an actual Genie (or Djinn, as he preferred).

To make a long story short, I basically had three wishes. I first wished for long, healthy lives for myself and my family. Secondly, I wished for a self-replenishing bank account with a permanent balance of \$85,000 which would never attract the notice of the IRS.

However, I apparently worded my third wish badly. I wished to have a better relationship with my daughter (we'd had problems) and to insure that my son had a girlfriend that loved and respected him (I had my doubts about his current one). No sooner had I made my wish, that I found myself transformed into a 19 year-old GIRL.

I returned to the hotel, unsure how to explain myself, but found no explanation was necessary. Everyone acted as if I was supposed to be Nanette (my new name). On a closer examination, I found that my real self had died years ago, leaving a large inheritance which allowed my wife to enjoy life.

As for the girl I had become, I was alone, both parents dead and no siblings. I was also my daughter's college roommate and was dating my OWN SON. Ron (my son) has no idea and I really don't think I should tell him. However, my real PROBLEM is

this: my former wife HATES me. She considers me low-class trailer trash (admittedly, I have little money) and she thinks I'm only after Ron for his money. She also thinks I'm a BAD INFLUENCE on Karen (my daughter). I can understand why, as, now that I'm her roommate and best friend, I see Karen behaving differently that I ever thought possible. But I can't see any way to make my former wife understand this.

What should I do? Obviously, I'm destined to marry my own son, which, oddly, doesn't bother me so much. I AM a woman now and he's quiet attractive. I'm also closer to my daughter than ever, but can I stand to rejoin a family where my former wife treats me so badly? PLEASE HELP!!

Nanette

Wow! What a poser! My feeling, Nan, is to just IGNORE, your soon-to-be Mother-in-Law. As every bride knows, no woman is ever good enough for her son. Maybe you'll gradually win her over. But even if you don't, remember: You're marrying Ron, not her (again).

Hugs 'n' Kisses!
Tebby

Dear Tebby,

Hi! I'm a big fan and I REALLY hope you can help me! I mean, you are the absolute COOLEST!!

Anyway, here's my prob: up till bout a week ago, I was, like, a MAN! I mean, FOR REAL! See, what happened was, I was workin at my job (major BORE SNORE! I was, like, a high-school Principal!) Any way, I was at my desk, shovin papers around, when Miss Gilligan brought in Amanda Dennis, on account of Amanda (who is, like SO

COOL!) was talkin in class.

So, I, like, told Miss Gilligan I'd, like, deal with her. You know, it's funny, but back then I didn't realize just how wicked cool Amanda is! I was, like, a MEGA-DITZ! anyway, Miss Gilligan left an I started bitchin' at Amanda, bout how she'd better shape up or else!

Then (an this is the FUNNY PART) Amanda started twirlin this locket (which was SO SWEET!) and she said I just didn't APPRECIATE her (which was so true) an I didn't know how, like, HARD her life was. Then she said she'd, like, SHOW ME! Then she spun that cool locket around and said some weird words. I got real dizzy and felt funny.

Then, next thing I know, I'm, like, on the OTHER SIDE of my desk! I'm, like, sittin right BESIDE Amanda and Miss Wilson (who was the Vice-Principal, but now the sign just said Principal. Go figure!) was sittin in my chair. She was goin on an on, bitchin at me an Amanda for, like, talkin in class. We both got detention (which was, like, MEGA-UNFAIR, cause I didn't really talk in class. She just made everybody THINK I did)

Anyway, while we were doin our detention, Amanda explained she'd, like, put a SPELL on me. I was now Pam Dennis, an I was, like, Amanda's TWIN SISTER! Everybody thought so, even Mom (who, like, didn't used to be my Mom, but who, like, now so IS!) All our friends call me Panda, so we're, like, Amanda an Panda! That's so cute! We do, like, EVERYTHING together! We have all the same classes an we're both cheerleaders an we're, like, both always in detention! Those old fossils don't understand us! An the women teachers are, like, SO JEALOUS of our looks. We are the absolute CUTEST girls in school! An we've got, like, the BIGGEST BREASTS! All the boys are after us.

Course, everything's not perfect. Amanda's lots SMARTER than I am. but that's OK, cause she watches out for me. She calls me her "ditz little Panda bear"! I am SO LUCKY to have a sister like her!

Now, I know it sounds like I don't have a problem in the world, right? But see, I think Amanda's getting jealous of me. Most of the boys like to hit on me first. She says it's cause I'm, like, TOO STUPID to say "no". (which is, like, so NOT TRUE! I just

haven't WANTED to say no to any of em yet! They're all so big an strong!) Anyway, she's started talkin bout changin me BACK! Makin me be a MAN again! If she did that, I'd just CRY! An, like, the PROM is comin up! She just CAN'T!

So, what I was hopin, is could you tell me how to show Amanda I'm a good sister an I'll, like, NEVER steal a boy from her or nothin? I like bein Panda SO MUCH an I don't wanna go back to bein some old LOSER GUY!!

Panda

Golly, Panda! I sure can understand what you're talking about! Debbie used surgery and hypnosis to make ME a girl, but I'd sure fight anybody who tried to make me a boy again!

It seems to me that Amanda really loves you. She wouldn't have made you her sister if she didn't. She could have made you any old girl and made fun of you. So, you just need to have a long talk with her. Try showing her this letter and tell her what you told me. I think she'll let you stay.

Hugs 'n' Kisses!
Tebby

Dear Tebby,

I suppose I'm not your average reader. I have no interest whatsoever in men becoming women. I am a happily married 23 year-old woman who gets no thrill out of feminized men in any way.

Unfortunately for me, my boss IS such a person. He is the head of research of a large electronics firm in Boston. Recently, we were working late on one of his projects, a theoretical "Instant Teacher", designed to allow anybody to share their knowledge directly, mind-to-mind.

As I said, we were working late and Derek (my boss) went down the hall to the snack machines and brought us back some sandwiches and coffee.

After we ate, I started to feel sleepy. Derek suggested I take a break in the lounge. I did and quickly feel asleep. While I was asleep, I had the strangest dreams, very vivid and erotic. I had the oddest sensation of

running naked through the halls of our building, laughing.

When I awoke several hours later, Derek told me I should go on home. I did, glad to be done for the day. However, when I got home and began undressing, I noticed strange things I couldn't account for. First, my panties were inside out. I'm sure they weren't before, as they have a small rose on the outside. Secondly, my bra was hooked in the wrong slot. I always hook it in the third slot. This is a little tight, but gives me the support I want. Now, it was hooked in the second slot. Finally, I noticed one of my toes was very sore, as if I'd stubbed it and the polish was chipped on that toe.

I was mystified, but just chalked it up to the unexplainable. However, the next day, I was the subject of a lot of smirks and grins from various members of upper management. Then, in the ladies room, I overheard two of my co-workers talking about me. They were saying I had behaved disgracefully the night before and that I'd do anything for a promotion. I was stunned!

This continued for several weeks, during which time I worked late with Derek three more times, each time becoming sleepy and napping in the lounge. I was also subjected to numerous sly looks and was the source of steadily growing rumors during this time.

It all became clear to me last week, though. Derek was demonstrating the "Instant Teacher" for the board. As he finished, he mentioned that, theoretically, one could even use the Instant Teacher to completely TAKE OVER another person's body, provided that person were unconscious to begin with. As he said that, at least three members of the board glanced at me and grinned.

At last I understood! Derek had been using the Instant Teacher to take over my body. I'm afraid to even GUESS what he's been doing with me. He may even have let others use me.

This was bad enough, but yesterday, I overheard him telling his supervisor that he'd finally licked the "necessary unconscious" problem. He said they could take over a body now, even if the person was awake. According to Derek, it would cause the owner of the body to have no control over themselves. They would become a passenger in their own body while the "possessor" (HIS term) would be in complete control.

You have to understand, Tebby. I have absolutely NO PROOF that Derek has done anything wrong. I can't go to the police and I don't really want to lose my job. I just want Derek to stop using my body! But I'm afraid if I say anything, they'll use the Instant Teacher on me and I'll be a passenger in my own body forever.

Please help. I don't want to be taken over!

Puppet Girl

Wowzers, Puppet Girl! What a problem! First, you're probably RIGHT in your suspicions. I've YET to meet a guy who, given the chance to become a woman for at least a little while, would say "no". That said, though, you certainly deserve to be in control of your own body. Maybe you could negotiate with your Boss's superiors. Perhaps work out some mutually acceptable schedule of "time-share". And try to get them to stop doing embarrassing things in your body. Remind them you're a professional and deserve to be treated like one.

Hugs 'n' Kisses!
Tebby

I BECAME MY TEACHER
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\$10.00 each.

OTHER COMIC BOOKS

BY

SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

Which previously hinted at story would you most like to see? (Vote for one only)

- ☐ Tebby's Father
- ☐ The Spirits of Tebby's House
- ☐ Mr. Featherwell, Principal, & The Monkey's Paw
- ☐ Sandi, Mandi, & Candi, the Triplets
- ☐ Penny's Experiments

.....

Which character would you most like to see feminized?
(Vote for one only)

- ☐ Withers (Debbie's former butler)
- ☐ Frederick (Nightwoman's butler)
- ☐ Bruno (Dr. Ching's Helper)
- ☐ Thrush (Nightwoman's partner)
- ☐ Crushmolisher (Impressive Girl's foe)
- ☐ Dr. Ching (Mastermind of the Fashion Wars)

.....

Finally, what ideas would you LIKE to see?
Give us your SUGGESTIONS!!

*Thanks!
Hugs 'n' Kisses!
Tebby*

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