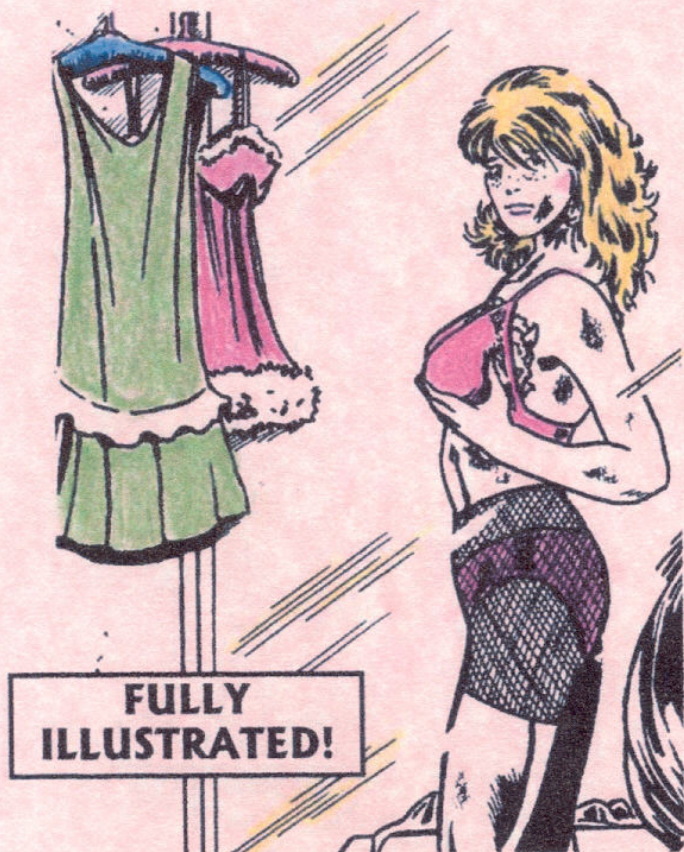


TV FICTION CLASSICS

"DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I"

Two delinquents are given a choice. . .
Dresses or Jail?



FULLY
ILLUSTRATED!

VOLUME 48

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

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 48

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I

by Bill
with a little help from Alice Trail

Illustrations by
ADAM

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

© 1997 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
"DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I"

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



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

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

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION.
Names, characters, places and incidents are either
the product of the author's imagination or are
used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events
or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

"A sissy is a man who is not afraid of
what other men are."



Mrs. Gates

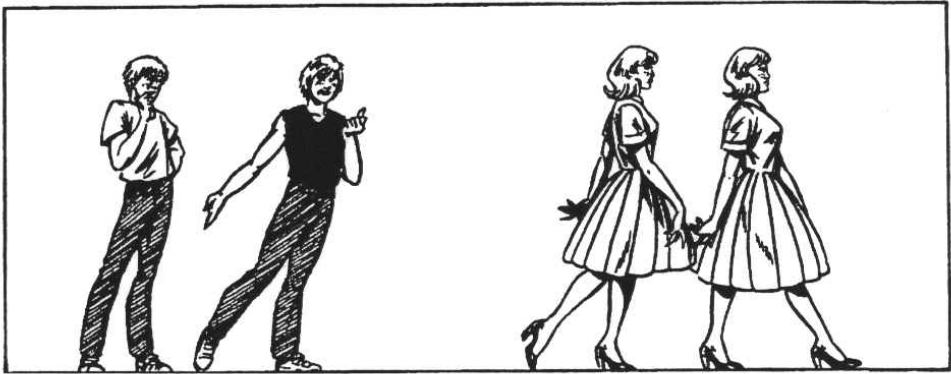


Katie



Lisa Gates

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD



THE SIGHTING



Johnny



Mary Sue



Judge Harris

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD

CHAPTER ONE

"All rise," the bailiff said.

My necktie felt tight. I shifted my weight from one foot to the other and listened to the clock tick loudly as Judge Harris took his seat.

"Marlon and Darwin O'Shea, you have been found guilty of possession of drugs with intent to sell. In light of the seriousness of your crimes, and the fact that you remain unrepentant. I sentence you each to serve ten years in the state penitentiary."

"Ten years!" Marlon shouted. "That's forever, you old bastard!"

"Bailiff, remove the prisoners," the judge said.

"Please Katie," I said as the bailiff handcuffed us and led us out, "don't let them do this."

She looked shocked.

"Why did you yell at the judge?" I asked Marlon. "You could've really pissed him off."

"What's the difference. He already sent us away for ten God damned years."

"Katie might be able to do something."

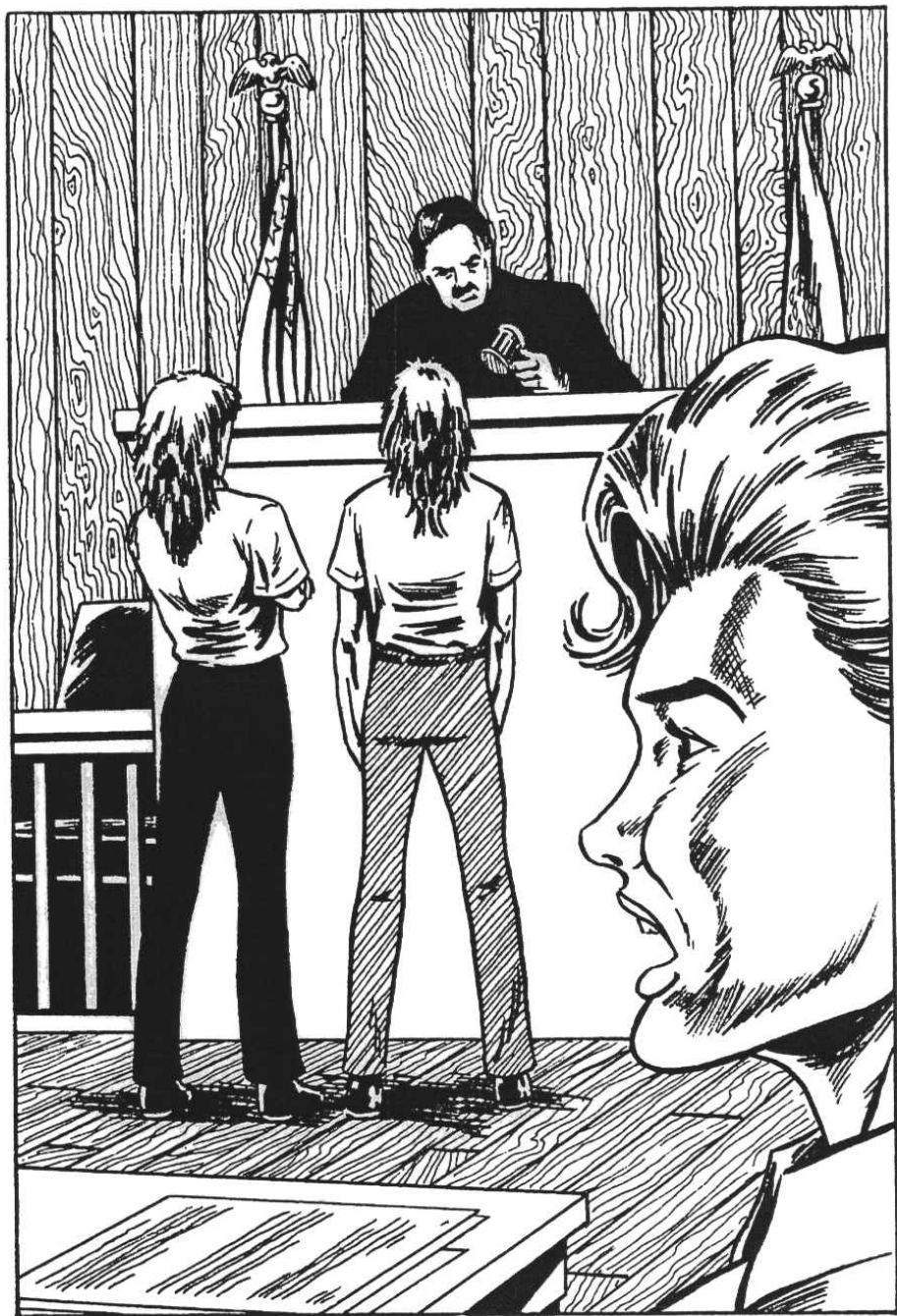
"What?" he asked. "This isn't juvenile court."

"Ten years! We'll be almost thirty."

We had been in trouble with the law before, the cops were always hassling us for little things. Katie, our sister, was a juvenile court counselor, and she had always been able to protect us. This time though they caught us with a couple of ounces of marijuana and it didn't look as if she could help. Ten years!

The next afternoon, Katie came to see us.

"I spoke with the judge," she said. "He was very annoyed at you Marlon."



"I sentence you to ten years in prison."

"Who cares," Marlon said.

"I pleaded with him to give you some consideration, and he told me there was a possibility of an alternative sentence along the lines of one given Lisa Gates."

"Oh yeah, I know her," I said, "cute broad."

"Lisa was convicted of dealing drugs," Katie said. "Her mother pulled some strings, and she never went to jail, just probation at home."

"She dealt drugs?" I said. "No way."

"You think the judge might let us off?" Marlon asked.

"I doubt it," Katie said, "but he wants to talk with us. Don't say anything to make him mad."

The bailiff came, cuffed us and led us to the judge's chambers.

"Come in Katie, boys," Judge Harris said.

Katie sat down and Marlon and I stood nearby.

"I have an alternative to prison that the Department of Corrections may accept," he said. "Lisa Gates dealt drugs just like your brothers. Her mother changed her into an asset to the community in just one year. I've spoken with her about working with your brothers, using the same methods on them."

As I listened, my excitement grew. This would sure be better than prison.

"Will she do it?" Katie asked.

"Her program is experimental," he said.

"What do we have to do?" Katie asked.

"Marlon and Darwin must obey all her rules. If they don't, She will send them back to jail and they will serve their full ten years."

"That sounds fair," Katie said.

The next day we were all back in Judge Harris' chambers with Mrs. Gates signing the papers that would transfer us to her farm.

"When may I visit?" Katie said.



“There is an alternative to prison.”

"How about the first Saturday of each month?" Mrs. Gates said. "If that proves unsatisfactory or disrupts their training, we can make revisions later. Also, no phone calls. The visits are sufficient contact."

"So ordered," Judge Harris said.

Marlon and I left with Mrs. Gates.

"This isn't a vacation," she said. "You boys understand that if you don't follow the rules you'll be in prison immediately."

Marlon and I exchanged a look. There was no way this old broad could make us do anything we didn't want to do. This was going to be easy.

Her farm was ten miles out of town. The house set back a considerable distance from the road.

She led us upstairs to our bedrooms.

"Your sister brought your clothes, but they weren't suitable. I threw them out."

"What's wrong with our clothes?" Marlon asked.

"I have some that aren't torn and don't have filthy words or pictures on them."

"We like them that way," I said.

"Yeah! We want them back," Marlon said.

"They're gone," she said. "Now bathe and change for dinner. Don't forget to wash your hair."

I could tell she meant business, and I went to my room, but Marlon stayed in the hallway. I could hear him shouting at her as I undressed and went into my bathroom to shower. The soap smelled like flowers, but it felt good to be clean again.

I dried off and looked in my dresser for a change of underwear. All I could find were some girl's panties. This must have been Lisa's room.

I put my dirty underwear back on, dressed in a shirt and pants from the closet and went into Marlon's bedroom to find what he had been arguing about.

He was sitting naked on the bed with a grim expression.

"What's going on?" I asked.



"Your old clothes weren't suitable."

"That broad is crazy if she thinks I'm going to wear these!" he said and threw a pair of pink panties at me.

"I couldn't find any underwear either. She must have forgotten it, so I put on my own. Why don't you do the same?"

"All right."

In a few minutes he was ready.

Mrs. Gates returned, "Ready boys?" she asked.

"I need clean underwear," I said.

"It's in your top dresser drawer."

"Those are your daughter's."

"No, they're yours. They're part of my program."

"You expect us to wear those things?" I asked.

"They're called panties," she said, "and yes you will wear them."

"No way you crazy bitch!" Marlon yelled.

"Then you'll go back to jail," Mrs. Gates said. "I'll call the sheriff."

She left us. In a panic I said, "Marlon, panties are awful, but are they worse than ten years in jail?"

"Okay, damn it! Let's do it," he said. "A year here is better than ten years in prison."

I ran out and yelled, "Wait Mrs. Gates! Don't call. We'll do it."

I returned to my room, opened the dresser drawer and grimaced. I could hardly look at the colorful lacy pile. I selected the plainest pair I could find, dropped my pants and underwear and slipped them on. I had felt and stroked panties many times before, but they were on girls at the time. They were slipperier and softer feeling than I had imagined.

I finished dressing and returned to Marlon's room. My cheeks were flaming red and I couldn't look him in the eye. I was so humiliated by having to wear girl's underwear.

Together we went downstairs to face Mrs. Gates.

"From the way you're blushing, I can tell you decided to wear your new undies," Mrs. Gates said.

I lowered my eyes ruefully, and Marlon asked, "What's this shit about anyway?"

"Watch your language and your tone. I'm not sure you're going to make it here. It's time to fix dinner."

She led us to the kitchen and handed us aprons.

"What's this?" I asked.

"Your pinafore will protect your clothes and diminish your aggressiveness. That's what my training program is all about."

"You expect us to wear panties and aprons," I said, "What's next, dresses?"

"You agreed to follow my rules," she said. "If you've changed your mind, I'll call the sheriff, and you can go with him."

"No, don't do that," I said. "It's just that—"

"I don't care what your objections are. My husband doesn't want to be responsible for watching you so you'll be helping me with the housework. I don't want to look at messy people so you'll dress neatly. You'll follow my rules or you'll go to prison."

Marlon and I put on the aprons.

"I'll help you into them this time," Mrs. Gates said. "From now on you'll help each other." She buttoned them up the back and tied the apron strings behind us in neat bows. The pinafores wrapped all around and looked like short dresses. I felt really foolish, but I followed Mrs. Gates directions in preparing the meal.

We set the table and were bringing in the food when two men arrived. The younger one grinned at me, and I glared back at him in anger and embarrassment.

"Darwin and Marlon O'Shea," Mrs. Gates said, "meet Mr. Gates and our neighbor, Johnny Thornton."

"Hello," I said and held out my hand to Mr. Gates.

"What's for dinner," he said, ignoring my hand.

"The boys and I have prepared quite a meal. Johnny, will you be joining us?"

"Yes, thank you Ma'am."

I blushed as he looked at my feminine apron.

We finished setting the table, helped each other out of our aprons and sat for dinner. Mr. Gates had little to say, but Mrs. Gates was full of questions.

"O'Shea, that's an Irish name," she said.

"So what," I said.

"Where do your parents live?"

"They died in an auto wreck three years ago," I said.

"I'm sorry."

"Yeah, it's tough," Marlon said.

"You boys look just like two peas in a pod," she said. "Why don't you dress alike?"

"That's stupid," Marlon said.

"Get your aprons on, she said. "Clean up and get ready for bed."

It was early, but the bed felt good, and I was exhausted.

It was still dark when Mrs. Gates woke me.

"Get dressed," she said. "Time to make breakfast."

"I need soap. Mine smells funny."

"It's the only soap I have. Hurry and get ready."

I pulled on panties, pants and a shirt and joined her and Marlon in the kitchen. The day was full of lessons. Mrs. Gates taught us about cleaning, cooking, washing, ironing and so forth. It was stupid, but better than jail.

The third day we were there, Marlon decided to teach Johnny a lesson. Marlon was an experienced street fighter but the farm boy was too big and strong for him.

"I won't tolerate fighting," Mrs. Gates said. "Since you appear to feel uncomfortable in your apron, you'll wear it when you apologize to Johnny."

"I won't apologize to that bastard."

"Don't swear," she said. "Shall I call the sheriff?"

"No, I'll do it," Marlon said.



"Meet Mr. Gates and Johnny Thornton."

"One more thing, Marlon. I know you haven't been wearing your panties. You obviously need them as a reminder not to be so aggressive. Starting tomorrow, I'll inspect you daily to be sure you have them on."

"I don't need any underwear," Marlon said.

"If you don't wear them, you'll go to jail."

After I went to bed, I waited for the house to get quiet and crept into Marlon's room.

"You didn't wear the panties?" I asked.

"Hell no! I just went without underwear. I don't know how she found out."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going figure out how to escape."

"I mean about the panties?"

"If I can convince that old broad that I'm going along with her program, maybe she won't watch me so closely."

"All right, but let's escape together."

In the morning, Mrs. Gates made us drop our pants. We blushed as we proved we had put on the panties.

"That's fine," she said. "You'll wear your panties every day from now on. If you don't . . ."

Marlon went to apologize to Johnny. He was very upset when he returned. "He called me a sissy."

"That hick, how could you let him."

"I never would if it wasn't for our sentence."

About a week passed, Marlon had gone to hang laundry. He came running back filthy with his clothes torn and tears streaming down. Mrs. Gates took him upstairs."

"I won't wear that!" he shouted. Then all was silent.

When Mrs. Gates returned, she said, "I put Marlon to bed early. Starting tonight, you'll wear a nightgown."

"But Mrs. Gates —"

"Marlon's in his now. I'll give you yours at bed time."



She made us prove
we were wearing panties.

In the morning, Mrs. Gates told Marlon that he would have to apologize to Johnny again. She called him in. "Marlon wants to say something," she said.

"Which of these panty waists is Marlon?" Johnny asked.

"I'm no panty waist," Marlon said.

"I see the laundry drying, and I can count," Johnny said.

"There are three pairs of panties to every pair of men's briefs. You two must be wearing panties."

"I'm not!" Marlon said.

"Drop your pants and prove it."

"I don't have to prove anything."

"Boys, boys," Mrs. Gates said, "Marlon, remember why Johnny's here."

"I won't apologize to that bastard."

"Then I'm phoning the sheriff."

"All right, damn it. Johnny, I'm sorry I hit you."

"That's okay, didn't hurt a bit. You hit like a girl."

"Screw you."

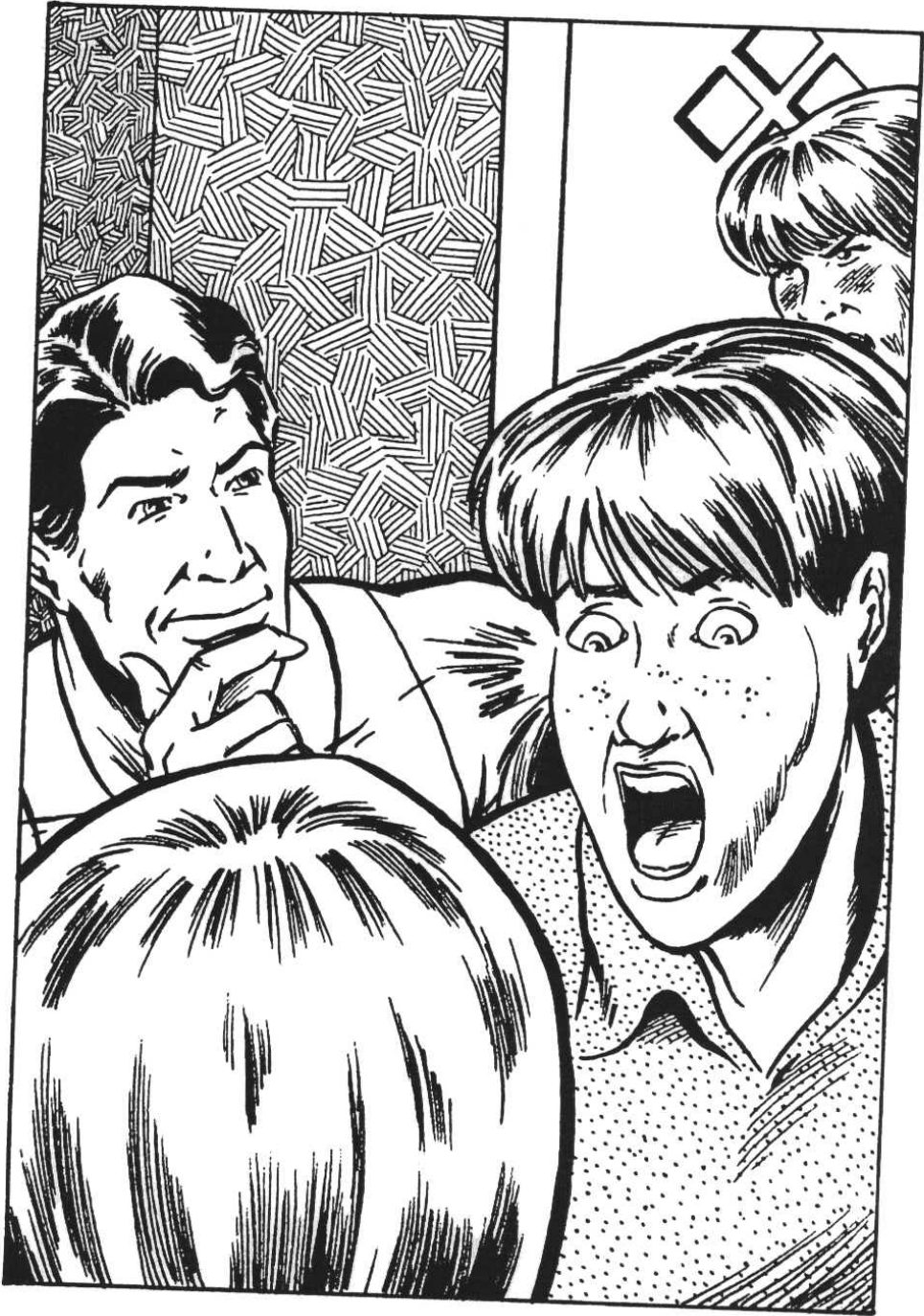
"That's it," Mrs. Gates said, "Johnny, you're right, they're both wearing panties."

"Mrs. Gates!" Marlon cried out in shock.

"Marlon, either you'll apologize properly, or I'll take your pants down and let Johnny see your undies."

Marlon looked stricken. "I'm sorry, Johnny."

"You're forgiven, panty waist," he said with a smile.



"You're right, Johnny.
They are wearing panties."

CHAPTER TWO

During the next few weeks I wore panties and nightgowns day and night. The day of Katie's visit arrived. We cleaned ourselves and the house thoroughly. We wore the clothes we had worn to court (except for our new underwear). Would she learn about Mrs. Gates' methods? Did she already know?

As the time drew near, Marlon and I were baking cookies. I was so nervous that I kept dropping things. The bell rang early.

"Come, stand together and welcome your sister," Mrs. Gates said and opened the door.

"Sorry I'm early," Katie said. "I'm anxious to find out how you and my brothers are getting along."

"Don't be silly," Mrs. Gates said. "The children are fine. See for yourself."

Katie looked at us in surprise. "You're so clean," she said.

I hugged her and gave her a light kiss on the cheek. "Katie, I'm so happy to see you," I said.

"You smell good," she said, "what's that, lilacs?"

"Let's have a cup of tea while we talk," Mrs. Gates said. "Marlon, you may serve. Darwin, help him get ready."

Marlon hesitated but replied, "Yes, Mrs. Gates."

I followed Marlon into the kitchen and got his pinafore.

"I don't want Katie to see me in that," he said.

"Mrs. Gates will be angry if you don't wear it."

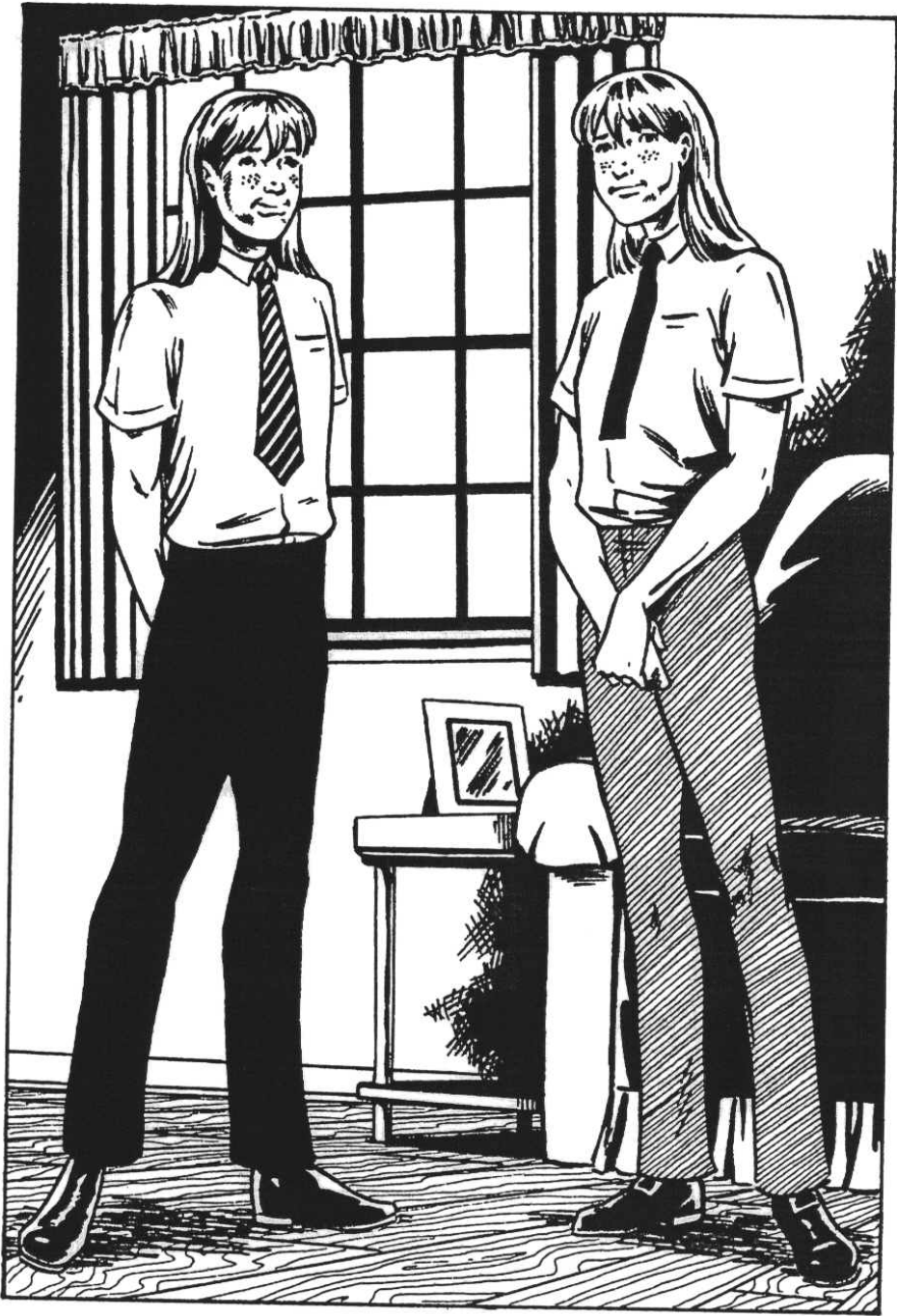
"Let her be angry," he said.

"What if she tells Katie about our underwear the way she did Johnny?"

He was silent for a moment then sighed, "All right, give me a hand."

I buttoned him up and tied his bow. Then I joined Katie and Mrs. Gates.

Shortly Marlon entered carrying a tray with the tea.



“Stand together and welcome your sister.”

"Why the apron?" Katie asked.

"Pretty isn't it," Mrs. Gates said.

Marlon served without making eye contact with anyone, went back into the kitchen and returned with cookies.

"The children made these cookies for you," Mrs. Gates said.

"Are they from a mix?"

"Heavens no," Mrs. Gates said. "Nothing in my kitchen is made from a mix."

"They're delicious," Katie said.

A car stopped outside, the door closed and I heard Johnny say, "I'll be in the barn, Mr. Gates."

"Who's that?" Katie asked.

"Oh, that's Johnny Thornton," Mrs. Gates said. "He inherited the Bainbridge farm down the road. The poor dear recently lost his wife and was left with a two-year-old daughter."

"How sad," Katie said

"Yes," until he can get his finances in order, he rents out most of his farm and works here. Your brothers don't get along with him very well, Marlon especially."

"What happened?"

"Nothing unexpected given the circumstances. Johnny was teasing Marlon, and before I knew what was happening, they got into an awful fight. Johnny is much bigger, and in the end, he won."

"Marlon, you didn't," Katie said. "You could have been sent to jail. When did this happen?"

"The first time was only a few days after they arrived," Mrs. Gates said.

"They fought more than once?"

"I'm afraid so. The same thing happened about a week later when Johnny saw Marlon in his pinafore hanging out the wash and called him a sissy. Marlon put up a tremendous fight, but Johnny finally sent him running."

"After Johnny beat you up once, why did you fight him again?" Katie asked Marlon.



"Why the apron?"

His face became red as fire. He looked down at his pin-afore skirts and remained silent.

"Answer your sister, Marlon," Mrs. Gates said.

Marlon looked up at her, and, for the first time in many years, I saw tears forming in his eyes. "I-I was hanging lingerie on the clothesline when J-Johnny saw me. H-he came over and started teasing me and calling me a s-sissy. I knew how strong he was so I tried to ignore him. Then h-he asked if I had lace on my p-panties like the ones I was hanging on the line. That was more than I could take, and I went for him. I was putting up a good fight until h-he began to pull down my pants. That's when I broke away and ran back to the house."

"Have you had any more fights?"

"Marlon apologized and things have pretty well calmed down," Mrs. Gates said. "Johnny still calls the boys sissies and teases them, but there haven't been any more fights."

Marlon's face was fire engine red. He was obviously very ashamed for Katie to learn of his beatings.

While Katie and Mrs. Gates chatted and enjoyed their tea and cookies, Marlon and I sat quietly together. We only spoke to answer questions.

"Darwin, why don't you take your sister upstairs and show her your room," Mrs. Gates said. "Marlon will join you after he finishes putting away these things."

As soon as we were inside my room, I said, "You've got to get us out of here, Katie. That woman is a monster."

"I thought you were getting along nicely."

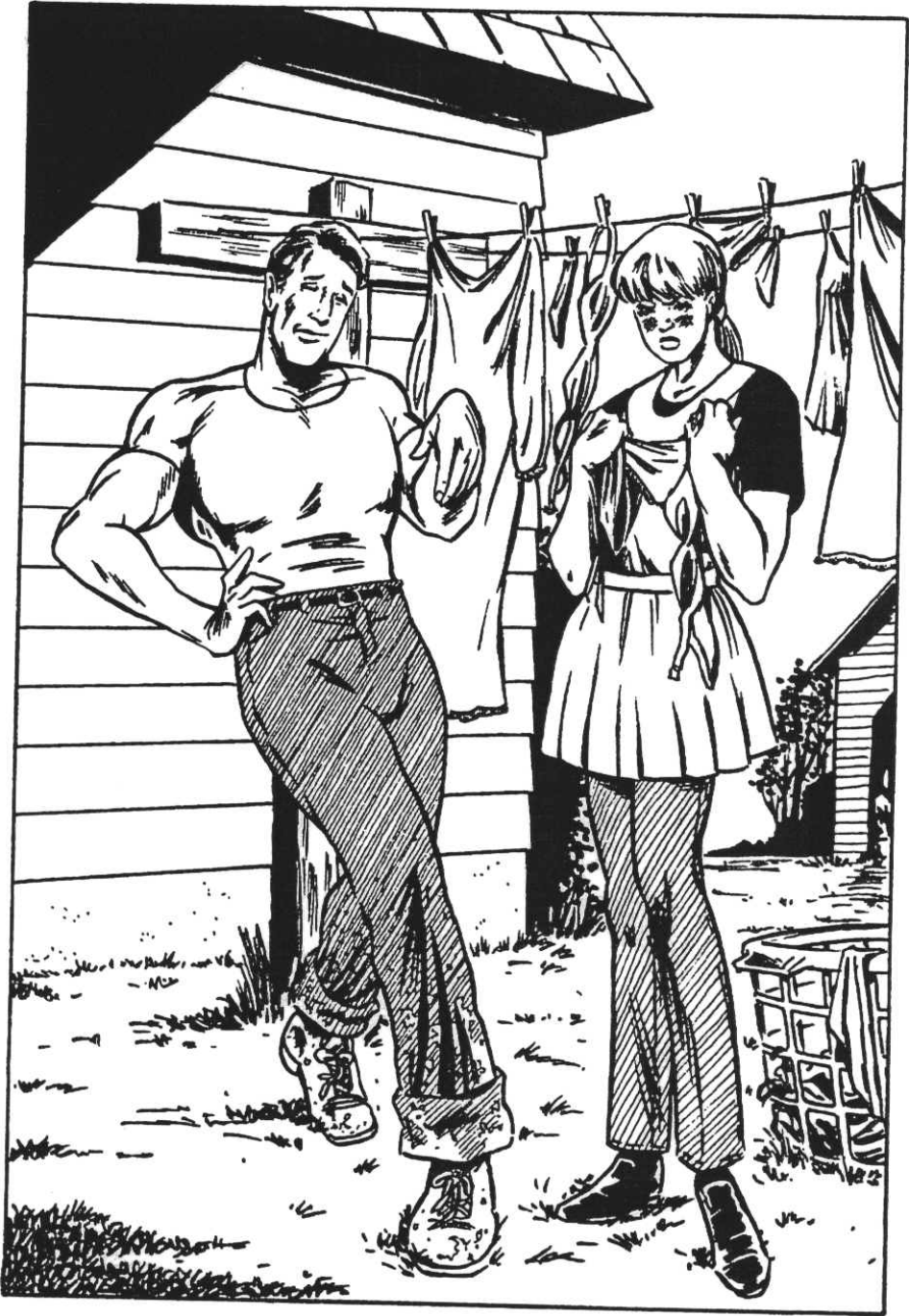
"We couldn't talk in front of her. You wouldn't believe the things she makes us do."

"It couldn't be as bad as prison."

"Oh yes it could."

"Don't start on me," she said. "I told you where your behavior was leading, but you wouldn't listen. You're lucky to be here."

I was disappointed by Katie's attitude. If she knew everything she'd feel differently, but I couldn't bring myself to tell her.



"Johnny called me a sissy."

She looked around my room and said, "Amazing, it's in perfect order."

I nodded a silent response, but when she approached my dresser, I moved quickly to stop her.

"Don't look in there, it's a mess."

Katie looked surprised but moved away, and we went to Marlon's room.

He stood directly in front of his dresser as Katie looked around his room. She didn't even try to look in it.

"Tell me more about Mrs. Gates training methods," Katie said.

"I can't put up with her bull shit much longer," Marlon said.

"You agreed to come here. There's nothing I can do for you. Anyway, I think that Mrs. Gates' training is doing you a lot of good. I've never seen your rooms so neat and you both so clean and well groomed."

I was very disappointed in her reaction.

Following polite farewells, Katie departed. It had been embarrassing for her to discover that we wore aprons and did housework, but at least she hadn't found about the panties and nightgowns.



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



"Don't look in there. It's a mess."

CHAPTER THREE

"Drop your pants boys," Mrs. Gates said the next morning.

"Why do we have to?" Marlon asked. "You know we're wearing the damn things."

"Drop your pants."

"Alright," he said and pulled his pants down displaying his girlish underwear.

I could understand his reluctance to submit to this humiliating inspection, but I lowered my pants as well.

"There, are you satisfied?" he asked.

"No I'm not," she said. "You children are still too aggressive."

"What do you expect," Marlon said. "You think we're going to happily let you treat us like girls."

"Do you both object to being treated as girls?"

"Damn right," I said.

"That's too bad because I've decided to dress you in a more feminine manner."

"What the hell," Marlon said. "No way!"

"That kind of attitude is just what I plan to stop. Starting today you'll wear girl's shorts and blouses."

"We can't do that," I said. "Everyone would call us sissies, or worse."

"As long as you behave, no one will see you off the farm."

"Johnny will see us," Marlon said.

"He already knows about your panties, and I'll teach you to appear natural in your new clothes."

"I don't want to look like a girl," I said.

"First you must shave your legs and underarms."

"Only girls shave there," Marlon said.

"Precisely," Mrs. Gates said.

"Please, Mrs. Gates, don't do this to us," Marlon said. "I won't cause any more trouble."

"Go shave," she said, "I'll lay out your new clothes for you."

Marlon and I started upstairs.

"We can't do it," I said.

"What f—ing choice do we have?" he asked. "That bitch has the cops on her side."

"But girl's clothes."

"Everyone here already knows we're wearing panties. Anyway, it's just shorts and shirts, and none of our friends will see us in them."

"God! I hope not."

I reluctantly shaved as ordered. When I returned to my room, I almost rebelled. There on the bed were pink embroidered white girl's shorts with an elastic waist and no fly, a pale pink top, white keds and short white socks with pink trim and pink panties. Only Marlon's words and my fear of the cops made me put them on. Feeling strange and silly, I went downstairs.

Marlon soon came down in an identical outfit. He was angry all over again.

"Why are you making us do this?" he asked. "It's not right. Boys shouldn't have to shave their legs and wear girl's clothes."

"Today's lesson, children, will be sewing," Mrs. Gates said, ignoring his protest.

"I can't stand it!" Marlon said. "I'm going to change before someone sees me like this."

"You'll learn how to add ruffle trim to your pinafores."

"I won't wear this stuff for another damn minute!" Marlon said.

"I'm tired of your complaining," she said and went to the telephone. "This is Mrs. Gates. I've got one for you to pick up."

"Don't," Marlon said.

"Too late. They're already coming."

The deputies were there in minutes. They cuffed Marlon's hands behind his back.

"No, Mrs. Gates," Marlon said. "No! I can't go to jail looking like this."

"You brought it on yourself."

"Please let me stay."

"Will you do whatever you're told, no questions asked?"

"Yes, yes I will."

What else could he do with the deputies standing there and him in girl's clothes. Just having them see us was humiliating. I could hardly imagine what he'd face if he went to jail in that outfit.

"All right, let him go," she said. "Thanks for coming."

"Anytime," a deputy said. "If these sissies bother you again, just call."

I cringed at being referred to as a sissy, but I knew I looked like one.

We spent the morning learning to sew.

After lunch Mrs. Gates said, "Let's work on your hair. You'll find setting gel and rollers in your bathrooms."

Hours later, our shoulder length red hair was redone in loose curls.

We looked like a couple of real girls or real sissies.

Later that day, Mrs. Gates daughter, Lisa, dropped in for a few minutes. She was a beautiful woman with curled, shoulder length blond hair, a thin waist and full breasts. I was afraid of what she'd say, but she was quite friendly, and didn't tease us at all.

Time came to make dinner. We tied on our pinafores. I saw that Marlon's apron hid his shorts and, with his shaved legs, he looked like a girl in a short dress. I sure wasn't looking forward to being seen like this.

When the men came in from the fields, Mr. Gates just shook his head in apparent disgust, but Johnny started up on Marlon.

"Like I said, a panty waist," he said.



“Please let me stay here.”

Marlon suffered, and while Johnny did not tease me directly, I knew I looked just like my brother.

After we cleaned the dinner dishes, Mrs. Gates taught us how to put our hair up in rollers to, "protect our curls."

The next day, Marlon and I were cleaning the living room when Mrs. Gates came in and said, "Darwin, I told you to show your sister everything in your room."

"Who said I didn't?"

"I hear you didn't let her look in your lingerie drawer."

"She didn't ask."

"I've been told different," she said. "Such disobedience is not permitted. You'll have to be punished."

"But Mrs. Gates, I was too embarrassed to show Katie—"

"You'll go to Stella's Style Shop in the mall and buy a nightgown for yourself. I understand your friend Mary Sue works there."

Upon hearing that, all the blood drained from my face. I was wearing a pair of purple shorts with yellow embroidery decorations on the fake pockets, a lavender blouse with white lace ruffles down the front and white sandals without socks. Marlon had styled my hair that morning and it flowed down in ringlets to my shoulders, bangs covering my forehead.

"Y-you can't be serious. I can't go to the mall dressed like this."

"Of course you can, and you will. We'll leave in half an hour."

I was dismissed, and she turned to other matters. I pleaded trying to get her to change her mind, but she utterly ignored me. Marlon and I left the room together.

"She's going too far," he said.

"I don't want to go, but she'll call the cops if I don't. I'm not ready to escape from here, and I can't go to jail like this."

"Maybe it won't be too bad."

"Are you kidding? Look at me!"

"Do you think I'll have to go too?"



"I can't go to the mall dressed like this."

"What will Mary Sue say?"

A half hour later, I was following Mrs. Gates out the front door carrying a small white purse she had given me. She drove to the mall, parked and said, "It's time, Darwin."

"P-please, Mrs. Gates, don't make me do this. There are hundreds of people in there."

"Here's \$50, Stella's is on the second floor. Your new nightie must be made of satin or nylon and have lots of lace."

"No, Please!"

"Be courteous and cooperative with Mary Sue. If I hear that you weren't, I'll punish you again, and your next punishment will be even more embarrassing."

I couldn't imagine anything more embarrassing than this. As I walked away from the car, I felt as if everyone was looking at me. My only hope was to not be recognized. I looked nervously around to see if anyone was paying attention to me. Some people were smiling, and I dropped my eyes hastily and walked on. I wasn't sure how to carry the purse. I clutched it nervously with both hands in front of myself.

I remembered the times I had cruised this mall with Marlon. Back then, we were a very intimidating sight, but now, alone and dressed as a girl, I was meek and extremely frightened. I hoped that Mary Sue wouldn't be there. She was probably still mad at me for dumping her.

"Look at that sissy," someone said.

I knew this would happen. However, I still was not prepared for the sick feeling it gave me.

I quickened my pace and the laughter faded behind me. I got on the escalator up to the second floor. A man and woman were riding down. He stared at me then turned to his companion.

"Look, Judy, isn't that a boy?"

"I think so," she said. "How funny."

I reached the shop. Mary Sue was there. She looked startled when she saw me.



"Go to Stella's and buy yourself a nightie."



"Look Judy, Isn't that a boy?"



"Darwin, why are you dressed like that?"

"Darwin, Darwin O'Shea," she said, "why in the world are you dressed like that?"

"I-it's part of my alternative sentence."

"How could those clothes possibly be related to your sentence?"

I told her a shortened version, and the more I said, the more her face lit up.

"You mean the bad ass O'Shea brothers are running around the mall in girl's shorts and blouses with shaved legs and curly hair?"

"Marlon's at the farm."

"Is he dressed like you?"

"More or less."

"Great!" she shrieked. "You two deserve everything you're getting. What brings you to my mother's boutique, cutie?"

"I-I have to buy a n-nightgown."

"Who's this nightie for?"

"F-for me."

Mary Sue broke down in laughter.

"Please don't make fun of me."

"Why shouldn't I? The way you dumped me hurt. Now it's my turn."

She turned towards the other shoppers and announced, "Look everyone. This is my ex-boyfriend, Darwin O'Shea. Doesn't he look darling? He's here to buy himself a nightgown."

There were several women in the store. I glued my eyes to the floor and pretended not to hear their comments as Mary Sue selected several gowns.

"Let's try these on," she said.

"They'll fit."

"I want to be sure."

I remembered Mrs. Gates instructions to cooperate and reluctantly let her lead me to the changing room.



"I - I have to buy a nightgown."

"Take off your shorts and blouse, dearie," she said in a taunting voice.

I took off my top and reached for the gown.

"Your shorts too, honey."

I sighed, turned my back and dropped my shorts.

"Oh my God! Panties! You used to try to get into mine all the time, but I see now you've gotten into your own."

"Cut it out."

"Do you want to buy some more panties too, sweet thing?"

"No! Just the gown."

"Are you sure? I have some lovely lacy things that would make your little heart just flutter."

"I'm sure."

She made me try on several gowns before she let me select one. I hesitantly indicated a long pink nylon gown with ruffles and bows that I thought would satisfy Mrs. Gates. She took it and the others out of the dressing room. I looked for my clothes but they were gone.

"Mary Sue, you took my clothes."

"They're out here, come and get them."

"I don't have anything to wear."

"We're all girls here."

"Please."

"All right," she said. She came into the dressing room and handed me a nightgown.

"You can wear this gown out into the store, then I'll think about giving you back your sweet little shorts and blouse."

"Don't make me go out there like this."

"I'll wait outside."

She left me there. I was going to have to do it. I'd either have to go out into the store in the gown or just in panties.

I put on the gown. It was pink nylon with blue satin trim and a big blue satin bow at the neck. It had puffed sleeves and it was short, barely covering my panties. Blushed fiercely, I walked into the store to the delight of the customers and the laughing Mary Sue.



“Oh my God! Panties!”

"He sure looks cute," one said.

"You don't know the half of it," Mary Sue said. "He's wearing the most adorable panties."

"Please, Mary Sue," I begged.

"Is he wearing a bra?"

"I think he should. Do you want to try one, Darwin?"

Too upset to talk, I just shook my head. My clothes were at the register with my package. I pulled on my shorts then took off the gown and put on my blouse.

"Come back soon," Mary Sue said.

I ran out of the store and back to the car with their laughter still ringing in my ears.

Home again, Mrs. Gates made me show Marlon my new nightgown.

"It's really cute," he teased.

"Marlon," she said, "I understand you didn't let Katie look in your lingerie drawer either."

"She didn't ask."

"You stood in her way, didn't you?"

"So what?"

"So, let's go to the mall."

"Please, Mrs. Gates."

"Begging won't help. You know your options."

Marlon was still begging as she marched him to her car, another victim for Mary Sue.

He was quite subdued when he returned with his own package from Stella's.

When we were alone, I asked him, "Did anyone we know see you?"

"No, thank God! Mary Sue was bad enough."

"Yeah, I know."

"Children," Mrs. Gates called, "come here."

We joined her in the parlor.

"How were your outings?"

"People laughed at me," I said.

"Me too," said Marlon.



"He sure looks cute."

"That's because your faces look so boyish. I'll teach you how to look prettier."

"Prettier?" I asked.

"Yes, with makeup."

"I don't want to," Marlon said.

"People recognized you were boys and laughed at you. A little lipstick, mascara and polish will make a big difference. You'll see."

"Please Mrs. Gates," I said, "don't put makeup on me."

"If you'd rather, I can take you back to the mall and have someone at a cosmetic counter fix your face."

"You wouldn't!" I cried.

"The choice is yours."

"You can do it here," I sighed in resignation.

"Is that agreeable with you too, Marlon?"

"Yeah."

"All right, I'll do you first."

Marlon stood stiffly as she applied a touch of mascara and some pale pink lipstick and had him blot his lips on a tissue. I stood shivering while she did the same to me. Finally she sprayed us both with perfume.

"Tomorrow morning you'll do your own makeup. Put it on before you change out of your nightgowns and come to me for inspection. Now let's get to your sewing lesson."

Johnny wasn't there for dinner, thank God. I knew that when he saw us in makeup he'd give us hell.

The next morning, there was a complete set of cosmetics in my bathroom. I applied them as well as I could and presented myself to Mrs. Gates in my nightgown as she had ordered. I sure was glad Mr. Gates was out working.

"That's horrible," she said.

"I hate this stuff."

"You need to use less makeup."

"I don't want to use it at all."

"Marlon was just as bad. I'll show you both one more time."

Marlon was working on his hair when we joined him.

"Forget your hair," Mrs. Gates said. "Let's fix your face."

"Why do I have to wear lipstick?" he asked.

"You'll not be allowed to change out of your nighties until you learn how to do your makeup properly, even if that means doing your chores in them."

The image of the men seeing me in my nightgown scared the hell out of me. An hour of lessons followed as Marlon and I received a crash course in applying cosmetics. Finally Mrs. Gates was satisfied, and allowed us to change into our shorts and blouses.

That afternoon, Mrs. Gates taught us how to pluck our eyebrows and give each other a manicure and pedicure. We ended up looking more like girls than I could have imagined.

"You look better, but you have too much hair on your faces. Electrolysis will be easier than shaving all the time."

That day and every day thereafter we had to use a home electrolysis kit on each other. Johnny did tell Marlon how 'cute' he looked wearing lipstick, but our makeup soon became old news to him.

We were becoming quite proficient at applying it by the time Katie was scheduled to visit again.

"Children," Mrs. Gates said, "let's invite your sister to dinner tomorrow. You can cook for her."

"May we wear our trousers for her visit?" I asked.

"Your sister should know about your training," she said. I see no reason to change your routine just to save you a little embarrassment."



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

CHAPTER FOUR

For Katie's visit, Mrs. Gates dressed us in white keds and socks, blue tank tops and white pull on girl's shorts with a blue butterfly embroidered on the back pocket. Our shoulder length red hair curled about our faces. Our eyebrows were plucked into thin arched lines. Our eyes were decorated with eyeliner, eye shadow, and mascara. Our lips were coated with bright red lipstick, and our nails were polished to match. Our legs and underarms were smoothly shaved. The only things hidden were our painted toe nails and blue panties.

"Please don't let Katie see us like this," I said.

Mrs. Gates ignored me.

Katie arrived at four. Mrs. Gates led her to where we were waiting. She starred in open-mouthed disbelief.

"Don't just stand there," Mrs. Gates said. "Greet your sister, and run along to tend to your cooking."

We each gave her a hug and kiss.

"Darwin," Mrs. Gates said, "bring us tea."

We turned to return to the kitchen, and I heard Katie gasp. It was her reaction to seeing our blue panties showing through the rear of our thin white shorts. I rushed into the kitchen blushing furiously.

We buttoned and tied each other's pinafore. I prepared tea and entered the parlor my cheeks still fiery red. Katie asked me, "Is that a new pinafore?"

"I sewed on ruffles."

"You sew?"

"Mrs. Gates taught us."

"It looks very nice. I like what you have done with your hair too. Are you wearing makeup?"

I was so nervous I just nodded and rushed out of the room.



"Please don't let Katie see us like this."



I heard Katie gasp.



“Is that a new pinafore?”

As Marlon and I bustled about the kitchen, I could hear the sounds of laughter coming from the parlor. I was afraid Mrs. Gates was telling Katie our secrets.

They entered the kitchen. "Marlon's preparing a roast and baking bread," Mrs. Gates said. "Darwin is taking care of the drinks, vegetables and dessert."

She walked to the window and said, "Mr. Gates is putting the tractor away children. You know what a grouch he can be if dinner is late. I trust everything is on schedule."

"Yeah," I said.

Marlon just glared at her but kept working.

I wanted to tell Katie that we were only cooking because Mrs. Gates had threatened us with prison, but I was afraid that the conversation would lead to a discussion of our clothes. I grabbed the coffee pot, hurried to the table and poured a cup for Mr. Gates just as he came through the door.

We set the table, helped each other out of our aprons and went to eat. Katie looked us over carefully.

"Do they always wear makeup?" she asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Gates said.

"Why?"

"They were embarrassed because they looked too masculine. Let's eat now and talk about it after dinner.

I kept my eyes glued to my plate throughout the meal.

After everyone was finished, Marlon and I cleaned up while Katie and Mrs. Gates chatted and Mr. Gates did chores.

Finished, we removed our aprons and went in to join them.

"Fix your makeup, children," Mrs. Gates said.

Marlon and I glanced at each other, then went upstairs and freshened our makeup.

We went back down and sat on the sofa.

Mrs. Gates let us squirm for a long moment before saying, "Katie is curious about your outfits. Marlon, since you raised such a ruckus when I first dressed you in girl's clothes, I think you should tell her."

Marlon hesitated for a moment, glanced over at Mrs. Gates, and then at Katie.

"It started the Monday after your last visit," he said. "Mrs. Gates told us we were still too aggressive, and we should dress in a more feminine manner."

"You just meekly put on girl's clothes?" Katie asked.

"I told her it wasn't right, and she called the cops. When they cuffed my hands, I asked Mrs. Gates to let me stay."

"Your sister is impressed with your progress, children, but wonders why you hid the contents of your dresser drawers from her. This time, to prevent that from happening, I'll go with you. Darwin, we'll go to your room first."

Several colorful blouses and shorts, similar to the ones I was wearing, were hanging in my closet. The absence of men's clothing was painfully obvious. My vanity was well stocked with cosmetics as though it was a girl's.

"May I look into your drawer this time?" Katie asked.

This was it. I was going to have to show her my most embarrassing secret.

"If you want to, Katie," I said. She opened the drawer and saw that it was full of colorful and lacy girl's panties and nightgowns.

"I'm sorry I didn't show you last time. I was wrong, and I've been punished."

"Punished?" she asked.

"Show her," Mrs. Gates said.

The blood pounded in my temples, as I silently reached into the drawer and withdrew my full length pink nylon nightgown.

"I had to go to the mall and buy this nightgown. Mary Sue, a girl I used to date, works there. She waited on me."

"What was her reaction when you told her you wanted to buy a nightgown?"

"I was so embarrassed."

"What did she say?"

"She laughed and teased me until I wished I could die."

"Now do you see the error of your ways?" Mrs. Gates asked.

"It was horrible," I said.

"You realize if you'd followed my instructions and showed your frillies to Katie, you'd have been much less embarrassed." she said.

Katie picked up a pair of my panties and asked, "You actually wear these things?"

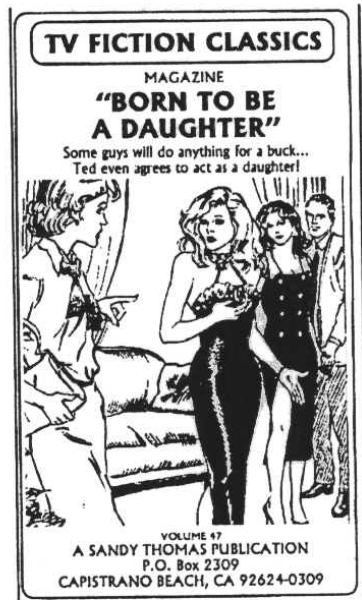
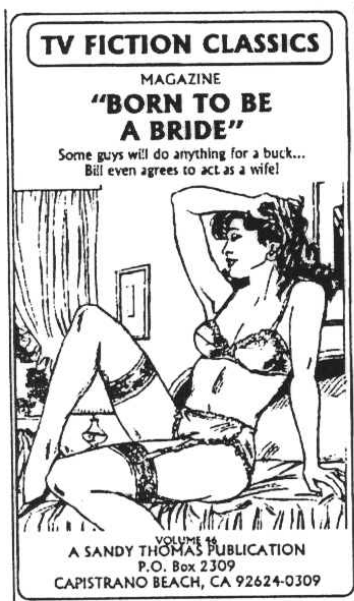
My hands were shaking as I folded the gown and put it back in my drawer. I was far too ashamed and humiliated to meet Katie's eyes.

We went to Marlon's room. He showed Katie his yellow full length nylon nightgown. I could see the relief in his eyes as she nonchalantly looked through his lingerie drawer without embarrassing questions.

"May I speak with them alone?" Katie asked.

"Absolutely not," Mrs. Gates said. "Perhaps during your next visit."

With that, we said our good-byes.



CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

Ask your dealer or write:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



"You actually wear these panties?"

CHAPTER FIVE

A few days later, Marlon wasn't paying attention, and he dripped nail polish on his nightgown. He tried to wash it, but the stains remained.

"It's ruined," Mrs. Gates said. "You'll have to go to Stella's and buy a new one."

"I won't!" he screamed. "I'm through wearing girl's clothes." With that he ran out of the house still wearing his pink shorts, sleeveless top and makeup.

Mrs. Gates called the sheriff.

I nervously did my chores, praying for Marlon's sake that he would get away.

In about an hour the phone rang.

"Good," Mrs. Gates said. "No I don't want him here. Lock him up, I'll be there in the morning to sign the papers."

The next day, she left me with Mr. Gates who had me outside tending the flower garden where he could keep an eye on me. She returned hours later with Marlon. He was wearing a dress! He looked as if he had tits!

"My God! What happened?" I asked.

Marlon avoided my gaze.

"Look at you," I said. "What a sissy. My shorts look macho compared to what you're wearing."

He still didn't say a thing.

"You even have tits!" I said.

He dropped his head and walked away.

He wore a dress every day. I teased him no end, particularly about his falsies. I really felt superior.

About a week later, Mrs. Gates said, "Marlon is showing good progress. You should wear dresses too."



“My shorts look macho compared to that.”

"Oh no!" I dropped to my knees and begged, "Please, not that."

"Get up. I won't tolerate tantrums every time I give you an order. That little scene earned you a trip to Stella's to purchase your new wardrobe. I'm sure Mary Sue will be more than happy to help you again."

"Please, Mrs. Gates, I so much don't want to be a boy in dresses like Marlon."

"Unless you want to make the trip in one of your brother's skirts, you'll brush your hair, freshen your makeup and be back here in fifteen minutes."

"You get ready too, Marlon," she said. "We'll want some identical outfits for the two of you."

I left the room sick with the knowledge that I would soon be wearing a dress. I desperately wanted to run away. Only the fact that Marlon had been caught so quickly and seemed so thoroughly cowed by his experiences in jail stopped me from rushing out the door.

When I returned, she said, "Take off your tops, children." We took off our blouses and Marlon lowered his slip. His bra was full of rags. Then she showed us something that made our eyes pop.

"We can't wear falsies," I said.

"These are called breast prosthesis. They're the best quality made."

"This is going too far," I said.

"Marlon, put these in your bra." Without protest, he removed the rags and replaced them with the prosthesis.

"Darwin, first put this bra on."

"Please, don't make me."

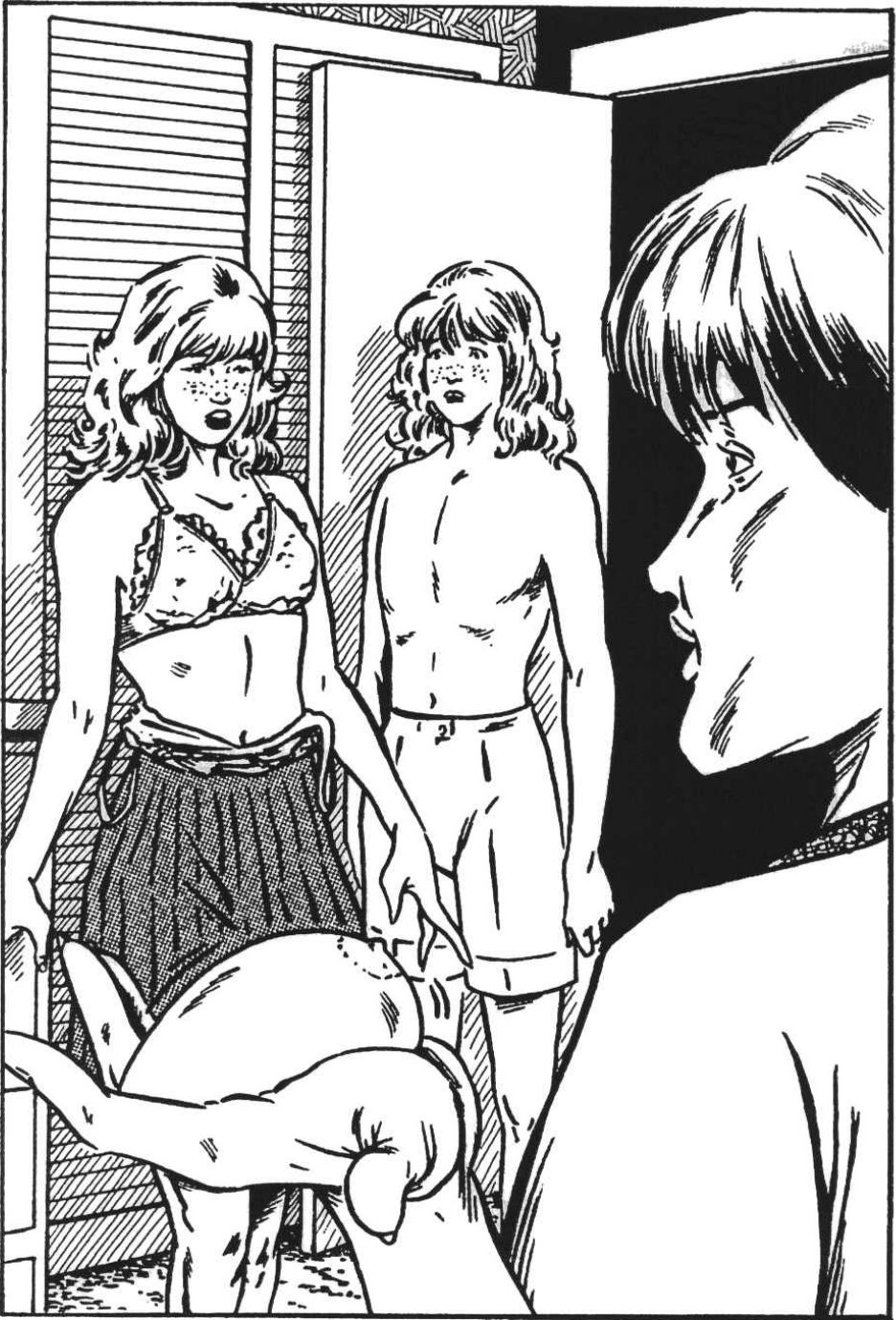
"Nonsense, Marlon has been wearing one for days."

There was no way out. I took the bra from her and tried to put it on, but I couldn't fasten it.

"It'll get easier with practice," Mrs. Gates said. She helped me into it and adjusted the straps. It felt weird. All the more when she filled it with the falsies.



“That scene earned you a trip to Stella’s.”



“These are called breast prosthesis.”



I tried to put the bra on.

I put my blouse back on and reviewed my new projections in the mirror. They looked absolutely natural. A few minutes later, we followed her to the car, breasts jiggling.

I was apprehensive, but this time no one in the mall showed any awareness that we were boys. Still, we were the only red headed twins I knew, so someone was sure to recognize us.

Marlon's pleated skirt swished back and forth. His pantyhose gave his legs a sheen as he walked confidently in his white sandals with two inch heels. I couldn't believe I'd soon look like that.

We entered Stella's boutique and found Mary Sue. She greeted me with a bright smile. I blushed a fiery red and lowered my eyes.

"Oh, Mrs. Gates," she said. "This can't be my old boyfriend Darwin O'Shea."

"No mistake, Mary Sue, it's Darwin."

"What pretty lips and nails he has," she gushed.

"A lot of changes have been made since his hoodlum days. Marlon has changed even more."

"Marlon," she said. "Oh yes, Darwin's twin brother. What's he doing these days?"

It was Marlon's turn to cringe.

"Why, he's right here," Mrs. Gates said, indicating the red faced person hiding behind her. "He was very naughty, so, for the past week, he's been wearing dresses."

"He's beautiful," Mary Sue squealed. "I'd never believe he was a boy. I can't wait to tell everyone that he's wearing dresses."

"I agree that he looks lovely, and I've decided that Darwin should join him."

"Darwin - in dresses?"

"That's correct. I'm sure you'll be happy to help him choose his outfits."

"You bet I will," Mary Sue said. "Follow me."



“This can't be my old boyfriend, Darwin.”

We walked to the rear of the store through racks of frilly, feminine clothing. I couldn't believe that I'd soon be wearing these things.

"Where should we start?" Mary Sue asked.

"From the skin out. I'm sure you'll make a very nice commission, my dear."

"I'm looking forward to it," Mary Sue said, "but I'm much more excited about seeing my old boyfriend walk out of here in a pretty dress."

"You certainly shall," Mrs. Gates said.

God! I couldn't believe this was happening.

"May I touch his breasts?" Mary Sue asked.

"They're made of silicon," Mrs. Gates said.

I blushed and hung my head as she squeezed my artificial breasts.

"They feel real," she said. "They'll make your dresses fit very naturally, sweetie. Let me measure you."

She put a tape around my 'tits' and exclaimed, "Thirty-four C, I'm jealous, you have bigger ones than me."

I wished I could die.

"Let's go into the dressing room," Mary Sue said.

Once there, she said, "Boys, take off your clothes."

Blushing fiercely, I removed my blouse and shorts, Mary Sue smiled as I held my hands over the bulge in my panties.

"Don't be shy," Mary Sue said. "Let's begin with your undies."

We spent the next three hours selecting every feminine garment imaginable, bras, slips, nylons, panties, teddies, camisoles, negligees, garter belts, nightgowns, skirts, dresses, blouses and a variety of shoes. Mrs. Gates made us select the garments ourselves, and Mary Sue insisted we try on everything to ensure proper fit.

Finally, Mrs. Gates said, "That's enough for today. Mary Sue, you select the outfits they'll wear home."

She dressed us in white panties with pink ribbon bows, white garter belts and hose, I watched in the mirror as she fitted a white satin brassiere on my chest. It had a bow be-



We walked passed racks of dresses. I couldn't believe I'd soon be wearing them.



“His breasts feel real.”



We tried on everthing imaginable.

tween the cups, and a border of delicate lace. She watched smiling as I inserted my prosthesis. She helped Marlon and me into petticoats and one of our new outfits.

When she was done, we wore identical white flouncy dresses with form fitting tops and wide skirts that flared out to a fullness supported by two stiff petticoats. The tight top emphasized our now feminine bosoms and the short skirts our nylon encased legs.

"Beautiful!" Mrs. Gates said. "Marlon, Darwin, thank Mary Sue."

"Thanks a lot," I said sarcastically.

"You're so welcome," she said, "but Mrs. Gates, you don't plan to call these beauties Marlon and Darwin?"

"What do you suggest?"

"How about something sweet, like Marla and Darla."

"That's precious, Mary Sue, utterly precious. From now on, they'll be Marla and Darla. Thank Mary Sue for your new names, girls."

Cringing at being called a girl, I mumbled my thanks.

Mary Sue beamed with pride. Then, unable to resist one last jab at me, she looked into my eyes, brushed my chin with her forefinger, and said, "gotcha again, sweetie."

"I'll have your things delivered tomorrow, Mrs. Gates," Mary Sue said as she watched us walk away. "Bye, bye, Darla. I'm sure I've seen the last of my former boyfriend, Darwin. You make such a lovely girl."

I felt really strange in this getup. Everything was a new experience, from the nylons and garters to the open bottom of my dress. The high heels were weird. They changed my whole center of balance,

I hoped that we would be going straight home, but we stopped at Belle's jewelry store. A clerk approached us.

"I'd like to buy some earrings for my nieces," Mrs. Gates said.

"What type would you like?"



“Marlon, Darwin, Thank Mary Sue.”



"Gotcha again, sweetie."



“You make such a lovely girl, Darla.”

"You know how young girls are these days, they want long dangling pendants and large gold hoops."

"We have a lovely selection, but Ma'am, such heavy earrings require pierced ears and I see your nieces haven't had that done."

"Can you do it?"

"Of course," the girl said, "I'll get the equipment."

"P-pierced ears, Mrs. Gates?" I whispered so the clerk wouldn't hear, "That's permanent."

"Why yes it is Darla," she said, "but every pretty girl today has pierced ears."

"I don't want pierced ears," I whispered.

"Shall we talk about your wishes with the sales girl, dear?"

I was sure that further objection would cause Mrs. Gates to tell the salesgirl our true gender.

The girl returned. I moved away as she brought the device to my ear.

"Don't worry," she said. "It won't hurt much."

Half an hour later, I was looking at my new jewelry in the mirror. I had pierced ears and a bright red face. Each ear had a large gold hoop.

"Your nieces are very lovely," the girl said.

"Yes, they do seem to become more lovely all the time."

We got a lot of looks as we walked back to the car, but this time I was sure no one thought I was a boy.



Each pierced ear had a large gold hoop.

CHAPTER SIX

I was delighted to get back to the farm, out of the public eye. Mrs. Gates made us keep our new dresses on under our pinafores while we prepared dinner.

"Can't we change?," I asked.

"Darla, the stew is boiling," Mrs. Gates said.

He went and turned it down.

"Please, I don't want Johnny and Mr. Gates to see me like this," I said.

"Girls, the men are coming. Get the food out," she said.

We set the food on the table and helped each other out of our pinafores.

"I can't stand for those men to see me, Marlon," I said.

"They both know I'm a guy, and look at me!"

"I've been like this for days," he said. "I hate it each time Johnny grins at me, but what can I do, fight him?"

"Girls," Mrs. Gates called, "Don't dawdle."

It stung me every time she called me a 'girl'. I sighed and walked into the dining room. Terribly self conscious of my appearance.

Johnny looked at us, smiled and said, "I see that both of the panty waists are in dresses now."

"The girls are Marla and Darla now," Mrs. Gates said.

"So now they're girls," Johnny said, "Fine by me, they weren't much as men anyway. 'Darla' pass me the butter."

I couldn't eat a thing. I just stared down at my plate (over my breasts) and avoided looking at Johnny.

After we cleaned up the dinner dishes, Mrs. Gates said, "Before you go to bed, girls, rub this cream on your chest. Then put your bra and prosthesis back on. You'll wear them seven

days a week, twenty-four hours a day. You may only remove them only to bathe."

Sleeping was difficult. My breasts got in the way. I found it most comfortable to lie on my back.

The next morning I went to Mrs. Gates for my makeup inspection.

"Darla," she said, "you're not trying hard enough. You have chipped polish on one of your nails and lipstick on your teeth. That's two demerits."

"What's a demerit?"

"Fix yourself at once."

I redid my nail, cleaned my tooth and returned.

"Better," she said. "Now tell your sister to lend you one of her dresses."

"Can't I wear pants?"

"That will be a third demerit."

Marlon lent me a blouse and skirt. Mrs. Gates sent me back with another demerit to put on pantyhose and a slip.

That afternoon the delivery arrived from Stella's. I went into the kitchen to hide.

Mrs. Gates called, "Darla, come here."

I joined her, Marlon and the delivery man in the entry hall. He smiled and I averted my eyes.

"Girls, show Mr. Nelson where the packages are to go, and put away your new clothes."

We led him upstairs and I said, "Bring the boxes up to this hall. Marla, help me open them."

"So she's Marla," Mr. Nelson said. "In that case you must be Darwin - Oops, I mean Darla."

I looked at him in shock.

"That's right, honey, Mary Sue told me all about you 'girls'."

Suddenly I was terribly conscious of my lacy undies, nylon covered legs, swelling chest and billowing skirts. I shifted uncomfortably under his close scrutiny, sick with the realization that he knew my secret.

He made several trips as Marlon and I opened the boxes.

When he had brought them all in, Mrs. Gates offered him a cup of coffee. He brought it upstairs. The hall was full of lacy undergarments and frilly dresses. I was overwhelmed by the volume of girl's clothes and terribly humiliated that this delivery man knew I was a boy and I going to wear them.

He stood there smiling, watching us for a while. I was so embarrassed. I hoped that he would just go.

Finally he said, "Nice to see you 'girls'," and left.

It took another hour to put away all of the things.

By dinner I had ten demerits and Marlon six.

"Girls," Mrs. Gates said, "for each ten demerits you receive, I'll determine a punishment. Since this is your first, Darla, I'll go easy on you, come and lie across my lap."

"Why?" I asked.

"That's another demerit."

I lay across her lap. She lifted my skirt and slip and lowered my panty hose exposing my pink panties. "Count each stroke out loud for me, Darla," she said and brought her hand down sharply on my rear.

SMACK!

Shocked, I forgot to count.

"Count, Darla, or this will never end."

"One!" I shouted.

"That's better."

SMACK!

I counted each time her hand struck my bottom. I had not been spanked since I was a little boy. It was beginning to hurt and was terribly humiliating.

"Ten!"

"That will be enough for tonight," she said. "You had eleven demerits, now you have one. Tomorrow morning, you girls help each other with your makeup. It will help reduce your mistakes and demerits."



SMACK!
"One!" I shouted.

We met in the morning, both dressed in baby doll nighties. We applied our makeup, helped each other comb out our hair and examined each other carefully. When we were satisfied, we went to makeup inspection.

"Much better, girls. No demerits for makeup today. Get together and help each other every morning. I have decided that you two looked darling dressed alike. From now on you will dress as twins in identical outfits. Darla, you may chose your dresses for today."

On the way back to our rooms I said, "Marlon, it's not fair. I don't want to wear a dress, let alone pick one."

"Do you think I like getting dolled up like this?" he said. "I'm not going back to jail, no matter what."

I selected a short black skirt, pink sweater, hose and heels, and Marlon returned to his room to put on the matching outfit.

Mrs. Gates inspected us. "Marla, your panties and bra don't match Darla's. That's two demerits. When I say you're to dress as twins, I mean identically, go change."

Marlon soon got his tenth demerit. "Are you going to spank me?" he asked.

"For your punishment, I want you to take lunch out to Mr. Gates and Johnny."

"Dressed like this?"

"Make them ham sandwiches."

"Johnny will call me a sissy."

"We have some good apples too."

Marlon was shaking so badly that he had trouble putting the lunches into bags.

"Darla, help your sister."

Marlon was still shaking when he left the house.

He returned looking puzzled. "Johnny didn't tease me," he said. "He was real uncertain."

"I've noticed he's quite shy around young women," Mrs. Gates said.

"He knows I'm a guy."



We helped each other with our hair and makeup.

"If you look and act like a lady, people will forget you ever were a boy."

Lisa dropped by for a visit that afternoon, and I sat and talked with her. She never teased me so I was relatively relaxed when she surprised me by asking, "Do you want to show me your panties?"

"What are you talking about?"

"If you don't, then hold you knees together."

I pressed my knees tightly together.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but if I hadn't told you, you might have embarrassed yourself with the men."

I was grateful for her help, but embarrassed to be in this position. I pulled my dress down and then blushed realizing that I had made this feminine gesture almost unconsciously.

The next morning Marlon selected our clothes. He chose a long frilly dress covered in lace.

"This is awful," I said.

"No worse that the mini skirt you made me wear yesterday."

"This dress makes us look like housewives."

"I'm a lot less embarrassed in this than I was wearing that short skirt in front of Johnny yesterday."

"So that's it. You want to look good for Johnny."

"You like people looking up your dress?"

"I can't believe you want a boy friend."

"I don't!"

"Girls," Mrs. Gates called up to us, "keep it down. That's a demerit each."

My tenth demerit came when I was in a hurry and forgot to walk with dainty steps and swing my hips.

Mrs. Gates said, "Darla, wipe off your lipstick."

Puzzled I did so.

"For your punishment you'll ride my bike to the store, where you'll buy lipstick and apply it right there."

"The store?"

"Yes, the general store. It's two miles down the road."



“Hold your knees together.”

"People will see me."

"Of course they will, and they'll think you're a very pretty girl," she said.

She had a girl's bike. I was thankful that Marlon had chosen long dresses for us. Riding the bike in a mini skirt I would have shown everything. As it was, the men who drove by all turned to look.

The store was small and fortunately empty except for the man behind the counter.

"May I help you, Miss?" he asked.

"Just some lipstick," I said trying to keep my voice soft and high.

"Halfway down the wall, Miss."

I selected a pale pink shade and took it to him.

"New here?" he asked.

"I'm staying with the Gates family."

"My name's Fred, this is my place."

"I'm Darla."

"Charge this?"

"Yes, please."

"Want a bag?"

"Yes, thanks. Do you have a mirror?"

"Just this small one."

He watched as I applied the lipstick. The feel of it going on my lips made me uncomfortable and self-conscious, especially since I knew he was staring at me.

"Thanks," I was getting away with it; he was fooled.

"No problem," he said. "How long you staying?"

"I'm not sure, probably a few months."

"I hear the Gates have some delinquents living with them."

"Not anymore, just me and my sister."

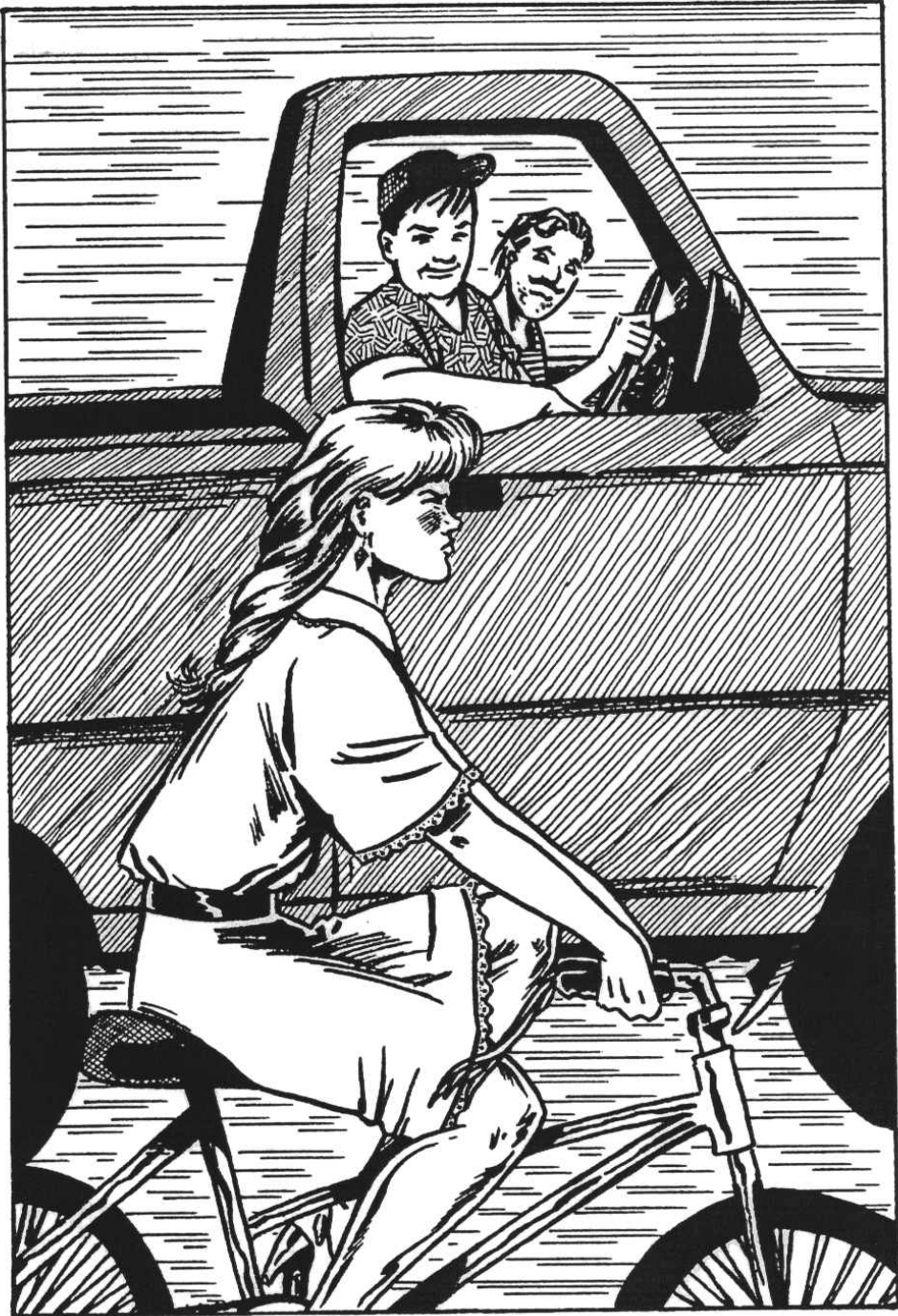
"I hear the delinquents are brothers."

"Yes, I think they were."

"Red head's, like you," he said.

"I don't know," I said glancing at the floor.

"I think you're one of them."



The men all turned to look.

He knew! He must have known all along and was just playing with me.

"Say 'hi' to your brother for me, Darwin."

I dropped the mirror and ran from the store. I was blushing fiercely and almost in tears. How could I go on when everyone seemed to know that I was a boy in a dress.

Katie didn't show up for her regular visit. Mrs. Gates told us that she had a boyfriend and they were on a trip that day. She would visit next month.

"Marlon," I said, "Katie needs to see what this monster is doing to us."

"I wonder what she'll say," he said.

"Yeah, can you imagine? Should I tell her about your boyfriend?"

"I can't help it if Johnny likes me. That doesn't make him my boyfriend."

"Why do you act so feminine around him?"

"I'm just following the rules," he said. "You know I get less demerits than you do."

"I think you're turning soft. You haven't even talked about escaping for over a month."

"I tried to escape. How about you?"

"Are your breasts sore?" I asked.

"Yeah, and my nipples are tender."

"Mine too, must be the falsies," I said. "Maybe I should use more of that cream."



"Say 'hi' to your brother, Darwin."

CHAPTER SEVEN

The day of Katie's visit finally arrived. Marlon and I dressed alike in plaid above the knee dresses over long sleeved turtle neck sweaters. We wore gold necklaces, bracelets, and hoop earrings in our pierced ears. Our hair was topped by a bow with long streamers. Our fingernails were polished to match our red lips. Nylons and navy pumps with two inch heels completed our outfits.

Mrs. Gates led Katie into the parlor where Marlon and I were waiting nervously. What would she think of us?

Katie was stunned, "W-what's going on?" she asked.

"We've made a few changes since your last visit," Mrs. Gates said. "Let's all sit down and I'll bring you up to date."

Marlon and I smoothed our skirts beneath us as we had been taught.

"Katie," Mrs. Gates said, "meet Marla and Darla."

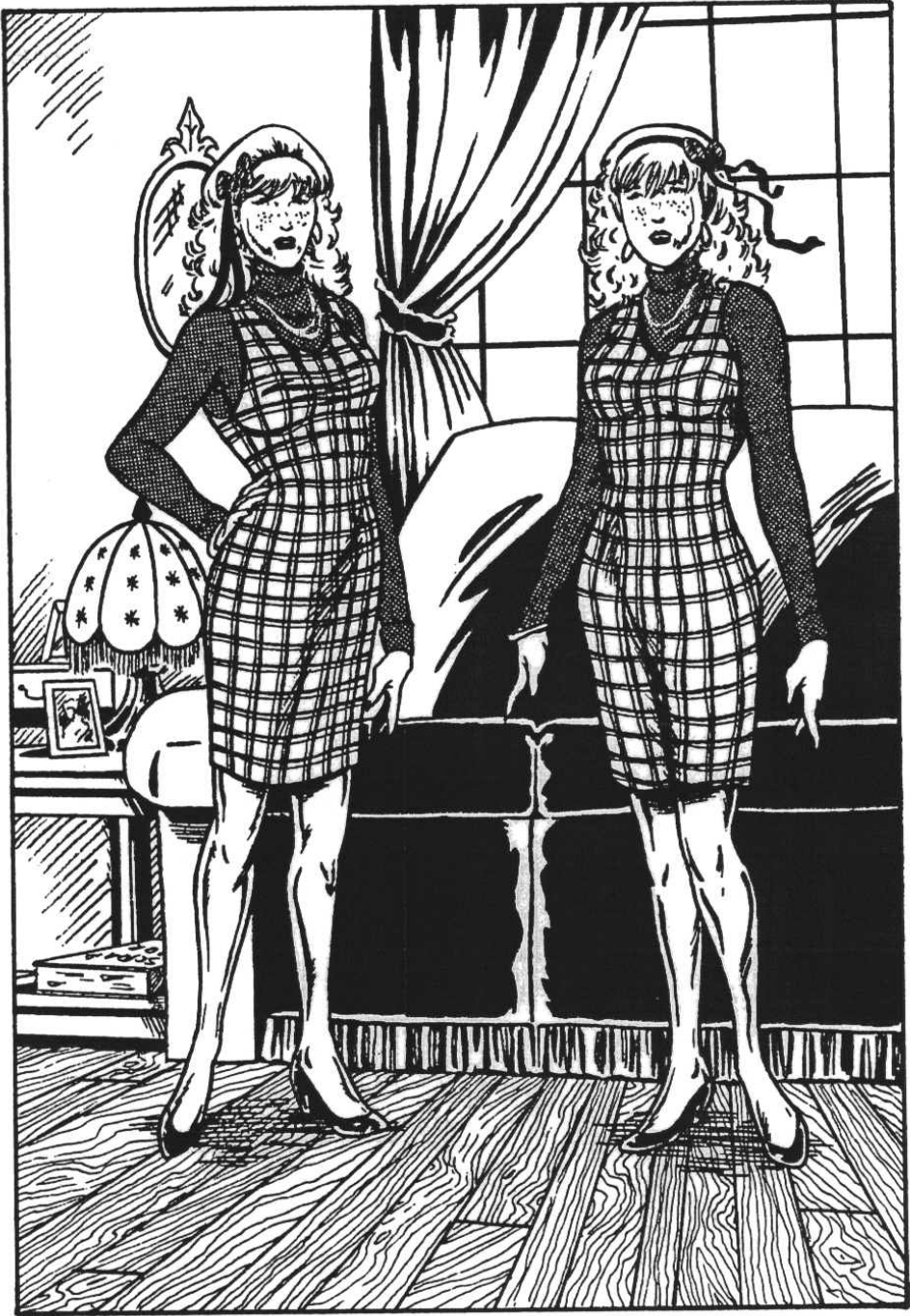
I sat with my smooth knees together and my hands folded on my lap cheeks burning with embarrassment.

Katie jumped to her feet. "Mrs. Gates, this is an outrage. You have no right—"

"Don't get hostile with me young lady," Mrs. Gates said. "I accepted your brothers into my home to reform them. I've worked hard to override their masculine aggression, and I've bent over backwards to keep you informed of their progress. If you'd visited them last month, you'd have seen them in their skirts and learned of the events that caused them to wear them."

"Come on boys. Katie said, "I've heard enough. Let's get out of here."

Finally! I rose and went to her side, but Marlon leaped from the sofa and rushed to Mrs. Gates. With panic accompanying the tears in his eyes he pleaded, "Please don't let her



We waited nervously for Katie.



"Mrs. Gates, This is an outrage."



“Please don’t let her take me to prison.”

take me to prison, Mrs. Gates. You promised I could stay if I was a good girl, you know you did."

Mrs. Gates pulled him onto her lap, took him in her arms and said, "Of course you can stay darling.."

"Darla, you may go if you wish. However, you'll have to go with the sheriff."

I reluctantly pulled away from Katie. Slowly, I moved to the sofa, smoothed my skirt and took my seat.

Mrs. Gates comforted Marlon as his whole body shook with sobs. "Now that order is restored," she said, "I'll bring you up to date. A few days after your last visit, Marlon ran away. An hour later he was in jail. The next morning, I went to sign the papers to relinquish custody."

"When I arrived at the jail, the sergeant said that Marlon was begging to see me. I agreed, and they brought him. The buttons were gone from his blouse, his shorts were torn, his panties were missing, and he was battered and bruised. He begged with me to take him back.."

"I proposed the terms under which I'd allow him to return. First, he'd stop his defiance and accept my authority. Second, he'd wear girl's clothes, including dresses."

"He angrily refused, but when I started to leave, he reluctantly accepted my terms. Since he had run away without his makeup, I gave him some of mine. I pinned his blouse shut, and he walked out of the jail holding his hand as if he were a small child. To be sure his commitment was sincere, I took him directly to a shop where he tried on and bought a lot more than just the nightgown he was reluctant to buy the day before. First I bought him panties and panty hose to make him feel more feminine, then a bra which I filled with torn up strips of his blouse. I bought him a dress, a skirt and blouse combination, two more bras, a teddy, a camisole, a full and half slip, several more pairs of pantyhose, an assortment of panties and two pairs of high heels. When I told him he would wear his new clothes home, he complained that he didn't want Darwin or Johnny to see him in a dress, but I gave him no choice."

"He came home in a dress?" Katie asked.



“He begged me to take him back.”



“He walked out of the jail holding my hand.”



“I bought him a bra and filled it with torn strips from his blouse.”



“I made him try on
girl’s clothes in the store.”

"It was a skirt and blouse actually," Mrs. Gates said. "Darla teased him quite a bit. I let the teasing go on for about a week to further test and discipline him. Then I told Darla that since Marla was showing so much progress in dresses, he should wear them too."

"He must have been devastated Katie said.

"You should have seen him beg. Of course all that did was earn him a trip to Stella's to purchase his new wardrobe from Mary Sue wearing his new breasts."

"Yes, what about those?" Katie asked.

"They wear their prosthesis all the time now," Mrs. Gates said.

"Don't they object?" Katie asked.

"It's breasts or jail. Mary Sue was absolutely delighted to see us, but I'm afraid that she did tease our girls rather a lot."

I shuddered remembering the humiliating incident.

"We spent hours selecting and trying on skirts, dresses and lingerie," Mrs. Gates said. "When we were done, your sisters looked so sweet and feminine that Mary Sue suggested they should be called Marla and Darla, and they have been ever since."

"Now that I've brought you up to date, I'm sure you have questions for your sisters. Why don't you go for a stroll and enjoy the fresh air while you talk?"

"All right," Katie said.

Shortly, the three of us were walking down a path beside a golden autumn grain field. I walked confidently in my moderate heels, a result of considerable training and practice. I blushed scarlet under Katie's curious scrutiny. No one spoke until we were out of hearing range of the house.

"Get us out of here Katie," I begged. "I can't stand being a girl."

"What's going on?" Katie asked.

"She makes us wear dresses and answer to girl's names," I said.

"All the time?" Katie asked.



"I can't stand being a girl."

"Yes, she says our training's not over until we totally accept being girls."

"Marlon," Katie said, "do you really want to stay here and dress like a girl?"

"Boys aren't supposed to wear dresses," he said. "Maybe we can't consider ourselves boys any longer."

"What the hell are we then?" I asked.

"Girls," he said.

"I'm no damn girl!"

"We must think of ourselves as girls," he said, "or we won't be able to bear the humiliation. If we're girls, it's okay for us to wear dresses."

"Don't you want to be a boy again?" I asked.

"Sure, I'd like nothing better than to get out of here and return to being a boy," he said, "but, if the choice is prison or here, I'll stay here."

"Does Mrs. Gates always make you dress alike?" Katie asked.

"We have to dress as twins," I said. "Marlon chooses for us one day and I chose the next, if you can imagine me picking a dress I want to wear."

"You always choose such short skirts, Darla," Marlon said.

"Don't call me that. Anyway they're better than the frilly dresses you wear to attract Johnny."

"I don't wear those dresses for him," Marlon said "I just think they're better than being nearly naked in a miniskirt."

"Okay, okay you two," Katie said. "Marlon, what about you and Johnny? I thought you were enemies."

"Enemies, haw," I said, "Marlon falls all over himself every time Johnny comes near."

"No I don't!" Marlon shrieked.

"You two didn't get along in the beginning," Katie said.

"When Mrs. Gates made me wear dresses and a full bra, Johnny changed."

"What happened?"

"He became real shy. After a while he started treating us like real girls."

"Marlon started looking after him like a damn housewife," I said.

"I didn't."

"You fixed Johnny's food the way he liked it and took him snacks and drinks in the fields," I said.

"Mrs. Gates made me do that."

"Maybe it started that way, but before long, you developed this thing for Johnny. You know you did."

"I'll talk with Judge Harris," Katie said. "Once he knows how Mrs. Gates is treating you, I'm sure he'll do whatever he can to help." With that, we headed back toward the house.

"Darla, your steps are too long and ungraceful," Mrs. Gates said when we entered the house. "That will be a demerit."

"Demerit?" Katie asked.

"Yes, I give them demerits for their errors. When they have ten, they receive a punishment."

"What kind of punishment?"

"Oh, they can be quite elaborate, or they can be as simple as a spanking."

"S-spanking?"

"Oh yes," she said. "You can't imagine how humiliated they are lying across my lap with their skirt and slip pulled up while I warm the seat of their pretty panties. To escape these demerits, they must obey all my instructions without hesitation or back talk. They also must be mindful of a thousand little details that serve to make them more feminine."

"What kind of details?"

"They include making sure their makeup is always fresh and neat, sitting with their knees modestly together, speaking in a soft high voice, walking with dainty short steps, making sure their slip isn't showing and swinging their hips to name a few."

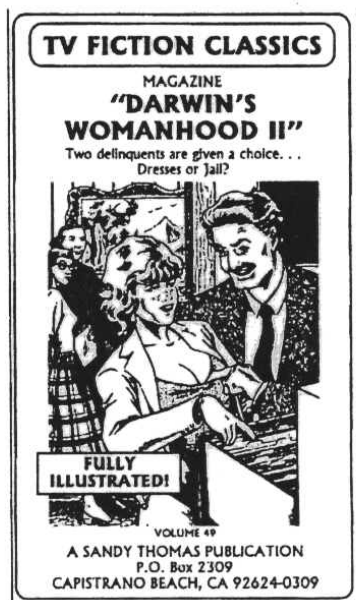
"Is that why they act so natural in their skirts after such a short time?" Katie asked.

"Absolutely. As a trained counselor, I'm sure you understand the principles involved."

"Yes, but is it really working?"

"Without question. See for yourself. I have to look harder every day to find reasons to give them demerits."

"All I can say is wow," Katie said.



CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

Ask your dealer or write:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TITILLATING TV FICTION SERIES I	
..... HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW...	10.00
..... WHAT GIRLS WANT NEW	10.00
..... WHAT SISSIES WANT NEW	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 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 #5	10.00
..... ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY #1	10.00

TV Fiction Classics	
..... AUNTIE'S REVENGE #92 NEW	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY II #91 NEW	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY #90 NEW	10.00
..... GIRLHOOD #89 NEW	10.00
..... WALKS LIKE A GIRL #88 NEW	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #18	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1A	10.00
..... GIRLS' THINGS I & II #85 & 86	20.00
..... GIRLS' GETAWAY #84	10.00
..... PRETTY LIES & PRETTY DOES #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 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 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 OR 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/SIS #50 & 51	20.00
..... DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49	20.00
..... BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DALG #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
..... SUNK 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'S 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 FEMININITY #7	10.00
..... CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6	10.00

Contemporary TV Fiction:	
..... 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 FIT #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 SISTERS 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 (FO) #52 & #53	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
..... REDTOS #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 FEMININITY #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
..... 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

TRANSVESTITE 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

OTHER GREAT STORIES:	
..... TRANSFORMA COMIC #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 or #6	10.00 ea.
..... THE SLIP	10.00
..... THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
..... CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00

TOTAL ORDER _____
 STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA residents only) _____
 USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (up to 10 books) _____
 (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



**IN THE
PINK**

“Darwin learning something no boy should know!”

(Editor’s note: The above is a pencil drawing. Each of the drawings in this book started this way—then edited—then “inked”.

A laborious task but you deserve the best!)

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA