

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

Volume 26

"DEAR SIR OR MADAM"



PUBLISHED BY

SANDY THOMAS ADV.

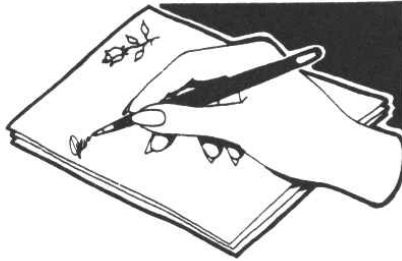
P.O. BOX 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 U.S.A.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 26



“DEAR SIR OR MADAM”

by Sandy Thomas

Illustrations by:

TEBBY

C.J.



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P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

“DEAR SIR OR MADAM”

Dear Sir or Madam,

Sal and I have been married for four years now. We met in college and I was always attracted to his sweet disposition and the special way he treated me.

Imagine how shocked I was when he told me just before our wedding day that he was a cross-dresser. He gave me a book to read about cross-dressers and their wives. It made some very good points about sex and gender. . .it even graded a wife’s understanding. . .an “F” for one that hated her husband’s dressing to an “A” for one that understood.

I’ve always tried to do my best at everything I’ve done so I decided that I would be an “A+” wife.

Sal was shocked the first time I brought home a dress for him. I saw something in his eyes that made me happy too.

Since then, I have been, I guess what most cross-dressers would call an “A+” wife. We work together at home in a computer business so it doesn’t matter how Sal is dressed. . .so mostly I encourage him to wear his considerable wardrobe of dresses and skirts and blouses.

I even took it upon myself to find a doctor that would give Sal female hormones to feminize his figure. It’s been two years now and Sal’s now sporting the most delectable soft mounds on his chest. Sometimes he loves them, other times he’s embarrassed by them.

The reason I’m writing is Sal is constantly complaining about the tightness of his gaffs that I make him wear almost all the time. My question is: It’s Sal’s birthday next month and I thought I’d surprise him by getting him castrated. I was told by the doctor that without “THEM” the female hormones would make Sal feel much more like a woman.

What do you think? Is it a good idea to surprise him?

An “A+” wife.

Dear A+,

I'm sorry that it took so long for me to get back to you, but yes, I bet that certainly WOULD be a surprise for Sal! I am not a professional counselor but I'm not sure this is the kind of thing you should do as a "surprise."

From your letter, I assume that Sal is feminized to the point that his male drives are greatly reduce and maybe wouldn't even miss THEM if permanently denied.

Have you come to terms with seeing Sal respond like a woman? Anything more than hormones will make any changes quite permanent!

Maybe you could accomplish the same thing with higher doses of female hormones. . .it's called chemical castration. Talk to your doctor. . .and Sal!

Sandy



Dear Sandy,

My mother recently gave me several of your publications to read. I was surprised but due to her recent suggestions, I probably shouldn't have been.

I'm about to graduate from college but my problem began when I was ten. It was a cold snowy night here in Illinois—an early winter storm. Mother suggested that I wear one of her flannel nightgowns—you know the ones with the long sleeves, and high neck. After some discussion, I put one on and slept warmly and comfortably. The next morning, I had to admit that it was comfy.

Well, that day mother bought me my own flannel nightgown. Okay, I wore it. It fit well, was solid pale blue and didn't even have that ruffle at the bodice like mother's. Mother called it a night shirt.

Then mother bought me another one. . .then another one. I was embarrassed at first to be seen by her in them—specifically the ones that had ruffles and flowered prints.

By spring I had five long flannel nightgowns that I wore every night and two robes that matched. Mother never

teased me other than to say that I looked nice in them. That always made me blush.

The first warm day, just before bedtime, I was surprised by mother with a wrapped box. Inside was a nylon nightgown and matching short robe. It had lace shoulder straps but was blue and the styling simple.

“Mother,” I gasped, “That doesn’t look warm?”

“But they’re very comfortable. . .”

It’s been many years now and I’ve worn nightgowns and negligees to bed and around the house ever since. I knew it wasn’t right that a boy wear them but they were comfortable and it was fun. Once a week Mother and I would have a “beauty night” which included manicures, pedicures, eyebrow plucking, lipstick and I hate to admit—hair styling.

It started out with just ‘conditioning’ but turned to curlers, pins, hair dryers and even styling books to try new styles. The result is that now I have soft, luxurious, shoulder-length hair that is very appealing.

Girlish? I wear the front short and swept back from my face but combed forward, it floats about my face in a feminine fashion.

This brings me back to my problem. The other day, mother bought me a dress! Yes, a dress. We had quite a blow-up. I’ve been dressing in a feminine fashion at night and I guess my hair is a bit too long. . .but where did she ever get the idea I would wear a dress???

Oh sure, maybe I did get carried away in our little games. I wear some breast pads in the cups of the nighties that have built-in brassieres so that they look right and I started shaving my legs three years ago. BUT A DRESS?! How dare her think I’d want a dress?

Mother says I should try wearing dresses for a few weeks after school is out in six months. . .just for fun. She says I could be such a ‘cute girl’ if I wanted. I’ve enclosed a picture of myself after a “beauty night”. I’m wearing one of my nightgowns. . .what do you think?

I read in your books about guys that started wearing dresses and in the ones I read—none ever stopped. My

question is, "Do you have any books about boys that wore dresses for 'just a little while' and then stopped?"

Perhaps you or some of your readers have some ideas how I can convince my mother that this is a very bad idea—before she buys me an overload of skirts, sundresses and the stuff that goes with them. She's very persuasive—I might try it for a week or two but I really don't want to turn into a girl permanently!

Scared, but yours truly,

Eddie.

Dear Eddie,

I make it a rule to not give advice in my publications. Your problem is much too complex to be answered here. However, from your picture, I can see that you have a feminine side that has flourished during the ten hours or more a day you have spent in girl's sleepwear.

Some questions you need to answer are:

1. I can tell you are troubled by the thought of being a girl but you have been wearing girl's clothes with some satisfaction. Why have you not reverted back to male sleepwear? Is it that nightgowns feel softer? If yes, then so do most women's clothes.

2. I see by your picture that having a bosom obviously doesn't bother you. When in your little nighties, did you do things in a girl-like manner? Meaning, how did you cross your legs? Above the knee? Do you walk gracefully? Swing your hips?

3. Did you ever wear ribbons in your hair? Can you see yourself with a crewcut and hairy legs?

4. Do you ever feel small, pretty, defenseless, submissive and lonely before going to sleep in a babydoll nightie?

I don't ask these questions to embarrass you but I agree with your mother that you would most likely make a very attractive girl. . .but there's more to it than just putting on a frilly dress and high heels. Society expects things from it's females. . .and it will expect it from you.

Wearing a dress isn't just that. . .it implies you are a female so you will have to behave and act like a girl would continuously. You'll feel funny being a girl all of a sudden but given time you'll get used to your new status.

Once you have been a girl for even a week or two, you'll have a tough time going back. Besides wasting all the money spent on dresses, lingerie, makeup and the many other items, the experience will have changed you irrevocably.

You will forever remember that encounter with femininity and it may prevent you from ever being a complete man. . .a thought that already comes to mind when I see your picture.

I'll forward to you my reader's comments and perhaps you can let us know what you decide.

SANDY

Editor's note: How about it?? Any advice you'd like me to pass on to Eddie? Send it to:

SANDY THOMAS, editor

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309



Dear Editor,

My problem is one that as I was growing up embarrassed me greatly. "Gynocomastia," the doctor called it in high school. He said that was why my chest was fatty and nipples large. He also said that it was temporary and would go away. It hasn't.

This was a constant embarrassment especially on the beach or dating. Luckily, I found a wife who liked my softness. In fact, it was she who first suggested I support the flesh in some way. My first attempt was with a bandeau but was unable to find one supportive enough.

It was my wife that came home with the idea that I wear a brassiere. I can't describe my embarrassment as she put the straps over my arms and my own flesh filled the small

cups fully. After my initial humiliation, I agreed with her that the support was desirable over nothing at all.

I would think that some manufacturer would realize that there is a market here and make some basic brassieres for men like me. It's very difficult to find non-frilly bras in a flat cupped "A" size.

My mother, who was very large busted knows of my problem and suggested I must have taken after her. My question is, do you know of any manufacturers who might make some kind of a male brassiere that I could wear on the beach? I've always enjoyed swimming and find my problem particularly humiliating there. My wife suggested I just buy a woman's swim suit and wear a large t-shirt over it which I did.

Another reason I'm writing to you is that my wife suggested that perhaps I might find pretending like I'm a woman easier than trying to cover up my figure. I admit that I also have fleshy hips and a rounded bottom but I don't think this is a reason to pretend that I'm something I'm not. I've enclosed a picture of me on the beach but please don't publish it.

We found several of your publications and read how some other slight men like me were able to wear feminine clothes. Perhaps some of your readers could tell me how long it takes to get comfortable wearing dresses.

My wife says she could teach me what I need to know but perhaps you know of some place I could go and be "trained" fully? Perhaps a school or something?

Cordially,

Allan

Dear Allan,

It is our corporate policy not to give out referrals but there are many places that could help. I've enclosed a list of places to start looking.

From your picture, I can see why your wife suggests you wear girl's clothes. You carry your weight around your hips and thighs like a female. That with the gynocomastia makes



me wonder if you haven't always had a hormone imbalance. I suggest you see a doctor and be tested.

As for being trained, your wife is a good place to start. She can help you try out womanhood first. She can buy you a basic wardrobe. I think you'll find that with your wide hips that skirts will be more comfortable but they take time to get used to.

I've known several other men who have tried this solution and they seem happy. One had problems adjusting to being a lady around his wife. Every time a man would talk to her he'd get jealous. Being feminized "for real", you will realize that you will be treated like two women, not as husband and wife.

The well adjusted couples live as two women and act like two women. . .all the time! That even includes an occasional double date and goodnight kisses. These are not to be taken as intimacy but as part of leading a woman's existence.

Please let me know how this turns out.

SANDY

Dear Sandy,

It's been several months now since I've written. My wife has enrolled me in a Pre-Fem class at one of the local schools on your list. Man, are they serious!

Even in the Pre-Fem classes, I realize that if I continue much longer I will be giving up all that I know as masculine. It's so embarrassing to do the "homework," much of which is aimed at changing my relationship with my wife.

They won't let me sleep with her in anyway during my training and I'm NEVER to tell her what to do. The school has also set my wife up with "dates". I guess it's a way to see how femininely I react when a real man comes to pick her up.

It's tough seeing my wife having such fun when I'm working so hard just to get used to my new role. She teases me, "Oh hurry up, honey. Once you're completely feminized, we are going to have so much fun!"

I have so far to go mentally and physically that I sometimes get depressed. My wife says it's just the hormones but I'm worried. What if I never feel completely like a woman?

Allan

Dear Allan,

Just do what your wife says, take your hormones and before you know it, you'll be THERE!

SANDY

Dear Sandy,

I'm Allan's wife and I'm writing to say "thank you." Allan's emasculation is coming along fine. The hormones have rounded out his figure to the point that he needs a girdle with certain outfits and they have softened his personality wonderfully!

Our biggest problem was when I started having sex with one of the men I was dating. "Women have sex with men. Remember?" I yelled back at him.

I haven't decided whether Allan should have a sex change yet but as I see how delightfully his figure has developed, I almost feel it would be a waste if he didn't. His breasts have blossomed to the point that men stare at the creamy white cleavage between the cups of his bra. When my "friend" comes over to pick me up, he always stares at Allan.

Thanks again for your help,

Allan's wife



Dear Editor,

I'm writing about my son. I came home from work one day and found my two older daughters "doing" my 16 year old son's hair. I don't mean combing it, but they had taken his long shoulder length hair and had curled, styled and put up his hair into the most elegant upsweep. I was in shock. With his sweet face and high cheek bones, he looked most like his older sister.

I didn't think too much of this at the time—I even joined in the escapade by adding some make-up. It brought back memories of the girls using him as their living doll when he was little.

The next month, my girls came to me and asked if they could make Joey up again and take him to a school dance. .as a girl.

I immediately said no but they nagged until I agreed. I was worried but they said they had a full month before the dance to make sure he was perfect.

A joke is a joke and I went along not realizing what they had planned.

I asked Joey if he really wanted to this and he said, “It’s okay, it’s just a prank.”

Well, for the next month, poor Joey went through diligent training by his sisters. There wasn’t a thing they didn’t make him learn. By the end of two weeks he was doing his own make-up, and curling his hair. Of course he had shaved his legs and manicured his nails.

They even taught him to dance like a girl (I don’t think he’d ever danced as a boy?) and master high heels.

The girls make me call him “Jane” and by the end of the month, I felt almost like I had another daughter.

My biggest surprise came when I found out that my daughters had found Joey a date for the dance. I put my foot down but they again talked me out of it. I could tell he was really embarrassed by it all.

That night when they all came home, I assumed that the joke was over. . .it wasn’t.

The next day, Joey came to breakfast in a short mini-dress as he had for the last month. I didn’t say anything as the girls gabbed about the evening before and how much fun it had been.

Even Joey gushed on about the dance, the music, the dresses, the hairdos. . .until I heard him say, “I’d love to be a blonde.”

To which I answered, “You are planning on CHANGING back today, aren’t you?”

He woefully nodded his head but his sisters begged, “Oh please mom, just one more day. We want to take him to the mall.”

I figured what could one more day hurt and let them go have one last fling. I saw my son and his sisters skip out the door all wearing their little cotton dresses.

Maybe you can understand how flabbergasted I was when they came home. . .Joey was a blonde. His shoulder length had been lightened to a golden, summer blond. It had

also been blunt cut girlishly along the bottom to add weight at the bottom. . .the same style cut as his sisters. I was about to yell when I noticed something else. . .he had small button earrings on. . .or should I say IN his newly pierced ears.

There was a lot of screaming, yelling and crying that day. His sisters went on and on, begging me to let Joey "be their doll" for the summer. I could see that this was getting carried away.

We compromised. Joey could "play doll" half the time.

Well summer is almost over. Joey did as he was told. . .for a while he wore pants, then his sister's capris, then his sister's shorts. Before I knew it, I was calling him Jane all the time myself.

What should I do now. He has to start school again soon and I know it's going to be a problem for him to just switch back to a boy. Any suggestions? I really wanted one son.

Joey's confused MOM

Dear Confused,

I don't give advice since I'm not a certificated counselor. I can only suggest that you try aversion therapy. Maybe if you forced him to be a girl 100% of the time for the rest of the summer.

You need to show him that being a girl isn't always fun. Don't let him slack off on a girl's daily beauty routine. Eyebrows always must be plucked clean, make-up, nails polished, legs smoothly shaven, hair curled and neatly styled, etc. Most boys would hate this and you may soon find him weary of being a girl.

Also make him learn to cook, clean, and sew his own dresses. I also suggest you dress him in super feminine styles with lots of lace and ribbons in his hair.

Maybe you could even offer to send him to school as a girl. Another idea might be to suggest he take female hormones. Sometimes the first feminine development scares a boy so much that they never want to dress up again.

It's worth a try.

SANDY, Editor

Dear Sandy,

Thank you for your suggestions. I tried what you suggested. As I write this Joey is sitting in a chair sewing lace on a blouse. He's still wearing dresses. I'm afraid that all my efforts have not scared him yet. He's sitting primly, his legs together, ankle to ankle, knee to knee, just like his sisters.

He's toying with his shoulder length ash blonde hair. His nails, pale pink ovals match his breathtakingly brief gingham dress.

As you can tell by now, your suggestion didn't work. Even though he got very sick at first on the female hormones this didn't shift his interest. I thought for sure I saw some apprehension when I said to Joey's sisters, "Well girls? Looks like you all have a new sister. What do you think he needs to turn him into a girl full-time?"

"Boobs," one daughter said.

"A bigger bottom," said another.

"Well?" I asked, "Are you ready to have boobs and a bigger bottom?"

Joey blushed unable to talk. I thought this might be the end of his interest but he looked down at the padded bodice of his dress and with wide-eyes asked, "You mean I could have a figure like a real girl?"

"Yeah!" I stated, "If you keep dressing up like this, I assume you'd want EVERYTHING we girls have."

"Oh my," he moaned looking far away in his thoughts.

I got him some female hormones. Real strong ones to make him sick to his stomach for a while. Predictably, he got very sick in the mornings—surprisingly, he continued to take them right on schedule. It wasn't but two months later that I noticed an inconsequential swellings pushing out the fabric of his t-shirts. His previously flat nipples now nudged outward.

"I see that the pills are working," I teased. "Won't be long before we're buying you your 'meaningful' first bra."

“Oh my,” he said with a red face. “A bra? Do you really think I NEED one?” His hands went up and covered the noticeable projections.

“They’ve broken ground,” I said, pulling his hands away and pointing to the little nipples. “Keep taking those pills and you’ll find out!”

As time went by, I noticed that he was changing. One day he wore a sweater that was just tight enough for me to see his fleshy, pointed chest.

I took him aside and asked to see what was happening to his body. He was naturally shy but I insisted, saying, “You want to be one of the girls around here so show me what’s happening to your figure.”

“Aw, mom,” he complained as he took off his shirt. Hardly any breast mass was detectable under the surface and only a slight delineation of breast area. . .but his nipples were large and erect. The area below his nipples were palpable. . .they were beginning to bud like a pre-teen girl.

Joey had never been active and muscular, his pectoral muscles flat. This called more attention to the small mounds under his tumescent nipples.

“They look sore.” I said.

He nodded.

“Are you sure you want to continue with this?” I asked. “Maybe you should talk to your sisters about what having breasts means and what they think of wearing brassieres.”

He nodded his head and said, “I have. They love them but I don’t know. . .”

But he continues to take the pills. What should I do?

Confused.

Dear Confused,

I don’t give out advice but I can see you need help. Enclosed are the names of several professional doctors in your area that specialize in gender.

Let me know what happens.

SANDY

Dear Sandy,

Sorry for not writing sooner. Thank you for the referral. I have taken Joey to one of them and feel much better about what is happening to him.

Oh, he's now living as a girl. The counselor suggested that he should see how the "other side" lives before he goes much further.

I must admit that femininity has been wonderful for Joey's health. Rather frail and sickly before, his health is now wonderful. He is alive and vibrant with a new magnetism.

Your counselor suggested that it might be the hormones that has stimulated Joey's rosy complexion and refreshing outlook on life.

All this makes him very attractive and he commands attention where ever he goes. His figure is pert, exciting and intriguingly charming. His small, saucy bosom points to the sultry promise of womanhood. I've watched my daughters go through this stage but never thought I'd see my son!

His choice of fashion emphasizes his figure delightfully. So, what I am saying is that **NOTHING HAS WORKED!**

I even catch myself suggesting some little beauty tip then I realize that this is my son! I blow up once in a while and yell, "You shouldn't be wearing dresses! Don't you have something else?"

With pouting lips, he sulks, "But mom? Look at me!" This usually cools me off. Even in boy's jeans and dress shirt he looks like a girl. The jeans accent the curve of his fleshy soft bottom and the shirt which he wears buttoned to reveal the soft upper most portion of his soft chest. He wears these bras that push his developing breasts up and out. In a tight skirt, he swings his hips like he is showing off his rounded bottom.

Confused, I usually say something like, "Joey, I don't mind you dressing like a girl. . .but do you have to dress like such a slut?"

"What should I wear," he asks.

“A nice little dress or a conservative skirt and blouse,”
I catch myself saying.

What should I do now?

Confused.

Dear Confused,

As I have said before, these matters are better left up to professional counselors (with liability insurance).

I can only say that from what you've said, your son has developed a fully feminine attitude about his existence.

I assume that being around you and his sisters has finally affected him. Being surrounded by his sister's make-up, dresses, lingerie, hopes and desires had to rub off on him in some way or another.

What actions you're finding repulsive in your son, you probably found cute and adorable in your daughters. Remember when your daughters "found" out about sexy clothes? Joey will also find out how to wear girl's clothes gracefully and convincingly just as your daughters did. I know it's disheartening to see your son running around in the latest girl's fashions but maybe (remember, I'm not a professional counselor) this is just a phase he's going through?

Sit him down and ask if he realizes what sacrifices it will require for him to continue to dress like a girl. He will have to learn to moderate his voice naturally in a higher pitch and respond socially for all intents and purposes as a girl.

Growing up with girls, perhaps he needs a male role model? Are there any men in your family that could take an interest and show him how men should live?

It's complex but I doubt if he's willing to be completely feminized. My guess is he's just having a little fun. Call his bluff!

SANDY

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

Dear Sandy,

Thank you for all your suggestions. My oldest daughter married a wonderful man, Hugo. On a recent visit, I suggested that Joey go live with them for a month or two. We all agreed it was a good idea.

Driving across country was going to be dreadful. It would take at least a week.

"You know," Hugo said to me privately, "Joey makes an attractive looking girl. . . I don't know what I can do, he'd be rather effeminate looking as a man."

"He just needs a male role model," I said, quoting you. "Maybe being around a man will make him see that he's gone too far."

My daughter flew ahead so it was just Hugo and Joey. Joey was of course going to be dressed as a woman the entire trip. . .he didn't even have any boy's clothes with him.

Looking at the two peaks pressing out against his white blouse, I commented, "Maybe if you treat him like a girl, he'll despise it?"

I watched my feminized and emasculated son leave with my daughter's husband. . .

That was six months ago. My daughter and I haven't heard from either of them except for the short note. It said, "Start a new life. . .we have."

NO LONGER CONFUSED



ARE YOU
A
WRITER?

ARTIST?
OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE
BEST IDEAS
START WITH
SOMEONE JUST
SCRIBBLING
DOWN A FEW
SCENES TO A
FANTASY?
I'D LOVE TO SEE
THOSE AND
MAYBE EXPAND
UPON THEM.



SEND THOSE
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our mailing list
is secure and completely
CONFIDENTIAL!
Sandy Thomas*

Dear Sandy,

Excuse my familiarity but I feel like I know you. My husband has quite a collection of your books—THAT I FOUND!

First of all, let me tell you about my husband. . .his masculinity is the least questionable of any man I've known—so I thought.

I must say he went to extraordinary lengths to hide his interest. One day I was getting something out of out medicine cabinet. You know the kind, the hinged mirrored type you'd find in any older home. It was always a mess and way too small for all the stuff that was floated around in it.

Being rather handy, I noticed that the four screws (two on each side) were loose. I realized that the dust I found on the sink was from the sill around this medicine cabinet.

"Time for a new one," I said, thinking about how fogged the mirror was.

My husband always does all the household physical repairs but I figured I'd surprise him with a new cabinet. There were only four screws holding the old one in and we had this electric screwdriver in the utility closet right next to the medicine cabinet.

I removed the screws and imagine my surprise when found that the two wooden studs had been sawn away and a little cache area created. There was a stash of books dealing with crossdressing on both sides and below where the cabinet sat.

At first, I didn't believe it was my husbands' but I found one of your books addressed to him. . .I was in shock! I quickly put the cabinet back in.

After my initial shock, I called a psychologist and did some research. I found out there are lots of men who enjoy crossdressing and their biggest problem is guilt!. The problem is, "How do I tell him I found his stash?"

Nosey

Dear Nosey,

Be honest and candid. Order lots of my books that he doesn't have. Give them to him for a special occasion. . .one to celebrate a new honesty between the two of you.

SANDY



Dear Sandy,

I have been reading your books for a number of years and enjoy them. Several years ago I worked up the courage to show a few of your stories to my wife. While she didn't seem to have much interest in them, she also didn't seem to be upset by my reading them "now and then."

Recently, however, I found something that makes me wonder what's going on. I was going through my wife's dresser (don't ask why!) and came across a short story (below) that I am pretty sure my wife wrote.

I don't quite know what to think. What do you think it means? She and I have never discussed anything like this at all! Frankly, it scares me a little just to read it. But I keep reading it over and over!

Can you help me help understand what this story might mean Sandy?

(The text of the story is reprinted below for your information.)

signed:

"Concerned in California"

A STORY FOR DANA . . .

"Come here, Dana," she said in a quiet tone.

Dana stepped over to the side of his wife's big platform bed. He stood nervously, not comfortable with the silence.

"What?..." he asked softly, a little confused by Katherine, who was just sitting back on the bed and calmly looking at him. Dana could feel himself blush.

“Get down on your knees, Dana,” Katherine said, as if it was the most common request in the world. “Go on,” she repeated, a little more forcefully.

Dana felt odd. His face was suddenly hot, and his heart was beginning to pound in his chest. But in a moment, he sank to his knees on the carpet.

“That’s good, Dana,” Katherine said softly.

Dana was kneeling in front of Katherine’s bed, looking at the floor. In the back of his mind, he could see himself, as if he was viewing it all from above.

It had all happened so quickly. It was only a few months ago that Katherine had found his little “stash” of TV books hidden in his workshop, along with a few incriminating items of lingerie. So it had been pointless to lie about his interest in crossdressing.

So much had changed in those few months. Now he was here on his knees, kneeling in front of his beautiful wife.

“Now, Dana, get a little closer,” Katherine said.

Dana hobbled on his knees until he was only a few feet from the bed. The carpet wasn’t rough, but it hurt his nyloned knees just the same. He just wasn’t used to being on his knees.

As Dana continued looking at the floor he saw Katherine’s shiny black patent pump slide out toward him. Dana looked at Katherine’s sexy, slender ankle, made even sexier by being covered with sheer black nylons. The highheeled shoe stopped under him. Dana caught his breath in a little gasp.

“Kiss the toe of my shoe, Dana,” Katherine said. Once again the unusual order was given in a tone so casual that it seemed she was making some idle little comment, like “It’s warm today” or something.

Dana’s nervousness grew. He saw Katherine’s foot stretch and saw her calf flex, bringing the glamorous pump a bit closer to his own lowered face.

Suddenly Dana took a deep breath, like he was going to dive into a pool of water. His head bowed down and his hands cupped under the instep of Katherine’s patent heel.

Lifting it slightly he pursed his lips and kissed the shiny, pointed toe. His head twisted, and he kissed the shoe like a lover; like it had feeling; like it somehow was kissing him back. And at the same moment a barely audible lover's moan came from Dana's throat.

"That's it, Dana. It's not hard to do. Kissing a shoe is easy," Katherine reassured her pupil.

Dana kept kissing the beautiful shoe. And he breathed in deeply through his nostrils, smelling the patent leather and Katherine's new stockings. Smelling his own perfume mingling with the slight hint of sweat from his wife's foot.

Suddenly the shoe was pulled away. Not quickly, but pulled away just the same. Dana felt loss. His mind was on hold, his heart wanted to still be kissing Katherine's shoe.

"Look at me, Dana," Katherine murmured.

Dana slowly raised his head and looked up at Katherine. She was laying back on her elbows on the emerald silk comforter, her gorgeous, wispy black dress bunched way up her thighs. Dana could see the sudden soft white skin where her stockings ended, and thought he could see a tiny triangle of Katherine's panties.

"Dana?" Katherine asked.

Dana took his eyes off Katherine's thighs and raised his face to meet the dark gaze of his wife's beautiful, piercing eyes.

"Wasn't that easy, Dana? Kissing my shoe, I mean," Katherine asked.

"Yes," Dana said, his voice coming out as a raspy whisper since his throat was so dry.

"It's fun for me to see you there, Dana — on your knees kissing my shoes. I've seen you this way already, though, Dana. I've seen you there in my thoughts and even in a dream or two."

Dana looked up at Katherine as she shook her luscious hair and closed her eyes.

"Do you want to kiss my panties, Dana. Would you like that?"

Dana's heart kept pounding. He felt faint . . . and felt he was in love in a way he'd never quite experienced before. But he didn't answer. He couldn't, since he couldn't even speak.

Katherine slid her bottom towards the edge of the bed, her little dress sliding up her thighs as she did. She spread her legs a bit, and Dana could see the black lace garter straps loosely waving down past soft, white thighs.

"It's O.K., Dana you go ahead now but be gentle," Katherine said as she pushed her bottom a bit further, moving her pantied bottom towards Dana's pretty, flushed face.

Dana saw the gleam of a light gloss off the fine silk of Katherine's panty. He knew they were Dior, since he'd been through Katherine's lingerie drawers many times before. But he had no idea why his mind, racing in a space he had no control over, would suddenly seize on such trivia as the brand of the pretty silk panties.

Dana leaned in, moaning a bit even before his lips touched the silk. He kissed and pushed, feeling with his lips for the more personal lips of Katherine under the thin silk. He kissed an inch higher; and then an inch lower, desperately trying to make sure he was at the very heart of this new training. And he breathed in Katherine's musky scent deeply.

Dana rose on his knees a little to push his face deeper into Katherine. As she moved, he felt his own panties slip between his legs, and realized for the first time that he was becoming excited himself. He moaned and kissed and breathed. And then snaked his tongue out, hurrying to make a crevice, a deep river, in his lover's panties. Suddenly, with the quick swish of silk sliding on satin, the black silk Dana was in love with left him.

"No, Dana," Katherine's voice said. "I just wanted you to kiss me, not *eat* me!"

Dana moaned and sagged down on his knees.

"But Katherine!..." Dana began to plead.

“NO!” Katherine said, with the first sound of harshness of the evening.

Dana just knelt there. He wasn't scared, but he felt empty. He'd felt this way once before in college when he couldn't get it up for a girl he was hot for. It was frustrating and unpleasant. Almost like being nauseous or something.

“I decide what you kiss and what you eat, Dana. I thought you understood. I'm sorry if you didn't,” Katherine said, reaching down and softly stroking Dana's hair. “It's not like you're really my husband anymore.”

Dana didn't know what to say. He was still breathing hard, but at least he could breath. He licked his lips, trying to taste any little bit of Katherine that might be there. But his lips were dry, and if there was any taste at all it was just of silk.

“All right, Dana. Get up now.”

Dana rose to his feet, feeling unsteady. With his head still hung low, he brushed his long hair away from his face and sighed.

“Undress me for bed now, Dana,” Katherine said as she stood and turned her back so Dana could get her zipper.

“O.K.” Dana said girlishly. He reached up and fumbled to find the little zipper pull on Katherine's dress. Dana felt cranky, like a little girl who was very tired but still didn't want to go to bed.

He pulled down the zipper and Katherine shrugged her shoulders and wiggled her body, letting the dress fall to the floor at her ankles.

“Hang that up,” Katherine said as she stepped delicately out of the expensive pile of chiffon, beadwork, and taffeta that lay on the floor.

Like he was in a daze, Dana bent and picked up the dress and went to Katherine's closet. He hit the light and felt drunk from the brightness. With his eyes squinted, he carefully hung the dress up on a padded satin hanger.

When he came out of the closet, Dana saw Katherine sitting on her bed, her shoes kicked off her feet. She was undoing the garters that held up her stockings.

“Come take these off for me,” she said, without bothering to look up.

Dana mechanically walked across the room and sunk to his knees. He felt comfortable on his knees, and felt a little less dizzy. He reached up and rolled Katherine’s whisper-sheer stockings down her legs and pulled them off her feet. Dana felt the dampness of Katherine’s sweat on the sandal-toe foot her of stockings.

“Undo my bra for me,” Dana heard her say. Katherine was twisted on her bed, contorting herself so Dana could reach up and unhook her bra.

Katherine tossed the lace bra on the floor and wiggled herself out of her panties.

Dana stared at Katherine’s sudden nakedness. Her firm thighs were held close together, but he could gaze at Katherine’s proud breasts.

Katherine handed her panties to Dana and said, “Put those in the laundry and my bra. And put those shoes away, too.”

Dana rose from his knees and bent over to pick up the bra and shoes. He took them to the closet and dropped the underthings in the hamper. As he dropped them Dana somehow wished he could take Katherine’s panties to bed with him. But that was too weird; wasn’t it? Dana had plenty of panties and lingerie of his own now — but somehow Katherine’s were still different. And more desirable.

When Dana emerged from the closet, Katherine pointed towards her dresser. “Get my pink chemise for me, Dana,” she said, with it sounding more like an order than a request.

Dana turned and bent and opened the drawer. Since it was a little dark, it took him a second to find the right chemise. But he soon saw it peeking out under some other night things.

Katherine raised her arms as Dana walked towards the bed. No words were spoken as Dana lowered the silky top over Katherine. As Katherine adjusted the chemise on her body, she coughed and cleared her throat.

“Did you have fun with me at dinner this evening, Dana?”

“Yes, Katherine. It was nice . . .” Dana said. And then Dana put his hand on his hip and shook his head.

“But what was *that* all just about? . . . I mean, we start and then you just . . .”

“Dana?” Katherine said firmly, cutting him off. “I know what just happened, Dana. I wanted it to happen. And I wanted it to end, just where it did. You have to learn to not question so much, Dana. You simply have to learn to do as you’re told, like a good little servant. Do you understand?”

“No, I’m not sure I’d . . .”

“DANA!” Katherine said loudly. “Come here and sit down right here,” Katherine said, patting a spot on her bed.

Dana sighed and sat down. He wasn’t so turned on anymore, though he could feel that his panties were damp. He was confused and he was feeling tired, and just wanted to go to sleep. He didn’t want to argue.

“If you’re going to stay in MY house, you have to understand the new rules,” Katherine said, stroking Dana’s thigh and fiddling with the little cuffed hem of his tight shorts. “You’re going to have to learn to just go with it. Take your female hormones and just do what I tell you, Dana. Is that so hard to understand?”

“No, Katherine . . . but, I just thought . . . in here, in our bed . . .”

“We weren’t in *our* bed, Dana. I was on MY bed, and you were on your knees like a sweet little girl. Remember?”

“Yes,” he mumbled, blushing.

“Well, it doesn’t matter where we are, Dana. I’m not your wife anymore to boss around. You’re thinking too much — and thinking’s not your job here anymore.”

“I just didn’t expect all that . . .”

“I know, Dana. You can’t know what I’m going to want you to do next. But it’ll be O.K. Did you enjoy kissing my shoe, and my . . .”

“Yes,” Dana said, freely admitting he’d liked what had happened, despite himself — and the bit of pride he still retained.

“Well, I enjoyed it too, Dana. Now, I want you to go to bed and get some sleep. And I want you to do one other thing for me, too, Dana,” Katherine said, looking into Dana’s sleepy eyes.

“What?” Dana said, sleepily.

“Listen, Dana,” Katherine said, smiling. “Don’t fall asleep on me now. I want you to stop calling me Katherine, Dana. I want you to call me ‘Miss’.”

Dana raised his head suddenly.

“This is my house and you are here at my whim. Remember the agreement my lawyer had you sign? Anyway — I just think it would be best if you addressed me that way. To set the proper tone, O.K.?”

Dana was sort of dumbfounded. It sounded awfully oldfashioned and formal. But he was more surprised by the suggestion than bothered by it. It was only a word.

“O.K. Katherine,” Dana said, “I don’t care.”

“O.K., Dana. Remember, though. Always call me ‘Miss’ from now on. Or ‘Miss Katherine’ is O.K. too.”

Dana nodded, not speaking.

“Well, go to bed now Dana. And turn out the light when you leave.”

Dana got up, feeling dizzy as he yawned. “Yes, hone . . . I mean, Miss. O.K. . . . goodnight.”

“Goodnight, Dana. See you in the morning.”

Dana shut off the light and left the master bedroom. He began pulling off his clothes as soon as he got to his room. His new room — the small “second” bedroom down the hall that had recently become his new nightly abode.

Although the end of the evening had been a bit strange, Dana was too tired to worry about it much. He wiggled out of his shorts and top and draped them over his chair. Then he went into the bathroom and brushed his teeth, not even thinking about taking off his makeup or putting his hair up

in curlers — which were both tasks he was newly becoming familiar with.

He fell into his single bed in his bra and panties and turned off the light, falling asleep almost immediately.

.. Several months later in that eventful year ..

Dana was bent over the padded “spanking bar” in Miss Katherine’s bedroom. His ankles were in leather cuffs and were secured to the floor. And his wrists were cuffed and locked to the supports of the bar, forcing him to bend way over deeply. It made his calves stretch and start to cramp, since he was still wearing the ridiculous 5" spike heels Miss Katherine had gotten for him. He sighed and wished Miss Katherine would just GET ON WITH IT! He hated waiting like this.

He could hear the girls talk in the other room, and hear them burst into giggling now and then. Dana wondered whether they were giggling about him or whether they were paying him no mind and just gossiping. And he wondered which was worse being laughed at, or being ignored.

Finally he heard shoes scruff the carpet down the hall. Miss Katherine opened the door, letting light into the room. She flipped on the light and closed the door.

“O.K. Dana. Sorry to make you wait a bit, but Susan was telling us about her trip to Spain with that hunk actor. Turns out he was a kind of a flop in bed, but she still had fun.”

Dana was mad. It always irritated him that his wife could be so casual and social at times like this. At times when she was actually being cruel and mean. And when she was intending to punish him and hurt him for not being — and doing — just what she wanted.

Dana shook his head, causing a little drool to fly out of his gagged mouth and sling coolly onto his chin.

Katherine walked to her closet to select a paddle. She didn’t want something that made too much noise. All those loud “SMACKS” some of the broader paddles would make might disturb her friends. She selected a leather spanking paddle that was only an inch wide. It would make a little noise, but from all the way back here with the door closed

she doubted it could be heard in the living room over all the laughter and talking that was going on.

Katherine walked over to Dana. She put her hand on her husband's satin panties and gave his rounded, girlish rear a playful "Slap", watching his soft bottom flesh quiver slightly under her palm. The hormones had rounded his figure nicely.

Since Dana was leaned over so far, his pert, developing breasts were nearly falling out of his little bra cups. Bras aren't really designed to hold in girls (or sissies) who were almost upside down, Dana realized.

Katherine grabbed Dana's panties and slowly pulled them down to his knees. They wouldn't go any further. Dana's legs were spread wide by his ankle restraints, so the little panties stretched as far as they could and stuck, tangled, at his knees.

Dana began to breathe harder, like a swimmer getting ready to go under water for awhile. He hated this part! It hurt, and it was humiliating. And it was especially weird because high and mighty "Miss" Katherine always acted so nonchalant about it all. Almost like she was doing him a favor!

His bottom was going to be harshly paddled, like some 18th century scullery maid's, and Katherine was acting like it was just another Sunday night at home!

"Well, Dana, here we are again. Seems like old times. Anyway, I *do* wish you'd learn to be better with your dinner service. It was just awful that you knocked over Stephie's wine glass. And then breaking that dish while you were washing up after."

"Well, it's over now," she continued, "We just we to deal with the aftermath. Which, of course, involves giving you a very good spanking!"

Dana involuntarily wiggled his butt, not knowing when the first blow would fall. But he couldn't wiggle it far. Miss Katherine's firm spanking bar and solid restraints made very sure of that.

“Oh, now don’t wiggle Dana. That’s just being stupid,” Katherine said as her hand felt the smooth, soft curve of one of Dana’s silky, naked bottom cheeks.

“SWACK!” “SMACK!” “SMACK!”
“SWACK”.

Dana winced in pain as the paddle began to fall on his upturned behind. First one side was spanked, and then the other. Miss Katherine somehow enjoyed this, and even considered it a form of exercise to keep her arms from “getting flabby underneath.” So, unfortunately, Dana knew he’d be spanked for quite some time.

Miss Katherine wailed away at Dana’s bottom. She smiled a bit as she noticed she was breaking a sweat and as she saw Dana’s rear turning a bright pink. Of course, she kept right on with her spanking. This wasn’t something one wanted to do to every night. Somehow it made her feel better and made Dana much more submissive and girllike. It had to be done well, so any lessons being taught would sink in and stay. “SMACK!” . . . “SMACK!” . . . “SWACK!” . . . The spanking continued with a steady rhythm.

Dana was drawing in air through his nostrils and sort of gasping with each stroke. The force of the paddle had caused one of his developing breasts to slip out of his bra, adding to his discomfort. He cursed himself with a moan as he realized that, like always, he was getting a little excited in his panties. “Damn Me!” he thought. With all this pain and humiliation, he still for some reason became excited.

With all the hormones, Dana was not really hard. He was not really able to be that way that much anymore. But he was excited nonetheless.

The stinging turned to pain. His bottom soon felt like it was on fire. And after a while a numbness started that actually reduced the effects of the final blows.

Finally it was over. Dana was breathing hard. And so was Miss Katherine.

Katherine calmly walked into her closet and hung up the paddle. Then she walked over to Dana and pulled his soft



nylon panties up, smoothing them over what was now a very red bottom.

Katherine unlocked Dana's wrist restraints and handed him the keys so he could unlock his own ankles.

As he unlocked himself more drool dribbled down his chin. He *hated* the way the silly gag made him do that. Once he could stand up he quickly stretched out his bra and slipped his breast back into place.

He smoothed his hair and tried to gain at least a bit of composure, glancing over to see his self-assured wife checking her make-up in the vanity mirror and freshening her lipstick.

“Dana, I want you to clean yourself up and get back into a clean uniform and come serve coffee.”

“But...Miss Kath”

“Dana!?” Miss Katherine said sternly. “Did you hear me? I don’t need to spank you *again*, do I?”

Dana stood there, upset that Miss Katherine was going to make him serve her guests when he’d been spanked so hard he could barely walk! But he didn’t want to be spanked again, that was for sure. So, like always anymore, he gave in.

“Yes, Miss,” Dana said sadly.

“That’s better, Dana. Come over here a second.”

Dana walked slowly over to his wife. The simple slide of his panties on his rear made him wince a bit. Boy, was his rear tender!

“Kneel down and kiss my shoes, Dana. And tell me you understand your lessons.”

Dana knelt at his wife’s feet and prostrated himself as Katherine held out one of her pumps and gazed casually down as her sissy husband planted several respectful kisses on the toe.

“I understand, Miss.”

“That’s good, Dana. Now that we understand each other, I’m going back to my guests. I don’t want to be rude to them, you know. And I’ll see you in a few minutes with coffee, right?”

“Yes, Miss,” Dana said as he rose slowly from his knees.

Miss Katherine breezed out of the room, leaving Dana to his own devices. Dana brushed his hair and freshened his

makeup as best he could. Then he began to dress in his uniform.

The maid's uniform Miss Katherine made him wear for serving was dramatically elaborate, so it took a few minutes to get into it. First he smoothed his panties and re-adjusted his bra. Then he hooked himself back into his tight little waist cincher.

He went to the corner of the room where he'd undressed before getting ready for his "punishment" and picked up his short, fluffy petticoats and gave them a good shake before stepping into it and tugging the frothy, totally girlish thing up his stockinged legs. After adjusting his frothy white petticoats high on his trim waist, Dana picked up the little black satin dress from where he'd draped it over a chair and held it high over his head.

He aimed his arms into the sleeves and let the satin slide down over his shoulders, wriggling to get the dress on. He tugged the short skirt down and out over his voluminous petticoats. Then he had to turn and twist and go into near contortions to zip the tightwaisted dress up in back. But he finally got it. The little flared skirt of the maid's dress was ridiculously short, but Dana sort of liked it in a way.

Finally he tied on his silly, frilly little apron and pinned a white satin ribbon bow in his hair. He was ready. Ready to serve ready to take orders ready to be what he somehow had become. A servant to his wife. And a sissy besides!

(END OF STORY)

Dear Dana,

Thank you for your letter and a copy of your wife's story. After reading it several times myself, I think I can guess what she has in mind for you. Or maybe it's only fiction? Many of my reader's wives get concerned when they find their husbands reading material about crossdressing or transsexual behavior. They often think their man actually wants to become a girl!

But that's certainly not always the case! For instance, if you read a murder mystery, are you going to kill someone?

NO! Would reading a war novel necessarily mean you would want to be in a war? NO! Sometimes it's all just for fun — an escape . . .right?

Then again, there was this *other* couple . . . well, all I can say is . . . the poor guy hardly does anything but housework and laundry these days — and has a cute apron tied tightly around his little waist all the time! So maybe your wife is just trying to scare you a little — or maybe you should start reading *Sissy Maid Quarterly* so you can deal with what just might become your new life! Good Luck!

SANDY



Hi Sandy,

Yes, I know it's been much too long since I've written to you!

I wanted to share a conversation I happen to over hear during lunch. My office is in a corner and I guess the girls (ladies to be politically correct) thought they were alone.

Susan was telling them about her daughter's party over the weekend. Her daughter has a crush on this guy at school and she's had him over at the house many times. Let's call him Bobby. Well, Susan is a single mother first of all. This party happened to be all girls except for Bobby.

During Friday evening when everyone was having fun they got into a water fight in the back yard. Needless to say everyone was soaked. Well, all Bobby had was his PJ's and somehow the girls talked him into wearing a skirt and blouse!

Susan happened to walk in on them which made Bobby blush but Susan told him it was perfectly all right with her if it was okay with him. An hour later you would not have know him to be a boy!

More so was the fact that the girls took his PJs away and gave him a nightgown to wear.

Now, what struck me was the fact that the other (two) women laughed and thought it was a good experience for the boy!

Susan went on to tell them how they talked Bobby into going out Saturday to a movie with them as a girl.

Anyway, I guess he spent the whole weekend as a girl!

My question::: I would love to talk to Susan about this adventure but I'm a little spooked about revealing that I overheard them, know what I mean? Hugs & kisses

Dick

Dear Dick,

I'd love to know what happened. Keep your ear to the wall, if you know what I mean or better yet, ASK HER OUT!

SANDY

Dear Sandy,

I was so intrigued, I asked Susan out for a date. She's not really my type but I was hoping to meet her daughter and hear more about the "incident". I went over to pick her up on a Saturday night. To my surprise, she met me at the front porch like she wasn't going to invite me in. . . "Can I use your bathroom?" I asked. "Long drive out here."

She looked very nervous but couldn't tell me no. "It's a mess," she said, "My daughter has some girlfriends over. . .you know."

"It's okay," I said gritting my teeth, "PLEASE???"

"Give me a minute." She rushed in and I heard her talking as I barged in seconds after her. There in her den were three teenaged girls. My heart began to pound as I imagined one might be Bobby. There was a blonde, and two brunettes. I rushed in the bathroom and looked around. It was a mess, makeup, hair curlers, jeans and a t-shirt on the floor. My mind went through the mental picture of the three girls. . .none looked like a boy to me.

When I left the bathroom, I stared at one of the girls, the brunette with the red face. "Are you Susan's daughter I asked?"

The other two girls giggled as the brunette said softly but in a falsetto tone, "No, she is."

“Hi. My mother’s waiting outside,” the pretty blonde said.

“Going to a movie tonight?” I asked.

“Yeah,” she said, “Dinosaur Park, that new thriller.”

All three were in little short skirts and knit tops that showed off their budding charms.

“I’d love to see that,” I said and left. I was pretty sure that Bobby was the brunette in the plaid skirt and black top. From the looks of the den and bathroom, the other two girls had been working on him for hours. From what I could tell, they had made him shave his legs and curled his long hair.

“Cute girls,” I said as we got into my car to go to dinner. I could tell Susan was secretly laughing at me.

“Hey,” I said innocently, “After dinner, let’s go to a movie. . . maybe that new one—Dinosaur Park?”

I made a call and checked the movie times. . . I wanted to be late for the movie. The previews were still playing as we entered the theater and I knew that the girls would either be sitting way in front or way in back. I spotted them and sat us about ten rows behind and off to the side where I could watch them but Susan wouldn’t notice.

The movie was good and Susan was surprised to see her daughter and friends after the credits. I offered to give them all a ride home.

I couldn’t take my eyes off little Bobby trying so hard to be like the other two girls. I couldn’t help but wonder if this little dress up game was going to go on for much longer or if it was only kid’s mischief.

I started dating Susan regularly and to date she hasn’t told me about Bobby although he’s always there on weekends. I’m sure they think the joke’s on me.

I guess he’s stuck now as a girl if he wants to continue dating Susan’s daughter—I’m always around. I must say that he is appearing much more feminine each week. I noticed last week that they had arched his eyebrows which truly opened his eyes. I can’t imagine this can go on much longer.

I'll keep you informed.

Dick

Dear Dick,

Sounds like Bobby is trapped. Does Susan's daughter relate to him as a girl when they go out?

SANDY

Dear Sandy,

I've been so naughty. I'm still seeing Susan and as a vacation, I rented a cabin up at the nearby lake. Of course, I invited Susan's daughter and her "girlfriend" Bobby. Everything was set up but little did they know that the cabin next door was rented by my good friend and his two handsome teenaged boys!

I know I shouldn't have but I had to see how Bobby would relate to a couple of randy boys nearby. I knew that Bobby had never been around boys and he would feel his passive position acutely. I invited the boys over the first night we were there. Susan was mad at me but I said, "What girls wouldn't like a little companionship?"

Seeing Bobby relate to these two young men was as thrilling for me as it was frightening for him. Seeing the feminized lad with his girlfriend, reacting as a young girl was enthralling.

Susan relaxed when she realized that they were nice young men and a double date was set up. Bobby wore a short black dress, black stockings and simple black flats. His fluffy brunette hair was curled and he looked older. Susan's daughter's outfit was wild and not particularly mature.

Oh, how I wished I was young again and was taking Bobby out or better yet, I was Bobby and being taken out!

Dick



Dear Editor,

I guess you could say I'm a contest junkie. That's the reason I'm writing to you. You see, I had these stickers with my name and address made and anytime I see any kind of a contest, I enter it. Everything and anything I see in the mail or newspaper.

I've won a lot of things and by entering contests, I get on more mailing lists for more contests.

So why am I writing to you? I guess winning one contest got me into trouble and I don't know what to do.

I was overjoyed when I first saw that I'd won \$10,000.00 in cash and prizes! Then I realized it was only \$2000.00 in cash (enough to pay the taxes) and the rest in merchandise from a local store—THE DEB SHOPPE, a local juniors clothing store in the mall.

So what's the problem? I only have a 15 year old SON! Part of the problem of being a contest junkie is that you win a lot of stuff you don't need or have any use for but this was my biggest win. . . I wasn't about to throw it away. . . I have to pay taxes on the win no matter what.

I thought about the obvious, but the store credit was "non-transferable" and no cash return. The second idea was to go buy \$8,000 worth of good selling items and try to sell them at the swap meet. The small print said, "No more than one of each fashion item will be credited."

Michael, my son just laughed at me until I suggested that we see if we could find him some summer clothes at the DEB SHOPPE.

"That's for girl's," he complained.

"Not everything is just for girls," I insisted. "Jeans are jeans and a t-shirt is a t-shirt, right?" We only had until the end of the year to use the credit. I figured I could get him a few things that were unisex for summer and school and still have enough to sell at the swap meet and give as gifts for Christmas.

I didn't tell Michael what I was doing until he came home and his room was filled with bags and boxes from the DEB SHOPPE.

"School's about out. Just a few things for summer," I said seeing the look of shock in his eyes. "Try this on?"

I held up a pair of blue jeans that were undistinguishable from boy's jeans.

He tried them on and to my surprise they fit well. They were higher waisted than his other jeans had smaller pockets but who would notice that?

The t-shirts were a little shorter with bigger necklines and smaller arm holes. Who would notice that?

He was now dressed completely in girl's clothes. Okay, the jeans had a tighter waist, fitted legs and the t-shirt had little short sleeves with delicate cuffs. The open neck was generously cut showing his delicate collarbones.

Michael looked around the room and said, "How many pairs of jeans did you buy?"

"One of each style, plus one of each style of t-shirts and tennis shoes, slacks, blouses. . ." I said, adding, "It's going to be hard to spend the credit. . . I didn't even spend \$1000."

Michael opened another bag and saw several pairs of penny loafers. He held up one pair with a 1' 1/2 heel and said, "I can't wear these?"

"School is almost out," I said, "Some of the things you might only wear around the house."

"Like this?" he said holding up a pale blue, low-cut angora top.

"I guess I got carried away," I blushed. "But it was all free. . ."

Several weeks went by and to my surprise, Michael was wearing the DEB clothes. They were much more colorful than his other things and I think he liked them.

When his school let out I suggested we go shopping again to catch the big summer sale. "We could make the remaining \$7,000 seem like over \$10,000 if we shop during the sales!"

Since it was a corporate prize, it was like cash to the local DEB SHOPPE. I was obviously their best customer. I had

been back many times trying to find some things for me but most were just too small or styled too young.

When Michael first came with me, my favorite sales lady, Dianna, just shook her head and said, "What a waste. Thousands to spend and you have a boy." She did her best to help us find unisex and no sex items. Michael was finding himself completely dressed in girl's clothes most of the time. We even convinced him to wear those high waisted cotton panties that have a waistband like a boys.

Each week as new clothes arrived, Dianna and I went through them and tried to find things that would work for a boy.

Other than the softer materials, better detailing, you could hardly tell Michael was wearing girl's things. Oh, there was the button problem but I just never told him that girl's things buttoned and zippered from the other side. He fumbled with them but if he didn't remark, no one else would, right?

The reason I'm writing you is do you think I'm doing the wrong thing. . .could Michael become like one of the characters in your books simply because he wears unisex clothes?

Doubting about Deb

Dear Mrs. D.D. (name withheld by request)

Sorry for the delay in answering you. There is simply no way that Michael is suddenly going to want to wear a dress because he has some unisex things. Again, I'm sorry about the delay in answering your letter.

SANDY

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SANDY THOMAS
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Dear Sandy,

I guess I should have mentioned in my earlier letter about Michael's inclination to wear the most feminine of the unisex clothes I picked out. I must say that he has a good sense of what goes together. His favorite outfit is that blue angora top with fitted off white slacks that have no pockets.

His hair was considerably long to begin with so with the femininely tailored clothes, he has a most effeminate appearance. I just won a 10 day Alaska cruise and I'm worried that the other people on-board will make fun of Michael.

Dianna at the DEB SHOPPE thinks he's cute in the little outfits but I'm worried. We have to spend the credit before the end of the year. . .or should buy him all new clothes. . .it's such an expense. Maybe I should just forget the whole thing?

Doubtful about DEB

Dear DD,

In all my experience, I've never known of a case where wearing a few unisex things caused any problem. . .however I am not a professional counselor.

Maybe you should find out if he has any interest in girl's things other than just wearing clothes?

SANDY

Dear Sandy,

I did as you suggested. Dianna and I picked out a low-cut pink angora sweater as a joke. To my surprise, Michael didn't seem surprised and only said, "It looks comfortable," then pulled it over his head. I about died seeing my femininely-clothed boy smiling at himself in our mirrored vanity.

"If you don't mind wearing some rather girlish things," I said, "there's some really cute things that just came in. Perfect for the cruise." I was joking.

“Are you suggesting I wear something like this on that cruise you won?” Michael asked.

I was still joking, “Why not?” I said, “You’d be the best dressed person on board. . .I don’t have much longer to spend the credit.”

“Might be fun,” he said shyly.

“Are you kidding?” I asked. “Would you really do it? It would be like a cruise and Halloween all wrapped up in one. . .” I was thinking it just might be a kick.

Just as quickly as the idea dawned, it faded. “I could never pull it off,” Michael said, “even with my high grades in drama.”

Michael watched as I took charge. I put some rollers in his hair and sprayed it with some setting lotion. Thirty minutes later when they were out, Michael was amazed at how his hair hung girlishly down to his shoulders in an abundance of smooth curls!

“See you could do it,” I said, still not sure where all this was leading. I took my hairbrush and slowly began to try different styles.

“Oh, Mom!” he whispered, staring in the mirror. “I guess I could ‘look’ the part,” Michael admitted.

“Just wait and see what else we could do to you,” I said mischievously. I grabbed my makeup and applied it to my son’s eyes, cheeks and lips. While I worked on his makeup, I said, “With a few more things from the DEB SHOPPE, nobody on earth would know you are a boy.”

“Like what?” he asked skittishly.

“A bra, for one. That dress hangs funny without one. You would need some dresses too.”

“OH?” he said looking down at his chest. “I guess I’d need alot of clothes? High heels too?”

I nodded. “I’ll never get much for any of that stuff at the swap meet,” I said thinking out loud. “Seems like a waste for only ten days on a cruise ship. . .what the heck, easy come, easy go.”

That whole day I indoctrinated my red faced son in conducting himself as a young lady would. It wasn't going to be easy but he would learn to do them without thinking after a few days.

I felt so naughty when I realized that I was encouraging my son to masquerade in public as a member of the female sex!

I curiously asked, "Are you willing to do what it takes to be out in public? I would expect you to handle yourself as a young lady would."

"I'll try," he said timidly.

As the next few weeks before the cruise unfolded, I began to see that the possibilities were endless. We were having such fun picking out outfits and teaching him the complexity of a girl's daily grooming. Michael was soon dressing in lingerie and high heels, working daily to walk and think like a girl.

We spent over \$4,000 dollars on a wardrobe which included everything from pretty panties and garter belts to frilly nightgowns and several formal dresses. The clothes were so beautiful that I went out and spent some money for a long evening dress so I wouldn't look like a frump.

Convinced that it would work, we packed only the most feminine things in the gaudy pink suitcases that I'd won the year before.

"Oh mom," Michael asked, "Shouldn't we pack some of my boy things too?"

"No boy things for you until we get back!" It was all pretty bizarre but it was too late to let Michael back out now. I had spent several weeks and thousands in credits to teach him the intricacies of femininity. Dianna at the DEB SHOPPE was delighted with my purchases and was amazed at Michael's proficiency in wearing the things we picked out.

Dianna and I had become close friends. She often came over with new things that came in if there were only a few items in Michael's size. I guess our enthusiasm was conta-

gious since Michael quickly joined our exhilaration when a particular dress was “just right” for him.

Dianna and I were also delighted when Michael made some overtly feminine action or request like, “Mother, I need another pair of sandal-toe nylons for my black cocktail dress,” or “Do my panties show in this tight skirt?”

He always got red faced when we pointed out how delightfully girlish he’d become in such a short time.

“Don’t tease me,” he’d hiss storming away with the disposition of an impetuous young girl. That would make Dianna and I giggle even more.

Dianna said, “He’s only been a girl for a week and he’s already got the attitude.”

That scared me. I had no idea what this little game was doing to his emotions and boyish spirit. His closet overflowed with sandals, pumps, belts, purses, flitty dresses, short skirts and even two little hats and a beret. His chest of drawers had a redundancy of panties, brassieres, lacy slips, nylons in many shades and even a garter belt and stocking set—I didn’t even wear those anymore!

As the time approached to leave, Michael begged me to let him stay home. “I’m so scared,” he said.

“Too late for that now,” I replied.

The first several days on the cruise, he appeared to be in shell shock. In his little skirts, he went about being a girl in a light-headed daze. The stateroom I’d won was very small so Michael had to get used to seeing me in my bra and panties and I soon got used to seeing him in his. He must have changed outfits six times a day. I assumed that he was nervous and trying to find a dress that was comfortable.

By day three, some of his unaccustomed clumsiness at being treated like a girl was gone and by day five, it was like a curtain had risen. He glowed.

We had a marvelous time as mother and daughter on the cruise. We fussed over our hair, shopped at the various ports, primped for hours until we were impeccable.

“It’s like being a celebrity,” he said referring to the constant attention an attractive young girl gets from everyone. I could see it changing him. . .

As the final night on board came, Michael became gloomy and I caught him crying.

“Oh nothing,” he said to my inquiry, “I’m just sad it’s nearly over. . .”

I asked, “The cruise or the masquerade?”

“Both,” he said sadly.

Nothing has been said since we came back but I can tell that the experience has change Michael. He only wears the panties we wore for the trip and he’s been sleeping in the nightgowns we had for the trip. I feel so guilty, what should I do?

Doubtful

Dear Doubtful,

Sit down and talk about Michael’s feelings. Make him face them and not hold them inside.

As for you, what did you do wrong? There’s nothing to be ashamed of, is there? Heck, over half the world’s population wears women’s clothes.

SANDY

Dear Sandy,

It’s been a long time since I’ve written and a lot has happened.

I sat Michael down and we had a long talk. We came to the conclusion that since we still had a large credit at the DEB SHOPPE, we’d go spend it on dresses, skirts and other things so he’d have a complete wardrobe like any girl his age. This made him very happy. Taking your advice about “guilt” I also insisted that we not hide his “hobby” despite its uniqueness.

“What’s that mean,” he asked.

I told him, "If you are wearing a dress and the doorbell rings, you answer it. . .and you have to tell your friends about it so they understand why you shave your legs and pluck your eyebrows."

He complained but the alternative of a life of hiding and secrets was not an option. "How can I tell my buddies?" he moaned.

"I say we have a party and invite everyone—let them see you! I'll plan something, okay?"

"I don't know. Let me think about it, okay?" he asked.

Michael continued to dress around the house but wouldn't answer the door or go outside.

Dianna called him one day before his birthday and asked if he'd like to dress up and come down to see the new arrivals after the store closed. He and I would sneak out and have dinner somewhere before closing.

That day, Michael was a bundle of nerves and wanted to back out completely. He'd not been in public since the cruise. I said, "It's too late now, missy! Dianna is counting on you, besides I want her to see you in that lovely little pink party dress you wore on our cruise.

By the end of dinner, Michael was relaxed, sliding back into his feminine posturing.

It was after seven when the DEB SHOPPE closed and we knocked on the rear door. Dianna met us and led us through the stock room into the main showroom.

"SURPRISE!" There was a bellow of Happy Birthday as over thirty of Michael's buddies from school, the neighborhood kids and various family members burst into song then, confused, they began to mutter then stopped altogether.

No one knew a thing except Dianna and I.

Over a padded bra, panties and nylons, his feet fashionably clad in medium high heels and wearing a pretty little party dress that stopped well above his knees to display his girlish thighs, Michael was in shock.

It was all so surreal, a dress store filled with amazed faces and a big pink and white cake that said SWEET SIXTEEN.

Dianna took control and announced, “I can tell you are all a little surprised to see Michael so cutely dressed but most of you knew about his mother’s sweepstakes win. Rather than let such a big prize go to waste, we had Michael try a



few things and found that he makes a sweet looking girl and has a talent for fashion. Doesn't he look nice?"

The room was so quiet but a few heads nodded. Dianna went on, "Since he has such a wonderful wardrobe compliments of the DEB SHOPPES, we felt it would be a shame if he didn't wear them once in a while. Now have fun...and get to know your new friend."

The whispers began and pretty soon a couple of girls from school came over to Michael and asked about his outfit. To my surprised he admitted wearing it on the cruise. Fairly soon there was a small crowd around him asking him questions which he answered honestly. I had the pictures of him on the cruise and everyone wanted to see them.

"You danced with the captian?" one girl asked. That was my favotite picture.

"Yes," he said to another classmate, "I do shave my legs otherwise they'd look terrible in nylons." Another girl commented, "You should let your hair grow? I have some lovely barrettes you can borrow."

He shyly admitted he would like to. Michael was wearing his hair brushed loose, tumbling down to the tops of his shoulders trimmed with a pink ribbon that matched his dress. Yes, he would look nice with hair that flowed down his back and could be put up. My little boy looked so grown up in that dress.

Being the center of attention again gave Michael that feminine glow I'd almost forgotten about since the cruise.

The small group turned into a large group as almost everyone was fascinated by my son's impersonation. My sister came up to me and said, "He looks so sweet, does he really have over thirty dresses?"

"Over forty," I corrected proudly.

That night was a turning point for Michael. He was invited to go shopping with some of the girls, his teacher suggested that he might come to school one day dressed to show the other students that gender differences are sometimes only clothes deep. His buddies were evasive about

their feeling but at least they now knew. . .it was up to them if they were really Michael's friends.

I'll write you more about what happens.

Doubtful.

Dear Sandy,

Sorry I haven't written sooner. The weeks have turned to months and since his birthday, Michael has been spending more and more of his time as a girl.

The surprise party upset him at first but he soon realized that honesty was the best way to handle it. From the party, he's had many invitations to go shopping and no longer has to hide his interest in feminine things. He doesn't wear boy's clothes much anymore, his face what with the creams, make-up and his hair growing so long makes him resemble a girl even in pants. He keeps his eyebrows highly arched and I'm afraid he doesn't have many male interests anymore.

He has the pose and balance of a young lady and we are working on a few little things to make him more perfect. For one, his fingernails have grown quite long. He keeps them very red and very shiny—they are slightly curved and over 1/2 inch long. His hair has grown quickly and is to the middle of his back.

I must say, winning that prize has changed our lives!

No longer doubtful



Dear Editor:

My son came home the other day from a new friend's house two blocks down from us. We live in a small city and had just moved here to get away from big city problems.

When Andrew came home I could tell something was wrong so I asked my son what was up.

"Mom," he said, "He's got dresses in his closet."

We talked and I found out that this kid was in some kind of hobby club, I guess sort of like boy scouts or little league but where he learned things that I considered girlish. Actu-

ally, this boy learned all about being like a girl and it seems that everyone in town accepts it.

Hey, I've lived in big towns all my life but this was too much.

I got the number and called this kid's mother. "Oh yeah," the mother said, "It started out with just some unisex things but it's really wonderful to see boys persuaded not to join gangs and find softer, more elegant interests. Come over some time and I'll tell you more about it. . ."

It just doesn't seem natural but my son really likes Michael and spends a lot of time at his house. Do you think it's okay for my son to have a friend that wears girl's clothes? here!

Scared

Dear Scared,

Cross-dressing is not contagious but then again I'm not a professional. I suggest you go over and meet Michael's mother and make your own decision.

SANDY

Dear Sandy,

I took your advice. My heart about stopped when I realized that the darling young lady serving us coffee was my son's friend, Michael. He has a wardrobe worth over ten thousand dollars and doesn't apologize for wearing it anywhere he wants.

"He looks like a girl," I said trying not to offend his mother.

"Isn't it sweet," she said, adding, "and he's getting prettier every day!"

Now, I could suddenly understand why my son wanted to be friends with this feminine illusion, Michael made a stunningly beautiful girl. He was slender and frail, but had the pert curves of a girl. He wore a short pleated skirt and he sat in that teasing way young girls sit to show off their

thighs. But this was a boy and his mother didn't seem to care.

His mother talked about Michael developing from an ungraceful boy into a beautiful feminine creature, perhaps the most beautiful of all the girls in this small town. He was also popular and there was not a social event that was complete if he was not invited. Was it just for shock value?

Michael's mother told me all about how he started dressing up and even the intimate details of his wardrobe.

The thought of a boy dressing in lacy feminine underthings was almost as shocking as seeing how good he looked in them.

The bustline pushed out the light fabric of his dress, plainly categorizing his impressive bosom as "voluptuous". How could any boy ever be pleased with displaying a bosom and wearing luminous pink lipstick? I asked, "Don't the other boys tease him?"

"At first," his mother said, "but then one of his teachers invited him to go to school on what they called, 'Equality Day'. Boy was he uncomfortable that first time he wore a dress to school. . ."

"First time?" I gasped.

"You see, the teachers spent all of 'Equality Day' talking about people all being different. Men and women, the races, religion, you know. Using Michael as an example, they pointed out, 'There will never be equality for women until a man can wear a dress or stay home and raise his children without societies scorn. A woman's belongings can not be held beneath man's.' One teacher pointed out that if the boys made fun of Michael, they were really making fun of the dress AND women's things AND in turn WOMEN! The speech rang home and all the girls in school not only encouraged Michael to go to school in a dress, they black-balled any guy who even looked at him funny."

"How often does he go to school in a dress?" I asked.

"Gee," she said thinking, "I don't know, a couple times a week, I guess. We don't keep count."

This equality thing had me confused. If I told my son to stay away from Michael, it would be because of the girl's things. . .he actually seemed like a nice kid. I would be saying that woman's things and interests are beneath men. That wouldn't be a good thing to teach my son, would it?

All for Equality in a Small Town

Dear Equality,

Interesting lesson. The youth are going to inherit the world and we can only tell them the truth and let them make their own decisions. Try to keep an open mind, it will keep you young!

SANDY

Dear Sandy,

I tried to keep an open mind. . .as my son and Michael became best of friends. I tried to think young when his friend came over in skimpy, fitted dresses, his hair up in a sculpted style and sporting an enticing bosom. Michael was so sweet and helpful when he came over, I couldn't say anything. Until. . .

When the next "Equality Day" rolled around, Andrew came to me and shyly told me that a few of the boys at school were going to wear dresses and asked me if I minded if he did too.

I gnawed at my tongue, but finally got out, "But you don't have a dress."

"Michael said he'd lend me everything I need," he said blushing but determined. "He said he'd even do my make-up."

I tried to remember your words but it was challenging. "Make-up too?" I asked.

"That's the idea. To wear girl's things the way they are suppose to be worn. . .otherwise it would be laughable and an insult to women."

On one hand it seemed like such a noble idea. . .my parents went nuts when I protested the war during the early

seventies. Was this just a generation thing? I was trying to think young and tolerate "revolution".

"Okay," I heard myself saying, "but I don't want you wearing Michael's underwear. That's not right. We'll get you your own." There I was trying to impose my ethical standards on him but wearing someone else's underwear was something I couldn't concede.

We didn't have much time so at Michael's mother's suggestion, we went to a lady at the local DEB SHOPPE to get him some underthings. The sales lady was so nice. I liked her immediately. Andrew was inhibited at first, the saleslady insisted that he be fitted with the bra. She said, "My dear, if a bra doesn't fit right, you'll look all out of kilter. Now what color is your dress?"

Andrew looked disoriented, neither of us knew so we had to buy white, beige and black, bra and panty sets.

As we paid, the sales lady said, "I know you don't want to spend much money but some of the cutest little school dresses just came in. . .let's have him try one on?"

Andrew declined but I insisted. We were well enough off that my son should not have to borrow someone else's clothes.

He needed a slip and nylons to go with the dress that I bought and we found a pair of medium heels that completed the outfit. The saleslady was very nice and threw in a lipstick and some matching nail polish. They both matched the colors in the dress. Andrew was most embarrassed but breathlessly elated by my support. "Thanks mom," he said as he painstakingly hung his dress in his closet so that it wouldn't wrinkle.

There weren't many boys that dressed like girls for Equality Day, only a handful. There were actually more girls that dressed like boys.

I had never seen my son so fidgety and worried. He must of made me fix his hair a dozen times and check his make-up two dozen. Waiting to walk to school with Michael, Andrew paced, practicing his walk and sitting so that his skirt

wouldn't hike up too much. "Do I look okay," he asked, adding, "I mean do I look like a girl?"

"Yes, dear," I answered seeing his apprehension.

Both of us had done an exceptional job of feminizing him. His glossy, deliciously pink lips and white teeth gave him a "kiss me" appearance.

His hair was a smooth style sweeping across his forehead just above his eyebrows which were perfectly shaped thanks to Michael's skillful tweezing. I thought it was too much at first but it definitely "opened up" his eyes.

I just stared at my son. "You must feel weird." I said.

"Michael said it would be like this," my son said looking into the mirror with a dreamy glance. "I hope I can remember all the things you taught me."

My son was wearing his very own pretty dress, nylon panties and even his very own slip. I had no idea what we would do with these things after that day, I guess I'd gotten carried away.

I had made him shave his legs and the open toed high heeled showed off his polished toenails, the same girlish pink shade as his fingernails!

Michael came over before school to check him out. "Girl!" he flattered, "You look hot! Trust me, this will be fun."

I happened to be in the front yard when Andrew came home in a strange car. There was Michael in the back seat with two boys; Andrew in the front with another. I wasn't sure if the three in the back seat were fighting or what until I saw Michael's big grin.

"Bye," he giggled as they sped away.

"What's that all about?" I asked.

"Oh, you know Michael," Andrew said, "he was teasing those guys."

"Teasing?"

"You know," he said, his hands checking the hem of his skirt. "We were just showing off our legs and one of the

guys wanted Michael to sit on his lap. . .they were just fooling around.”

“When you are dressed like this, you can’t go around provoking the boys. You have to be a young lady.” I felt silly preaching to my son but I didn’t want him to get in trouble.

My question is, “What do I do now.” Andrew wants to wear those clothes again for a dance! The school doesn’t seem to even care! What do I do now.

Hesitating

Dear Hesitating,

It all sounds perfectly natural to me. Equality Day is a wonderful idea and should be a national holiday.

The main challenge is that your son will need a new dress for the dance. Young people are so different today. Give him some freedom and let him find himself.

SANDY



Dear Sandy,

When I was training as a hair stylist I went to so many beauty pageants hoping to learn what feminine beauty was. There all the girls were wearing the latest fashions with their hair done up just right. Little girls being little girls then growing into young ladies. I loved seeing the transformation as these girls got confidence and developed radiance.

It wasn’t until I came to California that I began to realize this was not just for girls. Even I was shocked at first. . .by the local high school’s Equality Day pageant!

The Jewish culture has a celebration for their sons when they reach thirteen, but nothing comes close in excitement and the commitment to these “coming-out pageants”. Boys dress up like girls to show their support of the women’s movement.

It started a few years back when one boy’s mother won a bunch of girl’s clothes, there aren’t many boys in these pageants and I doubt if there ever will be many.

Socially, it's still a bit too 'different' for most tastes. Picked up by several high schools across the country, there are estimated to be over 50 boys participating in these pageants which involve going to school completely attired as a girl.

The boys are evaluated totally on how feminine they look and how they present themselves as girls. The more feminine, the better.

What about the boys? Is this good or bad for them? You decide as I tell you about several boys I've helped prepare for Equality Day.

Generally, it is on Equality Day that these boys are introduced to society as a girls for the first time. Before that they are to everyone "just boys."

Equality Day may seem a trifle outrageous to some, but it is important and had really made all the students realize what discrimination is, especially to the boys involved.

Some mothers really get into the idea and I have seen families spend in excess of \$2,000 preparing their son for his big day at school.

One thing I've noticed was that in the eyes of their mothers, these boys all have the potential to become real beauties.

After hearing or reading of a boy involved in Equality Day, the mother wonders if her son should participate too. Not knowing where to start, she checks around and probably hears my name and makes his first real appointment (the first of many, I hope).

For most, Equality Day will be his first appearance wearing makeup and a grown-up girl's hairdo. His dress, too, will be carefully selected with "femininity" in mind.

At least several weeks in advance of the big day, I get to consult with the boy about how he wants to look. I usually bar his mother from the salon that day so her son and I can consult in peace. Usually Mother is busy trying to steal the show with what she thinks is best for her little darling.

First, I sit the boy who is usually "real scared" down in front of the mirror and try to make him feel comfortable. Most have never even been in a beauty parlor.

Then we talk about his school, sports, his friends, and then we start with his feelings about Equality Day. He is glad to discuss it. After all, it is the scariest thing he's ever done to date. Sometimes he wants to participate, other times its because of a behavior problem or a bet he's lost.

We talk about whether or not he has chosen the dress. Usually he has not, but generally his mother has. Sometimes it has been specially designed, hand-sewn, and is hanging in his closet waiting for him at that very moment.

We discuss school and what it will mean for him to attend wearing girl's clothes. I tell him to relax to try to distract him from his embarrassment.

Some boys at this point have never even had a dress on but some have once or twice. When I feel he is relaxed and trusts me, I begin to consult with him about his hairstyle.

Most boys come into the salon with either long hair that has never been styled or hair that hangs straight without any form or motion. It is my responsibility to transform his mop into a feminine style that he will love on Equality Day and still be able to live with comfortably afterward.

Sometimes it is my responsibility to sell him on the idea of having his hair styled at all. I tell him that he won't look like his mother (most boys are afraid of that), and that he **MUST** look and feel different on Equality Day. Sometimes the conversation turns to lingerie and I show him mine to diminish his embarrassment in my seeing his. By this time, he usually agrees to see what we can do.

I begin by shampooing and a conditioning his hair. When the conditioner has been combed through, I begin to trim off the excess length and the damaged ends. While I am doing this, the hair has begun to dry and I can evaluate the amount of curl it has naturally.

During this process I get the boy to talk with me and I get some idea about the sort of life he leads. Does he swim every day? If so, he may need a shorter, easy-to-manage

style. Does he have a lot of friends or interests that might need me to leave his hair long enough to put up in a variety of versatile hairdos.

I am also looking at the color of the hair at this time. The most I will do, color wise, to a high school aged boy is to add just a touch of highlighting around his face. Many young girls are, by this time, already beginning to experiment with peroxide and self formulated lighteners so I see no problem with the boys doing some too.

I find that it is better to add some subtle highlights of my own. Later if they like it, they can do it themselves, but most boys are too impatient to read directions carefully and test selected hair. Before they do any damage, I can quickly add additional highlights to give them a glow.

Usually the most striking girls in school are blondes that look like they have been out in the sun and I love it when a boy allows me to "make him a blonde."

I decide just what to do about the style. If his hair is real curly, I know that the boy will be happier with some subtle relaxing.

If our young man has stick-straight, limp hair that will never hold any set or style, instead of relaxing or coloring it, I'll suggest a perm. This is done on large rods with the gentlest of solutions to add some body to his hair but no frizz, and only a minimum of curl.

Once the solution has been washed out, I begin to style his hair. I've found the most feminizing style is a semiblunt cut that ends at his shoulders.

With proper setting and styling, any young boy (with mother's help) can turn this into more than one lovely hairdo and still appear boyish at school and other functions.

Depending on his face shape, I will gently layer the sides and occasionally cut some bangs into the front. Then we set the hair, and start talking about makeup.

His makeup lesson is very much like one I'd give any girl. "Practice, practice and more practice," I encourage him to do every day up until his appointment before Equality



Day. Sometimes the boys either don't bother practicing with makeup at all or wear far too much of it.

I find very few young men who instinctively know just how much a touch of mascara or a little blush can do to enhance their natural beauty.

Unless his mother is hovering about worrying that her "little darling" has less than perfect features, we can have a sensible, comfortable makeup session with an instructive question and answer period at the end.

One of the most striking things I achieve is on eyebrows. I have discovered that most boys do nothing to their eyebrows, leaving straggly hairs growing down toward the eyelids and across the top of the nose. Some mothers tweeze

them practically all off until there is just a very thin line with only a slight suggestion of natural shape.

Painfully at first, I show the boys how to determine what the natural line is and how to tweeze away the undergrowth that detracts from the definition.

Scared that I'm going to permanently change their look, they listen carefully to me. After I thoroughly pluck their eyebrows into high girlish arches, I teach them how with light feathery strokes to replace the natural brown with a pencil facsimile so they won't look too girlish as boys.

Eyes, lips, cheekbones, etc. I teach young men about makeup the same way I teach their mothers, or any woman. We discuss eyes, noses, lips. I teach him about moisturizing and cleansing. It is never too early to learn good habits even if he's a boy.

I also keep the amount of makeup down to a minimum. I like to see his eyes surrounded with mascaraed lashes, and lined lightly with a smudged pencil. Shadow is subtle, and must go with his dress. Very subtle. I blend it and blend it until there is only the slightest trace of color left.

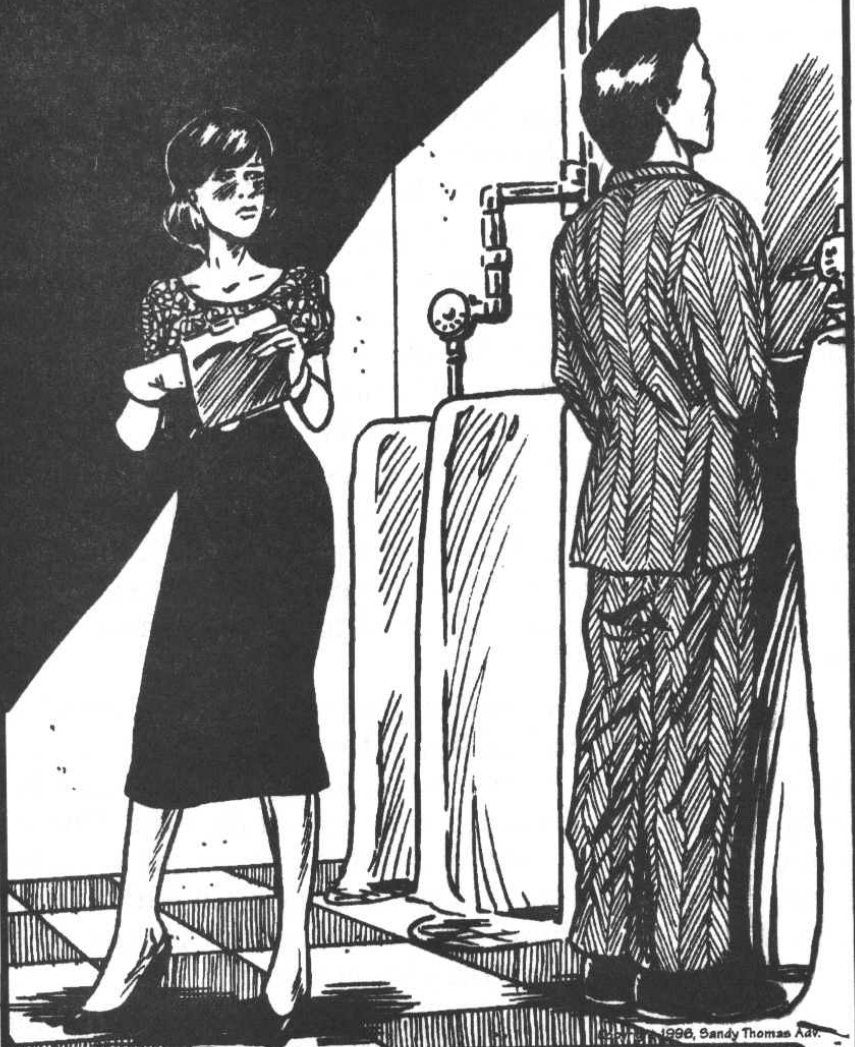
I also like to use only a pale color on the boy's lips but lots of gloss. This gives the young boy a dewy, fresh look. Contouring the cheekbones, I brush some rouge high on the bones and add some to the fleshy part of the cheeks and the nose. This gives that appearance of a wholesome out-of-doors girl. By now his hair has dried and we can try out some styles.

We begin to try out some hairdos before Equality Day, finally deciding on which is the best one about a week before and I will actually do the final work the day before. I like to see my "young ladies," as I have come to think of them, with youthful, shining locks that swing as they walk.

So after the rollers are removed, we brush and brush and brush until there are no traces of roller ridges. He leans forward and I brush from the neck, then I smooth the shape into position with my fingers. I add some spray to keep it in place (but never enough to make it sticky) and perhaps fasten an attractive comb or other ornament.

IN THE PINK

BY TEBBY



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It was a stupid mistake...
But Wayne HAD been using the men's room for 18 years!



IF YOU WOULD LIKE A LIST OF OTHER STORIES,
WRITE TO ME:

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The style is a matter of the boy's taste and what works best with the dress his mother has chosen. Some mothers like to see their sons in elegant upsweeps with lots of curls peeking out from a little knot. Others like to see swinging, shining straight hair with only a hint of golden streaks near the face.

Most mothers want their sons to look like them but I combine my knowledge of the boy's hair texture, the shape of his face to create the style that is most feminine for him.

Knowing that every boy will remember his very first day in a woman's dress, it is the most carefully chosen item in his wardrobe. Should it be cut high at the shoulders? Should it have sleeves? Should it be cut low at the neck? For most boys, the dress must be short and show off a lot of leg. After all, that is what most of the girls wear.

I encouraged mothers to buy several dresses to "practice" in. Before the big day, I want the boys to learn to pamper themselves to the hilt so on the big day, they will have as much confidence as any prom queen who has been professionally made up and styled to be "her" most feminine best.

Many boys are very embarrassed wearing women's lingerie in front of their buddies but they get over that awkwardness. I always suggest to a mother that they take her son shopping for several complete sets of lingerie. One set should be the exact same brand that she wears and the other should be younger more sexy styles that girls at school might wear. This will give him an emotional choice. He can either be like his mother or like the girls at school.

I have many other tricks to help the boys get comfortable on Equality Day. If your readers would like to hear more, let me know.

Regards,
Barbie

**Well readers, INTERESTED? Write to me,
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