EMPATHY TV FICTION

HIS DRESS UNIFORM



Robert is being sent to a new school where they wear uniforms...only he refuses to cut his hair like the boys!

VOLUME 6

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
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EMPATHY

TV FICTION

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HIS "DRESS" UNIFORM

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QUOTE BOARD

"If all the world is a stage…then all of us need a little make-up."

DRESS UNIFORM

Revision by Sandy Thomas

Monday morning came, and Robert climbed reluctantly out of the sack. It had not been a good weekend.

First off, on Friday night he had an audition for a hot teen band. He'd played his heart out only to hear, "Look kid, you play all right. But we are looking for a 'chick magnet.'"

Saturday his mother had told him to go and get a haircut, but he had ignored her request. If he didn't want to get a haircut then why should he?

But Robert's problems hadn't just started. His mother had gone down to the school early that morning to officially drop him from the roles of the public school.

She talked briefly with his counselor, who said, "You are doing the best thing for Robert...and this school." "He's been a problem to control. I've been worried about my decision," she informed him.

"Well, if they can straighten him up, we'd be glad to have him back, but in the meantime they will be able to give him the personal attention that he obviously needs. They have strict rules and higher educational standards. They can do things that we public schools can't."

Maria was glad to hear his opinion. It made her feel better about pulling him out of public school. Of course, if she hadn't done so, he was about to thrown out anyway.

She returned home to ready Robert for his first day at the parochial school. The school was expecting him to arrive so that Maria could get his public school records.

"Time to get ready for school," she called upstairs.

Robert clambered down in his usual pair of faded jeans and his leather jacket. "I'm ready already," he murmured.

"Not dressed like that, you aren't. Here, put these on," she told him as she handed him a brown pair of dress slacks and a white dress shirt and tie.

"I'm not wearing that nerdy dude stuff," he retorted.

"At this school this is how they dress and you'll do the same," she shouted. "Or no more rock clubs period. Now take off those clothes," she yelled.

Again Robert did not know what to do. She had never done this to him before; perhaps he should humor her until he figured out what to do. He took the clothing from her and slowly returned to his room to change. He came out a few minutes later wearing the parochial school uniform.

"Can you tie this tie for me?" he requested of her. She smiled as she put it in a knot. He looked so cute in these clothes. She had not seen him in nice dress clothing in years.

"I thought that I told you to get a haircut," she admonished him. "You'll have to get one this week or they will throw you out too," she threatened.

Robert said nothing as he tugged the tie away from his throat. He was not used to having anything so tight against his throat, and it was really bugging him.

"Don't *worry* about my hair. I'll take care of it," he told her. He really had no intention of getting it cut and he had hoped that she would forget about it.

For the moment she dragged him into the bathroom and plastered his long hair with gallons of water and a gel. Once it was soaked, she proceeded to comb it back so that it looked shorter, but the back of it still passed his shoulders, although now it was completely wet looking.

"That will have to do for today," she told him. "If it starts to fall down go in the bathroom and wet it again."

Robert smiled to himself. "Sure," he replied.

Before they left he suddenly shouted, "Hey wait, I forgot something." Running up the stairs, he returned a second later

with his leather book bag that she had bought him. He had not used it in a long time and she was glad to see him carrying it. Perhaps he would finally knuckle down and study.



Robert had a tough guy attitude. "I'm a rebel!" he often stated.

Together they walked into the offices of the parochial school. "What a bummer this place is going to be," Robert told himself as he looked around the campus. Everywhere, students were wearing uniforms just like his. They all looked alike. The girls

wore skirts at a "decent knee length" in a drab plaid with plain white blouses that showed nothing with their high necklines. What a change after public school, where many girls dressed in tight clothing from top to bottom, revealing very curve of their young sweet bodies.

The nun behind the desk took in the sight of young Robert in his uniform. He did look a bit like a toughie, mostly in his walk. Without his regular clothes, he looked surprisingly like just every other boy around the place, obviously no tougher than any other she had seen in her days as a teaching nun.

His hair, though, even when soaked, was much too long for the school standards. She would have to get on him right away about getting it cut. Years of experience had taught her that you must set these boys straight from the beginning. She was the boss and was not about to take any flack from any boy.

"Okay, Mrs. Teasdale, you can go now. I'll take Robert around the campus and introduce him to his class and teacher. You can pick him up at four o'clock this afternoon. Perhaps we can find some kids that live near you so that Robert can carpool it with them on some of the days. That way you won't have to drive every day.

"That would be great," Maria replied. She would love for him to ride with some other students so that he would make new friends and hopefully stop seeing the rocker punks he now ran around with.

She said her goodbyes and left Robert alone in the administration room with the nun.

"Welcome aboard, Robert," the nun said as she offered him her hand. He took it a bit reluctantly as he had never faced a nun like this before.

He started to laugh as he remembered a "nun" joke, "What's black and white and black and white and black...a nun rolling down a hill."

Since he had not gone to church, Catholic or otherwise, as a child, he really lacked the "respect" that most kids had for these women in black…and white. He almost laughed aloud again. It was hard to respect a woman dressed like a penguin. (although some would call it fear instead of respect!).

"Robert," she said softly. "We do things differently around here. I'm sure you will want to get a haircut before this week is out." She said it like it was going to be his idea.

"Sister," he said with respectful tone, "I'm in a band and long hair is part of the style…"

"The style HERE is that the boys have short hair," she told him as they began to take the tour 'around the campus.

"Why?" he asked.

Sister Anna was surprised. No one had ever asked that question of her in all the years she had been teaching here. "Because…because the school rules call for a boy's hair not to fall below his ears," she replied.

"I don't see any reason for that," Robert said. "What difference does it make whether a guy has long hair or not? It doesn't hurt his studies, does it?"

"Has it hurt yours?"

"The rule doesn't make sense. What? The boy can't read through his hair or something?" he crowed. "Oh, then girl's couldn't read…"

Again the nun was shocked. Here she was explaining to this new student a RULE. She did not "explain" rules. These were the rules, and they had to be obeyed. It was simply not a student's place to question them.

She stated firmly. "Our rules are designed to improve the quality of education, Robert. We feel that if the students aren't concerned with the latest clothing or hairstyles, they will spend more time concentrating on their studies."

Robert walked by her side silently as he thought about her answer. She seemed so firm, so decisive in her reply. Things had

been so much looser in the public school. The more he looked around the school, the weirder it seemed. All of the kids looked alike in their uniforms, like robots. It almost made him break into laughter. How could wearing goofy clothes make someone a better student?

At last they arrived at his classroom and she took him in to meet his teacher.

A tall woman dressed in the same black and white loose-fitting cloth that Sister Anna wore stood up from behind the desk and introduced herself.

"My name is Sister Theresa. You must be Robert," she said as she extended her hand in friendship. As Robert took it, she continued.

"The others are out at morning recess right now. You and have a few minutes to get better acquainted before they return.

In the few minutes that remained, she showed him the desk up front that he was to sit in every day.

"Why can't we sit anywhere we want to like in the public school?" he asked.

Sister Theresa was as startled as Sister Anna had been with his questions. She decided that he was new and the questions would soon stop. "That's so I can remember all the names more easily," she replied.

"My other teachers never had any problem remembering the names and we could sit wherever we wanted," he told her.

She struggled to keep her composure. Why did the school feel that they should take in all the trouble causing students like this? "It also helps me to control the student's focus," she added.

"Like if they talk too much to their neighbor?" he asked with some irony in his voice.

"That's right," she told him sharply.

The other students came piling into the classroom as recess ended and quickly each climbed into their respective desks.

Being normal children, they were all staring and talking about the newcomer under their breath as they spied him in his seat.

"I think he's cute," one girl said to the girl next to her.

"He's a punker...look at his hair," one of the boys whispered to his mate.

Robert knew it was only natural for that to happen but he didn't like all the giggling and whispering. He told himself, "What should I expect from a bunch of geeks in uniforms?"

As the class settled down, Sister Theresa stood up from her desk. "Class, I would like you all to meet Robert Teasdale. Stand up please, Robert," she requested.

Robert climbed out from behind his desk. How he hated this ... what was he? A show horse?

"Say hello to Robert, class," the nun ordered. A chorus of "Hello's" arose as the group complied with her request.

"Like a bunch of trained birds," Robert told himself.

"Tell us something about yourself, Robert. And what you expect from an education here," Sister Theresa asked as he blushed red.

All he wanted to do at that moment was sit down and here she was making him tell his life story to the geeks. He stammered for a moment and then began. "I love playing guitar. I'm interviewing bands that will someday be hot! As for here..." He looked around, "I've been going to school all my life, and I can't believe all of the rules in this place. How can you kids stand it?" he finished as he quickly sat, down at his desk. The snickers and giggles rippled through the room from his sharp-tongued remark.

Sister Theresa had not appreciated his sense of humor one bit. "That will be enough, class. Robert is new and does not know that these rules are here for your benefit, not ours," she reprimanded. With that she blazed right into the math lesson.

Robert was amazed at the pace with which the class covered the material. He was going as fast as he could, but kept raising

his hand and interrupting with questions until finally the nun could resist no longer.

"Well, Robert. Aren't you glad we don't have a rule against asking questions? You'd really be behind," she said as if it greatly satisfied her.

The class chuckled as the new boy got embarrassed. Never had any teacher in his public school embarrassed a student and he had to admit that he didn't like it. When he was harassing others, it was okay, but when the tables were turned he didn't go for it at all. He would watch his step closer from now on with this nun.

Lunch couldn't come soon enough for Robert. More rules. Everyone had to eat in the cafeteria and they marched in a row with the rest of the students. Everyone obeyed the "straight line, no talking" rule. No line was ever this orderly in public school. These weren't normal kids.

Robert sat at the seat assigned to him. Weird, there were girls on one side of the cafeteria and the boys on the other. On one side there was a flock of plaid skirts and white blouses; on the other, a batch of boring brown trousers and white dress shirts. How could anyone get a date dressed like this?

A guy at lunch asked him, "Have they said anything about your hair yet?"

By then Robert's hair had dried out and was falling down to his collar.

Cockily he spat, "Nope. Well, not really. I don't plan on getting it cut, no matter what they say. I ain't no goody two shoes, and I don't plan on changing," Robert replied with a grin and he finished eating.

As the kids were walking back into the classroom, Robert ducked into the men's room with his book bag in hand. Quickly, he tore off his clothes and opened the leather bag. He removed a hidden favorite pair of blue jeans and a t-shirt and put them on, followed by his leather jacket.

"That's better," he told himself as he looked in the mirror. By the time he left the bathroom the class had gone outside for the afternoon recess. He ran out onto the playground and joined in with some other students who were shooting baskets.

"Who's this hoodlum?" one guy' asked another in the game.

"What are you ALL brainwashed?" he asked as he grabbed the ball and shot it through the hoop. Robert wasn't causing any trouble, so no one said anything to him, but he was attracting plenty of attention across the playground. His "outfit" really stood out among the hundreds of crispy school uniforms.

It didn't take long for word to spread around the playground about this boy in the leather jacket. One of the girls from his class recognized him as the new boy in her class and she went to get Sister Theresa.

Like a human whirlwind, the nun whisked out onto the playing field and made a beeline for him.

"What do you think you are doing, young man?" she said icily.

"I feel more comfortable dressed like this," he told her.

She said calmly but firmly. "I don't care how you feel. Get back into your uniform in five minutes or you're going to be very sorry you didn't," she said solemnly.

Robert knew that she meant business, but didn't want to lose face in front of his new classmates. In public school students made names for themselves this way. He looked into the nun's eyes and decided he'd made a statement and for now, he thought that he should hustle his buns back into the men's room and change his clothes.

He hastily put the tie back on, but he did a terrible job of tying it. In addition, his hair had dried out from playing basketball and now fell in all its fullness to his shoulders.

Sister Theresa was furious with the way he was disrupting the classroom, but she held back in saying anything since this was his first day. She'd seen worse but couldn't remember when.

The rest of the day went rather normally, as Robert tried hard to keep up with the rest of the class. If he was to make it, he would really have to stay on top of the school work.

Besides the distracting schoolwork, he could not stand the idea of dressing just like everyone else. He knows he just couldn't lose his sense of individuality? And the chicks? In their little long skirts, they didn't even distract him from the books.

Robert felt smug at at least he was far ahead of them when it came to social activities and partying. There was more to life than just school.

If he had to be an inmate, the least they could do was let him wear his own clothes..., perhaps he would be a better student?

As school was dismissed that afternoon, Sister Theresa asked him to remain for a few minutes after the others had gone.

When at last the room was empty, she said, "Now Robert, what did you learn your first day with us?"

A moment of relief swept over him. He had expected a real scolding but she to be relaxed and civil.

"These kids are sure smart," he said.

Sister Theresa chuckled. "Come, come now, Robert. They aren't any brighter than you are. They have just been focused and I'm confident that you will be able to catch up," she commented with a warm smile.

Robert smiled back. Perhaps she was not such a demon after all.

"Now about the clothing change..." she continued as he again visibly stiffened up. "I think that you understand the rules of our little institution quite well by now. Unlike public schools we are very strict and in the time that you are here, you must comply with our demands. At home you are free to express your tastes in clothing any way that you like," she said forcefully.

Robert moved to speak with anger in his eyes.

"Hold it, young man!" she told him harshly. "I am not through. I trust that you will keep within rules or some sort of punishment will surely be forthcoming. Secondly, you have been reminded that your hair must be cut above the ears and preferably even shorter. I strongly suggest that you get it cut this afternoon. Thank you for staying...see you tomorrow." She turned her back.

Robert was furious. This woman could go from very nice to very bossy to cold as ice in the wink of an eye. He wanted to yell at her and get thrown out of this place but it was his first day.

He bit his lip in anger as he fought back the words that crowded into his brain. Perhaps like his mother, after awhile the nuns would get used to his hair and maybe even wearing the jacket and pants.

Robert walked out to meet his mother in the car. "What took you so long? The other kids came out long ago," she requested.

"I was talking to my teacher about the studies," he replied in a half-truth.

"Great," Mrs. Teasdale said enthusiastically. Perhaps her son would knuckle down at this school.

The next day Robert walked into class with his hair again damply matted against his skull in an attempt to hide its length.

Sister Theresa looked him straight in the eye as he entered, but Robert ignored her knowing gaze and went right to his seat and opened his textbook.

A tinge of anger rose in her as she watched him. She knew that he had deliberately disobeyed her orders. Chances were pretty good that he had not even told his mother that he was to get a haircut that night. She had dealt with boys of this type before, and she knew that she had to establish herself as the "boss" quickly or she would never be able to control him.

Mrs. Teasdale had signed papers that this school was free to take disciplinary measures whenever it saw fit. There was no warning. The "ruler on the knuckles" was a part of parochial

school history. Public schools had their hands tied to "expelling" the bad apples. They hhad the right to do whatever they felt was necessary to help the student fit in with the rest of the class as part of the contract that they had each parent signed.

After all, with the many problem children that ended up here, they had to be able to control kids that the public schools could not or they the "child would be lost."

As she watched him, a long lock of his hair fell out of place and he reached up to push it back from his eyes. "Tough guy?" she thought. "I know how to break your spirit!"

"Cathy, Margaret, Suzie and Sherril, will you come with me please," she called out. The four girls had no idea why they were being pulled out of the classroom so close to the time the lesson was to begin but they followed obediently. The nun took them into a side room and launched into her plan quickly.

"I need the help of you girls in a plan to benefit one of the students in our class," she began as they all looked surprised. They were the biggest girls in the class without a doubt and two of them, despite their ages, were scarcely smaller than Sister Theresa herself. The teacher had seen them in the girls' wrestling and tumbling class and she knew that any of them could give a good accounting of themselves.

"What do you mean?" Suzie ventured.

"We are having a discipline problem with one of the students and I need your help," the nun continued. The girls were excited that they were being asked to help the teacher.

Sister Theresa didn't beat around the bush. "We have a new rule. If one's hair is over one's ears, the wear the uniform with the skirt?"

The innocent girls were confused. One said, "But Diane has really short hair. Does she have to wear the boy's uniform?"

The Sister shook her head. "Look. I want you girls to dress Robert up," she said as she blushed.

The four girls looked at each other and then at Sister Theresa.

"What do you mean?" Sherril asked.

"I want you to dress him up in a proper uniform for someone with long hair…"

"A girl's uniform?" one asked.

"Yes...like a girl," she stammered out at last.

Suzie let out a giggle as the others looked at one another in amazement. Had they heard her correctly?

"Wow! His hair is longer that some of us girls…long enough to even curl," Suzie giggled, obviously excited at the prospects.

The nun regained her focus. "I have told him several times to get a haircut but he has disobeyed me. Since only girls are allowed to have hair of that length on this campus, I see only one alternative. He will wear what the long haired students wear. If he wishes to have hair like a girl, then we have no other choice but to help get him into a nice little pleated skirt and a blouse just like the other girls."

"Can I curl his hair and put ribbons in it?" Suzie asked hopefully.

"My dear, I think that would be just darling. You girls can do anything to him; just don't get hurt, and don't hurt him. I have seen you girls in wrestling class and I know that you can take care of yourselves."

"Does he have to wear the shoes and socks and what about underwear?"

"Up to you girls…I will stand behind you all the way. Just keep this quiet until it's done. I have to start class. You girls stay here and figure out a plan."

All four of the girls returned to the class really excited. Robert didn't know why but they all seemed to be looking at him with a strange gleam-in their eyes. He felt like they had been talking about him, or was it just his paranoia with this new school?

The plan was set for recess and the girls could not wait for the bell to ring. When it did, the students poured out onto the play-

ing field. The girls headed for their side of the divided area and the boys to theirs.

The four girls were relying on Robert's disobedient nature to get him into their clutches.

Robert was half-heartedly playing soccer with the other boys when Suzie, a really cute brunette with a pixie style haircut and laughing eyes, stood at the boundary line and called to him. Robert turned to see who was calling him and saw her at the yellow line.

"Me?" he mouthed as he walked slowly over to her, not quite sure why she would be calling him.

"I'm glad you came over," she beamed.

"Why did you yell? Are you afraid to cross the line or something?" he half sneered as he mentioned the rule.

"Yes, I was afraid to cross the line. I don't want to get in trouble," she responded in a cute girlish way.

"So what do you want with me?" he asked harshly.

"I want to go to the restroom and that bunch of girls over there has been bugging me. I'm afraid that they will come after me if I walk past them to go to the restroom. So I thought if a handsome, tough guy like you was walking with me, I wouldn't have any trouble. They wouldn't dare bug me if you were by my side," she told him coyly.

Robert looked at Suzie. He hated to admit it, but she seemed so girlishly helpless, and what could a bunch of girls do to him.

"Ha," he thought. "I've only been here two days, and already I'm saving a damsel in distress." He thought nothing of crossing the line to accompany her over to the girls' restroom. As soon the two of them reached the restroom door, Suzie said, "I don't think that you should stand out here and wait for me. You might be making trouble for yourself on my account. Why don't you just slip inside the door here and wait by the sinks. I'll make sure that there isn't anyone in here first," she offered.

On the wrong side of the river, Robert was suddenly facing deep water. He had only intended to keep her safe and had not really wanted to get into any trouble over a girl thing.

"It's all clear. Quick! Come in," she called.

He looked around quickly to see if any of the students were looking his way and then ducked inside the door.

Once inside, he looked around. Suzie was headed down the short hall into one of the stalls. As soon as Suzie flushed the toilet, the door behind Robert opened up and three girls entered swiftly. The flushing echoed on the tile walls and covered the sounds of their entrance so that he never knew what hit him.

Quickly, Margaret sprang a wrestling hold on him that brought him to the ground.

"This is the girl's room," Cathy told him harshly. "You have no right to be in here…unless…."

Robert was pinned but his mouth worked quickly. "Wait a minute ...I have an explanation," he shouted.

"Shut up," Sherril screamed as she covered his mouth with her hand.

"What are we going to do about him, girls? Looks like he likes hanging out in the girl's room?" Margaret stated.

Cathy fingered his long blond hair. "Well, maybe he wanted to come into the girl's room and comb his pretty long hair, like us? Do any of your girls have a problem with that?"

"No!" they all said but one added, as long as he is wearing the proper uniform. If we have to wear these stupid long skirts in here, he should too, right?"

Robert struggled, but it was no use. The girls kept him pinned as they quickly removed his pants, shoes, socks and shirt. They released one arm at a time so that a blouse could be slipped over him and buttoned up and then they used his own shirt to tie his hands behind hid back and his t-shirt to gag him. Still he struggled.

"Where is all the supervision when I need it!" he thought. He could not let this happen to himself. He had just begun to establish his reputation at this school as a tough guy.

But the girls moved swiftly to put a skirt on him and then the patent leather two-toned shoes that they wore.

"You don't have much hair on your legs but you really should shave them, sweetheart," Cathy crooned as Robert groaned against the gag in reply.

His simple uniform completed, they went to work on his long blond locks. "You have such pretty hair, Roberta," Sherril told him. "It's a shame you don't do more with it," she chuckled as he blushed.

Since Suzie had been so excited at the prospect of doing his hair, the other girls had agreed that it would be her job. She now reappeared from the back of the restroom and made her way toward them.

"My, my, what have we here?" she questioned as she took in the scene before her. "Robert, you look a mess! Maybe we can teach the new girl a few secrets and how we girls break the rules?"" she asked as the other girls roared with laughter.

"Dear, you seem to think we parochial school girl's have given up our femininity?" she said as she took a brush and a can of hairspray out of her purse.

Robert was furious now as he realized that he had been tricked into coming in here by this young cutie. How could he have been so stupid? His own macho toughness had gotten him ambushed.

He started to groan and squirm even harder as the perky brunette teased, feathered, and styled his shoulder length hair. The other girls knew that Suzie was a whiz at hairstyling, but she was really outdoing even their expectations now. His hair was thick and evenly cut which made it easier, but she was working wonders without the benefit of rollers and setting. She would twirl

some of his hair around the brush, spray it, and then comb it out into the shape she desired.

Exhausted, Robert stopped struggling as Suzie worked with a section at a time. She was transforming his unkempt mop into a feminine coiffure right before their very eyes. With proper teasing it gained height and fullness in just the right places. She brought a part of it around to form bangs, which really feminized his face, and then placed a pretty pink bow-shaped hairclip into his ratted looks to hold them in place.

"Okay, sweetheart," she said with a sigh, you are nearly finished. "See how nice your hair looks and totally within the rules! For girls."

Another girl said to Robert, "And we'll teach you something about breaking the rules. Remember the 'no makeup' rule? We do it all the time. The secret is to look natural!"

They had decided beforehand that, despite school rules, Robert needed to wear makeup. They all felt that Sister Theresa would understand, and they couldn't wait to take this tough guy and doll him up with lipstick and rouge! As Suzie stood back and admired the terrific job that she had done on his hair, the other three proceeded to put his makeup on.

Soon his eyelids sported a natural powder brown shadow, his eyelashes were dark curly and long, his cheeks glowed with a healthy shade of blusher and his lips glistened with cherry pink lipstick. Suzie felt a deep chill run down her spine.

Cathy warned, "Now you can't normally wear makeup this heavy but you look pale today…is it your time of the month?"

Robert started to struggle again.

"My Gawd, Robert," Suzie said. "You're CUTE! I meant really cute!" she squealed as the other girls nodded in agreement.

They yanked him to his feet so that he could see himself in the mirrors above the sinks. At first he closed his eyes and refused to open them. He would not give them the satisfaction of doing what they wanted him to, but he snapped his eyes open

when he heard the swooshing sound of perfume. Sherril was giving him a strong shot of a very girlish scent.

"The boys love this stuff," she told him as he glared at her. "it's called 'TEASE' in case you want to buy some," she finished with a giggle.

He turned back around and saw himself in the mirror. It was so quiet in the place you could hear a pin drop as he first gave himself a good look in the mirror.

He figured that he would look like a clown and makeup would be smeared on him so that he looked stupid. He figured that Suzie would have just knotted his hair all up to make a jerk out of him. But boy, had he been wrong in his assumptions.

"My Gawd," he swore to himself. "I look like a girl. They made a girl out of me!" The reflecting glass did not lie to his eyes, and it showed a very cute young blond woman with teased hair and neatly applied makeup. Her lips were pretty in their pink coloring and cupid's bow, her eyes sparkled with long lashes and pretty powdered lids, soft bangs framed her eyebrows and rouge set off her cheeks in a sweet girlish blush.

Now he didn't know what to do. Here he was, in the girls' bathroom. He knew that recess was about over and no doubt, they would refuse to give him his clothes back.

All of the girls had expected him to burst out angrily and maybe even attempt to harm them. But none of them had expected his reaction. He simply stood there in front of the mirror. He moved his lips, winked his eyes and shifted his head back and forth so that his pert teased hair would sway girlishly.

"I'm sorry you girls hate me so much..." he said, a tear fell from his eye. "Now what?" His hands went up to cover his face.

The girls looked at this toughie. He'd gone from one of them to one of us in minutes. The boy in the pleated skirt, with his legs exposed and wearing cute, but plain, patent leather shoes was like the girls. They know that he should have been furious.



They knew that he was going to have to face his entire new class in this get-up, but at that moment they wished they could take it all back.

The recess bell rang and jarred all of them back to the situation at hand.

"Please don't make me go into the classroom like this," he pleaded in a voice that was so gentle and helpless. All four girls were startled to hear it.

Could this really be the same tough guy she had asked to walk her across the playground? Where had his hard edge gone? Why was he not screaming at them and making the threats the way they all had expected from him?

"I'm sorry," she heard herself telling him, "but Sister Theresa ordered us to bring you back like this."

"Was this her idea?"

The five of them walked back to the classroom as Margaret untied his hands. Robert hung his head in shame as other children recognized him in the halls. No one said anything directly to him, but many whispered and giggled behind his back as they passed the group.

Suzie began to hate herself for being a part of this. How could she have a hand in this action, she asked herself. Robert was so demoralized, so different from the cocky kid that they had dragged into the bathroom.

His soft, passive nature excited her in such a way that she could not explain. Doing his hair had been more than just a duty that the nun had asked her to do. It had been tremendously fun, and exciting. She had done the hair of hundreds of girls in her life, but never was it so exciting. Doing a boy like this seemed more important! She wanted him to look good. She wanted him to look totally female, and just the thought of it made her cringe with delight. She was pleased beyond words when he had turned out looking very pretty...prettier than most of the girls who had done this to him. Since he was smaller, she hoped that gave him an added sense of femaleness.

It was a strange group that walked back into that classroom. Three of the girls mostly feeling that they had done their job and had taught the young punk a lesson in school rules. The other girl, thrilled by "breaking the rules", even secretly hoping that her new "girlfriend" would be around for a while. But mostly, the boy himself, embarrassed over his appearance in front of his classmates. Not angry, but more puzzled over his reaction to this turn of events.

Without a comment, he went quickly to his seat and gently sat down. Sister Theresa made a mental note of this as she watched him enter. Usually he plopped down into his seat as if sitting in that classroom was the last thing in the world that he wanted to do. But this time he was almost dainty in his approach. Perhaps the girls had given him some charm lessons too while they were at it, she thought.

Sister Theresa was amazed at the boy's appearance. The girls had done a truly remarkable job on him. He really looked like a schoolgirl. Yes, he did have on too much makeup for the school standards. She thought, "Rules sometimes have to be broken to enforce the rules..."

After punishment, her training taught her that it is important to "disengage". There are "rules", if they are broken, punishment and then disengagement.

Simple stick/carrot stuff. He wants girl's length hair, he wears a girl's uniform. He cuts his hair, he wears pants. Nothing more to be said...

Robert sat there so attentively as if he was anxiously awaiting the afternoon lessons to begin.

The Sister said nothing but merely smiled at the girls in thanks and began the lesson. "Quiet kids, we have a long afternoon of study ahead." For the remainder of that session, Robert was the perfect student. He remained quiet unless she asked him a question and when he replied, he spoke softly without that brash sarcastic tone she was used to.

Occasionally, one of the other students would snicker at him behind his back, but either Suzie or Sister Theresa would glare at the person. Suzie had been staring at Robert all afternoon, and Sister Theresa could tell that she had taken a liking to the boy. Perhaps he really was a nice boy after all.

What she didn't know was that Suzie had flipped over what she saw. She had a crush, not in the usual boy/girl sense of kids their age, but with this image and illusion of Robert as the sweet and demure "Roberta."

Suzie didn't want to see him cut his hair...ever. Something about the change they had made in him had captured her heart and she could not take her eyes off of him.

She knew that by tomorrow, his hair would be gone. She wanted so badly to take him by the hand and teach him all of the hairstyling and makeup tricks that she knew, to help him learn

how to walk properly, to do his nails in some pretty color, to pluck his eyebrows into a more pleasing shape, to how him how to shave his legs and put on pantyhose. He could be like a favorite doll to play dress-up with...the only problem was he was a guy.

That afternoon passed quickly for the teacher, the girl in love, and the formerly reluctant student. All were wrapped up in their thoughts and that made the time go faster.

Sister Theresa was amazed at Robert's behavior and she planned to talk to him about it after class that night. Robert was anxious to get his old clothes back on before his mother arrived to take him home, and Suzie was worried that if she did not talk to Robert soon, she would lose her new girlfriend forever beneath a layer of rough pants and sweaty shirts.

Class was just about over when another nun entered the room and handed Sister Theresa a note.

"Thank you. I'll tell him," she responded as the, nun left the room. She dismissed the class and then called out, "I'd like to see Robert before he leaves," which brought tons of giggles from the class as they got up to leave for the day.

"So would we!" one of the boys shouted from the hall.

"I have some dresses that I don't wear that I'm sure would fit you," another offered sincerely.

Robert didn't know what to say or do. How could he act tough to the boys' comments when his lips shone with lipstick and his hair was curled like a girl's? So there he sat in his chair with a girl's uniform on and kept quiet as he waited for the crowd to leave. Suzie was the last to leave and she eyed him longingly as she struggled to remove herself from the room.

"Please come up here, Robert," Sister Theresa requested as he shuffled his way to the front of the empty room. The teacher looked him over from head to toe for several seconds before she spoke again.

"I must say that they did a lovely job on you. I'll bet half the boys ask you out on a date...do you know the rules on dating?" she asked him with a wide smile on her face.

Robert nodded and blushed even more darkly than the rouge on his cheeks.

"I was very pleased with your performance this afternoon," she continued. "I ordered this done to you because you failed to follow my orders and get a haircut. You must understand that I am the authority in this classroom, and the rules are the rules. So If you want to have hair like a girl, then you must wear the clothing of a girl while you are in my class. Do you understand that?" she asked.

He nodded.

With that she handed him the "rule book" for girls and told him to turn to page twelve and read.

Uniform And Equipment

The aim is for pupils to present a neat appearance without being obtrusive, fashionable or competitive in what they wear, or in the way the uniform is worn. Teachers are responsible for checking during morning and afternoon registration that the uniform is being worn. Where it is not, pupils will be asked for an explanation and sent to the Head of Section who will contact parents, if necessary.

Everyday uniform for girls consists of the school kilt skirt, white or pale blue blouse and house ties, navy sweaters, navy or white socks or tights, black or navy shoes. In summer, girls wear a navy skirt, a short-sleeved polo shirt in house colors, and a navy cardigan or the school sweater. The skirts with pleats should be in good condition and worn knee length.

BLOUSE:

Plain white with peter pan collar, short or long sleeves- must be tucked into skirt; or

plain white V-neck with short sleeves, worn on outside of skirt.
When the weather is cold, a plain white T-shirt or turtleneck may be worn under the blouse. Turtlenecks may be worn only under a long-sleeved blouse.

Best uniform for girls is the school kilt with white shirt, and the school tie on appropriate days.

SHOES:
White and black saddle shoes-shoes must be in good condition, clean, and laced with white laces.

OTHER

UNDERGARMENTS:
A white slip and white bra must be worn at all times.

JEWELRY:
Jewelry must be limited to a WATCH, a RING, a NECKLACE (religious), and ONE PAIR of SMALL EARRINGS to be worn in the earlobe.

HAIR ACCESSORIES:
Winter Uniform: Red, gray, black or white
Summer Uniform: Complimentary color

P.E. KIT
Navy sponge-soled sandals
White gym shoes
White polo shirt
Regulation maroon P.E. skirt
White tennis skirt, tennis racquet
Plain navy one-piece swimsuit

OPTIONAL ITEMS
Blue and white checked dress for Pep rally squad

Scarf and gloves in school colors
Navy cycling shorts

Navy sandals in summer
Track tops and sports bags may be obtained through school uniform supplier

Girls who have long hair are required to keep it back neatly at all times. Hair ribbons, etc., if worn, must be in school colors and plain in design.

A note on "free dress days." Free dress days are earned by the students and apply to some field trips and sporting events. Remember that you represent your school and we expect hair to be styled, and skirts or dresses appropriate for the occasion. Pants are only to be wore at event inappropriate for skirts.

"Did you read all that?" Sister Teresa asked.

Robert nodded slightly.

"Then you NOW know the rules for girls and long haired boys..."

That he knew that she had done this to shame him, and he was embarrassed. He was very embarrassed and could never be more embarrassed. Maybe that was the key to what he was feeling. Every embarrassment was less than today...except for giving in to this woman.

How could s know that the young tough that she had forced into skirts was relishing in the sensation of being different. He's done it! He wasn't like the others.

He looked down at the list of uniform items. He asked, "Where did the girl's get this stuff?"

"Uniform exchange," she smiled. "It's for our needy students. Once you get a haircut, just drop it off in room 27. The exchange is un-manned and open late so the needy aren't embarrassed to get help."

He had looked at the list and realized that the girls had not given him a bust. And in that moment of realization he realized that even having a pair of lumps poking out against his blouse wouldn't be that embarrassing.

Sister Theresa continued her speech. "Also I have a note from your mother here saying that she had car problems and will not be here to pick you up tonight. I will try and arrange for you to get a ride home with someone else so we had better hurry. And you needn't worry; I'll call your mother up and explain why you are coming home dressed like this. I suggest that you get a hair-cut tonight, if you get my point," she finished as the two of them headed for the hall.

As they entered the hall, Robert spotted Suzie. She was down the hall a few feet, sort of hiding at one of the water fountains. It appeared that she had raced down there and that she had possibly been listening to their conversation.

The tall stately nun in her severe black robe and the young, perky boy in skirts alongside her, looking for the entire world to be just exactly what he wasn't.

Sister Theresa glanced down at her charge and smiled again. He looked so darn cute dressed up like this. Never had she imagined that he would turn out this way when she had asked the girls to do him over. She had merely hoped to embarrass him into getting his hair cut.

Actually she thought it would break his tough spirit and make him pay attention when she told him to do something. She was proud of her solution.

Suzie stepped in front of them. "Excuse me, Sister, but I heard ... well ...I thought that maybe Robert could use a ride home," she stammered.

Robert looked up at the nun through long, curled mascaraed eyelashes and grinned. Both of them knew that Suzie had been standing outside of the door when they had been talking. Otherwise, how would she have known that his mother was not able to pick him up?

Suzie seemed embarrassed. "Well, I live close to him, and my mother is out there waiting for me right now. It would really be no trouble..." she mumbled nervously to make her point.

"Do you have any problem with what Suzie did to you?" the Sister asked.

"None. You ordered it. Frankly, I need a ride," Robert replied, getting her off the hook on the eavesdropping charge.

"That's very nice of you and your mother," Sister Theresa said. "Be sure and give her my thanks."

"I will. Come on Robert, we'd better get out there," she told him. The two-skirted "girls" ran for the waiting car.

Sister Theresa chuckled at the sight. She didn't know what was on Suzie's mind, but she was sure that whatever it was, it would be quite interesting.

Suzie held the van door open for her new friend as the two of them settled into the far backseat of the van. She yelled a brief hello and introduction to her mom as she drove the car to pick up her other sister at the local elementary school.

Once she was involved with her driving and-not paying any-attention to the "girls" in the back seat, Suzie turned her full attention on Robert or "Roberta," as she had introduced him. He squirmed uncomfortably as she fingered his hair into place.

"It will be much nicer when we use rollers," she told him. "I just can't wait to see how you look in some of my old clothes," she continued. "I used to be small like you and I still have tons of good outfits that will be just perfect on you. You're going to be soooo cute!" she squealed.

Robert looked her straight in the eye. It was hard for him to be serious with his bare legs poking out from underneath a pleated skirt and his hair and face all done up. He had assert himself or this girl would run all over him.

"Suzie, come off it!" he whispered in a harsh male voice. "I'm beat! Hair is going to be gone so leave me alone. I'm not a girl and I don't plan on dressing up like one either," he said tartly.

Suzie visibly retreated. "But you're our hero."

"Hero?"

"Lot's of the kids are hoping that you hold the line. Sister Teresa had given you the rules. So live within them."

"What are you suggesting?"

"You can keep your hair. You just have to wear a skirt like Axel Rose did on stage."

Robert smiled and remembered he did that. All the big rock stars did stuff like that.

She told him. "You have eyes that were just made to wear makeup and look at your hair. Lots of girls would just love to have thick blond hair like yours," she cooed.

"Suzie!" he said sharply. "Give me a break. After all, you're part to blame for all of this. I was trying to help you when you ambushed me..."

"I'm sorry about all of that. Really I am," she apologized quickly. "It was Sister Theresa's idea. But now I'm on your side. Wear the girl's uniform and don't cut your hair! I don't want you to get a haircut. I want to style your hair in a dozen different ways and I have a lot of little chignons and falls and switches to make it look any way you want."

Robert shifted uncomfortably and wished that he was home already. Why did her words have such an effect on him? Part of him wanted to shut her up. But when she spoke about continuing to dress him up, a rumbling happened in his stomach that he could not explain.

"You are a rebel," she whispered. "You can get even now with Sister Teresa. Let me dress you up, make you up, doll you up, and make you pretty. I have a all the uniforms you'll need to go with your hair."

"Arghhhh," he cringed at his own confusion.

At last they arrived at his house. Quickly, he opened the door and stepped out of the car bidding a quick goodbye to Suzie and her mother.

"You seem like a nice girl. I hope you and Suzie get to be good friends," her mother told him as Suzie waved.

He couldn't wait to get into the house. What if some of the neighbors saw him like this? Or some of the public school kids? He ran to the front door, but even before he could open it, it swung inward in his mother's hand.

Sister Theresa had called her and told her about the day's affairs so she was prepared for what she saw.

She muttered a "Told you..."

Once inside she took a good look at him. "You look different than I expected."

"What did you expect?"

"A punk in a skirt," his mother said. "Sister Teresa told me the rules. We'd better get you out of those things and down to Tremendous Trims before they close."

"I guess," he moaned as he pulled out the school's "Guide for Girls" handbook. "What did you tell Sister Teresa?"

"I was shocked at first," his mother said. "But as I calmed down I got mad. How dare them do this to you? I told her that this was entirely up to you."

"I don't know what to do," he said, almost in tears.

"The easy way out is to get a haircut," his mother said softly, caressing his soft blouse. She was a bit upset and angry about him not telling her about the "order" last night. She said, "Don't get mad but you really look like a girl in that skirt. When you got out of the car, I was sure that it must be another girl who was riding along with you. But then you approached the porch."

"Suzie's mother thought I was a girl too," he said.

"Suzie?"

"She gave me a ride home and was one of the girls who did this to me."

She looked at him closely. He was darling! She had expected to find him wearing just one of the pleated uniform skirts like the

girls wore, but she had never thought that he would show up like this.

He was totally feminized—clothing, makeup, hairstyle; she had to look twice to make sure that he was not wearing any earrings. His eyes were so pretty in their makeup, and his young soft lips were so cute in their shiny coat of lipstick. She couldn't stand it any longer.

She hugged him firmly and said, "I'm with you...whatever you want to do. Maybe we should find another school?"

He had no understanding as to why his mother had tears in her eyes at the moment.

"I guess I had better go upstairs and get changed," he murmured. "What time does Tremendous Trims close?"

"Late!" his mother responded. "But we have a problem...the car is in the shop. We can take a cab so we have time, stick around and let me see what having a daughter is like. You do look so cute like this. Why don't you stay dressed like this until we have to go for the haircut?" she requested.

Robert was unnerved. He'd wanted to get home and get out of the skirt and makeup. He moaned, "I wish there was some other way?"

"After all this, you still want to keep your hair long? There is one way," his mother smiled. "You just have to wear that outfit to school."

All through supper his mother kept complimenting him on his appearance. She wanted to know all of the details about how it had come about and who did it.

"They did a marvelous job," she said at last. "Shall I call a cab and get you that haircut now?" she asked.

It was a loaded question for Robert. On the one hand he wanted to end the embarrassment. But on the other, he enjoyed the attention. He wanted to keep his long hair more than ever now...why?

He asked, "What if I decided to not get a haircut today. All the kids saw me. So what if I showed up tomorrow in defiance? The rules are all here. What could she say?"

"Are you serious?" his mother said.

"Just one day," he said. "Sister Teresa knows our car is broken…I can't lose face and let her humiliate me. I'll show her how stupid her rules can be!"

"If wearing a skirt is LESS humiliating that getting a haircut, I guess I could help get what you need. Where's that rule book?"

After dinner they sat down and went over the dress uniform rules. She said, "It says a bra or half shirt. Are you willing to wear one of those?"

"What's a half shirt?"

"Younger girls wear them under their school blouses instead of a bra. But all the girls in your class are wearing bras by now."

"Then I'll wear a bra," Robert stated.

"Are you serious?"

He looked at the handbook. "It has to be white."

His mother glared at him but saw that look of grim determination. Half-hour later, Robert and his mother were surrounded by everything a girl going to school the next day would need. Her son sitting with her was demurely dressed in his school uniform but now sporting a most eye-catching figure. A red-trimmed sweater lay carefully folded on the seat next to him.

"What about make-up?"

"It's against the rules," Robert said, "But the girls showed me how to put it on and remove all but what's natural."

"You'll need a purse. His mother opened her purse and took out a tube of her lipstick. Using her compact mirror, she carefully showed him how to apply a fresh coat to his mouth.

At one point he skipped up to her bedroom to get a lighter shade of "permanent" lipstick for his purse. His exuberance caused his pleated skirt to bounce up and reveal at flash of his little white panties. "Easy girl!" his mother warned.

"Sorry! I just feel so happy getting a reprieve on the haircut." Robert just felt so pert and pretty in his white blouse, tie, tight cardigan and little white socks, his hair divided into two ponytails that flicked around his head. The proper colored ribbons held his hair back "by the book."

"It's so much fun to have a daughter to play with," his mother joked. It was near bedtime by the time they had everything he need set up. By then, he just could not wait to get undressed.

His mother helped him take the clothing off and remove the makeup with some of her creams. Then she brushed the teasing out of his hair and got a tub full of hot water ready for him.

He dried off and stepped from the tub only to find her waiting for him with his clothing for the night, a set of her baby doll pajamas that he had not seen her wear since his stepfather had died.

"Let's get you in the mood for tomorrow. They'll be so cute on you, and it seems so appropriate after today."

He slumped his shoulders but allowed her to put the filmy baby doll set, complete with matching bikini panties, on him for the night. She was delighted with his appearance to say the least.

"That's my girl," she said as he sashayed into his room. She tucked him into bed like she had not done in years and even gave him a little peck on the cheek. "Good night, sweetheart," she whispered as she turned out the light.

Robert had a difficult time falling asleep that night. He kept tossing and turning as his mind chewed over the events of the day again and again.

He knew he should hate everyone connected with what had happened, but he didn't. He knew that he was a male and that he shouldn't be treated this way, but at the same time he almost wanted to encourage it now that it had begun. He had even let his mother put women's nightwear on him. And-not just a long nightgown but a short, sexy baby doll outfit.

He climbed out of the bed and took a look at himself in the dim light from the night lamp. He could make out himself in the

mirror with his frilly girls' pajamas on and his long blond hair curling gently to his shoulders still damp from his bath. The room wasn't cold, so why was he shivering?

The view in the mirror excited him so wildly and so strangely that it made him shiver from head to foot. Quickly, he climbed back into the bed and tried to force himself to fall asleep. It was going to take a lot of time to get ready for school…

All in all it had been a whirlwind of a morning. It hadn't hit until Robert stared out the window and saw the taxi waiting to take him to school.

He wanted as many student as possible to see that a taxi took him to school. He was going to play up the "sympathy vote."

"Taxi is here," his mother announced, adding, "It's not too late to change your mind? It's Friday and I can call you in sick."

"That's what they'd expect," he moaned. "How do I look?"

"Like a school girl leaving for school." Sometimes Robert hated himself for being such a smartie. Right now he would have traded his tits for a crewcut in a second.

The taxi driver chatted him up. Guys were never so friendly. As they drove up, Robert saw on the steps, waiting for the door to open, a gang of kids. For the first time he noticed how good they looked in their short pleated skirts, school ties and school sweaters. Not one of them was flat chested and today neither was he!

The taxi driver nearly ran to get the door for Robert and he flashed a little leg like his mother had shown him. Strange, right away he could feel someone was watching him from the classroom of one of the school buildings. He peeped up and saw several nuns in their black and white at the window. He pretended not to see.

Somehow being the center of attention felt very natural, very pleasant. He heard the students gasp then Suzie squeal, "He did it! My hero!" She ran to him and gave him a big girlish hug, saying, "Girls are allowed to hug… Let me look at you!"

Suzie was very close, checking his lips and blush. Close enough that their breasts touched ever so gently. She whispered hotly, her lips touching his ear, "I'll fix your hair at recess." He felt her hand sliding up and down, checking the impression of bra and panties under his uniform.

Suzie giggled and said, "The bell is about to ring, time to fix our skirts." Robert's mouth opened as he saw her pull up her sweater and unroll her short skirt down to the proper regulation length. Most of the other girls were doing the same thing. "See how we live within the rules?" she giggled.

Being close to Suzie was comforting. By then a group of girls had gathered around and Robert relaxed. They were like mother hens suddenly ready to protect the innocent victim of Sister Teresa.

Unlike yesterday when Robert sat dejectedly hunched over in class, he sat up straight today. When Sister Teresa saw him, fire was in her eyes. "SO no haircut?" she spat.

"You knew our car was broken," he said softly like he was a broken soul.

Her expression changed. Even she suddenly felt sorry for him. She stammered, "Your mother could have called me…"

The morning went quickly and they girls made sure Robert stayed with them. He was having fun. At recess, he skipped happily along the hall, his exuberance causing his pleated skirt to bounce up and he hope reveal his regulation, little white panties.

Robert felt so distinctive and unique in his white blouse, tie, tight cardigan sweater and little white socks. He found himself once again in the girl's bathroom with Suzie fixing his hair and makeup. She teased it up a bit again so it flicked around his face.

Coming out of the girl's bathroom, he saw the leering and probably lewd comments mouthed by some of the boys. But he didn't care. In fact, being with the girls gave him a warm fuzzy feeling.



Being with the girls gave Robert a warm fuzzy feeling. It was like being a "rebel" only maybe even more naughty?

By the ending bell, Robert had had the best day in his school career. He'd enjoyed every minute of the attention. Sister Teresa said to him as he left, "I'm sorry about today. If your mother had only called me about the car…"

When he ran to his mother's car, a group of boys from another school cruised by. The way he hopped into the car elicited wolf whistles. He primly and quite girlishly pulled her skirt down, pretending to be dismayed. But in reality he couldn't wait to tell his mother about his day.

He gushed on about the day, his new girlfriends, the hairstyle Suzie gave him…on and on.

His mother just smiled. "I remember my schoolgirl days. I had so much fun too. So, I assumed that we were going home, you'd change and we'd get you that crewcut."

"Not today mom, please?"
"What then? Want to go shopping?"
"Like this?"
"Sure!"

They drove across town to a mall with all sorts of exciting shops. His mother helped him put on a light coat of makeup to enhance his pouty lips and vivid eyes before they went in. First stop was a girl's dress store having a sale. The many girls inside were tearing over the merchandise and paid no attention to the schoolgirl and her mom.

"Why are we here?"
"I thought we'd buy you something?"
"What?"
"I don't know. Something girlish…let's look around. Do you feel as naught as I do?"

Robert smiled and nodded.

His mother took Robert by the hand and trotted up to the bra bar and started to point out the bras she wanted her "daughter" to try on.

The normally jaded toughie couldn't help but be caught up in his mother's enthusiasm. It was obvious to him that his mother thought that if he was brave enough to go out in public dressed as a schoolgirl, he might as well have some girlish fun too!

She there was a large selection of padded brassieres for Robert to try on. When the sales lady offered to show "fit her", his mother nicely declined and the two of them they slipped away to a fitting room together.

Robert had a great time being fitted by his mother and to his surprise; she actually bought several. She said, "It's just for fun."

And "just for fun," there were the matching panties, two slips and a dress and a basic pair of high heels.

"Mom?" he whispered as the girl ran up the purchases, "I don't really need those things?"

"Allow me some naughty fun here. Let's go to Mattie's Department store. I want to buy you a pretty nightgown."

"To wear?"

"Of course silly. No one will ever see you."

Robert didn't want to argue. He walked next to his mother, his uniform skirt rolled up, like the pretty blond daughter he appeared to be. When his mother bought several nightgowns, suggesting that he could wear them every night, he barely resisted; being caught up in her infectious cheerfulness.

Fortunately, the following day was Saturday and there was no school. At least the other students would have the weekend to forget about his little appearance as a cute young teenage coed. His mother came into his room bright and early that morning to wake him up.

Mrs. Teasdale looked him over as he lay in the bed. He was so very girlish in his new pair of baby dolls. His long locks fell softly to his shoulders and framed his face very femininely even without any curls and ribbons.

"Rise and shine," she crooned happier than he had seen her in ages.

"What's up?" he asked apprehensively covering up his night-gown with a blanket.

His mother hated to ask him to go and have it cut off... At last she broached the subject. "I thought that you and I would go down and get you a wig then do over to get you that haircut."

"A wig?" he yawned as he crawled out of bed and walked over to the mirror. His mother stared. He looked absolutely charming in the short, sexy nightie and he seemed to have swish across the room to the mirror.

Once there he flipped his hair back so that he could see how it would look shorter, but all his mother could think of was how she would love to put it all on top of his head with a big pink bow holding it in place. Add a pair of large loop earrings and maybe the cute housedress they bought to show off his slender figure. Oh, the possibilities were endless...if only he was a girl.

Robert didn't relish the thought of cutting his hair off at all. In a way, it would show the kids at school that he had lost in his battle with Sister Theresa. He didn't want to lose either his struggle or his long locks.

He knew that if he cut his hair he would not have the trouble that he was now having, but he also felt that while it was trouble there was a strange thrill with dressing as a girl. Even his own mother was into the gripping escapade.

He had been amazed at his own transformation. His dreams last night had been a mixture of flashbacks from his day at school and his return to greet his mother while in a skirt. On his vanity counter were panties and bras, a dress and high heels were hung near his closet. So was the school uniform.

"Well, Robert, are we going to get your hair cut today or not?" his mother asked, breaking the room's silence.

"Please don't make me!" he begged. With that turn, his delightful little baby doll gown swirled wonderfully around his waist much to his mother's pleasure.

"I like my hair long. I don't see anything wrong with that," he shouted. "Why do girls get to have long hair and boys don't?"

"I haven't a clue," his mother retorted with a chuckle. "Have you figured out where to put your panties and bras?"

Robert shook his head and then succeeded to remove the gown and throw it on the floor. "Maybe there! Where my hair is going to be," he said to make the point.

"Pick that up! You have to take care of delicate nightgowns or they'll be ruined in no time," his mother scolded. "It's astonishing. They make you look so female, dear!"

Robert blushed darkly and then opened his drawer to get out a pair of his usual plain white under shorts.

"Aren't you going to wear your new panties, dear?"

"NO! and I'm not getting a haircut," he grumped. Even he had to admit that they looked pretty drab after wearing the lacy nylon pair his mother had put on him.

Next he went to his closet and removed a pair of blue jeans. Minutes later, as his mother watched, he was completely dressed in his usual style.

In a way she was glad that he had stood his ground and refused to get a haircut. Maybe his strong will would take him further than schooling.

Robert was proud of the fact that he had stood his ground with his mother. But the real test would come Monday at school. He had no intention of wearing the girl's uniform and being further humiliated in front of the other kids in his class. He was pretty good with his fists…if it was necessary.

He strode out into the neighborhood and started down the sidewalk for a brief stroll.

He needed time to get his thoughts together and his mother would be leaving soon anyway to go. He had only gone a couple of blocks when he saw Suzie in her yard up ahead. He had not known where she lived, or that she lived this close to his house,

She had been in his dreams that night as he lay in bed clad in the sexy, short woman's bedclothes and now he felt uneasy about seeing her in the flesh again.

At first he thought of turning back or changing sides of the street. But then he felt that he had to stand his ground with her as he had with his mother. He couldn't let her push him around or he would never be able to regain face on the campus.

"Hi, Robert," she called to him cheerfully. He was glad that she did not call him "Roberta" like at school.

"Out for a morning walk?" she inquired.

"Yeah. I had to get away from the house," he replied.

"Mom problems eh? Would you like to come inside for some hot chocolate and coffee cake?" she offered.

Robert felt his stomach growl with hunger at her words. He had not had anything to eat that morning. It sounded like a mighty good offer to him.

"That would be great," he replied as the two of them went into the house.

Soon they were settled at the kitchen table with a couple of mugs of steaming hot chocolate and a plate full of slices of fresh coffee cake. They chatted about various things that had happened at school that week, but she made no mention of his masquerade.

Robert loosened up and felt comfortable around her. She was a nice girl, attractive and very well groomed. He had never seen her in her regular clothes, only the non-descript girl's uniform.

She was wearing a tight-fitting angora sweater that curved perfectly around her budding bosom. Her nails were polished neatly; something not allowed at the school. He looked into her face and found that she was wearing expertly applied makeup. Most of the girls looked sort of harsh because they were not allowed to wear any or much cosmetics. But here at home, Suzie was an expert at bringing out her total femininity with the use of neatly applied color and tone. Her hair was even gently styled in a eye-catching manner that she never wore to school.

Robert was impressed with her appearance. She seemed so soft, and openly expressed the feelings on her mind. As they talked he struggled with taking frankly to her. To be close the way they were at school.

"SO?" she said.

"So what?" he grumbled, knowing exactly what she was asking about even though she made no mention of what she had done to him yesterday.

Robert looked like he might cry. His eyes carefully looked her over taking in every feminine detail of her appearance from head to toe. She was glad that she had dressed extra special that morning. She had taken extra pains to get her makeup just right and set the curl in her hair just the way she liked it.

She felt a special magic over young Robert. "Robert," she said sweetly with no force in her voice at all. "Would you like to come up and see my room?"

The boy nodded in agreement and the two of them headed up the stairs.

Once they stepped inside the door, she watched his face carefully and sure enough, his eyes seemed to dwell for a long time on her vanity table with its bottles of colors and creams and its large well lighted mirror. She walked him over to show him the bed and bathroom. "I'm lucky to have my own because a girl needs to have one available for all of the special little girl things that she had to do."

"I have a bathroom next to my room," he replied.

Suzie chuckled. "Is that where you put on your makeup?"

Again she watched him for any reaction, and sure enough, instead of getting angry, a shudder ran up his back as if he was getting some deep secret pleasure out of her comments. He smiled, "Mom helped me on Friday. But you are much better at it."

She walked and turned on a little plastic box on her vanity. She then showed him her walk-in closet before going back and pulling a hot curler from its prong in the box. "Have you ever seen one of these?" she asked.

"Yeah. In commercials."

"Well, with these you can curl your hair in just a few minutes and not have to sleep on rollers all night," she told him cutely. "But you boys have no idea what it's like to sleep on rollers all night now, do you?" she giggled.

Walking slowly, she stood next to him as he looked around and began to roll his hair up on the roller. "See," she said as he turned to see what she was doing. "It doesn't hurt a bit."

He just sat there.

"Yeah, but that one's not hot enough. They have got to be hot or they won't work," she told him, taking a second from the heater and rolling another tendril.

It will only take a few minutes to heat them up, and then I can set your hair real pretty for you," she whispered as she gently twirled his hair around her finger.

Again a shudder went down the slim boy's back. She led him to the chair in front of the vanity and by then the hair setting machine had quickly warmed up. She brushed his hair slowly with one of her natural bristle brushes.

"You really should brush it one hundred strokes per night," she told him. "You have such pretty hair. I hope that you never get it cut, no matter what Sister Theresa says," she crooned as Robert merely sat there and sighed with all of the attention he was getting.

What made him so docile at that moment? He really felt no anger for this girl at all, and in his heart he really wanted her to set his hair for him. Rollers were being placed before he could change his mind. In a few minutes, his entire head was covered with the steaming quick-set rollers.

Suzie was in heaven. She had dreamed of doing this to him from the moment she first set eyes on his golden tresses. All of the other boys at the school had those terrible short haircuts, but Robert had this long thick blond hair that she had just ached to get a hold of, and now she was setting it for him. What a thrill.

"Robert, on Saturday most of the girls dress up real special because we have to wear those uniforms. Will you let me pretend that you are one of the girls and let me dress you up real special?" she asked in her sweetest female voice.

Robert was lost as he sat looking in the mirror at his head full of curlers. His tough guy stance had receded into the farthest reaches of his mind. "What if your mother comes home?"

"She's shopping. We have lots of time."

Suzie didn't ask again. All she knew was that he would stop her if he didn't want her to. Gently, she coaxed him out of his clothes. "I'd love to shave his legs," she thought, "but I hate to go too far and ruin the whole mood."

Deciding to risk it, she did not even ask but just produced the razor and started to slowly shave his legs. Robert did not protest but merely sat there and watched her work. Suzie was thrilled as his legs gained a more feminine look as she worked.

She chatted away saying things like, "Don't ever use a man's razor on your legs. A woman's razor is much better and will keep them smoother..."

Before he knew it, he was standing in front of her with closely shaved legs, clad in pantyhose and perched on a dainty white pair of three-inch heels. Suzie smoothly slid her hands over his nyloned legs and Robert shivered.

He wanted to tell her about this mother purchases but wasn't ready—incase this was another ambush of his psyche.

Robert was docile as she picked out a bra out of her drawers.

Robert stammered, "I don't think I'll ever figure out all those straps and stuff..."

"I'm here to help you," Suzie assured her, "Some of them are a bit tricky until you get used to wearing them. I like this brand because the satin material is not cheap." Suzie had Robert hold his arms up, exposing his flat boyish chest. The bra was made of a lace and satin and Robert was startled to see the cups were padded and shaped making him at least a B-cup.

It felt weird with the extra inches out front, but it also made him feel good and he instinctively cupping his new curves.

"Nice eh?" Suzie giggled, "but now you know my secret..." She pulled her shoulders back and added, "Even we girls sometimes have to fudge."

Robert found himself dressed in Suzie's sexy lingerie, admiring his own reflection in the room's full-length mirror. Suzie smiled warmly and pulled a pretty print dress over his curler-filled head and worked it onto his shoulders.

She turned him around to face the mirror as she zipped up the back. He had to smile at how he looked in the reflecting glass. Suzie never stopped talking. Most of which Robert didn't hear. He was in another world. "This is a good style dress for you," she chattered. She sat him down and went to work on his face with the table full of cosmetics.

She dramatized his eyes with generous strokes of eyeshadow, eyeliner and mascara. In a bold last-minute move, she picked up her tweezers and said, "Let me get this long eyebrow hair that's in the way..."

First one hair then another, then one from the other side...then two more, then... Robert didn't move as Suzie plucked his eyebrows to her liking.

Through all of this, Robert made no move to stop her whatsoever but seemed to be quite happy with the proceedings. She darkened his cheeks with blusher and then capped it all off with a tidy application of lipstick to his mouth. "I wish we could wear darker shades of lipstick like this to school, don't you?"

Robert nodded as she took the rollers out of his beautiful, silky-blond hair and expertly began to brush and comb it to perfection. She teased up the back a bit with a big comb until it was a gorgeously-styled crown that would please any woman! And turn the head of any man.

"Some of your ends are split. You should always use a conditioner on your hair. You should use 'Pretty Tame.' It smells just like my favorite perfume."

Robert did indeed have pretty hair and in the hands of an expert stylist like Suzie, it became even more beautiful.

Rummaging through her jewelry box, she at last came up with a pair of tiny pearl earrings that she fastened onto his lobes. Then finished him off with a few dabs of her best perfume on each of his ears and on his wrists. A thin gold bracelet was put on his wrist and a dainty ring was placed on his right hand.

Then the moment of truth arrived as she walked him up to her three way, full-length mirror on her closet door.

"Oh, my!" he cried out as he took in his head-to-foot appearance. His feet were perched so sweetly in the white high heels, his legs were silky smooth feeling in the nude pantyhose, his body was draped in the pretty pink print dress with a shapely bustline. Seeing his face with their newly arched brows and curled hair—he almost fainted. The shapely curls fell so femininely around his perfectly made up face.

"You just can't cut that hair," she stated.

He almost wanted to cry. "Oh Suzie, what am I going to do?" he cried out.

"Just be your pretty self," she replied. Even she was in awe of her handiwork work and she loved his reaction to it.

Several more minutes passed as the teenage boy continued to give himself the once over. "I'm not done, dear boy," she teased. Taking him by the hand, she led him into her closet where she equipped him with a pretty pink purse that went quite well with the dress he was wearing.

"Let's go downstairs," she told him. She walked behind him as they descended the staircase, as she wanted to see just how he looked from behind as he went down the steps in his three-inch heels. To her pleasure, he did fine on the steps. She loved the way his skirt swayed as he walked.

"Could I have a drink of water?" he asked in his soft sweet voice.

"Sure," she replied as she raced into the kitchen to get it for him. She loved to hear him talk softly and femininely like that.

She watched as he pressed the glass to his lipstick-glossed mouth and drank, leaving a lipstick mark on the rim of the glass. He took a second glance at what he'd done. She laughed, "Don't worry, we girls do it all the time."

Robert grinned, "Yes, I've gotten this stuff on me—when some girl kissed me."

Robert recalled the many times that his mother had gotten her lipstick on him as she kissed him goodbye at school. He'd always been embarrassed when kids pointed it out, and now he himself was wearing lipstick.

"So what now?" he said, almost like he was bored.

"I can teach you how we girls walk and sit?" Suzie inquired.

"Please do," he responded sweetly. Soon the two of them were waltzing across the room next to each other. Suzie had taken a modeling course the year before, so she knew many tricks and helpful hint to help him move more gracefully. She showed him how to hold his hands, fold his skirt under him when he sat down and walk with a confident sway of the hips.

Suzie joked, "I'll teach you a modeling walk that will really separate the men from the boys…or would it be the girls from the boys?"

She loved watching him imitate her movements and was trying so hard to do it right. "Walk like you are barefoot on the beach and picking up little toe-fulls of sand…" In just a short time, he had his hip movement under control. She taught him to walk, "innocently," "flirtatiously," and even "Sexily!"

"With practice, you'll be great!" she said watching him moved on high heels as if he were born to wear them. With the graceful way he held his hands and new moves, combined with

his already stunning looks, Suzie wondered if guys would think that he was better looking than she.

When they finally sat down for a break, he said, "I know how to thank you or even if I should?" The two of them burst into laughter.

The day had gone by quickly and before they knew it, Suzie's mother returned with her sister from their shopping spree.

"Well?" her mother said when she saw Robert practicing his walk. "And judging from the way you look, I'll bet Suzie has been showing you a few of her modeling tricks."

Robert blushed deeply. He expected this woman to see right through his disguise. But instead she only saw what appeared in front of her...the darling blond girl that she had given a ride home...only with the "weekend war paint."

"Yes," he stammered. "She's taught me a lot."

Suzie was all smiles as her mother asked, "All those modeling lessons are finally getting some good use. Some of the girl's at school are behind socially. Does your mother allow you to wear make-up?"

"Just recently," he replied honestly and in a soft, high voice.

"Well, that's good. You are very pretty. Would you like to stay over for dinner with us?" she asked.

Robert didn't know what to say. He knew that he should be getting home soon or his own mother would wonder what had happened to him. But the day was gone and it was too late to get a haircut now.

Since he had no idea how he was going to return to his jeans and t-shirt for the walk home, he said, "I don't know...."

Suzie made up his mind for him. "Don't worry, Roberta, my mom will call yours and tell her where you are."

"I'm sure she won't mind missing you for just a few more hours," Suzie's mother replied.

Suzie and her new friend returned to her bedroom to 'try on clothes" before dinner. While Suzie's mother called Mrs. Teasdale, he just tried to calm himself.

"Hello, Mrs. Teasdale?" she said when the phone was finally answered.

"Yes?" Robert's mother replied.

"This is Suzie Adcock's mother Nancy. Remember? We gave her a ride home the other day? I have your daughter over here and I wondered if it would be all right with you if she stayed for dinner?"

There was a long pause in the conversation. "My daughter?" Mrs. Teasdale asked in an odd tone of voice.

"Yes, your daughter Roberta. Suzie and she have been playing 'modeling school' all day. I hope it's okay. My daughter went to modeling school and she has been showing her a few makeup and modeling tips."

Robert's mother got herself together quickly. "I guess...sure, it's fine with me. Would it be okay if I pick her up when it is time to come home?" she asked.

"Sure. Come by about seven and join us for coffee afterwards," Suzie's mother offered.

"That would be real nice. I'd like to meet the mother of Roberta's new friend," Mrs. Teasdale told her as she hung up.

Robert's mother could hardly contain herself. She was unsure what to think about her young son, dressed as a girl, playing over at some school friend's house. Obviously, Suzie's mother was convinced but why should that surprise her. She had taken her son "bra shopping" the night before.

She knew this "Suzie" was one of the girls that had forced him to dress up at school? But another day had gone by without a haircut. She wondered why her offer of a wig was so coldly rejected.

It wasn't just his "rocker" image that needed long hair anymore. She remembered seeing him in his little girlie nightgown, primping and playing with his hair.

She went to his room and saw that his dress and uniform had been put neatly in his closet and his panties, slip and bras we folded tidily in his top drawer.

"What have I done," she moaned. "Instead of making him get a haircut, I drug him downtown to a clothing store and bought him a pretty dress and lingerie."

She looked for a compromise. "Maybe I could have taken him to my beauty parlor to have his hair properly styled?"

She could not wait to see what this girl had done to her son.

Robert was having a wonderful time at the Adcocks' house. Suzie was really pleased with his girlish behavior. He was making every attempt to act as feminine as possible and was pulling it off. With Mr. Adcock out of town for a convention, it was a table full of girls for supper that night. They had just finished the meal when the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," Mrs. Adcock shouted as she raced from the kitchen in response to the bell.

When his mother walked into the room, Robert was touching up his lipstick after eating—just like Suzie taught him. Suddenly he jerked his head up, causing a smear.

"Mom!" he said with a start.

"Yes, dear. My, how pretty my little girl looks today. I must say that these lessons Mrs. Adcock was telling me about have sure improved your appearance. This must be Suzie?"

Suzie blushed and looked at Robert. His mother went on, as she sat at the table, "My, you've just done wonders with my child."

Robert was in shock. He had not expected his mother to show up! He had figured that he would get changed and go home in his jeans. Now here was his mother calling him a "girl".

Robert's mother added, "What a pretty dress? That's just like the one I bought you last night, isn't it?"

Robert looked at Suzie who was giving him the "WHAT THE?"

But Robert's mother didn't stop. She asked Suzie's mother, "Do you ever take your daughters shopping at Maddie's? They had such a sale going. I bought Roberta the cutest babydoll nighties…and you should see the lingerie…"

Suzie took Robert by the hand to the bathroom to get the lipstick smear off his cheek.

"You little tease!?" Suzie flirted as they got into the privacy of the bathroom. "Your mother's been buying you dresses?"

"One dress," he stammered. "I didn't expect my mom to come over here."

"I guess my mom invited her," Suzie responded, moving closer to him. "So tell me the truth…all you have is one dress?"

"Yeah," he said, flustered. "I don't know why... "

"Just one dress. No panties or slips or bras OR nightgowns?" she asked with a giggle.

"Okay, Mom bought me a few things…" he spluttered.

"Oh really?" Suzie said as she turned him toward the mirror. Robert was taken in with his own appearance. No wonder Suzie's mother had treated him like a girl. He really looked like a beautiful young woman. He had not liked the look in his mother's eyes, and it made him nervous. He almost dreaded the thought of going home with her that night.

"Let's go up to my room," Suzie requested. The two of them quietly went up the stairs and closed the door behind them.

"What's up?" the pretty she-male asked. Suzie gently led him over to the bed and sat him down.

"Let me clear the air. I love you this way, 'Roberta,'" she cooed in his ear. She laid him on his back and straddled him.

Robert didn't know what was happening. He did not want to struggle with her, and Suzie had begun to breathe heavily and stroke his dress-clad body gently.

Robert was young and had not dated in a serious way at all. But this petting quickly began to arouse his youthful excitement. He let out a small sigh as Suzie continued to moan.

"Oh Roberta," she sighed breathlessly. "Please be my girl?"

"Your girl?" he gasped.

Before Robert knew what was happening, she was pressed against him; kissing him deeply. Their soft young mouths slid on each other's lipstick and their neatly styled hair intertwined as curls intermingled together.

Robert inhaled a nostril full of their matching sweet perfume. She was hotly passionate and he was just a boy who had not had any experience in these areas. She stroked his cheeks with her fingers and fondled his padded breasts as her excitement mounted.

Robert was confused. This had been a wonderful experience. It was his first time being so close with a woman. Yet she was calling him by a female name. He thought, "Why not? I'm dressed and made up just like a pretty young girl. I guess I should be called by a girl's name."

Suzie had made such a fuss over him, and now this had happened. No woman had ever done this to him before. He felt so fulfilled at that moment, but was worried that he had not controlled the encounter. He had not been a "man".

He had felt so helpless as she made him feel good. He had thrilled to her touch when she stroked his hair. He loved the feeling of their mouths as their thick glossy lipsticks melted together. When she rubbed his breasts, he wished that he really had breasts with neat pink nipples and nice rounded globes of flesh.

Suzie repositioned his attire and gently brushed his hair back into place. Robert sat still while she freshened up his makeup and gave him another shot of perfume.

All Robert could do was smile as they went back down and rejoined the others. Robert's mother smiled broadly at him as he re-entered the room and sat down, properly smoothing his skirt.

They all said their good-byes and Mrs. Teasdale thanked everyone for their hospitality. As she walked out the door she turned and said to Suzie, "Why don't you come over tomorrow? You can help Roberta with her *school project*."

As they walked to the car, Maria noticed her son's new walk. His bottom swayed gracefully and his skirt moved about his smooth legs.

"Did Suzie teach you to walk like that?"

Robert nodded. She watched him self-confidently slide into the car and swing his legs in together.

On the short way home, his mother was talking so sweetly it scared Robert. No yelling, no reprimands, no "you should haves," just compliments.

His mother placed her hand on his pantyhose-clad leg and rubbed it softly. "I really love you sweet like this," she crooned as a look of fulfillment crossed her face.

Robert looked at her and grew even more frightened. He had not seen her look so happy for years. He knew that she had to be angry over him letting Suzie do this...and for not getting haircut.

His mother parked the car in the driveway and the two, looking like a mother and daughter, went into the house.

Inside, his mother made him show her what Suzie had taught him. "You handle a skirt very nicely," she said, watching him sitting prettily.

He stood up with poise and took a few steps, pivoted and walked across the room with a beautiful, eye-catching wiggle.

Maria shook her head. He walked nothing like an ungainly boy in his first pair of high heels. He said, "Suzie says walking is like becoming a ballerina. You have to know the basic foot and hand positions before one can dance." With that he showed his mother some basic feminine standing and posture positions, then a few pivots.

He added, "Suzie says I should practice in shoes with higher heels..."

"Higher heels than those?" He looked totally comfortable in the heels he was wearing. They had a heel that was two to three inches high.

He gushed on, "You should see Suzie walk in four inch heels! She says I should practice a little each day rather than devoting several hours one day a week..."

"You want to practice walking like a girl every day, eh?" His mother looked at him strangely as he practiced sauntering along on his heels, his little dress clinging like an outer skin to his slim lithe body. She said, "It's bedtime. GO put on your nightie and I'll come tuck you in..."

Robert headed to his room, still walking like a girl, his hips slightly swaying, his purse in his hands.

His mother gave him time to change and went to his room. Robert was sitting at his vanity taking off his makeup. His legs crossed girlishly at the knees.

"What are we going to do with you," his mother asked.

"I'm not cutting my hair," he gushed out in a girlish way.

His mother watched as he worked on his face. In the little nightgown, it was difficult to him as anything but a teenaged blonde girl. His youthful, pretty blond hair was styled loosely like a girls, giving him an adorable appearance. She saw his slender, feminine fingers cleaning of his eyemakeup, leaving only clear, soft, glowing skin.

His mother gasped when she noticed, "Did Suzie pluck your eyebrows!"

His rounded fingernail went to the arched brow and asked, "Too much?"

"Not for a girl," she said noticing how high above his eyes they were now. They were thin and highly arched like a woman's.

He stood up and walked over to his bed. He was still walking with smooth short steps with his hips moving like a girls. He sat on the bed and pulled his legs up, keeping them together properly and holding his pink nightie down over his soft and smooth legs.

Maria tucked him in, saying, "Tomorrow we figure this problem out, okay?"

He shivered to the bone when she added, "If you aren't getting a haircut, we have a lot do before Monday."

He fell into a restless sleep.

Sunday morning's sunlight pierced Robert's window and he sat up in bed. For a brief second, he felt totally natural in his ultra-feminine nightwear. Then he looked around the room at all the little additions such as the pretty dress he'd worn yesterday. It suddenly hit him. "What the heck am I doing? I'm a guy!" he thought frantically.

Then he looked down at the ruffles covering the bodice of his nightgown. He was slightly embarrassed finding himself enjoying the feel of the lace against his nipples. What was he doing pretending to have "curves" there? But there he was, lying in his bed, looking for the entire world to be a pretty young girl in a nightie.

He ran to the mirror. His beautiful blond hair still held much of the curl from the day before; falling softly to his lace clad shoulders.

"Oh my gawd! Was I drugged up yesterday or what?" he gasped, running a finger over his highly arched eyebrows.

Just then his mother walked in. "Yes, you are STILL pretty today," she laughed, watching her son in his spaghetti strapped nightie checking out his "expressive" eyebrows. His blonde hair fell across his face in a cascade of softness.

"Oh mom," he moaned, as he went back to his bed, "What have I done?"

Her eyes were immediately drawn to the graceful sway of his hips and couldn't help but wonder if he'd ever be able to walk like a boy again. "So what do I do now?" he asked.

"If you aren't getting a haircut, I need your help."

"With what," he asked.

"Turning you into a girl for school," she said matter-of-factly, adding, "And we can thank Suzie for a good start…"

"I'm not cutting my hair…"

"Fine then," she said before walking out. "You put on a dress and makeup and I'll call Suzie to come over and help get you ready for school…"

Robert just sat there on the edge of his bed thinking about the last few days. Was it just the hair that made it so that he could easily pass for a girl?

He could cut it, wear the boy's uniform and blend into the students at school. He went into his bathroom; walking in a feminine manner and opened the shower.

Inside, his mother had put one of her pink razors and some pink leg gel. There was also a woman's shampoo and conditioners. He looked around and saw a pair of tweezers by the close-up mirror. "For my eyebrows?" he questioned. His face must have blushed nine shades of red!

Then it hit him. They were just trying to test his determination. He said to himself, "I can be sheared or sneared. I think I'll take snear."

Robert walked into the kitchen, his hips swaying prettily to give prominence to his new print dress. Acting very femininely, he poured himself a glass of orange juice.

His mother noticed that he smoothed his skirt under him correctly before he sat and crossed his legs at the knees. He was holding the glass femininely in his hand; like he had very long fingernails.

"Did you call Suzie?"

"Yes. She'll be here in a little bit."

"Good," his feminized voice broke a little and he lowered his head, his silky blonde hair falling forward to spill over his face.

His mother thought she give him one last ultimatum. "You know, if you are going to be a girl at school, I'm going to insist you be one here at home too…"

He didn't know what to say. He gasped, "What about my music career?"

"You can still play guitar and sing? You'll just be doing it in a dress."

He shrugged in a feminine fashion like he had no other choice.

His mother shook her head and said, "I don't know where we are going with this but here we go!"

He was a little scared to enter the mall, realizing what it meant to his future. From their "little" list, he knew that they had more in mind than a few "regulation bra and panties sets.

As they walked in, there was "Trims". It would have been so easy to walk in and say, "Take it all off!" Except he was now wearing a pretty dress and he was sure Suzie wouldn't stand for it.

Besides, he liked his new dress. It had a skirt that was slightly above his knees and a neckline that showed just a hint of cleavage. He liked the way Suzie did his makeup and styled his hair to fall loosely across his shoulders. Pumps with a three inch heel completed the outfit.

As they walked to the uniform shop, an older man came by and said "Good morning, ladies."

Robert felt a jolt of excitement go through his body at the word "ladies." His panties tightened under his dress and nylons. Adding a bit more wiggle to his walk didn't help. He suddenly realized that he liked being looked at. Was that why he liked per-

forming music? Seemed like being in a dress got him more attention than music ever did.

When he realized that men were "checking" him out, his knees almost buckled.

His mother was pointing out a pretty dress in a window and said, "You'll need a few more housedresses."

His mother wanted a Latté coffee so they stopped at a sidewalk café. The waiter asked him, "Miss, what will you have?"

Robert didn't answer. Actually he wanted him to ask again. "Miss?" he repeated.

Robert was so excited that he was afraid that he might make a public spectacle out of himself. He briefly wondered if he was crazy when two guys at the counter looked at him appraisingly. He found himself thrusting his chest out.

Suzie caught the move and whispered, "Easy girl. I'll teach you all about boys when your mother isn't with us…"

Robert felt almost dizzy as the blood drained from his head and he felt himself becoming aroused. As they began shopping, it somewhat began to make perfect sense. There were the endless possibilities. Short dresses, tight skirts, sexy lingerie, and those almost impossibly high heels. He had found a new, exciting way to rebel!

These were clothes that he should not wear just because… because boys did not wear stuff like this. Because a boy might look like a sissy or worse yet…a girl!

Shopping in the girl's department made him giddy. He'd accepted that he loved dressing up and therefore there was nothing too girlish! In fact, the more girlish the better!

Thanks goodness there were cooler heads making the decisions. At one point, his mother turned to him and said, "We are making you into a young woman…not a hooker!"

The two women bought Robert dresses and skirts and tops; every thing was designed to show off his budding femininity.

Most were sensible and respectable. "You are a good girl!" Suzie stated.

But when they bought shoes and sandals, that was a different story. His mother loved shoes. Every one deemed to be "sexy" and most with high heels. None of them could be called "comfortable" to walk in because that was not the point with shoes!

When you got right down to it, the only sensible shoes he needed were the ones for school.

His mother bought him panties and bra sets in every color and of course enough "regulation" white ones for the week at school.

"We're getting carried away here," he said. "This is costing a fortune!"

His mother laughed, "It's coming out of your college fund. If this doesn't calm you down, you won't be needing it..."

The rest of the day followed much the same pattern. Any time a person referred to him as "miss" or "young lady" or even his mom's reference to him as "my daughter," it would rouse him into seventh heaven.

His favorite purchase was some special, silicone breast pads. With a thin bra and translucent blouse he appeared braless! He wore them out of the store and admitted that he enjoyed it as his breasts bounced and moved as he walked.

The last stop was the uniform supply to get girl's school uniforms.

By the time the mall closed, all wondered if there would be room in the car for them. By now, Robert was feeling quite confident. He'd even switched into his newest, highest heels. They hurt his feet but the ache felt nice.

No one would ever guess that the cute blonde with the swaying bottom and impossibly high heels was actually a boy.

All of this made Robert feel like laughing. Why did he always make things so complicated?

When a security guard said, "Good night ladies," Robert felt another wave of arousal while at the same time wondering how he ended up like this.

In the car, Suzie chattered on about their purchases. She reached into a bag and pulled out a sexy but white bra and panty set. "I have this same set so wear them tomorrow and we'll match, okay?"

For Maria Teasdale, that day marked the death of her rebellious son. As the Suzie helped Robert put away his new clothes, the reality of his new life began to hit young Robert.

On Monday morning, Robert awoke feeling queasy to his stomach. His mother had laid out the uniform on his vanity: the skirt, blouse, tie and blazer. On top of those was his new underwear! They were the regulation white—the bra and panties had a silky sheen to them, as did the pantyhose/tights. He felt a knot in his stomach tighten as he pulled his nightie over his head and took a shower and carefully shaved his legs.

It seemed like seconds later, Robert found himself heading for school—dressed in the garb of a female student with a pleated skirt, sweater and white blouse. Strangely enough, he hated the fact that the blouse was so plain more than he hated the idea of wearing it.

Robert—or was it Roberta, who walked into the classroom perched on his new pair of "regulation" low heeled pumps. The regulation uniform looked so good on him!

His mother had called the school and discussed her decision with them before she drove him to school that morning. Much to her surprise, Sister Teresa agreed that her son was easier to handle and seemed to be a much better student while dressed and treated as a girl. The other students didn't know how to react.

He smiled over at Suzie knowing that she was so proud of him! When Sister Teresa called his name for role, he stood up and said proudly, "I think it would be less distracting if you called me 'Roberta" now."

"If you wish to be called Roberta," Sister Teresa spat, "we'll call you Roberta. And by the way, you'll be going to home economics instead of computer science on Wednesdays..."

Not a word was heard. Many of the boys were afraid that if they caused trouble they too would have the same fate, and would end up in class wearing a pleated skirt and blouse too. So they left the "new girl" alone.

At recess, Suzie ran over to him and gave him a big hug. "You did it! You did it!" she cooed.

The girls, however, were something else again. They were amazed at his transformation and as a result he garnered almost more attention than he could handle. Many of them offered him dresses and shoes that they no longer wore and by the end of the day he had a full social schedule of slumber parties ahead of him. The girls were so nice to him! They made him feel right at home.

While not the perfect solution, Sister Theresa was surprised at her new student's attitude. He or she paid complete attention in class and created no disturbances that day. No teacher could ask for a better student.

"Perhaps she should insist that all of the boys in her class wear dresses from now on," she thought, wondering if she should take it up with the head of the school.

By the end of the first week, Robert had settled into him new routine. Each day found him more comfortable with his new clothes. He began to try different girlish hairstyles. He loved all of the attention he was getting and his mother showed no signs of this being temporary. She talked as if he was going to dress like this for the rest of his life.



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Often the teachers at the school had him sing in assemblies and student recruitings as an example of what their school could accomplish. They never mentioned that he was really a male. They too had almost forgotten that little detail. Instead, they would just let him sing a few sweet songs and show off the uniforms that would "help the wayward" students.



His mother spent lots of this money on new clothes for him. Never a dime on the clothing for a young man, but clothing for a sweet young girl... Frilly night clothes, dresses, slips, panties, a full assortment of pretty shoes with buckles and bows, fresh new pairs of pantyhose, barrettes for his long hair, bottles of sweet perfumes, boxes and packages of makeup, nail polishes and hairsprays, a collection of bras in various colors and a full range of outer wear for every occasion.

She and Suzie even took him down to her beauty parlor and had his hair styled and lightened into a more girlish "California blonde."

By summer break, Robert was as feminine as any girl his age. He took modeling classes with Suzie and they gave him a sense of movement that was the envy of many of his girl friends.

And perhaps most shocking, Robert was picked up to play with a band! A band that got paid!

Although Robert had his hair cut into a girl's style, it was even longer now than it had been when he had first entered the school. It reached well down his back in all its thick blond glory.

Each night either he or his mother would set it so that the following day it would look its curled and perfumed best. He was definitely one of the favorite young girls among his male classmates.

Someone started a rumor that Robert had never been a guy, just a weird gal who was now on the right track. That was enough for the boys…he started being asked out on dates.

At first he declined but Suzie said, "Look. You are my best girlfriend but we girls need boyfriends too…"

What is fair for the goose is fair for the gander…

So when the next dance party finally arrived, the best looking boy in the school entered the dance hall as everyone else looked on.

Following close by his side was one of the prettiest girls you would ever want to see. The gown fit her curvy body like a second skin...and her neatly curled blond hair tumbled down her bare back seductively. Dances were one of the few times when the school allowed its girls to "show off" in these types of clothes.

And by now we all know how Robert loves to show off! The front of his dress scooped sexily to reveal the enticing cleavage of his budding little breasts. High spiked heels graced his pretty feet with their neatly painted toenails and his face could not have been made up any prettier.

He was definitely a show-stopper and his date was the proudest man in the room at that moment.

They went straight to the dance floor as the band struck up the first song of the evening. Bodies pressed tightly together,

faces cheek to cheek, they swayed with the music. The young man was lost in the sweet smell of his date's seductive perfume as the two of them whirled across the floor.

"Oh my!" Robert gasped suddenly. "I have to get ready for my show! I'm only doing three songs…you'll wait for me, right?" Robert whispered hotly as he fluttered his dark lashes and pouted luscious red lips.

"Forever," the young man said.

THE END.



Robert was a REBEL. From the tips of his teased hair to his ruby tipped toes…





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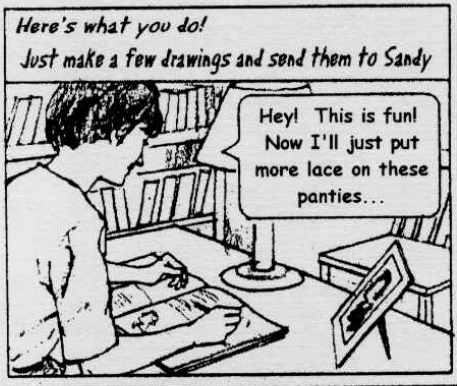
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PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

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

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

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

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

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

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

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

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

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

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

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

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

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND # 74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I # 75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought. Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7
Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8
Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike. This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9
Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10
Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11
A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12
From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13
A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14
He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15
A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16
Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17
A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home. DOUBLE ISSUE

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18
Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19
Glen's mother knew all about raising girls from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20
After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life. DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21
Two young couples make a bet. . .Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22
A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . .they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them??. . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23
A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24
This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25
What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . .with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26
A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27
Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28
A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29
The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30
Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31
After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32
Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33
A young man, femininily distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34
A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35
Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36
It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37
A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38
A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META' COMPLETED #39 & 40
A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41
Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42
When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43
This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44
A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him. Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45
David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47
Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48
The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50
It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51
A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53
Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54
Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55
Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56
Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57
An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58
A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59
It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60
Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62
This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63
Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64
After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65
A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66
Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67
Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68
If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69
Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70
A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71
Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY
A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL
Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II
Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III
Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV
Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL
Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY
Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL
Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN
Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work...
"

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet. . .can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1
HUSBAND TO SISTER #2
HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND
AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I
PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

#1 NORM:

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books. It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

THE SARAH SCHOOL

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS: ONE, TWO, THREE

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3

"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE

A young man finds "domestic bliss" as a fashion model's sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1

LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3
A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR
This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

PUNISHED IN PINK
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR
His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!
SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC BOOK#1)
Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)
Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.
I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC BOOK#3)
Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!
I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC BOOK#4)
Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!
I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC BOOK #5)
The continuing saga of Tebby.
I BECAME MY TEACHER
A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

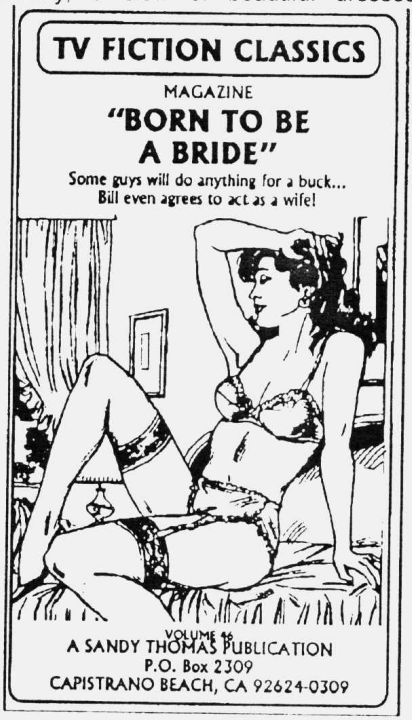
THE SISSY SERIES

SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4 -#5
Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!
THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS ONE &TWO
A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?
WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM
A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.
THE SLIP
A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!
THE SECRETARIAL SLIP
A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.
NON-FICTION BOOKS
THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.
The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.
A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.
FROM MAN TO WOMAN
A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

TV CONTEST VIDEOS
MODEL SEARCH 2004
THE ART OF FEMININE ILLUSION
Take a bunch of boys, a hundred foot runway, a slew of beautiful dresses, swimsuits and the highest heels and what do you get??? Two hours of the finest of female impersonations! **In VHS or DVD. Please Specify**.





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FEMININE PROPOSAL











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