

TRANSVESTIA
FICTION MAGAZINE

**FATED FOR
FEMINIZATION**



Volume 1

**LENNIE WANTS TO BECOME A
CHEERLEADER...BUT HIS SCHOOL
ONLY HAS GIRL CHEERLEADERS.**

**SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS
P. O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA**

TRANSVESTIA FICTION MAGAZINE

Volume 1

FATED FOR FEMININIZATION

Previously published as FATED FOR FEMININITY

LULU EDITION

Published by
www.sthomas.com
sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

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

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QUOTE BOARD:

Being a woman is a terribly difficult task since it consists principally in dealing with men. - Joseph Conrad

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By Sandy Thomas and friends...

The loud din of adolescent voices suddenly abated as a suave, pleasant faced man arose from his seat on the platform and approached the center of the stage. This was the third day of the fall term at Clifftown High School, and the first general assembly had been called.

Mr. Arthur, the principal of the school, gave his usual greetings to the student body and welcomed the new students. He followed this with the patented stock jokes most of the students had heard before but even so they howled in glee as though hearing them for the first time. Finally, Principal Arthur dug out a sheaf of notes and consulted them from time to time as he reminded everyone of the curricula and the coming school activities, interjecting these with conduct to be observed in the cafeteria and general behavior.

Lennie Parks hadn't been paying much attention to the imposing person on the stage until he caught the words, "It seems we have one vacancy for cheerleader and if there are any students here, new or old, who would like to try out for the position, now is the time to step up on the stage and do so.

Ah then, there was a vacancy! Lennie had feared it was a closed activity and he would not get a chance to show what he could do until next year. At the Junior High School in the city he had moved from with his family, Lennie had acquired quite a reputation leading the class in cheers at their intramural games. He had always been too small to get on any of the best teams, and he had to be content with leading the cheers for those bigger and more rugged than he.

At sixteen, he was scarcely feet two inches tall and weighed only one hundred eighteen pounds. He had little hopes of any athletic notice except along the lines in which he had already met success...as a cheerleader...and, indeed, cheerleading the way Lennie did it was quite an athletic achievement. He was very lithe and acrobatic and constantly worked out on the parallel bars to improve his technique. His uncle had taken him to the big college games, and Lennie's eyes were for the cheerleaders as he followed their antics more than those of the players. When he got home, he would imitate the routines of these cheerleaders in front of his mirror.

SPECIAL PREVIEW FOR LULU READERS

This is a special edition for the LULU. It contains both the original drawings, new text and alternative illustrations....isn't it great to not have printing limitations!

Hope you enjoy this, one of the most classic of TG stories ever written.

SANDY

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Later in the story....

Lennie's Aunt's eyes roamed over his feminized figure. But then she focused on his curves. "I know some of you is padding but you have a sensational the curve of your bottom."

Lennie giggled and teased, wiggling his hips a bit. "My bottom does look better in a skirt, doesn't it? I guess I made the right decision last year."

Her nephew smiled. The light in the kitchen landing softly on Lennie's curly hair, its rays illuminating his brilliant hair color. When he walked across the kitchen, there was a nice scent in the air, probably from his perfume.

"Honey, are you ever going to try to be a boy again?"

Kitty asked as she watched her nephew's slight sway of his hips, and the way his long curled hair moved girlishly.

"I hope so," he said, fixing drinks for the two of them.

Back to the story....

As yet, Lennie had not heard the standard yells of his new school, but they were all listed in the student's guide pamphlet he received on his first day. Since then, he had spent every available hour memorizing these yells and working them out according to his own interpretation and felt that he had worked up a pretty good routine already.

So it was with the most natural feeling in the world that he found himself walking down the aisle in answer to the principal's request. He climbed the steps and walked out onto the stage, only to be greeted by titters and giggles; and then outright laughter. Mr. Arthur greeted him with a surprised look.

"Oh, you must be a new pupil. You are not aware...that..." He cast a quick glance of helplessness toward a sharp-faced administrator type woman seated there.

She leaned over toward him and said in a low voice, "Why not? There really has never been any RULE against it."

Mr. Arthur shrugged and addressed Lennie. "Young man, do you know our yells?"

"Yes sir," Lennie said emphatically.

Mr. Arthur raised his hand to silence the laughing audience. "Our first try out..." he said. In an under tone, he asked Lennie his name.

"Lennie Parks."

Lennie was handed a megaphone. He looked out upon a sea of grinning faces that, for a moment, drove the words and sounds of the yells completely out of his mind. Mastering himself, he recalled them and holding up his

left palm for silence, he yelled into the megaphone.

“Come on now, gang. We’re going to do the Zoom-Za-Za. Whisper it! Talk it! Yell it!” He threw the megaphone down, put on a pair of immense rally gloves and began to wave his hands slowly. There was little response except from the teachers behind him. Most of the student body was too busy laughing.

What kind of gag did this kid think he was pulling anyway? SAY! What is this? Lennie, in following the directions of his windmill gyrations, did a side flip without touching a finger to the floor and came up without the ZOOM-ZA-ZA, finding that he suddenly had a following.

Again and again, he went over and up in perfect rhythm, and by now, the audience was roaring with the finale. Mr. Arthur smiled and motioned Lennie to seat himself on the platform with the teachers and a hand full of students—all girls!

The next contestant was a girl named Carol. She was a tall, sallow faced blonde who, after taking the megaphone, went through her trials. Her efforts, following those of Lennie, were pitiful in contrast, and so was her response. After regaining her seat, she threw spiteful looks of hate at Lennie, as did the seven other girls who followed.

Mr. Arthur stuffed his notes into his pocket, cleared his throat, and said, “Students, you have very clearly indicated that you wish MR. Parks to fill the spot vacated by Jane Taylor of last term. You are dismissed.”

With a rumble and a clatter of scraping chairs and shuffling feet, the auditorium began to empty itself.

The sharp-faced lady teacher handed Lennie a slip of paper. “Please report to this room after classes. I’m Miss Taylor, the special events counselor.”

It was a long time after that; however, that Lennie’s

growing suspicions were confirmed in regards to the reasons why no other boy had turned out in response for a cheerleader. He learned that it was traditional at Clifftown High to have girl cheerleaders. Previously, there had always been five of the prettiest girls in the school to lead the cheers. The town, as well as the school, took pride in these cheerleaders, and what they lacked in gesticulating finesse, they more than made up for in beauty of costume and person. Needless to say, the newspaper cameraman always managed to include them in their shots of game color.

Lennie also learned that six other schools in the county conference, as well as State College, used only girls for cheerleaders. A male cheerleader in those parts was absolutely unheard of, and no self-respecting boy would have dreamed of taking such an effeminate position.

When Lennie entered Miss Taylor's room after school, it was empty save for four pretty girls who froze when they saw him. A tall beautiful brunette in a green sweater and skirt advanced solemnly to meet him. "I'm Mona Andrews, the squad captain," she said. "I guess you had better meet the others. This is Terry, and these are the Newton twins, Dora and Cora." Two dazzling redheads nodded in unison.

The girls resented Lennie and did not try to hide the fact. He secretly suspected there might have been some jealousy mixed up in it for they certainly could not hope to follow his acrobatics.

Mona Andrews spoke again and assumed a very severe tone. "Really now, Mr. Parks, you should understand first of all that we, of Clifftown High, don't go in for the floor show type of cheerleading that you displayed at assembly." Miss Taylor came in at this moment, and Mona repeated what she had said for the

teacher's benefit.

Miss Taylor put down her briefcase, and replied, "As usual, I am leaving that up to you girls. All that I need just now is for you to sign your special activities card." She passed five cards out with instructions on filling them out for Lennie's benefit. "Lennie, you will receive one-fourth of a credit for this extracurricular activity because of the extra time required outside of school hours. You are obligated to practice with the girls after school, either here or at any of your respective homes." After collecting the cards and chatting a moment, she left abruptly.

Mona took over at her desk. "Girls," she said, "I'm afraid we will really have to put our heads together to work out our present problem. A boy is definitely going to spoil our line up. So, I think he should take the left twenty. What do you think?"

"Really Mona," said Terry, "I think the obvious place for Mr. Parks would be in the middle. Then he'll be flanked by two girls on either side."

"It's always been a Clifftown tradition to have the prettiest...I mean, the squad captain, in the middle." Mona slapped her hand on the desk angrily.

Terry snorted, "Go ahead Miss Conceit, and say what you mean. You're not kidding anybody. We all know what you think of yourself."

Mona tossed her head. "I believe I was elected Beauty Queen last year, Darling."

Terry sneered, then giggled. "Opinions may change this year, you know. Personally, I think Mr. Parks here has got you beat all hollow."

What she had said, half in jest, was based on a keen observation. Lennie's baby faced beauty had long been a source of embarrassment to him as it was now as four pair of eyes appraised him, making him flush deeply.

Mona laughed, pretending amazement. "I guess I'd

better work like mad with my beauty creams or Pretty Boy here will be chosen Queen instead of me.”

Then, on the vote, Terry lost out on her idea, and Lennie was definitely designated to the left twenty position. Dora and Cora were quite in awe of the beautiful Mona, and it was obvious that she had them under her thumb. Also, it was easy to see that Terry and Mona had little love for each other.

A few desks were pushed back against the wall, and Lennie was shown the stock cheerleading routines. No comparison to his own repertoire, these motions were simple and child like, and he had little difficulty mastering them almost at once. He was quite disgusted and considered dropping the activity. The thought, though, that he might be also throwing away the consuming interest of his life and the thing he did best, appalled him. Just because of some silly girls, he knew that he would stick it out. He made mental reservations that might take a bit of time to materialize. As they broke up, Mona complimented him. “I must admit, Mr. Parks, that you learn fast.”

One of the twins agreed, “My gracious, yes. Just think, it took us all last term and all summer vacation to learn it.”

Clifftown’s first home football game was almost a month away, and in the meantime, Lennie had other things to think about besides cheerleading. First, of course, were his studies. His present curriculum was somewhat different than he had planned. One subject in particular, Geometry, gave him trouble. He tried unsuccessfully to drop it. Ordinarily, his retiring nature would have indefinitely prolonged his making any acquaintances in a new school, but by his overt actions on assembly day, he was now known to all. Upon meeting him in the classrooms or hallways, many nodded to him or

smiled. He had assumed, somewhat, the guise of a celebrity. No one; however, sought him out for a friend and few exchanged more than a few words. He seemed to be regarded as an oddity that set him apart from the others.

The closest he came to having a friend was the kindness shown to him by Terry who took it upon herself to show him around and familiarize him with the school and its traditions. Being in the same category as the members of the football team and the student council, many of Lennie's classes could be cut and school life was made easier and more interesting. By virtue of all the special meetings he had to attend, he began to enjoy school life much more.

The five cheerleaders always sat as a group. After school, there would be meetings of the cheerleaders, usually at Mona's house. This constant association mellowed even Mona's attitude somewhat, and she became friendly and patronizing. Often, after the night sessions were over, he would accompany the girls to a neighborhood movie where their entrance was always greeted by wolf whistles. Although he was aware the appreciative whistles were not for him, the collective attention paid the group made him rather proud. This was quite a climb for a lad just out of Junior High.

After the show, they would go to Golden's for a malt. Here, they broke up as a group, for all the girls had a large retinue of admirers who descended upon them. Lennie would have his malt and then go home alone.

The Saturday before the first game, the cheerleaders gathered at Blakeley's Teen Shop for uniform fittings. Blakeley's made them free of charge for the advertising they would get from this fact. The fitting process was a frenzied episode of chattering between the four girls and Miss Taylor. As the school colors were white and blue, it

was decided that the current costume should be a blue jumper over a white silk blouse. Lennie's would be the same...a jumper with trousers instead of a skirt. The uniforms were delivered to the school that Thursday, and Mona called a meeting of the five for a dress rehearsal at the girl's gym right after school.

A little after 3:15, as Lennie entered the gym, he met a few stragglers from the last class. Several of the girl's grinned and Nancy Dean, who was in his history class, called, "Hello there, Lennie or should I call you 'Linda'. Are you going to sign up for the girl's basketball team?"

Lennie flushed and winced as he saw Mona and the twins coming in behind him. They had heard what Nancy said, and Mona carried it along, as he feared she would. "Hello there, Linda darling," she gushed.

The resulting embarrassment was nothing compared to what engulfed him when he opened his bundle from Blakeley's and saw that his ensemble was of the same material as were the uniforms of the girl's. There was a blue satin overall jumper, a frilly white silk blouse, blue socks, and white gum soled girl's shoes.

He rushed into the main dressing room with his box, and there was a screech from Dora who was just getting into her jumper. Terry and Cora were already fully dressed, but Mona was clad only in her bra and panties. Lennie's entrance did not ruffle her in the least. She seized him, and he began to beat a retreat. "Whoa there, Honey! What's all the excitement about?"

Lennie took a quick glance at her and averted his gaze in embarrassment. "It's this sissy outfit," he stammered. "I won't wear it. I'll quit first rather than wear this thing."

Mona grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him until his teeth rattled. "You little fool," she hissed. "This is a heck of a time to say that, now that we're stuck with

you. It's too late to get anyone else, and you're going through it if I have to beat the pants off you." She shook him some more and, pleased with her power, continued until the boy was in actual distress.

Terry cut in, "Stop that, Mona; you're hurting him."

Mona smirked at the entrancing thought that she was gable to physically bully a male as she stopped shaking him. "Alright then, Linda, I guess you have had enough. Will you put on your uniform like a good girl, or do WE have to dress you?"

Appalled at the thought, Lennie nodded his head and docilely took his box, going behind a row of lockers.

He heard the girls giggling and Mona laughing as Dora said, "Why Mona, you are simply a brute. I had no idea!"

Finally, dressed in the effeminate outfit, Lennie emerged from his place rather sheepishly. A chorus of squeals greeted him. Mona gushed, "Oh, what a darling outfit! Maybe it would have been a good idea if the rest of us had gotten the same kind. Then, we would all be dressed alike."

Terry grabbed him around the neck and kissed him full on the mouth. Her sweetness almost made him dizzy. "You know Lennie," she purred, "in that outfit, you look positively beautiful."

The next day, a pep rally was held in the auditorium, and Coach Welch gave a talk on the forthcoming game. One from Hank Dooley, the left half-back and team captain followed his speech. Principal Arthur then spoke of sportsmanship and deportment.

There was a sudden roar from the students as they got their first glimpse of the cheerleaders in their new outfits. When Terry ran out on the stage, followed by Dora, Mona, Cora, and finally Lennie, they yelled again. Mona screamed instructions through her giant

megaphone, and the quintet went into synchronized action. A mighty roar spelled out C-L-I-F-F-T-O-W-N, and the tones echoed and resounded through the building while the cute quintet fluttered and gestured. Mona carried them through three more yells, and at the conclusion, the five ran to the wings and returned with blue and white pompoms in each hand.

The band struck up the school song, and the cheerleaders now became song leaders as they pranced about the stage like chorus girls. This activity made Lennie feel more of a fool than his costume had already done. The entire student body was highly amused by his pert, though sissy-like appearance, but their good humor relaxed them and stimulated a more spontaneous response. Some of the faculty, the five some, and Mr. Arthur remarked that it had been the best pep rally that he could remember.

Lennie's Mother and sister were pleased that he had progressed so far in prominence in such a short time at school. However, they both worked in offices downtown, and they had little time to be more than mildly interested. Lennie had dreaded taking his costume home for fear that its gaudiness would bring amused comments, especially from his sister, but these fears proved groundless. They both merely observed that it was lovely.

It WAS lovely! That was the trouble! It made him look like a pretty flower. His feelings about the matter were complex and by no means as cheerful as his demeanor would indicate. He WANTED to be a cheerleader, and he appreciated the fulfillment of his wish, but the unfortunate move to Elk's County and Clifftown made the activity that of a SOP. Here, the situation was not rugged or masculine. He knew this, and it robbed him of the satisfaction he should have been feeling. But, he was determined not to give up. Call it pride; call it lack of a

strong will to take a firm step and refuse to wear the sissy outfits; call it whatever you like.

Lennie had dreamed of being a cheerleader for so long that he thought that he should, by all rights, endure anything for his “art”. He had some ideas and wanted to work things out with the girls. For instance, he wanted to do a locomotive yell that should really skyrocket the school. He wanted to be allowed to perform his acrobatics and use some of the stuff he had seen the college men do.

He felt that Terry would have sided with him as she was always good natured and pleasant to him. He liked her better than anyone in the school. It was Mona who squelched his ideas. She would listen to him, quietly, with her painted red mouth curled in a sneer, and then patiently explain again that what he proposed was too radical an idea for Clifftown. She had the twins in the hollow of her hands, and even Miss Taylor admitted that Mona’s arguments were always basically correct. He felt that Mona’s attitude towards him was, at best, irritating. She accepted him on sufferance, and her haughty manner of speaking condescendingly to him began to give him an inferiority complex. As she became aware of this, she would go out of her way to torment him.

Eventually, he realized he had made a drastic by accepting this position. By doing so, he had gotten off on the wrong foot, and symbolically, he was desexed. He had mentally catalogued himself as effeminate, which, despite his mild nature, was NOT the case. The student body regarded him with amused tolerance, and it is doubtful whether he would ever be able to establish himself as a “regular” boy. As yet, he did not fully realize the extent and finality of being labeled as a sissy by everyone who knew him. He attributed the notice taken of him to the fact that he had become a person of consequence. As one of the limelight’s in the school, he figured he was expected

to accept a certain amount of “ribbing”.

Saturday, at 1:30 P.M., a brand new shiny automobile, decorated with blue and white crepe paper streamers, stopped in front of Lennie’s house, and the horn sounded. He grabbed his windbreaker, hurriedly locked the door, and almost flew down the steps in order to stop the incessant din of the loud horn. Neighbors had begun to poke their heads out of their windows in curiosity. Pompoms were thrust out of the car windows and waved at Lennie in greeting.

The car belonged to Mona’s father and was being driven by her older sister, Elenor. Mona was sitting along side the driver, and Terry and the twins were in the back seat. Mona opened the front door, and Lennie got in. Instead of making room for him, she pulled him onto her lap, explaining that otherwise Elenor would have no room to shift the gears. He felt extremely foolish, perched up high on Mona’s knees.

“My goodness, you are as light as a feather,” Mona commented. “How old are you, anyway? Twelve or thirteen?”

The girls in the back as Lennie answered resentfully that he was sixteen.

“That’s alright, baby. You drink lots of milk and eat all of your veggies, and maybe you’ll grow up to be a big girl, like Mona.”

Elenor chauffeured the car through the school grounds, right onto the oval track that encircled the football field. They whirled around several times, waving their pompoms out the windows and were greeted by sporadic cheers from the overflowing crowd.

They stopped in front of the cheering section, and the five dashed out and immediately lined up to do a cheer. Mona barked her instructions, and the others began to cajole the crowd with flat, upturned hands. The team had

finished their preliminary warm-ups, and now they came running out onto the field. The sound became a deafening roar that echoed across the field and came back. It gave the team a fine boost as they lined up to receive the opening kick-off. There was a big boom from the bass drums and a loud cheer from the crowd as Naylor, the big fullback from Arnsburg, booted one down the field. It was caught on the thirty yard line by the Clifftown end who lateraled the ball back to Jim Welch, Jr., the coach's son, who ran it back to mid field.

Arnsburg was a small school, not in our conference, and was merely a warm-up opponent. As expected, they were soundly trounced by a strong Clifftown team that afternoon, giving the rooters plenty of chances to cheer themselves hoarse. Being down on the field in the thrilling position of controlling the cheering was a novel experience for Lennie that brought a deep satisfaction and more than fulfilled the fanciful dreams he sued for. He actually became a part of the game, its color, and was even one of the central figures in the half-time ceremonies.

He enjoyed himself so thoroughly that the one sour note was almost lost in pleasant thoughts. That particular incident occurred at half-time when the Clifftown cheerleaders went across the field to the Arnsburg section to introduce themselves to the opponent's cheerleaders, pert little girls in bright red dresses.

They were courteously invited to lead the Arnsburg rooters in the customary exchange yells. The organized response was jerky and half-hearted as most of the rooters were jeering and yelling out uncomplimentary remarks about the virility of the Clifftown players. These jeers were occasioned, of course, by the effeminate appearance of Lennie and the fact that he had assumed the traditionally feminine role of a cheerleader.

The three girls in red dresses were very embarrassed and made pleading efforts for their fans to show more courtesy. They were partly successful in quieting the derisive remarks, and there was a fair amount of cheering afterward. Still red-faced, the Arnsburg three accompanied Mona and her group across the field to the Clifftown section to return the cheers.

Lennie watched the bands march off the field led by jaunty, prancing majorettes, and he was impressed with the fact that there was not one single male musician in the lot. Apparently, all the schools in this area believed in delegating the entertainment activities to the girls, leaving the boys to express themselves on the athletic fields. He had been the only male on the field during the past fifteen minutes, so it was small wonder that his appearance caused derision from the Arnsburg rooters...especially since they were on the short end of a 27 - 0 score.

To Lennie's amazement, the girls made no protest when he requested to be excused from attending the usual victory celebration and dance at the Barn. They had impressed upon him that it was mandatory for all the cheerleaders to attend all the school functions. Although he was an excellent dancer, he had not, as yet, been to a school dance, and he was rather shy about doing so. Not being forced to go was an agreeable but surprising development.

Lennie first learned that something was amiss at a meeting in Miss Taylor's room the following Monday evening. Principal Arthur was conferring with Miss Taylor when he entered and took his seat.

Mr. Arthur cleared his throat and said, "Parks, it is with a great deal of reluctance that I am forced to inform you that for reasons not of your own doing...it...it is better for the school that you...ah...well...cease your activities as

a cheerleader.”

This came as a shock to Lennie, and he could scarcely believe his ears.

“I am really sorry Parks, for your work is excellent, but your being out there is so unusual, so against tradition, that it entices derogatory remarks about the school from certain rowdies. At least it did last Saturday from those ruffians that attend Arnsburg High.”

Terry jumped to her feet in protest. “Why should Lennie have to suffer and be dismissed because of the actions of a bunch of roughnecks who don’t even attend our school?”

“Don’t misunderstand me, Miss McGrath. We are not, as you say, dismissing Parks. We are merely suggesting that he step aside for the sake of keeping better order at the games.”

To Lennie’s surprise, Mona joined Terry and rose to his defense. “Honestly, Mr. Arthur, if we lose Lennie now, it will upset our routine completely. There must be some way we can work this thing out.”

The twins, naturally, rose to back Mona, and Mr. Arthur shrugged his shoulders helplessly. “I only came here to suggest, and I won’t, under any circumstances, force the issue.” Before leaning, he optimistically observed, “As all the conference teams have better discipline than the rowdy institution we just played, we may not have a repetition of Saturday’s regretful affair.”

After he left, Miss Taylor remarked, “Really girls, I don’t see how you propose to manage this situation, so let’s hear your suggestions.”

Terry hesitated, and then said, “There are probably oodles of things we could do. One would be to let Lennie take the center position and have him do his back flips. That would be a good reason for his being there, for no girl could do that.”

There were objective mutterings from the other girls, but Terry continued. “In the first place, Lennie’s costume was the big mistake. Any boy in a girl’s silk blouse and satin pants will naturally cause comment. Another suggestion is for Lennie to get a haircut; a butch haircut. It would give his face a more rugged look. Having his hair so very long, the way it is now, makes him look sissified to start with.”

Lennie flushed, and felt of his long shaggy locks. Somehow he was always putting off getting a haircut, and apparently, this time he had put it off too long.

“No, no, nor Mona objected. “I am against cutting his hair, most definitely! It would make him look all the more conspicuous and emphasize his being a boy in a girlish activity. We must make him less conspicuous.”

“I don’t see how?” Miss Taylor questioned.

Cora jumped to her feet with her face glowing in inspiration. “I know just the thing,” she enthused. “Why not have our outfits made exactly like Lennie’s? Then the average rooter from other schools may not realize that Lennie is a boy.”

The hard lines of Miss Taylor’s face eased. “What an excellent suggestion, Cora. Girls, what do you think of it?”

There were squeals of assent from Dora and Terry. Even Mona was agreeable. “That’s simply a dreamy idea. I’m all for it.” After a moments hesitation, she added, “Although, I’m still against his getting a haircut just to make him appear inconspicuous.”

Even Lennie and Miss Taylor joined in the laughter.

Terry said with a giggle, “I guess Lennie had better forget what I said about the haircut now. That is—unless he wants to wear a wig to the games.”

Lennie, anxious to stifle any such idea at the outset, spoke up for the first time. “I’m NOT wearing a wig!” His face was bright pink. “Besides, it wouldn’t stay on.” By no

means had he yet given up his plans to insert his gymnastics into the act at the very first opportunity.

Miss Taylor waved her hand impatiently. “No, I don’t think a wig is either practical or necessary, only...”, she hesitated, “if I were you, I wouldn’t get too short a haircut.”

Outside, after the meeting, Mona collared him and shook her finger under his nose angrily. “If you so much as cut one teeny strand of hair until I say so...well, my lad, you will be very, very sorry, that’s all!”

“But Mona, I should, at least, have it trimmed a little and have my neck shaved. I look like a tramp this way.”

“Alright, you may have it trimmed, but not unless I go with you to see that the job is done right.”

....

Lennie Parks was beginning to regret more and more his ambitions to be a cheerleader so robustly. And, he regretted that he lacked the courage to just quit and walk out on the entire thing. Weakly, he reasoned however, that to do so now would be practically impossible without dropping out of school as he had his permanent study program assigned, stamped, and filed for the semester. Daily, it became more apparent that no other boy in the school would have even dreamed of allowing himself to become so entangled as Lennie had in trying out for a position hitherto taken only by girls. By having done this, he was fast losing his masculine identity.

Still another prerequisite in the long list of embarrassing problems was that Lennie had to take his gym class with the girls. There was no other alternative since everyone involved in special activities had to schedule them during the last period. This included members of the athletic teams, girl’s glee club, school band, and of course, the cheerleaders. It was not possible for Lennie to take his gym class at the same time as the

men's athletic teams as, at that time, he was scheduled for another class. School policy made it mandatory that three days a week, all students had to participate in gym or games, and that included Lennie.

He was given a locker in the girl's gym that was put into the small dressing room used by the woman gym instructor, Miss Williams. Lennie's teacher told him that for appearance sake and to stifle any curiosity of those who looked in and might wonder what a boy was doing in a girl's field, that he must wear a girl's gym suit. She wrote a letter to his mother explaining the reasons for such a purchase.

Lennie squirmed for hours that evening dreading to give his mother the teacher's note. When he finally did get up enough courage to give it to her, he was surprised at the calmness with which she read it. She seemed to consider the request reasonable and promised that she would buy him some blouses and gym bloomers the next day.

The situation appealed to his sister's sense of humor, and she laughed uproariously, patting Lennie's cheek. "Maybe I'll still get the little sister I've always wanted."

Morton High came to Clifftown, jubilantly ringing cow bells, blowing horns, and waving pompoms. They left a little more subdued, on the short end of a 7 - 0 defeat given them as a result of big John Calhoun, the Clifftown fullback's bucking over from the two yard line to climax a sustained seventy yard drive in the final minutes of the game. The Clifftown rooters did not have as many opportunities to cheer as they had the week before, and Lennie and the girls had to coax them harder and harder.

As Blakeley's Teen Shop always kept the Clifftown cheerleaders plentifully supplied with changing costumes, the advent of their new trousered jumpers caused no undue comment. They had previewed them anyway at the

pep rally the day before. Even then, the fact that all five were now dressed exactly alike caused only a slight ripple. Clifftown High was getting used to its sissy, and Lennie was getting used to being thought a sissy. This role was as new to him as the school he was attending.

If any of the Morton High rooters suspected that Lennie was a boy, they did not signify the fact. Those concerned felt slightly relieved and elated despite a trickle of suggestive remarks here and there.

Cora, the mother of the idea that they should all be dressed alike, was full of pride that it had gone through successfully, and the praise she received made her immensely pleased with herself. Because Lennie was the lead actor in this comedy and the result of elevating her ego, she began to adore him. He now had two friends.

Being somewhat of a perfectionist, Mona Andrews was never entirely satisfied with anything. She commented about the unkind remarks that had been made about Lennie, even though they were few. She said that there were some things still remaining to be ironed out. Unknown to Lennie, Mona and the twins went downtown to Greely's Department Store where his mother and sister ran the circulating library. It was definitely a successful interview for the girls because they came out smiling broadly.

The next afternoon, the three plotters waylaid the unsuspecting Lennie and informed him that it was time to have his hair trimmed. He was entirely agreeable as he was becoming increasingly self-conscious of his shaggy mane. He started to enter the barbershop, but Mona grabbed his arm and told him they were taking him to a place where the job would be done just the way she wanted. That place turned out to be the beauty shop patronized by his mother and sister.

The foursome was steered into an end booth by a

widely grinning lady attendant. Lennie was seated and an apron wrapped around him, and the beauty operator began to snip with shears. Lennie felt rather silly to have all this fuss and ceremony over a simple little haircut, but he had to laugh; however, at Mona's exaggerated procedure as she circled around him. She instructed him to sit still and the lady where to cut each hair and where not to.

She kept saying, "Oh, he moved, and that hair is ruined! And, I mean utterly." After having said this several times, she said, "I guess the poor dear just can't sit still. Come on girls, do your duty."

To Lennie's surprise, several ropes materialized from nowhere, and before he realized what was happening, his wrists and ankles were securely tied to the chair. He laughed along with the gag, as he thought it. The girls were certainly getting to be comics. After his neck had been shaved, Lennie expected to be released, but instead, a large shiny helmet was brought forward and placed above his head. The beauty operator took a strand of his hair and began to twist it. Rapidly, she went from one strand to another, doing the same thing.

"Hey, what's going on?" he asked fearfully.

Mona shook her finger at him. "You were naughty and wouldn't keep still, and now these ruined hairs have to be bent back into shape."

Everyone but Lennie laughed loudly. As he smelled the styling lotion she was putting on his hair, he realized he was getting a PERMANENT WAVE! He objected; he wailed; he threatened; but he was only laughed at some more. He appealed to the beauty operator who said, "Sorry kid, your mother phoned and left instructions that you were to be given a permanent wave."



**Lennie appealed to the beauty operator, who said,
“Sorry kid. Your mother phoned and left instructions that you were to be given a girl’s permanent wave.”**

His mother! How could she have done this to him, and why! He could scarcely believe it. It didn’t make any sense. Abruptly, they placed the helmet over his head, and everyone walked out, leaving him so tightly trussed up that he could only move his facial muscles.

After what seemed like hours of rigid torture, the little group returned. When his newly formed curls had

been combed out, his fetters were removed. As he got out of his chair, he was startled by a chorus of shrill, gushing admiration. One look at the angel-like curly headed reflection in the mirror, and Lennie turned away feeling thoroughly miserable.

Cora stuck a blue knit cap on his head saying, “Maybe it will be better for you to wear this for a few days until you get used to having pretty curls.”

Lennie had been blushing so much of late that he lit up like a neon sign. The confusion was nothing compared to what he endured when he got home, and asked his mother for an explanation for her part in this affair. His sister was grinning as he did so.

Mrs. Parks explained that she had learned of the circumstances causing the sarcastic remarks from the other schools, and she agreed with Mona that it would be best to cover up any loophole. Her quiet reasoning had a calming effect on him and he became almost resigned to his new coiffure until his sister upset things by saying, “Well baby, Why don’t you take off your cap and let us have a look?”

Lennie backed up, but she grabbed him with one hand and pulled the cap off with the other. “Well, what do you know! Here’s Miss Fluffy, himself!” She ruffled his blonde curls and laughed. “You know, these little corkscrews remind me of bed springs.”

“Why Nancy,” their mother exclaimed, “I think Lennie looks very nice.”

“Of course Mother, he looks simply adorable. Just utterly, I mean.” She put one hand on his hip and fluttered the other daintily as Lennie fled to his room.

Lennie wore his little cap everywhere, even to classes, and no one bothered to even notice. He was no longer a novelty, and even if he came to school in a barrel, everyone would probably accept it as a matter of course.

All week, he fought a battle with himself over the question of whether or not he should get a haircut. He knew that if he did, he would be in for it from Mona and the twins, and now, probably even from his mother. Also, it might complicate things and he might be compelled to wear a wig, and a long one at that, which would be even worse. Nevertheless, he did get up the courage to go to the barbershop with the purpose of getting his hair cut.

The lone barber looked up from his newspaper, and said inquiringly, “Yes Miss, what can—”

That is as far as he got for Lennie pivoted on his heel and dashed out of the shop. Outside, he crammed his cap on, pulling it down tightly and tucking in any stray curls at his temples. With a start, he suddenly realized that he was standing in front of a lingerie shop that had a large display of lacy lingerie in the window. He spun around quickly to see if he had been observed by anyone who would think he had been admiring the dainty lingerie. He sighed with relief as he saw that there was no one about. He wondered why he was so jumpy lately.

That Saturday, instead of the big sedan, it was Mona’s coupe that came by to take him to the ball game. Cora and Terry were in the rumble seat, so Lennie crowded in between Dora and Mona.

“We’ve got our work cut out for us today,” said Dora. “You know Springdale is supposed to be two touchdowns better than us, and we’ve got to work like everything to encourage our boys and let them know that the school is behind them.”

“Say Mona,” said Lennie, “what do you say we use that barrel roll variation that I taught...I mean...that we have been working on?”

“Okay Squirt,” Mona said, “but remember, no back flips like you did.”

Mona stopped the car outside of the stadium for a few

moments to allow the girls to check and see if their faces were on right. Satisfied with herself, Mona put her mirror away and turned her dark eyes on Lennie.

“See here Small Stuff, you certainly aren’t wearing that silly old cap today.” With that, she yanked it off his head and stuffed it into her purse.

Dora, using her comb, fluffed Lennie’s curls outward and patted them into place. “How is this, Mona?”

Mona studied Lennie for a while thoughtfully, than said, “Say Dora, don’t you think that we ought to brighten up his face a little?”

“You mean with makeup? Oh yes, let’s.”

“Now girls, please don’t! Stop!!” Lennie protested, trying to squirm away from Mona who had thrown her arms around him, pinning him against her. Dora then started in with her artwork. Powder, rouge, and lipstick were applied in generous quantities.

The five Clifftown cheerleaders made their usual high-pressure entrance into the stadium bringing everyone to their feet. Then, the quintet began to mold audience enthusiasm for the next fifteen minutes. It was not until after the kickoff that people began to wonder about Lennie’s appearance, but by then they settled down to watch the maneuvers of the teams. The attractive cheerleaders also returned to their field bench, and only after they sat beside each other did Terry notice Lennie’s face and hair.

She was visibly shocked, and her face had a look of pain as she asked, “My goodness Lennie, is that you? Oh, now I get it! That’s why you wore that little knit cap all week. You even wore it to the movies.”

Lennie stared ahead; his rouged cheeks taking on an even deeper hue.

Terry sniffed disdainfully. “Really now, I think you are taking this thing too far. Why, you’re even wearing

makeup! The very idea!”

“It looks awful, doesn’t it?” Lennie asked with a tremor in his voice.

“Oh no,” Terry denied sharply. “It makes you look very pretty.”

There were a few moments of silence as they seemed intent on watching the game directly in front of them. Finally, Terry said, “About the dance tonight, Lennie, Ted really asked me first, you know.”

Lennie faced her for the first time. “But, you promised you would go with me.”

“Hold on, Kiddo! I just said maybe,” Terry said tossing her head. “Besides, I prefer my escort to be a boy, not a pretty little cheerleader.”

“Darn it all!” Lennie wailed, almost in tears. “You know it was all Mona’s doings.”

Terry glared down the bench at the sleek brunette. “Yes, of course. It’s always Mona!” Catching Mona’s eye, she spat, “Why can’t you ever mind your own business?”

Mona threw her head back with a sarcastic laugh. “What’s the matter, Dear?” she purred. “Have I prettied up your boyfriend too much to suit you? Maybe he’s wearing the wrong shade of lipstick?”

Terry flared up. “Lennie is NOT my boyfriend,” she denied. “Ted is!”

Lennie had no time to worry over this last as Clifftown’s quarterback had just thrown an unexpected touchdown pass and the five jumped up to lead the appreciative homage. That day, both teams kept their followers in high tension by alternating scoring drives, making the coaches tear their hair out because of sloppy defenses. It was a loose ball game, and Clifftown surprised everyone with a stunning upset victory, 28 - 26.

Cheerleading was in Lennie’s blood, and the exciting game made him forget his troubles. He completely lost

himself in his task. A half dozen times, he got carried away by sheer exuberance and received quite an ovation from the delighted fans on his end of the field.

After the game, the quintet went over to the girl's gym to pick up their school books which they had inadvertently left the night before following the pep rally. The girls repaired the ravages to their makeup, while Lennie did just the opposite. He took hand fulls of liquid soap and washed his face and lips thoroughly. He wiped his face with paper towels which became tinted with pink and red.

Returning from the lavatory, Mona stormed him angrily. "I didn't say you could remove your makeup, Miss Smarty!" She stared at him angrily, tapping her foot. "And incidentally, I've got a bone to pick with you. Come over here!"

Lennie approached her timidly, while blotting the last traces of dampness from his face. Mona's hand darted out suddenly and slapped his face, sending him reeling backward. "I thought I told you not to do any flips!"

He felt his stinging cheek and stammered, "I guess the excitement made me forget myself."

Terry ruffled up. "You don't have to apologize to her! The crowd liked you, and I think you were great!"

Mona put her hands on her hips and sneered, "Oh, he doesn't have to apologize to me, eh?" In a steely voice she said to Lennie, "Come here!"

Docilely, he stepped forward and received another slap, making the twins and Terry wince in sympathy.

"Lennie Parks," screamed Terry, "are you going to stand for that?"

Mona laughed tauntingly. "He'll get worse than that the next time he steps out of line." She turned toward the door in a regal manner and without turning her head, commanded, "Lennie, bring my books out to the car!"

Without a word, he piled her books on top of his own and followed her out.

The twins nudged each other in wonder, and Terry bit her lip in vexation.

Dora exclaimed in awe, “Heavens, the poor boy is scared stiff of her, isn’t he?”

Terry nodded in disgust.

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Lennie was quite ashamed of himself for submitting to Mona so meekly, but just what could he do? It was unthinkable to attack her with his fists. Besides, besting her in a physical encounter was doubtful, as she was four inches taller and fifteen pounds heavier than he. Of course, he could demand protection from Miss Taylor, but that would make him even more of a laughing stock than he already was. He decided that the only thing he could do for the present was to try and not antagonize her and hope she would get tired of bullying him.

It was Mona’s very nature to bully, and there were no half-way measures with her. Those who were weaker than her, she dominated and held in contempt because they were weaker than her. Those who refused her domination became her enemies. Lennie was quite a novelty to Mona. Never before had she been in the interesting position of being able to bully a male. She had tried to enforce her will upon her many boyfriends, but they would stand for only so much. As a result, she would soon be without that particular boy friend. From many such experiences, she

had learned to be a little more careful in this particular. The rather peculiar circumstances that had put Lennie, a boy, under her sway of influence was an unexpected delight, and it was inevitable that she make the most of the situation.

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Next on Clifftown's schedule was a Friday afternoon game with Daleville, on the latter's field. Lennie was excused in the middle of sixth period in order to get into his uniform.

As he was about to enter the gym teacher's dressing room with his package under his arm, Mona's throaty voice called to him. "Just a minute, Linda."

He turned around and saw the dazzling brunette advancing toward him. A horrible sensation overwhelmed him as he saw how she was dressed.

Mona was trying her best not to exhibit her delighted exuberance as she said in an even tone, "Darling, I'm afraid I forgot to tell you that we've had a last minute change in our uniform. I hope you like our new outfits."

She offered him a box with the familiar Blakeley label on it. Lennie winced and set himself to hear the worst.

"Is...is it?...", he faltered, trying hard to hold back his premonition.

"Oh yes, it's like mine." She was wearing a bright blue slip-on sweater and a short cream colored flannel skirt.

Lennie gazed around wildly and saw one of the twins emerge from the girl's locker room, similarly attired. He felt his knees giving away. "It's the same? Do you mean exactly?"

"Of course it's exactly the same, Stupid! At the last two games, we all wore trousers for your benefit, but this time we are wearing sweaters and skirts, for our benefit."

Lennie looked as though he was going to bolt, and

muttered, “No way,” but before he could carry out any such intention, Mona had him by the ear and was steering him through the door.

“Come in here, girls,” she said to the twins. “I may need some help.”

Giggling nervously, they complied with her request. Mona pushed Lennie onto a bench, sat astride his chest, and began to fumble with the buttons on his shirt. “You girls take off his trousers while I handle this.”

Still giggling, the twins struggled with his threshing legs as Mona turned back to open his shirt. His struggles prevented the twins from getting very far and, losing her patience, Mona began slapping his face soundly. The twins winced in sympathy.

“If you don’t lie still,” Mona said, “you’re going to get me really mad.”

With a trace of tears at the corners of his eyes, he allowed himself to be undressed without further opposition. When he stood up, clad only in his shorts, it was hard to say who was the most embarrassed, Lennie or the twins. Mona opened the package that contained his costume and brought out a brassiere. With force and determination, put it on backwards to attach the hooks, then turned him around and made him slip his arms through the straps. All three girls laughed loudly.

“Lennie really doesn’t need that,” said Dora with a peal of laughter.

“No, the poor boy hasn’t a very well developed bust,” said Mona as she wadded up some tissue paper. “This will help fill out his brassiere.”

With the tissue stuffed into the cups of his brassiere and the straps adjusted, the soft blue sweater was pulled over his head.

As the skirt was fastened around his waist, Mona exclaimed proudly, “Say, that tissue paper wasn’t half bad.

Lennie's figure is super now."

"Well, I should say," marveled Dora. "Golly, it's hard to believe he isn't really a girl."

It brought out the noticeable show of little chest mounds. They were small, but they were unmistakably "female."

"Like `em honey? Wait until I've done your face," said Mona. After slapping his face with a full powder puff and finishing his makeup with a dab more lipstick on his lower lip, she stood back and admired her work of art. She, herself, was quite astounded with the finished product.

Dora gazed at herself sideways in the mirror and compared wistfully, "Mmmmm—I kind of think we did TOO good a job on him."

As they started to leave, Mona suddenly halted. "Hold on! I almost forgot something!" She reached back into the box and brought out what he was after. It was pink silk and was covered with heavy lace and ruffles.

Dora asked wonderingly, "What on earth is that?"

"It's an old fashioned pair of panties for Linda." The twins ran out shaking with laughter as Mona handed Lennie the dainty garment. "Can I trust you to put them on by yourself, or shall I help you?"

The boy nodded apathetically, "No, I'll put them on."

Lennie came out of his dressing room just as Terry emerged from the locker room. As they met on the gym floor, Terry stopped and gazed, momentarily taken aback at the sight of Lennie in his skirt and sweater. She took another look to make sure it was really him, then she stalked angrily over to Mona with fire in her eyes. "Now, you have gone too far, you rat! If this poor sap can't stand up to you, I will. I'm going to the Principal and see what he has to say about this!"

Mona smirked smugly. "I wouldn't, if I were you,

Darling. You see, this was more or less Mr. Arthur's idea. You know he is a partner in Blakeley's Teen Shop, and that it's policy is for us to wear something different each week. The only reason we wore the trouser outfit two weeks in succession was to get Linda used what we did. Look, we gotta uncover sometime...the players and the other students want to see our legs."

Terry was incredulous. "You mean that you and Mr. Arthur are in cahoots to make a complete sissy out of Lennie?"

It was Mona's turn to take the offensive. "Look here Terry, didn't the kid practically force himself on us? Didn't everyone but you try to discourage him? With all that, didn't he finally sign this activity on his permanent program card? What were we supposed to do? Do you want to give up the Blakeley style program and lose out on all those free clothes just to please this boy? Not if I can help it! We're stuck with LINDA for the rest of this term anyway, and she's got to play ball our way."

Terry scratched her head. Mona's arguments were right and so darned logical. Everything she had said was true. Lennie HAD interjected himself unasked into "no man's land" and, by no means did SHE wish to lose out on all those free clothes. She shrugged her shoulders. It was none of her business anyway. "If that's the way the soup is stacked, I'll say no more about it." She gazed curiously at Lennie's utterly feminine costume and appearance as if her eyes had just seen a strange new fruit.

Mona, settling her ruffled feathers beautifully back into place, turned her attention to Lennie. Pulling up his short, full skirt, she exclaimed, "Okay girlie, I just wanted to make sure you had them on."

Terry just had to join the girls in the chorus of giggles that ensued, caused by the exposed lace and ruffles. Mona nodded cockily, "I'll bet anything that Linda doesn't turn

any back flips today!” The screaming laughter renewed itself.

No, Lennie didn’t turn any back flips that day. For the first time, he was the most physically reserved of the five. In fact, he was subdued almost to the point of being stiff and jerky, as if he were balancing on eggs.

By their response, the Clifftown rooters clearly indicated that they preferred to see the cheerleaders legs, as Mona had so aptly put it. Whether Lennie’s now completely feminized appearance stimulated the crowd into its extra activity could not be determined, but more than the usual amount of appreciative whistling came from his end of the field.

The Clifftown chauffeur for this game had been none other than the principal himself, Mr. Arthur, in his own black Lexus. He had been more than surprised at the authenticity of Lennie’s appearance. “Lennie, I must say, you are a good sport. And the girls did a very nice job on making you NOT stand out.” He was immensely pleased with the image Lennie presented.

Lennie’s painful embarrassment was greatly increased by Mr. Arthur’s endless profuse compliments. “I must say, Parks, that your bringing out the bust effect like that was quite an inspiration, and it makes you a perfect model for Blakeley styles.” He smiled playfully, and went on, “You know your masquerade is now so realistic that one can easily forget, momentarily, that you are not really a girl. Still, I’m sure that you can find something practical in the store like slacks, socks, or sweaters to enable you to take advantage of our free clothes offer to the cheerleaders. The other girls do, so give it some thought.”

The approval of his costume by the supreme authority of Mr. Arthur lent legality, of a sort, to his masquerade. Lennie still felt ashamed, but he was not entirely

unaffected by the compliments paid him by his Principal or the gushy admiration of the girls. And, from the fleeting glances he caught of himself in the mirror, he secretly agreed with them. He did, truthfully, look like a girl!

Lennie told himself that this was too much. He couldn't continue to wear such girlish costumes to the games. But Mr. Arthur became his driver to the games and was most supportive of his efforts for the school.

The next two games played by Clifftown were away from home, and both were lost by the identical score of 20 - 0, ending their hopes for the conference title.

Lennie, growing more and more used to his costume, became more relaxed and put forth his best efforts to help the girls let the team know that the school was behind them...even in defeat.

It was Lennie's first experience with a loser, and he too, felt some of the chagrin and bitterness that is created when your side is thoroughly beaten. And yet he, as a cheerleader, was compelled to lead courtesy cheers for the other side as a gesture of sportsmanship.

Lennie viewed the last game of the season with mixed emotions. Now that the season was over, and he could view it in retrospect; he realized that aspiring to be a cheerleader at Clifftown had been a horrible mistake. Even if he gave it up, as he most certainly intended to do at the end of the season, this stupidity was likely to mar his entire school career at Clifftown.

He very much doubted that he could ever live down the fixed opinion of effeminacy this had given him. Although he was not made the butt of any organized ridicule, he could hardly go anywhere off the school grounds without having some smart-aleck whistle at him or, in passing a group of fellows, hear suggestive

vulgarity concerning his aptitudes.

Even if he was disposed to do so, Lennie could not have objected to these insults. He had neither the physique nor the aggressiveness to accomplish anything by fighting. His tragic mistake was in ever allowing himself to get into such a compromising position. Even in the beginning, he knew he was not joining a rugged or masculine activity, by the school's standards. Under ordinary conditions at Clifftown, even if a six-foot, two hundred pound boy had gone into the same thing, he would have been classified as, well at least, unusual.

To cinch any ideas about himself, his performing before thousands in the same identical outfits as the girls served to stamp him indelibly, to everyone's eyes, as effeminate. The skirts, short dresses, and makeup he had worn to the past six games, together with his halo of soft blonde curls, made him look so completely girlish that there was more than one person who wondered as to his real sex.

If he were only taller and stronger, so that he could go out for athletics! All at once, it occurred to him that he might not ever be any bigger than he was now. Oh, he might grow an inch or so, but he would be a small person all his life. He was healthy and intelligent and had nothing to regret but this. Even if he never grew another inch, it would not deprive him of what he wanted from life. He often tried to tell himself that there was more to a man than inches— but yet he knew size meant a lot. Size gave one distinction. One could sense that tall people felt superior to those shorter than themselves. Even boys and girls who were years younger than he treated him patronizingly, if they were taller.

Lennie felt his entire being revolt and repel the accompanying suggestion of failure, but the fact was that he couldn't even be a successful cheerleader without

becoming almost a girl. Not only had he emasculated himself by getting involved in this activity, but he found little self expression in it. He had wanted to do his acrobatics and really dazzle the fans with his flips and turns, but the first time he did, he was put into girl's clothes.

The ultra-conservatism and jealousy of Mona, together with her bullying and domineering haughtiness, had left him weak and docile. Subconsciously, he tried to salvage something on which to build his deflated ego, but there was little to hang on to. The fact was that Mona held him down due to her jealousy, knowing there was no comparing their ability in the art of cheerleading. He wished there was a way he could PROVE his superiority to her, but he could think of no way to do so. She had beaten him at ping-pong, tennis, and even card games and checkers.

Mona was openly conceited, but she did have much to be conceited about. Her talents were unending, and she also had incredible beauty as well. There was little doubt that she would be elected Beauty Queen again, and she had already been nominated as a matter of routine at one of the school meetings. Lennie's face reddened as he thought of the embarrassing incident at this meeting. After fifteen of the prettiest girls in the school had been nominated, a lull in the activities was enlivened by a freckle-faced youth jumping to his feet and nominating Lennie Parks!! This got a big laugh, especially when his name was duly printed on the blackboard below the names of the other girls, by the clerk. Later, to Lennie's chagrin, the typewritten list that appeared on the bulletin board also included his name.

All week, he had been the butt of the school jests. Selma Daniels even had an article in the school paper wherein she amusingly played him up as a serious threat

to defeat the illustrious Mona. She mad several pointed “digs” at “Miss Andrews”, bemoaning the fact that it was a shame for the school to have such a “haughty” person for their queen; and how much better it would be if the modest, unassuming Miss Parks were elected. She went on to make interesting anatomical comparisons between them; Lennie’s features were more delicate and more exquisitely chiseled than Mona’s; Lennie was daintier, more of the “Dream Girl” type than the forceful Mona; Lennie was more apt to be the ideal of femininity by his dependence upon others than the self sufficient Mona. She went on to say that a Queen should be petite. Lennie was; Mona wasn’t. A blonde was better than a brunette; Lennie was blonde, and Mona was brunette.

Selma’s article quite naturally upset Lennie. They had also provoked Mona. Some of Selma’s pointed remarks had gotten under her skin. She openly showed this, only too plainly, during lunch. However, instead of upbraiding the Author of the articles, she cruelly tore into poor Lennie. Quite a crowd collected to hear this bit of “fun”. Mona pretended that his entry was on the level and went over Selma’s articles point by point, sarcastically agreeing with the reporter in her praise of Lennie and acted as if she expected to hand over her title of Queen to the boy. All the while, Lennie writhed with embarrassment.

Taking up this challenge, Selma replied with more articles of the same sort, tearing Mona apart and building up Lennie. She challenged anyone to deny that “Miss” Parks was not the prettiest girl on the field at the football games.

The balloting began on Thursday and ended third period Friday. The first tabulations were posted during lunch, and to Lennie’s amazement, there were 45 votes beside his name, putting him in fifth place! And then, to

his horror, the next figures placed him second only to Mona. Then to his absolute terror, he passed even her! The final figures posted at the end of the day, acclaimed Lennie Parks, a boy, to have been elected Beauty Queen of Clifftown High School.

The members of the student body looked at each other in amazement, even those who had, in jest, voted for Lennie. How could they have known that so many others would do the same?

Mona was a stamping, snarling, spitting cat. Of course, Lennie's votes would be disqualified, but the very idea of anyone beating her in a beauty contest was intolerable! Cornering Selma at her locker in the crowded hall, the raging spitfire all but tore her hair out by the roots.

Selma was too hardy a type to be bullied or intimidated. She was a tall, gaunt person of plain features and rather masculine mannerisms. Coolly, she removed her glasses and stuck them in her sweater pocket as Mona ranted, raved, and crowded her against the wall. An instant later, it was Mona who was against the wall...the opposite wall...with the imprint of Selma's boney knuckles on her cheek. Whether or not Mona would have retaliated in similar fashion will never be known as the Principal appeared at that moment and propelled Selma into his office.

Lennie opened the door of the janitor's broom closet, where he had been hiding, and peeked down the hall. It seemed empty, and he stepped out with a sigh of relief. The first ring of the last bell had seen him dash in from the gym and into the safety of the closet. He didn't have the nerve to face the remarks of his fellow students as all of them now knew the election results. Heaven knows, it had been bad enough in gym class as the girls had made him suffer by curtsying before him in mock reverence

and calling him, “Your Majesty”. He opened his locker as quietly as possible and took out his books. As he was leaving the building, someone emerged from the Principal’s office and blocked his path.

He blushed when he saw it was Selma. Then, he became very angry. “Why didn’t you mind your business? Writing all that stuff in the paper might have been amusing to you, but it wasn’t to me!”

“Look here Kiddo,” she said seriously to him, “it seems to me you would be glad to get back at Mona. After all you’ve taken from her, I should think you would be happy. And believe me, she is fit to be tied! Imagine her embarrassment at having a boy declared more beautiful than her. Jeepers, you should have seen her a little while ago. It would have done you good!

A trace of a smile flitted across Lennie’s lips. He had not thought of this aspect of his victory. “Of course, a thing like this would upset Mona, and plenty! I guess my winning was almost worth it to have been the means of bringing her down from her high horse,” he said, shaking his head regretfully. “It’s too bad someone didn’t really beat out that stuck up babe, as Queen I mean.”

“But someone did, Sugar,” Selma said strongly. “You got more votes, didn’t you?”

“Aw now, Selma, quit your kidding. You know those votes don’t mean anything. After all, a joke’s a joke...”

She took his hand in hers and peered into his face intently, “Look here Kid. Here, we’ve got a beautiful opportunity to really level Mona off. I was just talking to Mr. Arthur, and he agrees that it would be a good thing for the school for you to go ahead as Queen. The way Mona acts, one would think she was actually Queen of Clifftown High... in all ways.”

“What are you driving at?” Lennie inquired a little apprehensively.

“Why, to have you accept the crown and scepter from Mona at the dance tomorrow night.”

“Me? The Queen?” he gasped. “Isn’t that being a trifle crazy? After all, I’m not a girl, you know...”

“Sure, sure,” she said impatiently, “but you see, no one set any rules about this beauty contest. It’s only symbolic anyway. There is really nothing to prevent a BOY from being elected and becoming Queen. Mr. Arthur said so himself. He said the student body constitution is put together too loosely anyway, and we need a few examples like this to tighten things up a bit.” With that, she propelled him into the Principal’s office where she was reinforced in his arguments by that person of authority.

The weak willed Lennie was soon beaten down in every objection he could imagine by the high pressure tactics of the two. He found his arguments growing weaker and weaker until, in desperation, he found himself promising to go through with what they wanted.

Principal Arthur, who had been polishing his glasses with his handkerchief, replaced them on his nose and beamed pleasantly at Lennie. “That’s the school spirit, my boy! We must all do our best for dear old Clifftown High.” He paused and drummed his fingers on his desk, and continued, “Lennie, ...I...ah...don’t suppose you have an evening gown, do you?”

Lennie gasped, “An evening gown? Of course not!”

“No, no, I don’t suppose you would. How stupid of me. But, that can easily be remedied. You now have, as of this moment, a \$500 credit at our shop that should be enough for your dress and lingerie. I’ll advance you credit for shoes, hosiery, and any other little...ah...incidentals you may need. I suppose you can borrow a wrap and perhaps a purse from someone in your family?”

“Now see here!” Lennie sputtered. “You are carrying

this absurdity too far. I'm not about to wear a dress and...those other things to a dance! What do you think I am, a...?"

Mr. Arthur and Selma exchanged glances, and stifled a desire to laugh. Mr. Arthur swelled up the way he did when recalcitrant pupils were sent to him to be admonished. "Mr. Parks, don't you think you are being rather difficult? The transfer of the crown and scepter of the Beauty Queen will NOT be official unless you give the outward semblance and appearance of being a girl. You didn't complain that much when you were attired in short skirts at our last six football games? You should be used to them. Your hair is as long and as curly as any girl's, so please be kind enough to explain why you have taken this silly, unwarranted reluctance."

Lennie was overwhelmed. He made no attempt to explain his position as a male because he was unable to formulate his thoughts into any semblance of logic. He was defeated!

Selma finally laughed in her coarse voice. "Yes, and I just remembered those uplifted busts you have been displaying at the games. And, now you are worried about being called a sissy?"

"Mr. Parks, you were wearing a bra too at the games, right?" Mr. Arthur smiled. "The word sissy is used rather loosely. And anyway, this is more a lark. Consider it as a sort of practical joke on a very over bearing young lady."

"I can't go to a dress store?" Lennie moaned.

"If that is bothering you? We have your measurements, so I will be glad to personally make the selections for you. You need not worry about a thing except getting into your costume. You will need at least an hour to dress and put on your makeup. Just be at the shop no later than seven o'clock."

"He'll be there!!" Selma promised.

THE DRESS SHOP....

Lennie gave an involuntary shiver, and it was impossible to tell whether it was caused by the dread of the coming events or the eerie shadows cast by the dimly lit dress shop through which he was being ushered by Selma and his Principal.

The dazzling lights snapped on by Mr. Arthur dispelled the gloom. A dressing room was revealed. The small-mirrored cubicle was overflowing with shimmering garments. On the chairs were wisps of feminine daintiness.

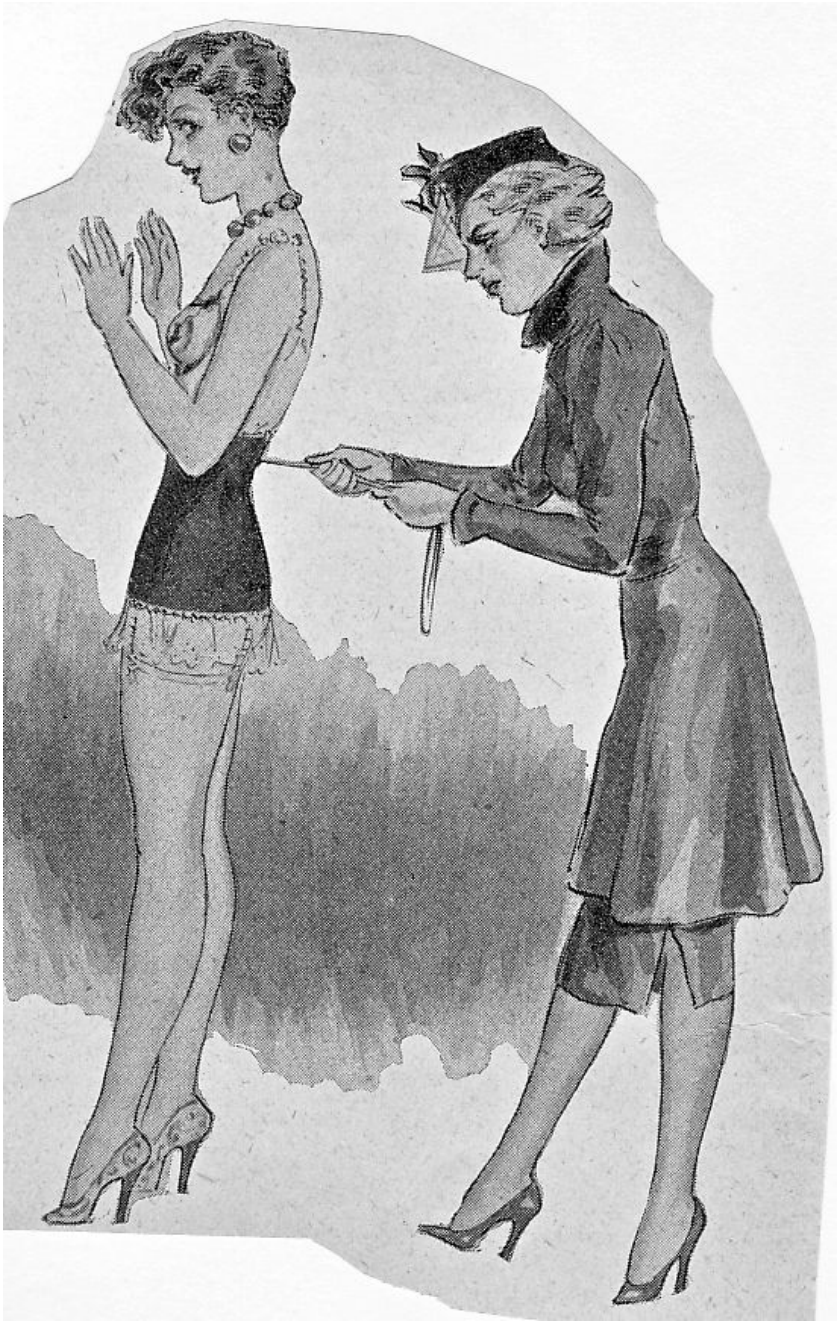
Lennie's utter confusion was covered up by squeals of delight from Selma. "Oh, how simply scintillating," she enthused. "That DRESS! That is a BEAUTIFUL DRESS!" She removed it from its hook and draped it in front of herself. It was a long trailing gown of black satin. She studied her reflection in the mirror. "Oh joy! This slinky outfit would even make me look glamorous. And, what it will do for this lovely boy is something to imagine."

Mr. Arthur was visibly pleased by her praise of his selection. Expectantly, he glanced at Lennie for approval, but in vain. The boy's expression was one of terrified dejection.

The next hour was a flurry of activity. He had never touched let alone been strapped into such ultra feminine items.

Selma held something up and said, "Mr. Arthur. These must have cost a fortune!?"

They were the perfect silicone replicas of female breasts, nipples and all. Everything there was like it had been ordered and made especially for Lennie.



Balanced on high heels and with silicone pads, there was a tug and a pull, here and there, and Lennie's figure was as good as any girl in school.

Once he was perched on high heels and silicone pads, there was a tug and a pull, here and there, and Lennie's figure was as good as any girl in school.

Lennie didn't understand when Mr. Arthur said, "Just relax and enjoy."

....

BEAUTY QUEEN!

The collapsible seats in the gymnasium had been removed, and the school orchestra occupied the stage. The dance was in full swing when Mr. Arthur, Selma, and a very frightened, but breathtakingly lovely Lennie arrived. They entered by the stage door. Selma and Lennie waited in the wings while Mr. Arthur went out onto the stage to confer with the orchestra leader. After a short conversation, the leader signaled for a fanfare. Everyone stopped what they were doing and faced the stage, expectantly looking at their Principal.

He began, "Students, it is my happy pleasure to crown Clifftown's Beauty Queen."

The orchestra leader lifted his baton, and another fanfare blared forth, this one prolonged. Lennie felt himself pushed onto the stage by Selma. The feeling of acute uncertainty that had pervaded him for the last twenty-four hours came to a sudden climax and settled on him like cold icy doom.

Mona Andrews, smugly serene in the belief that it was she who was about to be crowned Queen again, had climbed the steps leading to the stage. She looked every inch a Queen as she advanced majestically toward Mr. Arthur. She was wearing a powder blue evening dress that swept the floor. Then, she was surprised to see another girl advancing from the opposite wing. She was a blonde with short, very curly hair. "Ah," Mr. Arthur exclaimed. "I see the lovely Miss Andrews, our Queen of last year, has graciously consented to do the honors for

her successor, LENNIE PARKS.”

Not until that precise moment had Mona or the other students recognized Lennie in his new elegance. A ripple of startled excitement rolled into a wave of amused appreciation interspersed with gasps of admiration at the lovely picture he presented. A treat like this was rarely seen in Clifftown. The boys whistled wolfishly, and the girls hugged themselves with delight at seeing the mighty Mona humbled before everyone.

Never in her life had Mona received such a shock. What right had anyone to involve her in such a ridiculous farce? Her face clouded with rage, and she was tempted to lunge at Mr. Arthur and Lennie and tear them apart with her claws. She mastered herself; however, for she was only too well aware how her enemies would have loved that. She even managed a smile as she took the streamer and draped it across Lennie’s right shoulder. It was a dark green satin ribbon with the words BEAUTY QUEEN printed in gold letters.

Despite Mona’s smile, Lennie shook with fright at the cold fury he saw in her eyes. Even as her dark beauty and exotic proximity; as she gave him a grandstand kiss on his cheek, frightened him, it also affected him in another way that made his gown become suddenly tight across his hips. So tight, in fact, that he had difficulty walking as Mr. Arthur escorted him to his throne. This was a velvet-covered chair on the band platform.

Prompted by the orchestra leader, the auditorium broke into deafening applause as Lennie took his seat on the throne and continued for several minutes afterward. But, as the orchestra broke into a hot dance number, Lennie was temporarily forgotten, and the couples danced off.

Several numbers later, during a break, Lennie surveyed the milling throng from his high vantage point.

He had been left to his own devices and sat foolishly wringing his delicate lace handkerchief in his hands. The hankie was a mess as the footlights were hot causing him to perspire profusely. Unhappy, embarrassed, and thirsty, he was relieved to see Selma bringing him a Coke and a sandwich. "Thanks a lot," he said, reaching for the Coke. "I am sure getting thirsty."

Selma gave a little shriek. "My goodness, kiddo, what have you been doing to yourself? Your makeup is all ruined and streaked. You are a mess!" She shook her head commiserating. "I'd better take you to the dressing room, fella, and do you over. How did you get that way to begin with?"

Lennie showed his frazzled hankie. "Those lights are too warm, I guess."

The dressing room hummed with a special liveliness. It was large, carpeted, and its walls were completely lined with huge clear mirrors and little shelves for cosmetics. It was full to overflowing with the young girls of Clifftown High School, and every available inch before the mirror was occupied by anxious teenagers. Absorbed, they powdered and retouched their makeup, tucked curls into place, and straightened the seams of their stockings. For the most part, their dresses came from Blakeley's.

Terry's frock was the fruit of a special shopping trip to the city the week before. She noticed with pleasure that it could more than hold its own. She was loath to spend any of her money at the Arthur establishment as she had taken an intense dislike to her principal since he took Mona's views in making Lennie into a sissy.

Terry was quite unable to understand Mr. Arthur. What motives could he possibly have for doing this? And, why were there no objections from the rest of the faculty. Apparently, she was the only one disturbed by it, with the possible exception of Lennie. Was it because she had

admired the courage of this effeminate youth? She scoffed at this, but why did seeing him made a fool of in skirts annoy her so? Knowing how tonight's events had dethroned Mona, Terry was somewhat compensated.

There was a commotion at the door, and the lanky Selma came in, dragging a very reluctant and protesting Lennie behind her. "I can't go in there, Selma! I'm not supposed to go in here!!"

"You've got to, kiddo. I'm certainly not going into the men's room with you to repair your makeup. Besides," she laughed, "I wouldn't advise you to go in there either...the way you are dressed tonight."

The girls all looked up from their paint jobs, sensing another bit of excitement. A Sophomore called out shrilly, "It's our new Beauty Queen!" She got up to give Lennie her place, and Selma plunked him down and started to repair the ravages of his makeup. He needed no rouge! His face was bright red.

"Welcome to the ladies room," Selma teased softly as she fixed his face. "This is where girls really become girls."

Unable to restrain herself, Terry shouted across the room, "Oh Mona Darling, tell us, do you really think the prettiest person in Clifftown was chosen Beauty Queen?"

Mona was savagely renewing her already scarlet mouth. She articulated with difficulty around her lipstick, "But of course, Dear."

Selma looked up from her work. "Then you agree that I was right in my comparisons in the columns, eh Mona?"

Mona rose from her place, flashing a glance at her coiffure, and said lightly, "Oh, sure!"

This was greeted with a jeer of derision from Selma and echoed by most of the other girls. Mona pivoted with an angry retort on her lips, but bit it off.

“Really, my Dears, who was it that discovered Linda? If I hadn’t explained the facts of life to her, the poor thing would probably never have realized that she was a GIRL. Before she came here, Linda thought she was a boy.” Mona tried to smile pityingly. “Despite Linda’s being such a gorgeous little thing, she’s a wallflower at heart. She needs someone like her Aunt Mona to draw her out. I’ll bet just anything that no one has asked her to dance yet. Have they, Precious Baby?”

She came over and patted Lennie’s cheek solicitously. “Come, Sweetie Pie, Aunt Mona will dance with you.” She pulled him to his feet and half dragged him to the ballroom, but it was quite apparent that he was not an unwilling captive.

Selma hit her forehead with the palm of her hand. “Jeepers! Did you hear that? Old Prissy Pants called herself AUNT Mona!”

Mona smiled down into Lennie’s eyes, drew him close, and circled away with him. She led, as a matter of course, and Lennie followed docilely as best he could. Night after night, he had dreamed of this, of being in Mona’s arms, of feeling her warmth, with her soft cheek against his. He glanced up at her shyly, but dropped his long mascara covered lashes when she met his gaze.

After a moment, Mona said, “Why Linda, you can really dance. And, in high heels, too.”

Lennie was a beautiful dancer; light, graceful, and rhythmic on his feet. At the break, Mona’s dark eyes swept him full length, as she remarked, “What a perfectly lovely dress you are wearing.”



**Mona smiled down into the feminized boy's
eyes.**

**She whispered in his ear, "Show the boys you
know how to follow my lead!"**

Lennie looked down at the folds of his long skirt and was brought back to reality. “Good lands!” Here he was dancing with the girl he worshiped, and he had on a prettier dress than she did! He half buried his flushed face in her arm. Without his realizing it, when they resumed dancing, Mona steered him skillfully toward the stag line that swayed perceptively at the approach of two lovelies dancing together.

At the climax of the dance, Mona released him, and he made an involuntary movement toward her. But, she quickly slipped into the arms of a questing stag and was whirled away into the crowd. He saw her laughing dark eyes wink suggestively at him over her partner’s shoulder.

The next thing he knew, someone had grabbed him and he was being whirled away himself. The husky youth who held Lennie found his wide grin met with a distressed gaze. “Babe, this is our dance!”

Lennie recognized him as Ted Davis, a junior from the football team. Before he could say anything, Ted spun him around, keeping hold of his hand, swirled him, and then pulled him back into his arms.

Lennie gasped as he felt his skirts flutter widely, and with his free hand, he attempted to keep them under control. “Now Ted, wait, please. I’m not used to dancing like this. Take it easy. Please!”

Ted laughed hilariously. “You’re doing great, Lennie old kid.”

Again, he whirled Lennie around. This time, one of Lennie’s spiked heels caught in his skirt, and he felt himself begin to topple. Ted caught him in his arms and saved him from a fall that would have been embarrassing, if not dangerous. When the dance ended, Lennie disentangled himself from Ted’s arms and walked away, but Ted followed him out onto the campus level.

Lennie looked around angrily. “Hey clown! Why are

you following me? Go away! I want to be alone.”

Ted grinned and mimicked the accents of Greta Garbo. “Oh, so you want to be alone, eh?” He laughed and pulled Lennie down onto a bench.

Lennie jerked his hand away, his red lips pouting. “Must everyone make fun of me? he thought miserably.

Ted looked at him and offered Lennie a cigarette, which he refused with a curt shake of his head. As Ted was lighting his cigarette, Lennie gazed at him with envy. Ted was everything he, Lennie, wanted to be. At that moment, Lennie made a decision to get his hair cut, cropped real short, like Ted’s, the very next day. Ted’s hair was brushed glossily, and his ruddy face looked as if a barber had just whisked away the apron. He was wearing a short black coat, grey trousers, and a bow tie. Lennie’s legs moved unsteadily under his humiliating skirts. Ted had a serious, thoughtful look on his face as he blew a cloud of smoke into Lennie’s face. “I’ve been wondering about you for a long time, and now that I have you alone, I want to know something.”

Lennie looked up inquiringly.

Ted hesitated, not knowing exactly how to phrase his question. “I’d like to know if you are a morphodite?”

The light streaming through from the auditorium opening showed the dusky pallor of Lennie’s face. The rosy color spread from his soft cheeks to his throat and up to his brow. “I’m...I’m a...a man. I’m just as much a man as you are.” His voice trembled with excitement in his desire to convince someone of something that he himself was a bit doubtful of.

One of Ted’s eyebrows lifted quizzically, and his lips twisted into a mirthful smile. “No kidding? Then please tell me why you wear girl’s clothes almost half the time?”

“I do not wear girl’s clothes half the time!” said Lennie hotly. “Only...only—I...well...”, he broke down for lack of

words.

“No? And, I suppose you don’t take girl’s gym? That should be interesting to explain. You know, I couldn’t take girl’s gym nor any of the other fellows either. You must have some physical difference. Maybe you’re a half and half, a morphodite? You must be—unless you really are a girl.”

Lennie was holding his hands down at his sides in tight fists, as red streaks of shame flooded his cheeks.

“You know,” Ted resumed, “I think you really are a girl acting screwy and trying to see if you can get by as a boy.”

“Oh no, I’m just a regular home girl,” Lennie shrilled with mock demureness. “I cook, I sew, I do the housework...”

“I guess there is just one way to find out for sure,” Ted said grimly, as he put his arms around Lennie’s slim, soft shoulders; his hands pressed tightly against Lennie’s padded breasts. He fumbled at the skirt trying to raise it so he could feel underneath. Lennie jerked free of him and jumped to his feet, his eyes blazing a green fire.

Ted was a bit startled at the venom in his intended victim’s eyes and recoiled at the revulsion that replaced it.

They heard the sound of running footsteps on the concrete walk. It was Principal Arthur, who had heard Lennie’s voice, and caught its tone. He stood silently as he decided on a course of action. His angry eyes reflected the glint of cold steel. He kicked Ted’s discarded cigarette before saying, “You know the penalty for smoking on the school grounds, Ted. It means thirty demerits for you. Once more means expulsion. You know that, don’t you?”

Ted hurriedly scrambled to his feet and answered, “Yes sir,...I don’t intend to get caught again...I mean...I meant to say...I won’t do it again.” He bowed nervously and made his escape.

Lennie, looking terrified and bewildered, sat down and hunched his frame into the smallest possible compact, giving Mr. Arthur a look expressing pain and misery.

“Poor lad,” said Mr. Arthur, smoothing Lennie’s curls tenderly.

Lennie resolutely swallowed his tears and said wistfully, “Take me home. Please, take me home. I can’t take any more of this humiliation, I can’t—”

“Why certainly, Lennie. I’ll take you home if that’s what you really want,” Mr. Arthur said in a gentle voice Lennie had not heard from him before. “Just stay right here. I will get your wrap and drive the car around here.”

Lennie waited, shivering from the cold as a stiff breeze had come up. It was blowing bits of paper around, and Lennie became very chilled in the meager protection of his sheer evening gown and wispy dainty undies. His life had become distorted, almost unbelievably. Who would have thought that anyone could have been doubtful as to his sex? If Ted was, there must be others. It was so absurd! Or, was it?

For a brief moment, he was doubtful himself, but—of course was a male physically. Tonight; however, he certainly did not look or feel like a man. He stuck out a dainty silver slippered foot from beneath his shimmering skirt and hastily withdrew it. It only served to remind him that his appearance was anything but manly.

The cough of a car motor aroused him from his meditations, and the shiny black sedan belonging to Mr. Arthur pulled up a short distance from where Lennie was sitting. Seeing the car, he got to his feet, gathered his skirt about him, and stepped gingerly to the car. Mr. Arthur held the door for him like a gentleman as he seated himself comfortably. When they were both in the car, Mr. Arthur draped the evening wrap carefully across

Lennie's shoulders. His hands seemed to linger, almost affectionately.

The car, expertly guided, purred over the smooth black road, and Lennie was deep in thought. He did not formulate this thought into words, but some vague uneasiness stirred in him as he glanced at Mr. Arthur's handsome profile. His hair, thick and wavy, fell into crisp tendrils; his chin was square and cleft; his jaw clearly defined; and his high cheekbones were streaked with ruddy color. He had well defined eyebrows and very white teeth. All in all, he was an exceedingly handsome man.

He had been principal of Clifftown High for the last five years, and Lennie figured him to be about thirty-six years of age. He seemed manly enough, yet there was something about him that set him apart from most males. It could have been his cultured graciousness, his unusual mouth, or the soft modulation of his voice. Somehow, Lennie liked Mr. Arthur's voice; it was so compelling and rather musical. A pleasurable sense of satisfaction pervaded Lennie as he heard it again.

Without looking around, Mr. Arthur said, "Were you terribly upset by what happened back there?"

Lennie melted at the sympathy of his tones. "Naturally, sir. I guess I was more surprised than anything. I can't imagine what came over Ted. He acted so strangely."

"Of course Ted is a brash young man and should be punished for his brutality, but you can't really blame him too much." Mr. Arthur licked his lips. "You are quite beautiful tonight my dear...and...well...desirable."

"Oh no, no, no," Lennie's fluttered voice protested. "It wasn't...I mean, Ted didn't...he said he thought I was really a girl—or—or a...morphodite."

"And, he was trying to find out!" Mr. Arthur devilled, as he brought the car to a stop at the side of the road. His

gaze was sharply demanding. “You say he thought you were a ...hermaphrodite is the correct word. That is so very amusing, yet interesting.”

“Yes, and I told him I was as much a man as himself.”

Mr. Arthur had to smile at this as he glanced at the demure figure, so girlishly pretty, sitting on the seat beside him. “Well now, I wouldn’t go so far as to say that. It should be quite apparent, even to yourself, that you differ radically from Ted.”

Lennie looked distressed. “You...you are not trying to say that perhaps he was right, are you?”

“Of course not! A true hermaphrodite has the sexual organs of both sexes, but there are varying degrees and stages of hermaphrodite. Some females have the CHARACTERISTICS of the male, and some males have the CHARACTERISTICS of the female. This may manifest itself in many ways. Some are quite modified, others look like females but are really of the male sex. Your voice and complete lack of beard shows that you have a tendency to lean toward the feminine psyche, and you certainly do look as much like a girl as any boy could. In fact, you are as pretty a girl as almost any real girl I have ever seen. Hasn’t any of this ever occurred to you?”

It had occurred to Lennie, and this very thing had been worrying him so much of late, in fact, ever since he had become a Clifftown cheerleader. And, he had had his manhood put in doubt twice in the last hour. He scuffed his heel on the floorboard and looked down dejectedly.

“There, there, my dear,” Mr. Arthur consoled. “You mustn’t feel badly about it. It’s something you can’t help. Just because you are not molded in the conventional pattern is no disgrace. Nothing of the sort. You can be just as important in the scheme of things as Ted. It’s just that you have to go at it with a different approach.” He patted the boy’s cheek. “So chin up, my Dear!”

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He put his arm comfortingly around Lennie's shoulders, and a strange shivery thrill went through the boy at the older man's touch. His thick silky lashes lifted above his limpid grey-green eyes, then dropped gently to rest against the curve of his soft cheeks.

His full red lips trembled, and almost involuntarily he swayed toward Mr. Arthur. The man pulled him close, and pressed his lips hotly against the boy's. They lay strained against each other, Lennie's lips passive under Mr. Arthur's for a full ten seconds. Then Mr. Arthur murmured hoarsely, "My darling little girlie-boy."

Lennie could feel the rumble of his voice deep in the man's chest where he rested his head. Realizing what had happened, he drew himself out of the arms that held him and brushed his lips with the back of his hand. What kind of a boy was he? What had Mr. Arthur called him? A fairy?

Mr. Arthur sat watching him, a little frown between his eyes. He gently touched Lennie's shoulder.

"Don't!" the boy said abruptly.

“I’m sorry,” he said, quickly drawing his hand away. Leaning over, he started the car and concentrated on his driving. Not one word was spoken until they reached Lennie’s house where they exchanged stiff, formal good nights.

Their attempts at smiles were weak and forced on both sides. Mr. Arthur reached into the back seat and piled Lennie’s male clothes over the boy’s arm and handed him his oxfords.

Lennie stole into the house as quietly as he could and tiptoed into his room, thankful that his mother and sister were asleep. At least they wouldn’t see him as he was now dressed. He, very inexpertly, pulled off his humiliating feminine clothes. He hung them in his closet as far back, and as much in a corner, as he could.

He decided to take a cold shower, the colder the better.

Anything to wash away this hot shameless feeling he had. The desire to run after Mr. Arthur, to cling to him, and to feel

his hard warm body pressed against him. He let the water run over him until he shivered and turned blue from the cold.

Climbing into his pajamas, he lay on his bed, his arms crossed on his chest, staring out the window into the darkness

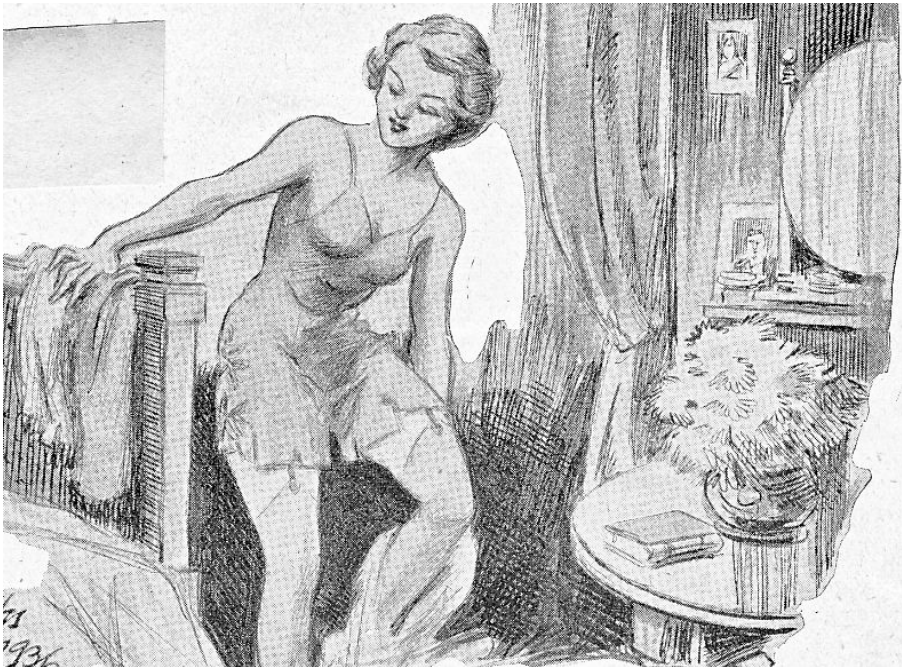
with wide confused eyes. His thoughts were so primitive, so...so physical, they were revolting! The excitement of the day had left him tired and drained, yet what right did he have

to have such feelings for a man? If this feeling for Mr. Arthur,

this hungry gnawing feeling, meant what he thought it did,

she...yes, perhaps it was best to say “she”—had better keep away from the guy lest something degrading and disgraceful should happen.

Feeling more feminine...more like...a Linda than ever before, it seemed only natural for him to get out of bed and put on the panties he had worn to the dance underneath his pajama trousers.



**Lennie very inexpertly, pulled
off his humiliating, feminine clothes.**

....

A GOOD TRY....

“So you want to try out for the boy’s basketball team, eh?” Coach Welch’s moon-like face was trying to hold back a grin as he surveyed the five foot two inch prospective athlete, Lennie Parks.

On an impulse, Lennie had gone into the boy’s gym with a rather futile effort to change gym periods. He had been practicing for many years on home courts and had

gained a very accurate shooting eye. The girls in his gym class had been playing basketball for several weeks and, to Lennie's pleasure, they used boy's rules. Lennie was fast and agile, and despite his size, he made monkeys out of the girls on the opposing teams. He slithered around them as if they were stationary, and it was a cinch to get into position for a layup shot. He had run up scores and made the games he participated in almost a farce.

On the strength of this, plus the advice of the girl's gym teacher, he dared to try out for the boy's team. He had been given a tentative to the boy's gym period yet, even so, when Coach Welch accepted the transfer, he was surprised.

"Alright Parks, go get into a suit, and we'll see what you can do."

Lennie, with his old gym suit in hand, quickly scurried to the locker room before the coach could change his mind. As it was ten minutes into the period, the locker room was empty.

With a feeling of inadequacy, he came out on the floor, in his girl's gym suit, and surveyed the practice session. There were two squads lined up beneath each basket where they pranced in a file, one after the other, tossing the ball up or in and out, according to their ability. When he got in line with one of the squads, his appearance caused exclamations and the widening of eyes. A few, who knew him, nodded and greeted him perfunctorily. The line moved fast, and soon, Lennie was at the front. The ball was passed to him, and making a preliminary dribble, he leaped and shot. The ball went through the hoop touching only the net.

Before his next turn, the coach's whistle shrilled out and drew the boys around him. He barked out some names, and two selected teams took the floor for a practice game. The fat coach tossed the ball up for the

center jump, and the two tall centers jumped and tried to tip it to one of their teammates. The returning varsity center won the tip, and with a few lightening passes, they had a basket. The scrubs took the ball down and after a trick play, evened the score. This went on for a while, but the varsity showed their superiority by gradually pulling away with the score. The coach stopped the game to give instructions and to make substitutions.

Quite unexpectedly, Lennie found himself in the game at right guard. He felt like a small child among a lot of men as he looked up at the tall boys on the court. The ball was tossed around a few times and then came to Lennie. It came with such a force that he was almost knocked off his feet, but he managed to hold onto it. He slid between the varsity guards with ridiculous ease, found himself under the basket and sunk the goal.

Coach Welch was scowling deeply. Seconds later, Lennie scored again after intercepting a weekly passed ball. Not long after this, he intercepted still another soft pass and passed it to a teammate who immediately passed it back to him. After a few more passes, Lennie sunk a twenty-foot jumper. The varsity had the ball, and Perkins was dribbling toward Lennie who stole the ball and promptly laid it in for another score.

Running past Lennie, Perkins winked at him saying, "Nice going, Queenie!"

Coach Welch's voice was irate as he harshly scolded the varsity, but they took it grinning broadly. The ball was fed to Lennie with such regularity, and he proceeded to roll up so many points, that he finally realized what they were doing. Aware of this, he savagely jabbed his elbow at the ones who only made half-hearted passes at guarding him. He desperately wanted them to play him right so he would know if he had the ability to seriously think of competing. After all, he was sinking baskets; his

shooting average was high, opposition or no opposition. The boys were having fun out of this, and there was nothing the coach could do about it. He finally gave up, and with a look of disgust, waved the practice session over with a curt dismissal to the showers.

The shower room was hot and steaming, and the whooping and clamoring of voices was almost deafening until Lennie came in, stuffing his long curls under a shower cap. Then, it became so quiet that only the hiss of the shower was heard. While adjusting the spray to his preference, Lennie became aware that those boys had turned their backs on him, but not quickly enough to hide the fact from him that lines of bodies were swaying to and fro. He realized that he was responsible for this shimmying, and with a sense of horrifying revulsion; he instantly abandoned all thoughts of taking a shower and ran to the corridor and his locker.

Hastily, he dried himself and began to dress quickly, but not quickly enough to escape the appraisal of the first to finish their showers. There were some sporadic whistling, but he did not look around, for he knew the cause.

Having decided on this basketball venture since coming to school that morning, he had not left home in his old underwear. In fact, he had become used to wearing the dainty girl's panties supplied by Blakeley's, since the night of the dance. Therefore, he didn't realize what he had done until he was getting into his lacy rose colored panties in the dressing room only minutes before.

How COULD he have been so STUPID? He dove into his shirt and trousers and stepped into his shoes and, without even taking the time to tie them, he bolted out of the room, looking neither to the left nor the right. Outside, he was cognizant of other emotions accompanying his overwhelming shame. The rising

pressure of his sleek underpants made this only too apparent.

The next day, Coach Welch went to the principal's office and raved over this incident. He demanded that Lennie be sent back to the girl's gym, "where he belongs", as he termed it. The coach said he would not attempt to turn out any kind of a team if he was going to be saddled with "girls, fairies, and what not".

Lennie was informed of this by Mr. Arthur, and having expected a climax of this sort, was not too surprised. So, that day, he found himself back with the girls in their gym period.

"Today, I am definitely going to get a haircut," he said to himself, as he had every single day since the night of the dance, when he had been crowned Queen.

That evening, when he went home from school, he received a great shock when he entered the living room and found his mother and sister examining some exquisite girl's clothes. With a start, he realized it was the clothing he had worn for his coronation as Beauty Queen, as well as his ample supply of panties.

His mother stared at him, and his sister openly giggled.

"Lennie, are these your clothes?" his mother asked.

His face was flaming in shame and agony, and he couldn't

answer. He gulped, cleared his throat, and swallowed, but

no words would come out.

"Lennie, I asked you a question. Are these your clothes," she repeated, as his sister continued giggling.

"Yes, Mother. I...I...I..."

"Well, for goodness sake, what are they for, a masquerade or something? Are you in a play of some

sort?”

“No. You see—they...I mean...Mona and Mr. Arthur...well...Selma...”

His mother reached over and took his hand. “Now calm down and tell me what this is all about. Don’t be so frightened, for heaven’s sake.”

In a series of stammering starts and gulping phrases, he finally got the entire story out. At the conclusion, his sister let out a din of ringing laughter that resounded throughout the entire house. “Beauty Queen?! And, they all know you’re a boy? What kind of a school is this, anyway?”

“Nancy, be quiet! Can’t you see that poor Lennie is suffering? Look dear, you needn’t feel ashamed. I should think that you would be proud that your schoolmates selected you the most beautiful student in the school.”

“But Mother, a boy is not supposed to be QUEEN, and especially not a BEAUTY QUEEN!” Nancy said. “Although, I think they were right, Lennie is beautiful. I only wish I could have seen him in these lovely clothes. Put them on again, Lennie. Will you, please, please, Lennie?”

He blushed and shook his head. To his surprise, his mother joined Nancy. When coaxing, pleading, and flattering failed, she ordered him into his room to don the gorgeous gown and its accoutrements.

When he was fully dressed, he somewhat timidly entered the living room where his mother and sister were waiting. In a sense, he was a little glad that this thing had been forced on him. For now, from the reactions of his mother and sister, he would be able to accurately determine many things that were troubling him. He lifted the hem of his long skirt slightly as he stepped over the threshold, smiling slightly as he waited for their initial reaction.

“Of course, I don’t have on any makeup like I had at the coronation dance. Selma put it on for me. Makeup makes a lot of difference, you know.”

“WE know,” Nancy gasped, staring with open mouth. His mother, after a long penetrating look, beamed maternally.

Nancy clapped her hands in joy as she said, “Lennie, is it possible? Why, you are better looking than me, and from what the boys tell me, I’m no slouch! Oh, sit down here! I’ve simply got to see you with makeup. Come on! I’ll do the paint job.”

She busied herself with powder base, powder, mascara, lipstick, rouge, and eyebrow pencil. When she was finished, she sat back and admired him in noteworthy silence. She kept shaking her head as though she were seeing something she just could not believe.

Mrs. Parks acted as though she had received a stimulant. She kissed Lennie, “Now, it is very easy to see why they picked you as their Beauty Queen! Why, Darling, you are absolutely beautiful!”

“Wow!” said Nancy. “My goodness, there’s absolutely no trace of anything masculine about him. He’s looks all GIRL!”

“Amazing,” Mrs. Parks said. “That dress looks like it was made for you.”

Nancy grinned, “I’ve got a wonderful idea! I’m going to a dance Saturday night with Bill Frazier. Lennie, you’ve just got to come along with us, dressed like that. I’ll tell Bill you’re my cousin...what did Mona called you—? Linda? All right, I’ll tell him you are my cousin Linda, who is visiting us. It’ll be a blast! And it will be a chance to find out if Bill is really in love with me. If he can resist YOU, then I’ll know he loves ME!”

Lennie started to protest, but to no avail. He was now something that they had found to amuse themselves. He

became a sort of plaything for his mother and sister. Neither of them seemed to think of the strangeness of the situation. Finally, realizing his protests were futile, he shrugged his shoulders in resignation. He seemed fated to be a girl again.

With a shade of self-commiseration, Lennie thought that if he had received a different treatment from his family, he might have been able to rehabilitate himself. If they had shown scorn, disgust, anger, or almost any reaction other than this, he might have been able to go out and get that haircut he had been postponing for so long.

However, their responses were totally in accordance with those of Mona, Selma, and Mr. Arthur. He now knew that his mother and sister would not allow him to go near a barber shop, if they had their to say about it. Now, he would never get his hair cut.

That Saturday, Nancy was just applying the finishing touches to Lennie's face, when they heard the sound of a horn outside.

"That's Bill, he's here already. Now remember, Dear, play up to him. I want to see if he can resist you. And remember, at the dance, if you have to go to the little girl's room, make sure that I go with you. When you talk, don't forget to flatter Bill, or any other man who may dance with you. Men eat it up when you flatter them. Don't tug at your girdle like you're doing now, when anyone is around. Ummm, let me see if there is anything I forgot. Oh yes, wait for Bill to assist you in and out of the car. He's the old-fashioned gentleman type and loves to do that.

They picked up their wraps and set forth to the car where Bill was waiting, doing a slow burn. "Damn it!" he thought. "Why does Nancy have to bring in another girl,

even though it is her cousin? She's probably the typical small town girl who can't get a boyfriend of her own and forces herself on her relatives. I suppose Nancy can't help it, but...well, I'll be damned if I'll dance with her more than once. I suppose I'll have to dance with her once out of courtesy, but no more. That's for damned sure! All of this happened on the night I was planning to propose to Nancy, too."

About this time, he saw coming out of the door accompanied by another girl dressed in a shimmering black satin gown. As they drew closer, Bill whistled to himself. "Wow! What did I say about this babe? Oh brother, is she a honey! Maybe this isn't going to be so bad, after all."

The two "girls" approached, and Bill jumped out to open the door and assisted them into their seat.

When all was settled, Nancy said, "Bill, I want you to meet my cousin, Linda Parks. Linda, this is Bill Frazier."

Lennie acknowledged the introduction with a smile and a slight nod of his head. He was very nervous, but not nearly as nervous as he had been at the dance when they crowned him Beauty Queen. There, everyone had known he was a boy, whereas now, nobody was supposed to know, and it was his job to keep them from finding out.

Bill made polite conversation as the car rolled along, and soon, they were at the dance hall. It was an American Legion dance and was being held in their Hall.

The three of them went to the door where Bill bought their tickets. Once inside, they went to the checkroom where Nancy and Lennie checked their wraps. In a few minutes, they were seated at a table near the dance floor, and Lennie clung tightly to his sister's arm. Bill joined them shortly and led Nancy out onto the floor for the first dance. Lennie fidgeted as he noticed several young men eying him tentatively.

Dances are not places where an attractive female will remain alone and unattended for very long. as Lennie soon found out. A tall, slender young man came over to him and requested a dance. Lennie had the impulse to refuse, actuated by his fright and uncertainty, but before he could think of a reason to refuse, he found himself being led onto the floor.

In a moment, he was in the tall boy's arms, their bodies swaying to the music. This fellow's name was Art; he was followed by Jack; next came Steve; then Joe, and then Bill Frazier danced with him. It was not that Bill didn't want to dance with Lennie before and that he intended to stick to his hasty resolution to dance with "Nancy's cousin", but just that this was the first time that someone else had been able to whisk Nancy away from him.

Acting on Nancy's advice, Lennie, by this time over his uncertainty, began to flatter Bill in such a skilful manner and in such seemingly genuineness that he never realized he WAS being flattered. He was so taken; he almost puffed out like a toad in self-complacency. At the finish of the dance, Bill looked toward Nancy and saw with regret that she was alone and unattended, so he led Lennie back to their table.

The instant they got to Nancy, four stags came almost running to claim Lennie for the next dance. Bill felt a twinge of jealousy as he saw the pretty creature glide off lightly in the arms of a red haired amateur boxer he knew. Watching Bill covertly, Nancy was beginning to wonder if she had not pulled a "faux pas" by forcing her brother to come to this dance. Astonishingly, Lennie was one of the prettiest girls in the hall, and she could not help noticing Bill's abstract inattentive attitude. He kept glancing furtively in Lennie's direction when he thought Nancy wasn't watching. She bit her lip in vexation.

That dance over, Lennie was brought back by the red head. He approached his sister, took her hand, and said, "Come on, Darling, let's powder our noses." Lennie had been drinking quite a few soft drinks and was feeling the call of nature.

In the Ladies washroom, Nancy stood guard, in a sense, while Lennie went into one of the booths. When he came out, he went to the mirror to powder his face and touch up his lipstick. Nancy had shown him previously how to apply makeup, and he quickly caught the knack.

Back at the dance floor, Nancy started drinking whiskey because of Bill's attention to Lennie. In about an hour, she became slightly intoxicated and began to brood. This caused Bill to pay more attention to her. He became solicitous, patient, and tender with her.

At length, when they were in the car on the way back home, Nancy asked, "Bill, you don't really love me, do you?"

He looked at her in surprise, and laughed, "What brought this on, Honey?"

Lennie was beginning to feel a slight chill of anticipation, and almost immediately, he knew what Nancy was leading up to.

"You can't love me, really," Nancy hiccuped slightly. "You've been eyeing Linda all evening. You'd rather be with her than with me."

"Look Nancy, don't be a child. I'll admit I've been looking at Linda, but who wouldn't? She's a very lovely girl. But, it's you I want to marry, not Linda. It's you I am in love with. I'll ask you again, right in front of Linda. Nancy, will you marry me?"

Nancy looked at him owlshly through her bleary eyes. "Do you mean that? Do you really want me to marry you?"

"Of course I do, to both questions. I'm not in the habit

of asking a girl to marry me unless I am serious.”

Nancy kissed him wetly and giggled, “Oh Darling, I’m so glad you said that. I would have been so ashamed for you if you had preferred Linda to me. You see, Linda is not a girl at all. She...I mean he is my brother Lennie.

“WHAT??? You’re drunk, Nancy!!!”

“No, I’m not that drunk. I’ve never been that drunk! I tell you this is my brother Lennie. I wanted to test you to see if you really loved me. Lennie makes up into such a beautiful girl, I thought if you could resist him, then you were really in love with me. Don’t be sore, Bill. It was just a joke. Look, if you don’t believe me, ask Lennie!”

Bill looked at Lennie with a patient smile as though he were saying, “Let’s humor her, she’s drunk.”

But, he was astounded to hear Lennie say, “She’s right, Bill. I AM a boy. I’m Nancy’s sister Lenn...I mean BROTHER Lennie. I didn’t want to do this, but she insisted.”

“You know I’ve got a brother, Bill,” Nancy went on. “Well, this is he!”

As the truth became inevitable, Bill shook his head in disbelief and frowned, angry at first, then he began to chuckle. “You two are screwballs. What are you trying to do, get us arrested? Why pull off such a stunt?”

Nancy spoke very slowly, as one does that is having trouble enunciating words. “I told you, Bill. I wanted to test you. You see...” and she went on to tell him of Lennie’s being selected Beauty Queen of Clifftown High School and of her impulsive idea when she saw him dressed up. By this time, Bill was laughing as the humor of the situation caught his fancy, and Nancy laughed with him. Lennie was silent, thinking, thinking, thinking...

Monday, as he walked into his first period class, his teacher intercepted him and informed him that he was

wanted in the Principal's office. With misgivings, he left the room and went to Mr. Arthur's office.

Mr. Arthur's secretary told him to go right in to the inner office. She smiled at him after glancing at his rather long curls. Blushing, he entered the office after knocking.

Already gathered there were Mr. Arthur, Mona, Terry, Selma, and the twins. Mr. Arthur asked him to be seated as they were waiting for his mother and sister. Uneasily, he sat down wondering what he had done that necessitated the calling his family. He received no hint of what it was all about from the others and spent a tense, silent fifteen minutes until they arrived.

When everyone was seated, Mr. Arthur cleared his throat, fidgeted with some papers, and turned to face them. "I might as well get at the crux of the matter at hand with as little preliminary as possible. All of you gathered here are vitally interested, either directly or indirectly, in the situation that has evolved. Therefore, you should have a voice in the solution. It seems—ahem...that Miss Daniels here, has enhanced what may well turn out to be the prize...joke of the American High Schools Association. Lennie here, and Clifftown High School in particular, will be the...butt of the resulting ridicule."

"Now to get to the point. In the beginning, it seemed that no harm could come from having Lennie become a member of the cheerleading group, even though all of the other members were girls. No one saw any substantial pitfalls, even though no other high school in this area has ever had anything but girls as cheerleaders. Then, due to circumstances, there were times when he wore feminine attire and that also seemed harmless.

Even after he won the contest for Beauty Queen, it would have been all right if he had stopped right there. But no! Our very enterprising young girl reporter here,

who seems to have aspirations of being another Billy Rose, with her monumental ideas, happened to see an article in a Los Angeles newspaper. It concerned a state contest for High School Beauty Queens wherein the newspaper will select one girl as the California State High School Beauty Queen with two runners-up as her court.”

“Miss Daniels here, over endowed with enthusiasm, but lacking in foresight, entered our Beauty Queen who is, I am sure all of you know, is Lennie Parks, a boy!!! And, if that were not enough, she had to send his picture with a complete story of his background, but, SHE NEGLECTED TO MENTION THAT OUR BEAUTY QUEEN IS A BOY! Now, it seems her boasts have reached to the other schools in this area, and they have started a competition to enter their winners.”

“To make matters worse, Morton High has printed an article in their school paper that we will not dare to show our winner in the state competition as they claim we do not have a girl here who would stand a chance. Now, just what are we going to do? If it gets out that a boy won the contest for our Beauty Queen, you can imagine the ridicule we would suffer, and our girls would suffer accordingly. This has become a serious matter, I assure you. Miss Daniels, since you touched this all off, will you please tell us just what you had in mind in the first place?”

“Why, to enter Lennie and let him compete, that’s all.”
“As a boy, or as a girl?” asked Mr. Arthur.

Selma fidgeted. She had a worried look on her face.
“Well, I guess he would have to compete as a girl.”

“And, did you realize that reporters from the Los Angeles paper will be visiting the various schools to get pictures, stories, and items about the school life of the contestants? And, that the moment they came here the

entire story would be revealed, and Clifftown would be the laughing stock of the state, perhaps the entire country?"

"I know what we can do, " said Terry. "Mona is last year's Queen. Let her be the contestant, then everything will be as it should."

Mr. Arthur shook his head, but before he could answer, Mona cut in, "Oh no you don't! You all wanted the kid here as your Queen. Well, now you've got him. You can sink or swim with him, but you're not going to come crawling to me now."

"Well, that settles that." said Mr. Arthur. "Don't forget the paper has a picture of Lennie and a switch wouldn't work. They would say we were hedging."

Selma cleared her throat nervously, and said, "I...ah... why not let Lennie compete anyway. Of course, it would mean he would have to dress as a girl from here on until the contest is over, but he could do that."

"As a matter of fact, that is my thinking also," said Mr. Arthur. "However, there is one hitch in that solution. We cannot expect a school full of young people to keep a secret like that. How about if we let out a story that Lennie is NOT a boy and never was, it might work. We could spread the word that Lennie is actually a girl who was trying to masquerade as a boy for a prank. That is the main reason why I asked you and your daughter here, Mrs. Parks. We would have to have your permission and your support to carry this off. The people in this room are the only ones who are absolutely certain that Lennie is a boy."

Dora cut in with, "I'm not!", which caused a general laugh from all but Lennie.

Mr. Arthur resumed. "The rest of the students are only puzzled and uncertain about him. I'm certain it would not take much to convince them on this story, if we

are careful. What about it Mrs. Parks? Would you be willing to let your son disguise himself as a girl...only until this wretched affair is over? The honor of the school is at stake as well as Lennie's reputation. How about it?"

Mrs. Parks looked at Nancy who nodded eagerly, then back at Mr. Arthur. "It's alright with me, I guess. It is quite a ridiculous situation, and I suppose it requires a drastic solution."

"Fine," said Mr. Arthur, greatly relieved.

Terry began to pace the floor, then said, "Mrs. Parks, you can't do this! Don't you realize what you are doing?" Disgustedly, she subsided and resumed her chair.

Mr. Arthur looked at her speculatively, and then spoke again, "Alright, now that the last objection has been cleared."

Lennie wondered at the illogicality of this last phrase. They had not even given him a chance to speak, let alone object. It was as though he was not even to be considered as having a mind of his own. He felt anger rise up in him, but as always, his passive nature came to the fore. Unable to fight them, he merely relaxed and submitted with a "what is the use" attitude.

In the meantime, Mr. Arthur continued, "So, from today on, Lennie will be Linda. I can manage it so that the school records are changed. I can also manage the clothes. Mrs. Parks, I hope you will be so kind as to take care of the embellishing of his face and body?"

"Body?"

"Keeping his legs shaved, eyebrows, hair, simple things. Nancy knows what he needs. Excellent! As for the rest of you, I want you four girls to be Linda's constant companions. When you are questioned, I want you to say that you knew Linda was a girl all the while. You can say you would never have permitted him...or rather, her to become a cheerleader if you hadn't known."

“Selma, as soon as you leave this office, you will start the...uh...grapevine rolling to the fact that Lennie Parks is really a girl and that her name is Linda Parks. You will that her mother has insisted that she resume her proper feminine attire from now on.”

Now, we'll need at least a week to prepare everything, so it would be better, perhaps, if you were not to attend school for the remainder of this week, Lennie. One more thing, I want to impress upon all of you the need for stringent secrecy in this. If word gets out, all our reputations will be ruined, and who knows what will happen. That's all I have to say.”

After they left Mr. Arthur's office, he picked up a letter lying on his desk and re-read it. It was from one of the faculty members and expressed an honest indignation that one of the boys in the school was allowed to dress in feminine attire on occasions. Mr. Lacy, the math teacher, must be replaced after this was all over. There were ways!

Lennie went home with a sense of futility. His mother and sister had gone back to work, and he entered the house all-alone. Another escapade, if that's the word for it. His thoughts were a confused jumbled mixture of fear and a sort of...he hesitated to say it...eager anticipation. He shook his head as though to clear it, and yet, a sense of eagerness persisted.

He tried to banish it from his mind as though it were something evil, something abysmally abnormal. A picture of himself at the American Legion dance, being whirled around the dance floor in the arms of different men, being courted for his prettiness, came to his mind, and again, he tried to banish the idea. This couldn't be happening. All these people couldn't just expect him to just become a girl.

Finally, he lay down, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. Yet, even in his dreams, he could not escape the idea he tried so consciously tried to escape. His dreams

were still of himself as he appeared at the American Legion dance.

That night, when his mother and Nancy got home, they brought a lot of boxes and packages with them. Nancy undid them all and laid upon his bed a profusion of dresses, slips, bras, nylon hose, panties, hats that were silly, yet cute, hats that women love so well, and several pairs of high heeled shoes. In short, there were all of the garments a girl would need even including lacy nighties and negligees. His mother exclaimed, "That nice Mr. Arthur helped us pick all this stuff out for you. I have to admire his school spirit and fashion sense."

Lennie tried to figure how much all this must have cost Mr. Arthur. The thought that he was willing to donate such expensive items for the love of his school was a revelation of his generous nature. He had nothing but respect for Mr. Arthur after this.

Poor, simple Lennie! What he had to learn about life would fill a very large book.

After taking a bath, and shaving his legs as indicated by Nancy, Lennie came into his bedroom where she was waiting for him. His mother had gone to the kitchen to prepare dinner, and Nancy was left to instruct Lennie on how to become a girl externally. "These are special!" she said, as she revealed the mysteries of prim and proper feminine clothes.

Lennie sheathed his legs in sheer nylons and forced his feet into a pair of patent leather open toed pumps with very high slender heels. He wiggled his hips and squirmed until he had tugged a very tight girdle over his hips and around his waist, then sweated over the zipper, getting it fastened at last.

Nancy had to help him hook his nylon hose to the girdle's garters as well as his bra behind him. Into the

cups of his bra, he was told to insert a pair of amazingly real looking foam rubber falsies that even had red tipped nipples.

A pair of soft, nylon panties with a lace panel were next followed by a matching nylon slip. Then, wrapping a towel around his shoulders, Nancy began to apply his makeup. She used a powder base and evenly over it a scented face powder. Next came a very clever application of mascara, not too heavy, but just enough to accentuate his eyes. Judicial use of an eyebrow pencil, rouge, and lipstick completed the task.

“I know I showed you some of this before the American Legion dance, but now, you must learn to do all of it for yourself very quickly,” she told him. “One of the most important things to master in making up your face is the proper use of lipstick. A girl’s mouth can either make or break the attractiveness of her face. It is easy to overdo the lines, so don’t be too garish.”

While she was talking, she had been busy outlining his lips and filling in the inner area. Handing him a tissue, she told him to press it tightly between his lips to remove any excess. His makeup complete, she handed him a lovely silk print dress. She helped him pull it over his head and settle it into place until it was sleek against his hips. She closed the back zipper and fastened the belt of the same material.

Then a few touches of a comb to his hair that was still curly, a pair of pendulum earrings, a simulated pearl necklace, a ring, and a bracelet completed his ensemble.

Nancy stood back to get a good look at him saying, “You look as lovely as a doll,” as she kissed him on his brow so as not to muss his makeup. “In a few weeks you’ll have it down perfect. Come on, LINDA, dinner should be ready. Let’s see what Mother thinks of you.”

With his heart beating strangely, a perplexing

sensation inundated his entire being as he followed her timidly. He had a feeling of going into some wonderful new world, a world in which there was nothing but happiness and bliss. His high heels were a bother, but he walked very slowly and thereby had no trouble.

Entering the dining room, his mother looked up, stared at him, and softly exclaimed, “Oh, my. You’re so VERY beautiful!”

As he sat down at his place at the table, Nancy said, “Error number one for a girl. Whenever a girl sits, she gathers her skirt at the back and to smooth it before she sits. That prevents wrinkles in her skirt. Remember that!”

He smiled timidly in agreement, got up, smoothed his skirt and seated himself again to Nancy’s approval. The dinner was eaten in silence with Mrs. Parks and Nancy watching Lennie and smiling tenderly. He would smile nervously in return.

For the rest of the week, Lennie wore girl’s clothes every minute whether awake or asleep. He had to learn to walk with assurance on high heels; to dress himself; to apply cosmetics; and to care for his hair. He was even taught to THINK like a girl. Nancy was a very excellent teacher, and she taught him well.

On that Thursday afternoon, he had to dress himself for the outside and, in the company of his mother who had the day off from her job, go downtown shopping. His mother made him go into a department store and buy some new undies without any assistance from her. The ordeal of standing in front of the pert sales girl as she called him “Miss” while she demonstrated various styles of panties and bras made him feel certain that his deep blushes would surely give him away. However, the girl was so intent on making a sale, that she did not appear to notice anything unusual. Next, he had to go to the

women's shoe department and buy a pair of high heeled pumps and have them fitted by a male clerk.

That Saturday, along with Nancy, he went to a beauty parlor, not the same one as before, and sit through the tiresome process of getting another permanent wave. That night, Nancy went to a movie with Bill Frazier and coaxed him into letting Lennie go along. Afterwards they went to a cocktail lounge for a drink.

Bill acting as the future big brother-in-law took Lennie aside and said, "Lennie. All this was fine as a joke at school, but I don't think it's a good idea that you dress like this all the time."

Sunday afternoon brought a visit from Selma who stared at the metamorphosis in amazement. He was wearing a pretty powder blue suit with a trim form fitting skirt. Under the girlishly cut jacket, he had a white blouse so sheer that his lacy slip and bra straps showed through. He walked gracefully in his high-heeled pumps and seemed taller than before, yet still three or four inches shorter than Selma.

His hair seemed much longer too, due to the new girlish style he had been given at the beauty parlor.

Selma tried to see some boyishness in Lennie...some lingering mannerism that might give a clue as to his real sex. There was none. Lennie looked totally comfortable, resigned to girlish actions from shaving his legs, wearing nylons to having a prominent swelling at his chest.

Lennie blushed when Selma raved over his effeminate appearance and he seemed a bit wistful as she at length told him the news from school. The whispering campaign had been a huge success and everyone in school now believed that Lennie was a girl and always had been one. There were constant "I told you so's" and practically the entire student body was willing to accept the story. She further said that anyone who had any lingering doubts

would be firmly convinced when they got a look at him as he appeared now. Mona had volunteered to pick him up Monday morning and take him to school in her car.

Monday, he arose early, took a bath, and put on his prettiest lingerie; panties, long sheer nylons, high heels, the powder suit, powder, rouge, lipstick, etc. He removed the curlers he'd slept in and brushed out his coiled hair, topping it off with a small, white satin ribbon. Perfume in the proper places, purse, gloves, and all was ready. He ate a hasty breakfast, and then a half hour or more of nervous tension and waiting. He pondered the advice, admonitions, warnings, and good wishes from Nancy and his mother until he finally heard the honk of a car horn in front of the house. With a scarf tied around his pretty curls, books, purse, and gloves in hand, he quickly kissed his mother and sister and hurried out the door to Mona's car.

He felt the sensation of an astonished survey from Mona as he entered her car. The car was moving before Mona said, "Well, I'll be eternally swished if you aren't amazing. You certainly are a pretty sissy boy, Linda, my little Beauty! Don't forget, I created you, and I'm your Svengali, your master-mistress. So, you had better be a good little girl and do everything I tell you, or I may have to spank you."

Lennie had not seen Mona during the past week, and now that he was dressed so prettily, he felt her allure more than ever. Although terrified of her, it was the kind of terror that gave him a bizarre thrill. She excited him, both with her beauty and her domineering ways. Strangely, because of his passive nature, her arrogant mastery over him did not anger him.

Back to School....

Lennie's mother suggested he try his best to fit in with the other girls. She said brightly, "Mr. Arthur suggested you start wearing panty girdles. I remember panty girdles when I was in school. Pretty lingerie was one of the enjoyable rites of passage in becoming a young woman. I remember my first girdle to school and how very grown up and sophisticated I felt wearing it...."

As his mother rambled on, Lennie took the girdle and put it on with pantyhose and a relatively short skirt - just like most of the other girls.

"Maybe I should go to another school?" he said as he put on some earrings and his grandmother's little gold watch.

"They all love you at Clifftown."

Lennie went about getting ready. Thanks to Mr. Arthur, he had several padded brassieres to choose from.

When finished, and standing in front of his mother and sister, approval was given. "You look darling!" Nancy said.

The first big shock came when he entered his first classroom and found that the desks were arranged as surrounding the teacher.

After realizing what this seating layout meant and how it might affect his ability to maintain a lady-like decorum while sitting in one of those desks facing the boys for an hour. Lennie sat down, and crossed his legs, and tugged his skirt down as far as it would go, and tried to make a quick visual check to ensure that nothing was showing.

Once the class started, Lennie noticed all the male eyes intently watching his legs. Not only were boys facing him, they watched his every move from keeping control of his purse to how he occasionally had to prettily flip his

hair out of his eyes. Sitting gracefully was not an option. Any mistake would give the boys a rather splendid view of his panty-girdled thighs.

The teacher started the class, checked roll, and referred to Lennie as “Linda.”

Ted Davis was sitting across and rarely took his eyes off Lennie. Neither did most of the other boys. Every time Lennie shifted around in his seat or crossed the other leg, their eyes would focus and stare for a moment. Lennie laughed to himself. He had carefully adjusting his short skirt and knew he was torturing the boys.

Lennie at one point locked eyes with Ted across the way who had been watching his legs as he crossed the other leg. Ted quickly looked away and seemed embarrassed getting caught trying to see “something” up under Lennie’s skirt.

And then, strangely, Lennie felt a little bit flattered that Ted was looking for a moment of skirt carelessness.

When Ted passed Lennie in the hall, he said softly, “Sorry but I’m a guy... I have to look. It’s a guy rule.”

By the end of the day, when Lennie caught a boy trying to look up his skirt, he just winked and then smiled.

Lennie made a mental note that wearing shorter skirts meant wearing shorter panty girdles. When he mentioned this to Mona, she advised, “Wear girdles in colors other than white. It makes it harder to tell what the boys are seeing,” then she laughed, “Or YOU could even try wearing pants?”

Lennie know that he had to get used to having boys looking at his legs and sometimes up his dress as he sat down or crossed his legs. “So what. Big deal,” Lennie thought by the end of the day.

This was his first day in school as a girl! It was over, but the memory of it would always be fresh in his mind.

As Selma had said, the students seemed to have accepted the story suggested by Mr. Arthur. He was not ignored by any means, being the recipient of many, many stares. They were the stares occasioned by his being a very pretty girl, and not by the story of his complete change of attire and personality. Everyone called him Linda, even the teachers.

All of the girls in his classes flocked around him at every opportunity. They pumped him with curious questions, and in brief, made him feel he was some sort of heroine. All things considered, his transformation in status from boy to girl was ridiculously easy, and he knew that the curious questions would stop in a few days.

Lennie was rather jubilant as he reviewed the events of the day to his mother and sister.

His mother patted his hair and straightened the satin bow. "So it wasn't terribly embarrassing, dear?"

"Actually, it was funny for all those kids who knew me as a boy, to suddenly treat me as a girl. The boys who used to make fun of me, didn't do it today. They mostly just stared at me. When I would look at them to see if they were sneering or scoffing, they would actually blush and lower their eyes.

Nancy sighed, "My brother has discovered boys!"

"No, but it's as if I suddenly achieved some sort of new super power."

His mother said, "I was so worried about you and if I was doing the right thing for you. Mr. Arthur called at noon and said he was watching out for you. He said you were doing well. Thank him for me, would you?"

Lennie laughed, "Honestly, it was really kind of fun."

"Once the novelty wears off," Nancy stated, "you'll find out it's not all that great."

"Maybe it won't be so bad being a girl for a while. Not nearly as bad as I thought it could be."

As the days went on, he was to know more about this “power”. Except for the girls who knew his secret, the rest of the girls in the school began to treat him as an equal in most cases. As for the boys, they changed completely in this regard. They exhibited a sort of deference toward him now, something he had never had in his entire life. Because of this, and to enjoy it to its fullest, he began to exaggerate his femininity and to multiply the occasions in which he would become the center of attraction. Thus, he became what he had never been as a boy, a popular student.

He acquired a set of friends, as he called them, among both boys and girls, which were numerous. In no time at all, it became known that Linda Parks was a rather brilliant girl and an excellent dancer. She was one of the most popular and best-known girls in the school, as well as one of the prettiest.

All of the students referred to her as the girl they had elected as their Beauty Queen and to point out the reasons why she had been elected. Everyone gave his or her reason why they had voted for her, whether they had or not.

The fact that Lennie Parks, a boy, had been elected as a monumental joke was completely forgotten. The few who did remember that fact, asserted that they had voted for Linda because she was pretty and that they knew she was a girl.

Anyone who said different was a liar! And, strange to say, in the space of one short week, Lennie Parks was altered from an effeminate boy who was the butt of the

school jokes, to a lovely, popular girl who was the rightful Beauty Queen of Clifftown High School.

Selma printed articles about the forthcoming State High School Beauty Contest and pointed out that Clifftown must make a good showing. The loyalty of the students became evident and the pride in their representative was uppermost in their minds. They gave Lennie free advice, and the girls gave suggestions as to what he should wear in the contest.

As the day for his departure to Los Angeles grew near, Selma began her publicity campaign. She sent articles in to the local papers and to the Los Angeles paper that was conducting the contest. The articles were about the daily school life of Clifftown's Beauty Queen, Miss Linda Parks. Her likes and dislikes, her hobbies, her skills, her favorite colors, foods, movie stars, and so forth were all quoted. There was a mention of her being a tomboy before becoming a cheerleader.

On her own initiative, Mona took over the training of "Linda" to help her feel more natural in her role as a girl. One night, she called the Parks home and when Linda answered the phone, Mona said that she wanted Linda to come to her house immediately after supper. It was important! Linda agreed.

Not daring to delay, as Lennie was still very afraid of Mona, an hour later Linda rang the doorbell of the Andrews home. Mona answered herself and led her pretty visitor inside, ordering her to make herself at home. When she was seated, Mona sat beside her. Linda endeavored to make polite inquiries about the rest of the family, but Mona curtly told her that they had all gone out.

Mona was staring at Lennie intently and then, as though making a sudden resolve, said, "Now that you are dressing and living as a girl, you've got to learn how to

FEEL and THINK like a girl as well. I've been reading a French book that is all about a case something like yours. It says that to make a boy or man feminine, a certain method must be used. Tonight, my Darling, we are going to try that method. Come along with me to my room."

Preemptively, she got up and without looking around to see if he was following, went to her bedroom. Lennie stood where he was for a short moment, then followed her vacuously. In the room, Mona picked up a satin cord from her dresser and looked at it speculatively. Picking up a book, she consulted it for a while as Lennie stood uncertainly before her.

Suddenly, looking up from the book, she beckoned for him to come closer, and when he did, she seized him by his hands and with a quick jerk, threw him across her lap. She raised his skirt, sliding her nylon-clad legs out and slid her hand under Lennie's slip, feeling under it for his girlishly soft bottom. Throwing back his skirt, slip, and panties, she sat back for a long moment enjoying the boy's frantic, frightened struggles that she mastered with almost ridiculous ease.

Lennie finally ceased his struggles and started to tremble while Mona, mastering him with one hand, lit a cigarette with the other. The smoke of the cigarette drifted slowly down to Lennie's head, when suddenly, she tapped the ash that had accumulated so that it dropped squarely on his naked bottom. He gave a convulsive heave and uttered a cry of terror whereupon she slapped him ferociously across his quivering backside, with her open palm.

Angrily, she seized him by the ear, and in hostile tones ordered, "Silly girl, get on your knees in front of me! Now, lift your skirts up over your hips and hold them high. I'll teach you to resist me!"

He attempted to smile, as though humoring her joke.

At least, he thought he was, but she glared at him in fury; her eyes blazing with rage. “You heard me! I’m doing this for your own good! Now, get on your knees and lift your skirts like I told you!!!”

Still hopeful that she was only making fun of him, he did as she ordered with a slight smile on his face. The smile disappeared quickly as she jumped up and ran behind him, picking up the satin cord as she did so. Before he realized what she was doing and could put up any resistance, she had seized his arms and bound them tightly behind his back. His skirts fell as he let go of them, and she raised him to his feet and stood back to survey him as he stood helplessly with his arms bound behind his back.

Sitting down on the bed, Mona pulled him toward her, flung him across her lap with his face down and again raised his skirts. Then, she began to spank him. At first, in a sort of experimental manner and then, as he wriggled painfully on her lap, much harder. In the course of this wriggling, as he rubbed against her, she seemed to become slowly transformed. A fierce light shone in her eyes, and she started breathing heavily. Her strokes grew heavier and more painful. Faster and more furiously the blows rained down on his tingling bottom as she became as one possessed. His flesh smarted, and he pleaded, threatened, and then begged abjectly for her to stop. Finally, in absolute torture, he began to shriek. This seemed to only increase her frenzy, and her strokes became frantic.

Then, as though reaching a climax, she stiffened and her blows stopped abruptly. Her fingers dug into his soft, plump flesh as she slowly leaned backward across the bed, then suddenly released her grip on him completely. He fell off her lap onto the floor and lay there for a while stunned and smarting with pain.

Finally, picking himself up off the floor painfully, he shook himself until his skirts dropped to a “decent” position and glanced at Mona. He was frightened at what he saw. She was lying as though dead, with her own skirts bunched at her waist. Her eyes were open, but they were fixed on the ceiling in an unseeing stare. Tiny beads of sweat were glistening on her forehead.



Lennie’s pounded with fear as he thought she might have suffered a stroke and might be dying. And, here he was helpless with his hands tied behind him.

Mona tied Lennie’s arms tightly behind him with satin ribbon. Sitting down on her bed she pulled him to her, flung him across her lap with his face down and again raised his skirts. Then she spanked his panties.

“Help! Help!” he shouted, as his fear overcame him.

At this, Mona moved her head and stared at him as though he were a stranger. Gradually, a look of

intelligence formed on her face. Abruptly shaking herself, she sat up, pulling her skirt down over her knees as she did so. "What are you yelling about?"

"Oh Mona, you scared me. I thought you were sick or something."

She blushed and got to her feet. "I was only resting. I was tired."

Her breasts were heaving, as though with emotion. She stood close to him, staring intently at him and then, to his vast surprise, seized him in her arms and planted a hot, burning kiss on his red lips. With his arms still secured behind his back, he was completely within her power. Under the spell of her beauty and the intoxicating proximity of her presence, he yielded his lips with a passiveness and emotion that astonished him. A paroxysm of passion seized them both and she led him back to the bed where she began to fondle and caress him tenderly as if he were a girl.

She slid her hands over his body, and slowly raised his skirt again, and as before, he saw that look come into her eyes as her tenderness suddenly changed to rage and her hand struck out and slapped his cheek a terrific blow. Seizing his throat in both hands, she forced him to turn over on his stomach. She lifted his skirts up until they were up to his waist. Then, her hand began to rise and fall on his tender bottom, still sore and sensitive from his previous punishment. He moaned as she became as one possessed, once again, and she went through the same changes of emotion, and again, at its conclusion, she was lying on her back across the bed staring vacantly upward.

This time, when she regained her composure, she silently untied his wrists. When he was free, he did not wait around for more. He straightened his dress, picked up his purse, and jacket and fled out of the room and out of the house.

For two days, he was convinced that Mona was crazy until he got up the courage to speak with Mr. Arthur about it. Then, thinking he would be doing her a favor by telling the principal and perhaps getting aid for her, he told the entire story. “So you see, sir, she’s probably sick and needs some sort of care. Don’t you think we ought to tell her parents?”

“No need of that, my Dear,” he said smiling at the pretty “girl” in front of him. “No. No need to tell her parents about it. There’s nothing they can do about it. In fact, there’s nothing anyone can do about it. You see, my dear child, Mona is alright, basically. It’s just that she is an innate sadist, and her experience with you has plunged her into fixed and definite sadistic tendencies that will now become a part of her personality. However, I am glad you came to see me. You see, we must keep this a secret. It would ruin the poor girl for life if the wrong people tried to do something about a matter they know nothing about.

Lennie, surprised, opened his mouth to say something, but Mr. Arthur put his fingers on his pretty red lips.

“Don’t worry. I’ll have a talk with Miss Andrews, and everything will be taken care of. In the meantime, you had better act as if nothing happened. Just act as you usually do toward her.” He nodded as though he thought Lennie understood, and chuckled again and again. “You’re so very sweet, innocent, and naive, my dear, and you have much to learn about life,” he said, looking at Lennie in a penetrating fashion.

Remembering the time he had been kissed by this man, Lennie blushed and dropped his eyes.

Taking Lennie’s chin in his hand, Mr. Arthur lifted it up until they were looking into each other’s eyes. They

swayed imperceptibly toward each other, and...in walked Selma, unannounced. Mr. Arthur turned furiously toward her, but before he could speak, Lennie fled for the second time from an emotional crisis.

Two days before Lennie was scheduled to depart for Los Angeles contest, Mr. Arthur made a surprise visit to his house. Nancy had gone out with Bill, and Lennie was sitting with his mother when the doorbell rang.

Lennie admitted his guest and led him into the living room. Mr. Arthur seemed a bit disappointed when he saw Mrs. Parks sitting there. He covered his annoyance quickly, by saying, "Good evening Mrs. Parks. I'm glad you're here, for you are the one whom I came to see. I thought you might be interested to learn how things are actually going with Lennie, here."

Mrs. Parks said, "Yes, I am VERY interested. Tell me, are the other students accepting Lennie as a girl? I've been so worried that there might be trouble. Lennie tells me everything is alright, but.... He is such a innocent, SWEET boy!"

"Well, Mrs. Parks, Lennie is no longer a curiosity. In fact, would you believe this? He is happily one of the most popular GIRLS in the school. That would have never happened as a boy. Practically the entire school is behind HER...to win the State Beauty Queen title. SHE could actually win if you help HER."

"Oh yes," broke in Mrs. Parks, "I completely forgot about your reminder to never refer to Lennie as a boy until this affair is over. I try not to do it again."

"Please, you see, if you get into the habit of thinking of—HER—as a girl, you won't be inclined to relax and let the...uh...cat out of the—uh...bag, so to speak. It's not much to ask that you call HER Linda and—"

Lennie was sitting demurely during this conversation,

his skirt tucked neatly under him with his shapely nylon covered legs pressed close together. At intervals, he would reach up and delicately fluff his curls, patting them girlishly into place. He seemed a little nervous and would slip one hand under the neck of his dress to adjust the shoulder straps of his bra and slip or else give an unconscious tug to his tight girdle.

Mr. Arthur had a way of looking at him when his mother was not watching that would make him blush and lower his eyes. There was something very intimidating about this kind of attention. Lennie wondered if Mr. Arthur had come by to just check and make sure he was wearing a dress at home. He was.

His pretty dress, white with blue checks, drew a word of praise from Mr. Arthur, who said, "May I say that you are looking particularly lovely tonight, Miss Parks. That dress is very becoming to your blonde beauty. Your mother must have been a beauty queen when she was in high school?"

Mrs. Parks smiled with pride at this compliment to her and her son. She arose and excused herself to make some tea. As soon as she had left, Mr. Arthur slid into the seat she had vacated right next to Lennie.

He spoke in low tones. "I really meant what I said, that you are very lovely. I'm glad to see you are wearing your dresses at home. Do you like the babydoll nightgowns I sent over?"

"They are okay," Lennie blushed.

"Good girl," he smiled. "With all sincerity, I must say, everyday you are becoming more beautiful. You were obviously intended to be a girl. Somehow or another; nature made a mistake. I know you feel it too!"

"I'm worried about the contest," Lennie moaned.

"Why? You will have the best gown, and lingerie money can buy. And I noticed how you are walking in

heels at school...very sexy.”

Lennie blushed profusely, and his heart beat strangely. Mr. Arthur seemed to have a hypnotic power over the boy in the sense that he always affected him with a breathless sort of shyness.

Mrs. Parks returned at this time with a tray containing a teapot and the cups and saucers. As she entered, Mr. Arthur leaned back and straightened his tie.

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The conversation became general, and Mrs. Parks breached a subject that had been on her mind ever since her son had donned girl’s attire. “Mr. Arthur, I’ve been worrying about what that pretty girl, Terry McGrath, said that day in your office. She protested that I didn’t know what I was doing. Please be honest, is there any harm in Lennie...I mean Linda being dressed as a girl like this?”

“Harm? My dear Mrs. Parks, what possible harm could there be? Lennie is not hurting anyone, is he? No! Miss McGrath was just jealous of Linda’s beauty.”

“No,” she said in thought. “It’s just that with going to school...and actually living as a girl, couldn’t that have some long term effect?”

“Look at Linda. Does SHE look stressed?”

“Sometimes when he’s late for school and can’t get his hair or makeup right...,” she said, and laughed. “Oppps, I mean SHE.”

“See, there is nothing to worry about. I’ll send over some hot rollers for the hair....”

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OFF TO THE CONTEST...

The day for his departure to Los Angeles had come, and Lennie, Selma, and Mrs. Parks, who had secured a vacation in order to accompany and “chaperone” her “daughter” were fully packed.

Selma was very fussy in her choices of dresses and accessories for “Linda”, and she had a few mild, private arguments with Mr. Arthur who, as the representative of Blakeley’s was in on the selection process.

“No, no, Mr. Arthur, that dress is much too revealing for a high school girl. After all, we want Linda to appear as a sweet girl of sixteen, not a sexy siren,” she had said on one occasion. And on another, “I think the dress with the Gibson Girl sleeves is better than the print. It will make Linda demure and appealing.”

He stated, “I’ll go with some of your recommendations but remember, we want Lennie to feel sexy...like a girl.” He used “Lennie” to make his point.

Selma laughed, “Have you seen him wiggling his bottom at school? I’m surprised he’s not pregnant.”

After the discord on selection was untangled, Mr. Arthur helped them pack Lennie’s rather voluminous wardrobe. Just as they strapped the last bag, the doorbell rang. When Nancy went to answer it, the others heard a babble of girlish voices, and into the room came Terry, Mona, Cora, and Dora, all bearing packages in their arms.

Terry had brought a purse of white kidskin with a long shoulder strap, Mona brought a compact and a selection of makeup, Dora had a pair of long white kid gloves, and Cora had a pretty lace covered peach colored satin slip. All of these, said Mona, were going away gifts for “Linda” from her dearest friends, her fellow cheerleaders.

A wave of tenderness engulfed Lennie as he accepted

the gifts, and one after the other; he girlishly kissed some of the girls in gratitude.

Cora accepted his kiss as a matter of course, but Dora opened her eyes widely and grinned. Mona gripped him tightly, possessively, her fingers digging into his back as his soft lips met hers. Her eyes burned with the same light he had seen on the other occasion when she had subjected to the pain and terror at her house. Terry, after at first stiffening, relaxed and accepted his kiss passively, clinging slightly.

Selma broke up the embarrassed silence by saying with a pout, "Everybody gets a kiss but me, and I've worked the hardest."

Lennie laughed timidly. "Oh, you're going with me, and you'll get plenty of kisses if you want them."

Selma grinned impishly and raised her finger in mock warning. "Alright then, we'll consider that you OWE me a kiss and interest, and I'll collect it in Los Angeles."

Mr. Arthur took command at this point, and briskly gave orders to Selma and Nancy about the schedule to be followed, the hotel, the traveler's checks, and other business matters. He entrusted everything to Selma, who would act as the teen representative of Clifftown High School.

The time for departure had come, and there were tender kisses to Nancy to Lennie. She teased, "Okay sister...go show off your stuff. Oh, I'm going out with Bill. Can I borrow your blue silk sheath?"

Then, they got into Mr. Arthur's car while the girl's piled into Mona's car and followed. The two cars made their way to the station. When they arrived, a surprise awaited them. The school band was waiting on the platform, and at the sight of them broke into the strains of the school song.

Hundreds of students were on the platform carrying huge banners and waving streamers. One banner read; "OUR GIRL, LINDA PARKS". Another said: "LINDA, THE BEAUTY QUEEN OF CALIFORNIA ". Still another read: "GOOD LUCK LINDA".

Cheers, clapping, and yells of encouragement came from the crowd. Some of the students began to sing, "FOR SHE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW...", which Lennie blush. Flowers were handed to Lennie from the senior class, which made his blushes even deeper. At long last, after more kisses, tender embraces, and resounding wishes for success, the party boarded the train, and in a few minutes were on their way.

••••

Only the weeping...

At last! The nerve-wracking ordeal was over! The contest was a thing of the past, as of the day before, and Lennie trembled when he thought of what a terrible thing he had endured and the near thing that might have resulted.

He was lounging in his hotel room clad in a pair of shimmering white colored satin nightgown that was nearly translucent. His feet were shod in dainty mules with high heels. His hair was piled on top of his head and tied with a white ribbon. He sank on the sofa and reviewed the events of the week.

They had taken publicity pictures galore of him along with the other beautiful contestants. When he got his first glimpse of the girls he was competing against, he received his first shock. How ludicrous and grotesque he must look to be in competition with these lovely REAL girls!

Selma saw his expression and whispered, "Relax, you are just as feminine as any one of those girls."

He had the impulse to bolt that first night when

everyone was asleep, but this was made impossible by his mother who moved into his room and slept on the sofa-bed.

She said, "I can't sleep in a strange room alone. I'm a very light sleeper." Lennie knew he couldn't get out of bed, let alone dress, without waking her.

"I'm scared," he admitted.

"Little late for that, young lady," his mother smiled. "Go put your hair up in curlers and go to bed."

Lennie felt as though he was in a dream as he went through the seemingly endless routine of preliminaries for the contest. The newspapers were playing up this contest in a big way, and the resulting pictures of all the contestants were many and in all manner of poses.

Lennie thought he would die of mortification when he had to pose with three of the girls for a typical "cheesecake" photo. The four of them were seated on a bench and the photographer posed them by raising their skirts above their knees. The photograph was captioned, "HIGH SCHOOL BEAUTIES REVEAL CHARMS".



Lennie looked out the window of his hotel room before his mother yelled at him, “Get back in here. You are practically naked.”

All of the contestants were paraded, exhibited, taken on tours, and conducted through a major studio where they were allowed to watch the filming of a scene from a moving picture.

When Lennie learned that each of the contestants were required to perform in something that would further enable the judges to select the winner, he nearly went out and threatened to reveal the entire hoax.

The contest was conducted by the manner of a major beauty contest such as the one for Miss America, and the entries had to sing, dance, recite poetry, or give a dramatic sketch. The girls would be judged on this plus their personal poise, beauty, and charm.

Selma and Mrs. Parks had to restrain him from going to the newspapers and confessing his real sex. They got over the “talent” end of the matter by Selma’s suggestion that Lennie brush up on the “chorus girl” caper he had used with the other cheerleaders and adding a few routine steps to it.

Then, the contest itself! The first portion was the “talent” portion. With his heart in his mouth, he went through his capers. At its conclusion, his blood was pounding in his ears. He could not hear a thing and was completely unaware of the reaction of the judges. The other entrants went through their “bits”, and at the conclusion of this segment of the program, Selma whispered to him that all of the others were just a bunch of hams.

In the next segment, which carried equal weight with the other two. Each contestant was required to walk a runway and strike an attractive pose while the judges took note of the individual’s poise, bearing, bearing, figure, walk, as well as her gown.

Lennie had been coached and had diligently practiced the stride affected by models until he had very nearly

perfected their slow, liquid stride, fixed smile, and their hand and foot positions while posing. At this point, the elimination of the girls considered unlikely to win took place. Lennie experienced a feeling of relief as he thought he would be promptly eliminated and could get away from the spotlight. However, to his amazement and horror, when the six finalists were announced, he was one of them!!!

By this time, he was really scared stiff. The six were lined up, and the judges examined them closely from their graceful forms, to their figures, to their beautiful faces. They went back and forth down the line three times, then retired to their table for a consultation. Then, once again they walked up and down the line, closely eyeing the desperately smiling girls. All were smiling, that is except for Lennie who felt as if his face would crack wide open if he tried to smile.

Each of the finalists wore evening gowns with a satin band denoting the name of her school printed on it. Besides “Miss Clifftown”, there were Miss Bakersfield, Miss Stockton, Miss Lodi, Miss Alhambra, and Miss Los Angeles, a very lovely girl representing the high school girls of that big city. Lennie thought she was the most beautiful and should win easily. The judges were back for another consultation, and the photographers were readying their cameras and flashes for the pictures as the winners were announced.

Then, slowly, portentously, the judges handed the Master of Ceremonies a slip of paper. Raising his hand he made the announcement that the winner was... “Miss Lodi!” Lennie, holding his breath, suddenly sighed with relief. He was so relieved, in fact, that he almost didn’t hear the announcer add, “and the First Runner-up is...Miss Clifftown.” He still didn’t fully realize what had happened until he felt the enthusiastic, though slightly

hypocritical kisses of the other four girls and the patronizing one from the winner.

A third choice was announced, but Lennie did not know that it was Miss Los Angeles until the next day, when he read it in the paper. The girls were kissing each other, and he was being hugged in congratulating fashion by all of the contestants. Pictures were being taken amid this mad confusion of flash bulbs; requests from photographers for poses; shrill voices; orders shouted from reporters; his Mother running onto the platform and kissing him tenderly; Selma kissing him fervently all the while saying that he should have been the winner.

After what seemed a lifetime of nightmarish din and hubub, he was finally back in his room where he fell onto his bed without removing his lovely chiffon gown. At least an hour passed before he stopped trembling.

His mother stood guard at the door and kept out visitors for the rest of the day to allow him to rest and regain his composure and his perspective.

Now, it was the following day, and as he sat on the sofa, he shuddered again as he thought of all that had happened, step by step. What WOULD have happened if he had won? Lord, he had had a narrow escape! How could people possibly be so GULLIBLE? Surely, someone of all these people must have guessed that he was a boy.

He sighed, got up, and went to the window. The door burst open at that moment, and Selma entered with a rush. She ran to him, took his hands and said, "How's our little Beauty Queen today? Honestly honey, I think the contest was fixed. That little blonde from Lodi couldn't hold a candle to you, and if the whole affair had been honest, you would have won in a walk. Why, I've a good mind to..."

“Oh Selma, be quiet! Tell me, Selma, how can these people be such fools? Surely, they must realize that.... Why, I expect to be detected any moment. In fact, I’m still shaking. And...to pick me as second choice over all those beautiful girls—I can’t understand it.”

“Look in the mirror,” Selma said.

“Is this another way of ridiculing me? Are these people just like those at Clifftown and are having fun at my expense? Why does everyone laugh at me Selma? Why? Am I a freak, or something? All I ever wanted was to be a normal boy. I liked being a cheerleader...and then it started. I didn’t mean any harm...but... everyone. They forced me to dress as a girl. Even my mother and sister...and the worst part is.... Oh, Selma, what’s wrong with me? Is it my fault I’m so small?”

“Whoa!” said Selma. “What is this? The judges loved YOU. So what if they thought you were female just because you look hot in a dress. What brought this on?”

“Oh...it’s just that I’m fed up and confused. You come along and tease me by saying I should have won...”

“What do you mean, tease you? I was NOT teasing!! I really DO think you should have won. You were by far the most beautiful girl.”

Lennie cut in with, “Oh... “

“I say for the record that you were the prettiest one in the contest, and you should have won. And, if you interrupt me again, I’ll get mad. You’ve been moaning about everyone teasing you. Has anybody teased you since you have been dressing full time and passing as a girl? You know they haven’t. And, if you are suspicious of the fact that you got second place in the contest, forget it! You should have gotten first. Honey, why don’t you wake up? Why don’t you believe me when I say that you’re a doll, a honey, a fox? As a girl, of course.”

“I’m not a girl....”

“Okay listen. When you were dressed in boy’s clothes, everyone made fun of you, right? When you are wearing girl’s clothes, and acting like a girl, everybody loves you. So! Isn’t it better to stay in girl’s clothes?”

“I’m only dressing as a female until this thing is over, and then, when I get back, I’m really a boy, just in case you have forgotten.”

“So what? I’m really a girl, but I don’t feel like one when I look at you. Anyway, I’m going to get this off my chest. You resemble a pretty girl so much that I feel like a man when I’m with you, and I’m not into real girls. At least, not that I know. I want to take you in my arms and kiss you. I want to kiss you as a man kisses his sweetheart. Yes, and I haven’t forgotten that you owe me a kiss. I’m collecting it right now.”

She put one arm around Lennie’s neck, and the other around his waist, bringing her faces down until her lips pressed against the crimson mouth of the pretty boy. She seemed a bit shy at first, but when her lips felt the soft mouth of Lennie, she tightened her arms around him and pulled him closer and tighter until he thought that she was trying to draw him into her body.

He felt a vague sense of breathlessness, then a spasm of excitement coursed through his veins as he responded to her amorous kiss by tightening against her as though with delirium. Their arms tightened about each other with increasing frenzy and their lips bruised each other’s from the pressure they exerted. Lennie floated with vertigo as a curious sensation of weakness and passiveness seized him. His limbs sagged, and a short time, he was lying in her arms, his weight totally supported by her. Slowly, their lips still locked together, he drifted into a limbo of bliss and completely swooned in her arms.

Without a thought of the incongruity of their

positions, Selma picked the slim body up, never once releasing her lips from his, and held him tightly, like a mother would hold her baby. Finally, she reluctantly lifted his head, walked to the bed, and laid him gently upon it. Planting a tender kiss on his forehead, she turned toward the door, and left.

When Lennie awoke, his heart was pounding strangely. He lay motionless for a while, then suddenly jumped to his feet, straightened out the skirt of his rumpled negligee, and patted his curls into place. His high heels clicked, and his flared skirt swirled as he paced up and the floor restlessly. His thoughts were in a jumble, and he felt a pang of guilt.

“What’s the matter with me? Why do I feel so funny when somebody kisses me? Why do I feel so weak? First, Mr. Arthur, then Mona, and now Selma. What do I want? There must be something the matter with me. Oh, I must be wicked to let them do this to me, but...I can’t help it. They are all stronger than me, even if I wanted to resist...which I don’t.” He added boldly, “No, I might as well confess that I like to be kissed. But, am I going to feel like this whenever ANYBODY kisses me?”

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The return to Clifftown was late at night, and Lennie and his mother went directly home after saying good night to Selma at the station. Nancy was sound asleep when they arrived. Mrs. Parks kissed Lennie and went to her room to retire.

In his own room, Lennie removed his dress and slip down to his panties and bra. He walked to his mirror and studied his reflection and silhouette from all angles. He assumed various girlish poses and struck certain attitudes, and at last, made a face at his girlish features. Doffing his panties, bra, shoes, nylons, and tight girdle, he slipped into a pretty nightie and jumped into bed.

For more than two hours, he tossed and turned, trying to fall asleep, but found it impossible. Getting out of bed, he stepped into a pair of mules, and wrapping a negligee around his slim figure, he tip toed to the refrigerator and poured himself a glass of milk. After drinking the milk, he went back to bed, and this time, he fell asleep.



Doffing his panties, bra, shoes, nylons, and tight girdle, he slipped into a pretty nightie and jumped into bed.

The next day was Sunday. After waking up and realizing it, Lennie lay in bed, his mind automatically resuming its trend of thought from the night before. He jumped out of bed, and in his bare feet, went to the bathroom for a hot soaking bath.

In an hour, he was fully dressed and on his way to the dining room. Nancy and his mother were already sitting at the table lingering over a cup of coffee.

Nancy looked up as he entered the room, and sang out, "Hail! The conquering heroine returns! Mother was just telling me all about it. And from the pictures of the girls in that contest, believe me, darling, you should really be proud of yourself. Let me say that I am very proud of my little sister."

Lennie blushed, then smiled. Nancy plied him with questions, many of them very intimate, making him blush farther. She grilled him about the figure of the winner, whether his competitors were friendly toward him or were they jealous of his beauty? Then with a giggle, "How about the fellows? Did any of them try to put the 'make' on you?"

"NANCY!!" reproved her mother. "How you talk! Lennie was with me."

"Yes, I know," she said impudently. "But, he should have flirted a little and had some fun. Lennie is an attractive girl, and the boys will let him know about it soon enough."

"Soon enough?" asked Lennie, surprised. "But I'm going to get out of these clothes soon now, aren't I? What I mean is, I was only supposed to masquerade as a girl to get over this beauty contest situation."

"Don't be a sap! After going through all this trouble and fixing up a story about your having been a girl all the while. Now, the whole school, except for your close friends, believes it. You don't imagine that you can

suddenly change back into a boy and expect your life to be as it was before, do you? No, you're stuck as a girl, kiddo."

"Mother!" he protested, turning to her for support. He felt a flash of joy that quickly suppressed. His mother looked worried.

"There, there, Darling. We'll think of something. Mr. Arthur will find a solution. Of course, in the meantime, you will have to remain in girl's clothes, but I'm sure it won't be for too long a time."

Lennie protested, in a sense because he felt that he SHOULD protest. His mother humored him by saying that she would see what could be done as soon as possible.

That afternoon, they had visitors. Mona, Terry, Cora, and Dora came over and made the house ring with their gay laughter and chatter. Lennie had to report, step by step, on the entire contest and had to give a minute description of each girl in the contest, for their benefit.

Mona was her usual imperious self by belittling the whole affair, and Terry, piqued, retorted sarcastically, "Of course Mona, if you had been in the contest, we all know that you would have taken the first prize, hands down."

Mona smiled superiorly and nodded, "Yes dear, of course! Now, I'm not saying that Linda isn't cute, because she is. But, she lacks a sophisticated bearing, that lady-like manner that I have. Oh, don't laugh. You know I have it."

After more chattering and bantering from the girls, Mona suggested going for a ride in her car. Lennie was coaxed, and, after going to his room and changing his dress for a sport suit of white linen, he joined the others for the ride.

Mona headed out into the country, and after reaching a wooded area, she parked and suggested that they take a walk in the woods. The five walked along a narrow path

with Mona in the lead, the twins next, and Lennie and Terry bringing up the rear.

Mona reached a spot where the path sloped down a steep hill. Uttering a piercing yell, she ran down at full speed. Cora and Dora followed after. As Lennie started down, one of his high heels caught a concealed root, and he went tumbling head first down the hill, landed sprawling on his stomach at the bottom with his skirts awry and his nylons in shreds.

Terry, who had started to run also, was immediately behind Lennie, and when he fell, she had no time to stop. She tripped over him as he lay prone, and she too was sent flying. They both lay still for a while, shaken by their fall. Lennie rose to his feet, and ran to Terry to see if she had been hurt. She was alright and already sitting up, grinning ruefully.

“Are you hurt, Terry?” he asked solicitously.

She was rubbing her rump tenderly. “I guess not. How about you? You took a nasty spill.”

“Oh, I’m alright,” he said as he helped her to her feet. “But look at my nylons. They’re ruined, and I think I broke a garter on my girdle. My skirt and jacket are all dirty, but they can be cleaned easily enough. Come on, we had better get after the others.” He offered her his hand.

Walking hand in hand, they followed the path until, after a while, they came to a fork. Lennie looked inquiringly at Terry as to which they should take. She shrugged her shoulders and pointed to the right, so they started along that path. The ground was hard and dry and showed no marks, so they did not know if they were on the right path or not. After about fifteen minutes, they knew they were wrong, so Lennie suggested they turn around and retrace their steps. Terry suggested they cut across and take the short way. Soon, they came upon a creek with a log spanning it. They decided to cross the

log and take a short cut through the trees.

To test it, Lennie climbed up on the log, and delicately made his way across it slowly. It was difficult in his high heels, but he got across safely. Terry was wearing low heeled sport shoes, so they reasoned that she would not have any trouble. She got on the log, and was about half way across when her toe caught on a piece of loose bark, and she fell off the log...head first into the creek. She disappeared from view.

Lennie, his heart in his mouth, jumped in after her. It was only shoulder deep, and he waded frantically to the spot where he had seen her go under. He dived down, groping frantically. He felt something, seized it tightly and came up.

It was Terry, unconscious. He dragged to shore, up the bank, up the bank, and laid her against the trunk of a tree. In a frenzy, he rubbed her wrists and slapped her face gently. At last, her eyelids fluttered, then opened. She stared at him in surprise. His suit was sodden, his long curls were stringy, his makeup was streaked, and he had lost one of his heels.

Then, she remembered and with a shudder, buried her face against his shoulder. He tried to comfort her, and eventually, she calmed down.

They stacked their soaked shoes and stockings on the ground in the sun to dry. Sitting on a fallen tree, they talked as they waited for their clothes to dry a tad. Terry was so incoherently grateful that Lennie was a bit embarrassed.

Soon, a feeling of intimacy came over them. Terry was certain that Lennie had saved her life, and now, he was something precious to her. As they chatted, the conversation inevitably drifted to Lennie's dressing as a girl.

Terry grew angry at this point. "It makes me mad

when I think of how everybody is taking advantage of you. Why, you're a boy, and they're trying to make a girl out of you. Mr. Arthur is a boy lover, and Mona is a screwball. Selma...well, Selma is all right, but she DID get you into all of this State Beauty Queen business in the beginning. Lennie, you've got to put your foot down. You've got to tell them you are not going to wear girl's clothes anymore. You've got to tell them you're going to be a MAN!"

Lennie fidgeted. "I can't right now, Terry. The kids in school...and Mother and you must be wrong about Mr. Arthur. He's always been there for me."

"Lennie, don't you like girls? I mean the way a boy SHOULD like them? Wouldn't you like to have a sweetheart? Don't you want to get married to a girl someday?"

He blushed and looked up at her in surprise. "Why... why...of course. Naturally, I'm going to take a wife someday."

"Not if you keep on dressing and living as a girl, you're not. Look, I have liked you from the start, although I have never approved of your wearing dresses. How do you feel about me? I'd really like to know.

"Why I like you very much. I think you're very lovely."

"I think you are lovely, I mean. And, that isn't the way a woman should feel about a guy. She should think him handsome, rugged, and a hero, not that he is prettier than her in a particular dress. She should think that he will protect her, shield her, and defend her...not help her with her hair. And four breasts in a passionate hug are too many!"

He grimaced sadly. "I'm not exactly built for heroics. Look at me."

"Maybe not in a girdle but you ARE a hero. Didn't you jump into the water without a thought of danger to yourself? You didn't know how deep it was or what was at

the bottom. Your only thought was to save my life. You've GOT to have more confidence in yourself. Here, I'll show you what I mean in a more graphic way. Kiss me!"

He pecked timidly at her lips, and she snorted, "See! You even kiss like a little girl. How do you think any girl would ever fall in love with you if you act like that toward her? Now, kiss me the way a MAN would kiss his sweetheart! Crush me in your arms like a MAN, not the timid girl you appear to be."

Half angry at her admonishment, he grabbed her forcefully, pulled her into his arms, and planted a hard kiss on her inviting lips. She lay passively in his arms, waiting for his next move. Aware of this, and angered anew, he held her tighter and tighter and pressed his lips on hers until he heard her gasp. He felt his emotions stir, and he let his free hand roam over her body and fondle her affectionately. She tried to pull away, but his grip was strong.

Struggling, she finally tore herself loose with a glint of anger in her eyes, but she quickly overcame this, thinking that he was only responding to her invitation, and smiled. "Wow! That's what I meant...but look, Lennie. I like you; I don't love you. I don't want to hurt you...but I would not care to have a boyfriend who is shorter and prettier than myself."

Then, as she saw the hurt look in his eyes, she added, "At least not until he convinced me otherwise. What I mean is, I could change my mind, you know. We are a mess."

Lennie got up and looked around for his missing shoe and found it at the edge of the water. Bringing it back, he sat down, lifted his skirt, and unhooked his nylons. He rolled them down and off his smooth legs and threw them away. He forced his feet into his wilted high-heeled pumps with difficulty, but he finally got them on.

Terry had gone through the same process, and they stood up simultaneously. She took his hand, and they started off without speaking.

In ten minutes, they sighted the car. Mona and the twins were waiting, and when they saw the bedraggled pair, they besieged them with questions. Terry explained everything.

Mona was eyeing Lennie with a peculiar expression as she noted the way his wet dress clung to his slim body. They all could see his girdle and bra through the semi-transparent wet material. She ran her tongue over her soft red lips, and said, "We had better get these two girls home and into some dry clothes."

Mona had the twins get into the back seat with Terry and motioned Lennie to sit in the front, beside her. Starting the motor, she backed up, and headed for Lennie's home.

In a few minutes, he felt her hand on his thigh. At first, he paid no attention, but she did not stop there. She started fondling his soft rounded thighs, then her hand moved upward to his waist and hips, and he wriggled with embarrassment. His was sitting girlishly with his knees pressed together.

Terry's words and kisses were still on his mind, and he felt a flash of resentment as he realized Mona's caresses were catering to his femininity. He pulled his body away from her extolling hands, but they followed him.

Fearing to attract the attention of the girls in the back seat, who were chatting amiably, he flashed a look at Mona that was designed to tell her to stop immediately. However, his message went unheeded as she was staring straight ahead, her eyes on the road. After he moved away, her caresses became more insistent, cleverer.

As she continued her actions, he remembered his experience with Mona in her bedroom, and now, he began to understand her nature for the first time. She was so fiendishly practiced in her actions, that his thoughts reverted back to passivity. He sat very quietly, at first enduring, then slowly enjoying, then seeking avidly and nervously, her tingling caresses.

Glancing at her from the corner of her eyes, he noticed tiny beads of perspiration on her brow. His limbs were beginning to stiffen from his tenseness, and he shifted his body for relief. As he did so, his skirt slid up over his knees. Before he could move to pull it down, Mona's hand was on it, manipulating the smooth flesh of his smooth knee and thigh.

As he was beginning to really enjoy her caresses, she seemed to sense his emotions and slowly withdrew her hand. Pulling his skirt back into place, he sighed, half with relief and half with regret. She reached over quickly and squeezed his hand as though convey a message.

Before long, the car was beside his house. After a few hurried goodbyes, he ran up the stairs to his room, and closed the door. His mind was a total jumble of mixed emotions.

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Just before he left for his first day back at school, Lennie vowed to rebel against being forced to wear girl's clothes. But Mr. Arthur had made sure he had a darling back to school outfit.

However, at the end of that first day, he was not so sure he would do it yet. He was a very bewildered person after enduring an outpouring of flattery and congratulations that would have turned heads much less susceptible than his.

The girls flattered him profusely, while the boys

catered to him for his attention. They made it so obvious that he felt a sense of well-being and a taste for this adoration he had never in his life received.

On this day, he wore a pretty gingham dress and his hair was in a new style, fixed by Nancy. The next day, no fewer than fifty girls came to school with a dress very similar to his and with their in the same style.

He was being imitated and copied, and his popularity grew so much by virtue of the State contest, that Mr. Arthur called him into his office and made him a fantastic offer.

Since the girls were obviously imitating his manner of dress, Mr. Arthur wanted to take full financial advantage of the situation.

He asked Lennie, "I want you to become 'The Blakeley Girl' and wear all of the new style dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters, shoes, and accessories featured by the store."

In addition to the free clothes, Lennie would receive a five percent commission on all sales of the styles he wore. How could Lennie turn down so lucrative an offer? He decided that the deal was too good to turn down, so he became a walking model for and a representative of Blakeley's.

About a week after his return to school, Lennie received a letter from Hollywood. Upon opening it, he was astounded to see that it was an offer from a major studio for a screen test! The letter stated that the studio was looking for an unknown to play the part of a young girl in a historical picture. His name was one of the ten chosen for screen tests. When he showed it to his mother and sister, they wanted him to take the test, but he expressed doubts.

Thinking of Terry's words, as he came home on the

last day of school before the two-week Christmas holiday from school, he reached a decision. When they got home from work, he told his mother of his resolve to discard his feminine clothing and resume the life of a boy. They argued and pleaded it was the wrong time, but to no avail.

Finally, Mrs. Parks said, “Alright, if you are set on doing this, I’ll go along with it, but don’t be too hasty. Don’t forget that all your schoolmates are sure you are a girl now. If you go back to being a boy and then try to change again—it won’t be possible to go through the whole mess again.”

“So it’s boy or girl?” Lennie muttered

“In about a year, I intend to move back to San Diego, and while we are here, I don’t care to face this trouble all over again. Here is what I suggest. Instead of changing here at home, why don’t you visit Aunt Kitty in Pasadena for the holidays? You could experiment with your change where no one knows you and still keep your options open. We are all invited there for Christmas and New Years, anyway.”

She continued, “If you wish, spend the two weeks with Aunt Kitty as a boy, and then, if you decide that is what you want, you can do it with my blessing. However, just to play it safe, don’t cut your hair. You can douse it with grease and comb it back. Don’t you agree that is a good idea? Nancy, what do you think?”

Nancy agreed vociferously, and as always, Lennie was swayed against his own desires.



This is an ideal outfit for the out-of-doors Xmas girl.

Mr. Arthur made sure that Lennie had a darling Xmas dress to wear to visit his Aunt Kitty.

BOY AGAIN....

Two days later, he arrived by train and took a taxi to his Aunt Kitty's house in Pasadena.

She had not seen him in more than four years, and when he walked in, she stared at him in the prettiest Christmas dress she had ever seen. Then she looked at his permed hair, makeup, and high heels. She exclaimed, "Oh no, you're not Lennie! You **MUST** be Nancy. I thought Lennie was coming?"

"Didn't mother tell you?"

"I guess I didn't understand. I heard the cheerleader story and all, but you are wearing a dress? I didn't know what to expect."

Lennie blushed deeply and stammered that it was no joke and that he had to leave town as a girl. "I'm really Lennie and **NOT** Nancy. I'm going to change right away and be a boy again."

She shook her head slowly in disbelief. "It hardly seems possible. Why, you look so **VERY** much like a girl! That face and hairdo...even in boy's clothes, people would take you for a very pretty girl."

Lennie blushed again, but thought to himself that this was only because he still walked, talked, and acted like a girl. "I just need to get used to being a boy again, and started acting like one. I mostly have boy clothes with me."

Lennie and his Aunt kitty talked for awhile. He felt the impression that he had created would be dispelled.

Aunt Kitty said, "I guess it's been a good experience for you to learn how difficult it is for girls. Boys get more space and freedom in society. You can do more fun things like bicycling, baseball and football?"

Lennie did not hesitate to agree.

"So do we talk you to the barbershop and get your hair cut short?"

“Mother said to just slick it back at first,” he blushed. “Let me go change.”

When Lennie opened his suitcase, on top was his going home outfit. Pretty dress, make-up and all. Under that were his boy clothes.

His first outfit was "something like a cowboy," meaning a new pair of blue jeans and a red denim shirt. He recognized that they were from Blakeleys.

Lennie could never go out alone as a girl so he was looking forward to the freedom to go to Old Town and see a movie.

Lennie washed off all his makeup and looked shyly at himself in the mirror. He looked drab. He admitted that makeup enhanced a person's features. He put a gob of greasy hair dressing and slicked back his hair. He was beginning to look like the kid all the boys always picked on.

The main thing he noticed was how good it felt to not wear a brassiere with the silicone padding weight. The latest bras from Mr. Arthur were too tight, but they pushed up and cupped the flesh on his chest; shaping it into small mounds that the silicone pads fit over.

Once dressed, he was nervous. His Aunt tried to comfort him by explaining that his girlhood had to have an inevitable end. She said, “You made such a cute girl, with whatever privileges or burdens it may entail but you'd have to switch back someday. The boys must have pestered you to death. Did you ever date a boy?”

“No,” Lennie shook his head. “But that's all the girls ever talked about...boys, clothes and their bodies.” Dating was becoming a part of every girl's weekend and Lennie's mother considered it too risky for him to be around boys alone.

When Lennie opened the door to leave for the movie, he was dressed in jeans and a shirt and a black jacket with boxy shoulders. His face's soft features hadn't changed and he had been dressing and acting like a girl for so long. "Nothing in him felt like a boy," he thought with a shrug. "It was like being born again, and he would have to learn everything from the beginning."

Lennie had adopted all the girls' traits very easily. The attitude, the way talking, the stance around boys. Now he was confused, walking in tennis shoes...he had nothing of a boys in him.

Staring for the movie dressed as a boy, but got only halfway to the theater when he turned around and fled back to his Aunt's house.

First, an old lady approached him, and said, "Miss, can you tell me where Colorado Street is?"

He stammered in his high girlish voice, "I'm a stranger too, but I think it's two blocks up."

Then, he passed two pretty girls about his own age who, looked at him curiously, and remarked, "Her brother must be looking for his clothes."

Two small boys standing in front of a house were next as they yelled, "Tom-boy!"

The final straw was when he drew abreast of two boys about seventeen or eighteen who stared at him and whistled in long low whistles. His jeans were tight and fitted and they had seen the way his wind-messed hair was moving about girlishly. He was holding his arms outward slightly from his hips like he was carrying a purse.

He was having some difficulty thinking those boys could still see him as a girl. He heard the swish of his jeans and realized the way he was walking had created an enticing wiggle of his hips.

Lennie shook his head, suffocated with embarrassment, and that was when he turned around and bolted back to his Aunt's house.

Back at his Aunts', he realized that all his new boy clothes came from Blakeley's. A care package of "help" from Mr. Arthur. The clothes all fit perfectly. The size tags had been cut out.

Did Lennie know that they were girl's clothes! The jeans looked like boy jeans but those jeans were designed to accent a girl's natural curves (hips, bottom, and thighs) which was why he was so easily given away. The back pockets had an eye-catching design; nothing frilly, just eye-catching.

The jacket and shirts were also chosen to minimized Lennie's shoulders and arms giving them a curved, soft appearance.

But it wasn't only the clothes. Lennie's venture out and "be read as a girl" thing went on for several days. He was losing all of his self-confidence in his ability to rehabilitate himself back to manhood. He hung around the house from morning to night for fear of ridicule should he go out on the street.

His Aunt Kitty tried to help. But it was the blind leading the blind. Aunt Kitty was a very feminine woman, fashionable and prim in her grooming and manner.

She could NOT see that Lennie was now always walking almost in a straight line, which gave his hips more of a sway. She couldn't notice that sitting, he would cross his legs or keep them together so they take up as little space as possible. Even standing, Lennie stood with his hands on his hips, thumbs forward and the angle of his feet pointing at 12 and 2 like a model.

"Your size is a problem. You are about average height

for a girl. Maybe you could grow another foot?" Kitty asked, giving him a sly wink.

Lennie was depressed. Every experience he had with boys, as a boy, was negative. Every experience with everyone, as a girl, was positive. He sighed, "I hate boys so much, maybe I'm embarrassed being one."

But he tried again and again. He pushed his long hair up into an old baseball cap to make himself look boyish. But he just looked "darling."

He often thought of his girly things. He had grown a fondness for his long hair, mascara, sparkly jewelry and short, flirty skirts. He was good at putting on his face. His lips felt dry and cracked. His legs needed shaved and he finally pulled out a razor and whisked away the stubble.

Lennie felt humiliated, confused, dirty, ashamed, or in some way at fault for his girlishness. He had a few extreme nightmares, heightened anxiety when seeing women's clothes, frequent flashbacks to when he wore them to school.

He began to have difficulty sleeping and difficulty concentrating. On the outside, he appeared to be quite calm and rational about the situation. But going out in public was scary. He felt unsafe in his attempts to return to normal social interactions as a boy.



His mother and Nancy helped “Linda” into his dressy suit for the train ride home.

When his mother and sister arrived for the holiday, Aunt Kitty remarked of the fact that things were not going well for Lennie as a boy.

When they questioned him about it, he merely shook his head in embarrassed silence. This sort of thing continued all the time he was visiting his Aunt.

BACK HOME.... DECISION DAY.

They arrived back home late at night. Lennie went to bed immediately where he lay thinking, thinking, thinking....

The next morning, when he came down to breakfast dressed in jeans and a sport shirt, his mother and sister were already at the breakfast table. He nervously looked up at them a few times, but ate his meal in silence. He, somehow, felt odd for not wearing a dress at home, but he didn't care to be the one to broach the subject.

His mother observed him with pity and compassion in her eyes. As she gathered up the dishes, she said, "Well Darling, you'll be going back to school tomorrow. Have you decided what you are going to do?"

He said, "I want to be a boy," like he'd begged to be a girl. There were deep feelings of guilt apparent to everyone but Lennie. "I should have never have put on a skirt."

With societal attitudes about gender being so complicated, Lennie was feeling a sense of contamination. He had lost faith in his own ability to make the right decision and to exert any form of decisiveness.

His mother said, "Before you make your final decision, be sure to consider these facts. At Kitty's, you were afraid to go out dressed as a boy in the presence of strangers. At school, EVERYONE expects you to be in a dress. I want to assure you that I will support you no matter what you decide, but it will have to be definite. There will be no more dilly-dallying back and forth."

Lennie blushed and lowered his eyes. "Well, if I go back to as a girl, will I have to be a girl for the rest of my life?" he asked, unwilling to admit defeat. His experience at Aunt Kitty's had left him shaken and disillusioned...but not bitter.

"Well, no, but you will have to stay a girl until you

graduate from high school, and then we can move away from here. That will be another year and a half, remember?"

"Another year and a half? I'm sure Mr. Arthur would prefer that since everybody thinks I'm a girl now. I guess it WOULDN'T be fair to the school if I caused another scandal."

Nancy piped in, "If you go back to being a boy, I get all your pretty clothes, right?"

Lennie gave his sister a dirty look. "If you say I must stay in girl's clothes, Mother, then I will...."

"I don't say you must, Lennie. The final decision is entirely yours. All I say is, you MUST make up your mind about high school...once and for all."

"Gawd, it's been so long, I suppose I'd have the same problem I had at Kitty's? I don't suppose anybody would believe me if I dressed as a boy," he struggled?

For a moment time stood still. Lennie looked at the two women in their nightgowns and cover-ups. Nancy had her hair up in curlers. That would be him tomorrow if he made one of two decisions. He heard the steady thrumming of his heartbeat. He knew he had to say something. Until he discovered the answer, there was so much confusion.

His mother chuckled, held him tenderly, and kissed him saying, "Oh, you silly child. Stop trying to make excuses for yourself! Why don't you be honest with yourself and admit that you found your attempt to be a boy again a harrowing ordeal?"

He breathed a deep sigh of self-pity. "Yes, Mother, it was terrible. Skirts have made me walk like a girl or something.

She kissed him. "Why not admit," she whispered softly, "that you actually like being a girl better than being a boy?"

“I guess I was pretty good at it.” Lennie smiled.

“You were the cutest little child. Your facial features have always looked more like a girl than a boy. Even in grade school, the other boys were always much bigger and stronger than you, but you kept right on trying. You had a stubborn streak that drove you on. You couldn’t get on the football team but that streak was responsible for your persisting in becoming a cheerleader.”

“It backfired, didn’t it?”

“No one can stop you because you refuse to heed advice. That’s why I didn’t object when Mona wanted my permission to take you to the beauty parlor for your first permanent; nor when they made you wear a girl’s gym suit; nor when the principal suggested that you dress as a girl until after the contest.”

“You knew I’d fit in better with the girls?” Lennie gasped.

“Guess I was right, eh? You are small and so much more like a girl. It’s been fun having another daughter.”

“I guess I never had a real male role model in my life.”

“What’s more, Nancy has felt the same way. She regards you as a sister, and she loves you very much. So, Darling, stop fighting yourself. For some reason, you think there is something wrong and strange in dressing in the clothes of the opposite sex. With you, there is nothing wrong. As a girl, you are natural; you look natural; you act natural; and I think you FEEL natural. Why not BE a girl, and stop all this misery.”

He stared at her, his eyes opening widely as her meaning penetrated. His mother understood. And Nancy too! Yes, Nancy had always teased him about his feminine looks, but her teasing was gentle and tender. Like sister to sister.

A flash of understanding went through him. All his life he’d watched his mother and sister doing and enjoying

girl things. He'd now had a taste of how they lived in the world. He had worn their clothes, walked in their shoes, painted his face and been responded to as a girl.

He sighed, kissed his mother tenderly, took her hand, and gently rubbed it against her cheek. "Mother, I am not ashamed to admit that I HAVE enjoyed myself as a girl. I fought it because I thought I was being a sissy, and the idea of a boy dressing and acting as a girl was, somehow, very wrong."

"Not for you my darling," she said softly.

"I felt it was even more terrible to enjoy it. I couldn't admit it to myself. When I was alone in my room, I would sneak a look at myself in the mirror and admire my figure, play with my hair and think about someday being a bride...."

His mother gasped, "A bride?"

He laughed, "I'm kidding about the bride part. But I did see a pretty girl in the mirror, and then, I would feel ashamed and force those thoughts from my mind. Oh, Mother, thank you for understanding! I'll never be embarrassed in front of you and Nancy again."

"So go get out of that ugly shirt and jeans and go put on a pretty dress, young lady."

His mother and sister were both surprised when he quickly put on a nightgown and cover-up and said, "I have a lot to do to get ready for tomorrow. Mom, will you do my nails? I have a cute little pair of high heel sandals that show my painted toes. He flipped out his hair with his hand. "Linda" was back.

BACK TO SCHOOL....

So, Lennie went back to school as a girl...as LINDA. He had to put away all his fears, his struggles for manhood, and resign himself to what people expected of him...femininity.

He acquired many new friends, both girls and boys, but his intimate friends, the group of which he became a close part of, were Mona, Terry, Cora, Dora, and Selma. Although Selma was not particularly fond of the others, she joined the circle because of Linda.

Linda was a very popular girl in Clifftown. She was voted the most popular girl in her classes, as the knack of winning had been established from her experiences in the school and state beauty pageants. She was elected class president, and soon after that, she won a local contest amongst the girls and was dubbed “MISS CLIFFTOWN WINE INDUSTRIES.

Linda was very popular with the boys, too, and went out on double dates with Mona, Cora, or Dora, and sometimes all of them together.

Terry watched Linda closely for a while, and when she saw her become more girlishly feminine with each passing day, she shrugged her shoulders and kept her own counsel. For a while after that, she ignored Linda, but the beauty, charm, and sweetness of the putative girl soon won her over and Terry sincerely fell in love with her.

Winter and spring passed as a matter of course, and then came summer vacation. Linda got a job in Mr. Arthur’s dress store where he could keep an eye on her. The money and generous discount helped to buy many pretty clothes.

On Saturday nights, she would go out with one of the girls or on a double date with one of them and two boys. She was considered a “good girl” since she would let her escort kiss her, but would stop him at the first sign of anything else.

The most surprising thing was the changed attitude and personality of Mona. She would seek out the company of Linda, and although she was still overbearing, she was

no longer venomous or catty.

Linda allowed herself to be persuaded to go to Mona's house quite often knowing she would suffer the same experience as on previous occasions. Linda always left Mona's house, after these sessions, with conflicting emotions. Predominant, of course, was the physical pain in her posterior, but intermingled with the pain was compassion.

Linda had been reading books on psychology, at the school library, and after pouring through volumes; she finally understood Mona's strange desires. Knowing this, scared Linda for a while, but then, realizing the happiness Mona derived from these acts of which she, Linda, was the donor, it became clear that Mona was helplessly in love with her! The next time she went to Mona's house, using her newfound knowledge, Linda forced Mona to confess this love. Mona's confession of her love for her brought a contented smile to Linda's face. She now realized that, henceforth, she would be the dominant partner, in this strange relationship. In the future, she would not be subservient to Mona, but rather, Mona would cater to her!

Mr. Arthur stayed on in Clifftown for the summer vacation to the mild surprise of everyone but Linda, for, as with Mona, she had analyzed that gentleman and found that she could easily twist him around her little finger.

By the same research she had used to find out the strange psychology of Mona, Linda learned that Mr. Arthur's penchant was a sort of mixture between cross-dressing and fetishism. He liked seeing boys and men dressed in girl's clothes.

His sexual desires did not extend beyond admiring of these boys or men and treating them respectfully in every way as members of the feminine sex.

Since they both shared the secret love of feminine attire, Linda learned that Mr. Arthur was satisfied to be a mere spectator and to be in the feminized boy's company.

"I wish I was you," Mr. Arthur admitted. "You must never be a boy again."

He took her out several times in his car, driving to nearby towns, to movies, plays, concerts, etc. After the events he liked to park in secluded places with Linda and engage in a little harmless necking.

Because of Mr. Arthur's penchant for feminine boys, Linda discovered that he would do anything she wanted. All she had to do was blink her eyes at him seductively and pout a little about the disadvantages of being a girl and he could refuse her nothing. As a result he showered her with dresses, lingerie, shoes, jewelry, nylons, and makeup items as gifts.

Mr. Arthur talked honestly to Lennie's mother. "Mrs. Parks, I have never been married nor have I ever had children. I love Linda as a daughter and would like to support her going to a first-class WOMAN'S college or perhaps fashion school...."

"A woman's college? I appreciate your generous offer but is that a good idea?"

Mr. Arthur said, "The biggest difference of a women's college is not the lack of men, it's the focus on the girls. All trainings, services, courses and activities are focused on A woman's needs...."

And Lennie's mother was honest back. "I know what you want, Mr. Arthur. You have helped feminize Lennie to the point where I don't expect to see my son again anytime soon. But any further feminization has to be with both Lennie's and my approval."

"Okay, I'll approve everything with you," Mr. Arthur said. "I have a list of things he could use." He took a list out of his pocket and read from it aloud: "Let's see. There

is a new line of lacy, pantie girdles that the girls love. I was thinking about one in white, beige and black? If that's okay, I should order the matching bras?"

Mrs. Parks nodded approval.

"I was thinking that Lennie could go up a cup size," he asked carefully. "Most of the senior girls are now pretty developed."

Mrs. Parks thought about it for a moment. "He doesn't need anymore attention from the boys but I guess you are right."

Mr. Arthur's face lit up. He had discovered asking Lennie's mother about his feminizing wardrobe was almost as much fun as seeing Lennie wear them.

"I'd also like to get him a couple new skirts with matching sweater blouses, and maybe one or two pretty dresses? What do you think? Nothing too short, right?"

Mrs. Parks answered, "I think that he looks best with his skirts a few inches above the knee."

"I do too. I catch the girls rolling up their skirts at the waistline to be shorter than school policy.... Oh and he'll need high heels to match. I suggest nothing lower than 3½ inches. Most of the other girls are taller than him. I think higher heels help with his self confidence, don't you?"

"I guess," his mother said. "I've never heard him complain about high heels."

"Oh, and lots of pantyhose, maybe an evening purse? I heard he has a double date with our baseball team's pitcher this weekend. Does he need some bright red lipstick and matching nail polish? There's a new shade...."

"Wow, that's quite a list!" Mrs. Parks gasped. She wanted to object but Lennie was as excited as any girl to get new clothes, especially high heels. "He'd suffered enough," she thought. "Let him enjoy life as if he was a

naturally born female.”

She had to ask, “That baseball team pitcher? Is he a nice guy?”

“He’s tall and handsome and knows how to treat a lady. I’ve talked to him. There won’t be a problem. Only the best for our girl!” he smiled.

When boys and dating came into the picture, Mrs. Parks asked Nancy to talk to him. “Lennie needs to know about the birds and bees from a girl’s point of view.”

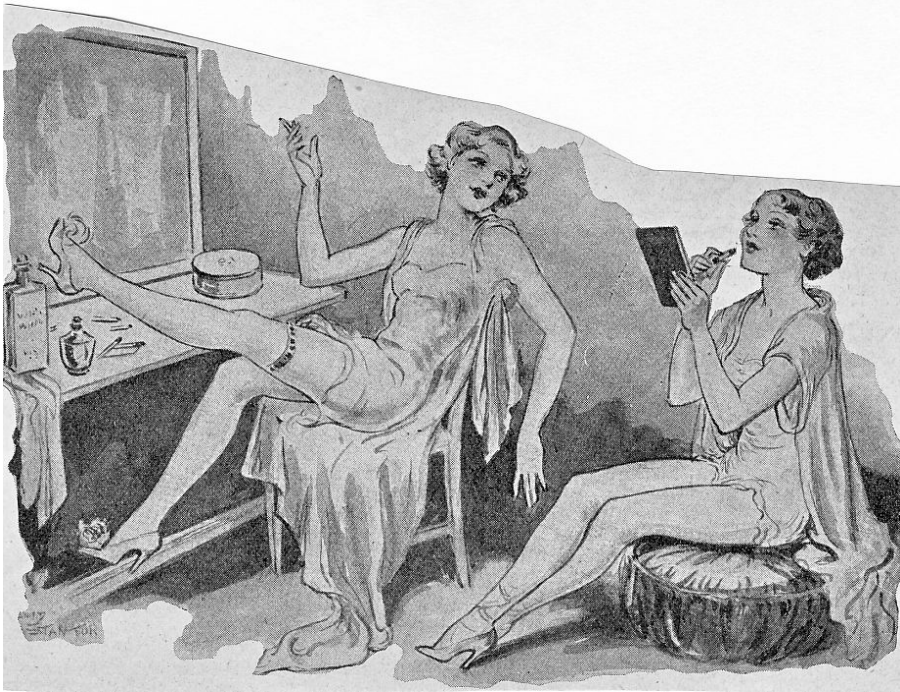
Nancy gasped, “He’s not going to start having sex as a girl, is he?”

“Gawd, I hope not,” Mrs. Parks sighed. “But the boys are going to be treating him like a girl. He needs to know what to do and NOT do on a date.”

“He’s going to date boys?”

“He can’t very well date girls,” Mrs. Parks sighed. “He has better dresses than most any girl in school. Will you help him?”

“If I can keep my boyfriend away from him,” she laughed.



Nancy sat her brother down and told him the facts-of-life from a girl's stand point. He smiled and said, "I might look like that kind of girl but I'm not like you. I do not like boys."

Nancy laughed, as they played with different shades of lipstick, "Or maybe you just haven't met the right one! Maybe you should start taking my birth control pills...just in case!"

Thus, there had been a radical change in Lennie, changing him from a girlish, colorless boy into Linda, a lovely, glamorous girl, and there were even more radical changes in her friends. Mona was now a "chaser"; Terry was tolerant of Linda's femininity; Cora and her twin sister seemed to have completely forgotten that Linda was really a boy and treated him as a girl and an equal; Mr. Arthur grew meek and sought Linda's smile and approval;

and Selma.... Selma became the masculine counterpart of Linda.

Day by day, Selma developed into what was gradually accepted as a rather masculine girl. She adopted severe clothing, wool skirts, boy's shirts and low-heeled shoes. Her voice became a deep rumbling alto that startlingly resembled that of a young man. Her protective attitude toward Linda was joked about at first, but when the others saw that she was dead serious; they no longer laughed but marveled instead. She appeared to exist only for the fulfillment of Linda's slightest wish. With the other girls, she was brusque and casual, but with Linda, she was tender, gentle, and deferent. She always addressed Linda as "Dear", "Darling", or "Honey".

If Linda smiled, Selma was glad and joyous, but if Linda even frowned, she became unhappy. She even resented the attentions that the boys in school gave Linda, and on several occasions, those present thought she was about to fight some boy who had tried to get familiar with the popular "girl".

One night, Selma called on Linda attired completely as a male. The novelty of this appealed to "Miss" Parks so much that she accepted Selma's invitation to go out. It was a rather weird "date". Linda, actually a boy dressed completely as a girl, being squired, escorted, and treated in all respects as a girl by Selma, who in reality a girl dressed as a young man and acting as such toward his very pretty companion.

That date was followed by others, and Selma always dressed as a male on these occasions. She made such an excellent young man that the couple was accepted wherever they went, providing that they avoided the places where they were known.

With this latest development, Linda found her calendar full. Besides going out with Selma and catering

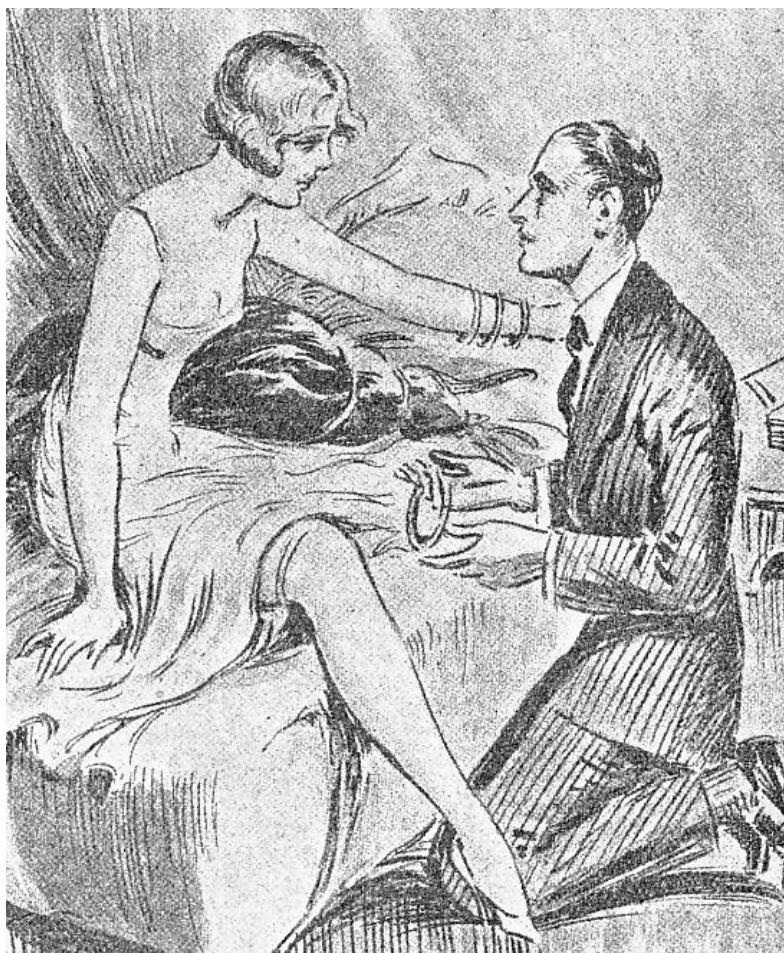
to her tastes, she also went out with Mr. Arthur, with Mona, and with Terry and the twins. Always with any of the girls, Linda was treated as though she were actually a girl. She was never without a “date”, in fact, she had to turn down many requests for her company from boys at school who were turned on by her beauty and sought her out. In this manner, the summer passed, and fall enrollment was at hand.

NEW YEAR....

Again, Linda was a member of the cheerleaders, but this time, as a bona fide girl. She also took part in the girl’s basketball games. She was so proficient that, in a game played for charity, a mock game arranged between the girl’s and boy’s varsity, she was the high scorer. She out scored all of the boys, and due to her efforts, the boy’s team had a scare, winning by only four points.

Later, attempting to alibi themselves, the boys claimed that they had taken it easy on their feminine opponents. Although everyone knew they started out with that intention, they obviously played their best after a very short while.

In discussing the game later, one of the boys complained, “Hell, even if we did try our best, how could we concentrate on the game with that Linda babe playing against us? She distracted us something terrible. Believe me, she has no right on the basketball court. “ Another said, “You look at her and think what a doll she is, and while you’re admiring her, off she goes and sinks a bucket.”



Mr. Arthur would drop over at various times of the day.

Was he hoping to find Lennie alone? Sometimes early, right after his mother and sister had left and Lennie was still in bed. He always had some gift he just couldn't wait to give Lennie.

BEAUTY QUEEN AGAIN...

Linda was reelected Beauty Queen, without competition this time. Mona did not run at all, and the few others nominated, conceded defeat before the first ballot. At the Coronation Dance, Linda smiled as she

reflected on the vast difference from last year when she had been elected as a joke and the terrible uncertainty and embarrassment she had felt.

Life was sweet, she thought, as she looked over the dance floor from her position on her throne. Waiting impatiently for her to descend, were Mr. Arthur, Selma, Mona, and a group of boys who were watching covertly.

Terry was dancing with Ted, her boyfriend, but would occasionally look towards Linda's direction and smile. Ted did too.

When Linda finally stepped down to the dance floor, she was besieged, and yielding to the propriety of the occasion, she chose Mr. Arthur as her first dance partner. His face was beet red in admiration as he gazed at his lovely partner. She was wearing a gorgeous gown of white tulle over an under dress of soft white satin. She wore white satin high-heeled slippers and flesh colored nylons that showed themselves with the swirling of her gown as she twirled in her partner's arms. Her hair, now shoulder length, was waved and curled bewitchingly and was adorned with a Gardenia over each ear her matching necklace and earrings were a gift from Mr. Arthur, as was the gown.

Mr. Arthur was succeeded by Selma, Mona, and one boy after another. After the seventh dance, her padded bosom was heaving prettily, and she begged for a rest. Her present partner, a timid good-looking boy who had just transferred to Clifftown, looked disappointed.

He spruced up; however, when Linda took his hand and led him to a pair of seats and asked him to bring her a soft drink. He almost ran off and returned quickly. He was shy, too shy to converse, but his eyes were mute professors of admiration as he looked at her.

After a while, Linda was again claimed by Mr. Arthur, and as she whirled off with him, she looked back at the

boy she had just left and saw his eyes following her every move. She smiled temperately at him and thrilled at the sense of power this smile had already developed for her, as she saw him swoon in ecstasy.

The winter holiday season was soon upon them, and again he visited Aunt Kitty, who now knew all about his situation. Meeting him at the train, she gasped, "You were pretty last year but I swear, this year, you must be making the boys at school drool."

"Thank you," Lennie said. "Sorry about last year, I was pretty confused."

"Your mother says you are have become a confident, happy young lady. I can tell. It isn't just your jewelry, hair and make-up, it's your spirit. Let me look you over."

She held her nephew at arms length. He was wearing a simple, conservative skirt and sweater, nylons and a nicely padded bra. "I couldn't be more pleased," she said. "The girl in you has certainly taken over, and I thoroughly approve. Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Lots," Lennie said proudly. "I like the attention but I don't like them like a girl really would. Nothing serious."

"Good for you," his Aunt Kitty said as they walked through the train station to the car. Lennie's hair was longer and flowed like honey over his shoulders. Compared to last year's visit, Lennie's skirt seemed a smidge tighter and shorter, but in all the right places. He was strolling confidently, a teasing wiggle in his fuller, shapelier rump, and a slight arch in his back, showing off a nice enhancement to his breasts.

"So, are those padded?" she asked, almost afraid of the answer. Lennie was literally bouncing his way out of the station, the slight enhancement to his sweated bust line meant that his bra was struggling to keep control. Kitty knew this visit was going to be anything but dull.

The wiggle of her nephew's very shapely rear achieved many admiring glances as they strolled carefully on the marble floors left.

A uniformed young soldier did a double take at Lennie with a look of admiration, respect, affection and more than a drop of lust.

Lennie was aware of the stare and responded with a bit more sway of his hips, drawing attention to the way his tight short skirt clung to his hips. The motion was resistibly teasingly.

"SO? Padded?" Kitty asked again.

Lennie laughed, walking in an unusually bouncy manner. "Silicone bra inserts," he whispered. "Mr. Arthur wants to buy me real ones but mother wants me to be sure...."

"Wow! Your mother had said you'd come a long way in a year!" she bubbled, looking into his dark, made-up eyes. "I'm sure you realize the importance of making a correct decision, young lady. If you do get breasts, you'd be forced to wear brassieres at all times."

"Just like now," Lennie laughed. "Mr. Arthur said I will someday feel psychologically inadequately as a female without real ones."

Kitty laughed too, "When I was your age, if some man had offered to buy me boobs; I'd have gone for double D's."

Lennie smiled. "Being a girl is pretty nice, isn't it?"

The little boy from last year, who was chronically shy and totally lacking in self-confidence had changed...even though Lennie's skirt seemed a little short for a young teenager! "I love your outfit by the way." Kitty asked, "Where did you get those heels? Four inches? They're so sexy!"

"Thank you, Aunt Kitty," Lennie said. "We are both short so I can see how they'd be your style too. Everything I own comes from the shop where I work."

“That Mr. Arthur again?”

“He owns the shop.”

Kitty was watching her nephew as he swung his nyloned legs in her car. Both legs swung together keeping his knees together. She was looking for some sign of the “boy.”

Lennie changed out of his travelling clothes. He was still slim and his rounded arms small and thin like a girl. He'd changed into a favorite cream, knee length skirt, and had accented it with an emerald green silk blouse.

Once in the kitchen, Lennie noticed a couple boxes on the table. “For me?” He was instantly both delighted and puzzled.

“For My Niece” the note said. The contents, were light, and shifted around softly when he shook the box.

“I didn't know what to buy you. Your mother says that man buys you everything.”

The crisp, perfect bow came undone easily. Then he flipped open the shiny box lid, and his hands stroked and fondled the most feminine pair of girlish panties he'd ever seen.

They were full cut, with a lace panel on the front. He was speechless. Kitty said, “I just wanted to show you I'm completely behind your decision.”

Lennie's pink-tipped fingers played with the panties' almost obscene smoothness. His mind was already made up, but he held still as he gathered the courage to put them on in front of his Aunt.

“I love them!” He stood up and down came the panties he was wearing and up came the new ones. He nervously shivered as he felt the panties' cool slickness on his skin.

His hand slid down over his skirt feeling the smoothness of his new panties. His long shook against

his shoulders. “Thank you,” He said softly, giving his Aunt a soft hug.

Kitty sighed, “You look positively tempting! You could have any man you wanted.”

The teen boy giggled happily. “You really think so?”

“Don’t act so pleased with yourself, young lady!” She teased and pointed. “You have to be careful. That skirt you wore on the train was too short!”

Lennie lowered his eyes in mock shame. “I’m sorry, Aunty,” he said, his voice pitched girlishly high. “You don’t think I looked pretty?”

“Of course you looked pretty! I’m sure you didn’t miss all the young men who took notice of you?” Kitty said reflectively, “I miss men looking at me like that.”

“What do you mean?”

“When you get older, the men no longer look at you.” Aunt Kitty giggled. “At your age, you can just turn on the wiggle and men want to take you out, treat you nice, buy you dinner?”

Lennie’s Aunt’s eyes roamed over his feminized figure. But then she focused on his curves. “I know some of you is padding but you have a sensational the curve of your bottom.”

Lennie giggled and teased, wiggling his hips a bit. “My bottom does look better in a skirt, doesn’t it? I guess I made the right decision last year.”

Her nephew smiled. The light in the kitchen landing softly on Lennie’s curly hair, its rays illuminating his brilliant hair color. When he walked across the kitchen, there was a nice scent in the air, probably from his perfume.

“Honey, are you ever going to try to be a boy again?” Kitty asked as she watched her nephew’s slight sway of his hips, and the way his hair moved girlishly.

“I hope so,” he said, fixing drinks for the two of them.

Aunt Kitty watched him, having some difficulty thinking it could happen. Lennie had an enticing wiggle of his hips as he walked, his stylish high-heels clicking on the kitchen floor perfectly with the delicious swish of his skirt against sheer nylon.

“What if you can’t switch back?” Kitty asked, giving him a sly wink.

Lennie smiled, “That’s what I keep telling Mr. Arthur about getting real breasts. I’d be stuck as a girl.” Lennie pulled his shoulders back teasingly pushing his young looking breasts against the crisp fabric of his blouses. “But these look real, right?”

Lennie was all wide-eyed innocence, his hair hanging down in a cascade of shining curls. “Yes honey, your breasts look wonderful.” Feeling decisively naughty, his Aunt Kitty said, “In fact, you could actually go up a cup size.”

“That’s what Mr. Arthur and Selma said too!” Lennie gushed. I have the bigger breasts with me. NO time like the present!”

Kitty welcomed him back as a girl, and this time, he was a very happy and busy girl.

LAST SEMESTER....

After the holidays were over, the new term began. A girl’s baseball team was formed which would compete with teams from neighboring towns. Linda tried out, and easily made the team. She played shortstop and was a sensation. She was the star of the team, and the leading hitter, batting almost .400 for the season. Clifftown even won the league championship.

Then, came graduation. Linda had already been elected class president, and continued to be extremely popular. As she walked to the rostrum to receive her diploma, she received a wild ovation. So, Lennie Parks,

erstwhile boy and would be athlete and world conqueror, graduated from Clifftown High School as Miss Linda Parks, school Beauty Queen, and the most popular girl in school. As she took the diploma in her left hand and shook hands with Mr. Arthur, she smiled delightedly and, sure that no one could see her face, winked broadly to him. He flushed and lowered his eyes.

As Linda went down the steps to her seat, she glanced over the audience, and was pleased to note that she was the focus of many eyes. But more intriguing, she knew that three pair of eyes were watching her every move carefully.

As for “Artie”, as she now called her principal, she knew he was too busy handing out the diplomas, or he would have been eyeing her also.

Four years later, an article appeared in the Clifftown High School paper that is worthy of notice. It read: “This paper learned yesterday of the coming marriage, on June sixth, of Miss Linda Parks to Mr. Leonard Daniels at the home of the brides mother. Miss Parks will be remembered as a former Clifftown High School girl who achieved fame by being named Beauty Queen for two years in a row. Miss Parks also finished second in the State Beauty Contest held in Los Angeles. She was also well known as one of the best cheerleaders and girl athletes in the history of the school. The groom is the brother of Selma Daniels, who was a classmate of the bride and former editor of this paper. Miss Parks attended and graduated with her degree in fashion design from Mount Saint College for Women.”

“The bridesmaids will be Misses Mona Andrews, Teresa McGrath, Dora and Cora Newton. The Matron of Honor will be Mrs. Nancy Frazier, the sister of the bride. Mr. William Frazier, Miss Parks brother in law, will be

the Best Man, and Mr. Arthur, Principal of Clifftown High School, will give the bride away. All of the Bridesmaids are also former graduates of Clifftown High and were fellow cheerleaders of Miss Parks.”

“The reception will be held at the home of Mrs. Alice Parks, the Mother of the Bride, at 4:00 P. M. The couple will honeymoon in Mexico.”

“Leonard Daniels is an orphan. His only living relative is his sister Selma, who lives in New York, is unable to attend the wedding of her brother and her dearest friend. The couple is expected to visit her soon after the honeymoon. Mr. Daniels is a wealthy young man who recently inherited the estate of his late Father, Dr. Edward Daniels.”

People in Clifftown, who had known the principals in this wedding were astonished to hear that Selma had a brother, since they had always understood that she was the only child of Dr. Daniels, who was a widower. A few wondered, but shrugged their shoulders, and forgot the matter. The truth? Well, let’s look in on the conclusion of the wedding:

The minister pronounced the happy couple man and wife, and the groom enfolded his lovely bride in his arms and kissed her tenderly. Hand in hand, they fled up the stairs, after the embraces of the guests. On the stairs, Linda stopped and surveyed the group of clamoring girls below her. With an exclamation, she tossed the bridal bouquet down, and there was the usual scramble for it.

Linda was a vision in her self designed, bridal gown of white satin and lace with a fingertip veil. Her fairy-like slippers and delicately sheer nylons came into view as she ran up the stairs with her husband. She ran to her room, sinking into a chair with a deep sigh of relief, just as her mother and sister entered the room to help her undress and get into her traveling clothes.

There was a knock at the door, and Nancy opened it revealing the groom. Slim and raw-boned, he was not good looking, but nevertheless, but he exuded a certain attractiveness that was hard to define. He went to his bride and gently kissed the tip of her nose.

Linda smiled, and pecked a kiss at him. She ran her slim fingers through his short hair, and said, “Well Darling, you were right. It went off perfectly.”

At that moment, she was interrupted by the entrance of Mona, Terry, and Mr. Arthur.

Mona chuckled, “What a screwy set up! A marriage in reverse; yet legal in every respect. A man marries a girl alright, but the apparent bride is actually a male, and the apparent groom is actually a female. If I were to tell the truth to anyone, after they had just seen you two, they would think I was absolutely nuts. And, I can’t say that I would blame them. If I ever saw anyone who looks more like a girl than Linda, you can bet it IS a real girl, and Selma makes a perfect man. Leonard Daniels, indeed! By the way Linda, what ever made you insist on Selma taking that name?”

Linda smiled. “Well, that is my real name, and I thought that if Lennie is a name that has been lost in the shuffle, I should make Selma take it. After all, she is the one who insisted on becoming a man. At least we’ll keep the name alive, and it will still be in the family, so to speak. Besides, it is a good name, isn’t it, Lennie Darling?”

‘Lennie’ grinned. “Sure. Your mother thought it was a great idea.”

After the reception, the happy couple went back to their room to finish packing for their honeymoon trip. As soon as they were completely alone and ready to go, Linda kissed her husband, pushed him into a chair, and said, “Now, you sit right there until I get back. I have to say

goodbye to the others and make arrangements for their share in this venture.”

She flipped her slim, shapely hips, arched and turned on her high heels with a pirouette, making her full skirt swirl gracefully around her silken limbs, displaying them teasingly.

Then, she did several strange things. She walked down the hall to Nancy’s bedroom, knocked, and entered. Terry was sitting on the bed, evidently waiting for her. As Linda entered, Terry jumped to her feet and flew into her arms.

As Terry nestled in Linda’s arms, a sudden change came over her she became masculine in every motion as she held Terry tightly in her arms and flooded her face with warm, ardent kisses. Linda reincarnated into Lennie, kissed Terry’s eyes, ears, nose, and lips with hot passion. Terry almost swooned in the passiveness of her abandonment.

She clung to Lennie tightly, moaning softly. “Oh Darling, I will be so lonely when you go away. I’ll miss you so much. Please hurry back...please...please...”

“Darling, you know the arrangement. I have to go with Selma, and the trip will take a month. Remember, you agreed, just like the others. After all, when I get back, we’ll have each other for a full month. Have you talked to Ted?”

“Ted is jealous....”

“Over me?” Lennie teased then said, “Look, do I need to make a month for him too? Everyone agreed and...”

“I know,” she interrupted. “It’s just that I love you so much, and I hate to think of you with anyone else. Please forgive me.”

Soft tender words of love, embraces, hugs, kisses, and whispered words of endearment passed between them. Low murmurs from Terry such as, “Oh, my dearest boy,

how I love you. You're so masterful! Hold me tightly, Darling."

••••

Half an hour later, slightly disheveled, Lennie left the room. In the hall, he rearranged his long curly locks, straightened his rumpled skirt, and walked to his mother's room. He knocked and entered.

Waiting, in this room, was Mr. Arthur. He seemed slightly irritated as he spoke. "Well, it's about time. I was beginning to think she would never let you go. If you ask me, I think Terry is too demanding."

Lennie subtly and completely reverted back to the personality of Linda and put the tip of a polished red fingernail over the man's lips and smiled teasingly. "Now Artie, don't be a grouse. You know I have to say goodbye to everyone in my own way. Terry didn't want to let me go. I hope you aren't going to be difficult, too."

Lennie walked mincingly toward him swaying his hips seductively as he did so. His shapely nylon clad legs caught the man's eyes, and he stared at them, licking his lips in delight. Knowing his likes, Lennie sat on the chair arm and lifted the hem of his skirt a trifle to reveal silken limbs and a slight glimpse of a lace edged slip.

Standing again, he bent over and raised his skirt as his hands went down to straighten the seams of his nylons and pulled them tighter up his legs to remove any non-existent wrinkles. He spun around quickly, making his skirt swirl out in a flaring motion. Then, he put his hands to his long blonde curls, and with his fingers working rapidly, fluffed them out.

Picking up his purse, Lennie took out a powder puff, patted it over his face and wiped off the excess powder. Then, he touched up his lashes with mascara, drew deep lines with an eyebrow pencil, and applied rouge to his

cheeks. With a lipstick, he added color to his already red lips, pursing his mouth into a cupid's bow as he did so. In short, he went through all the actions girls go through when they are alone.

In all this time, he did not look directly at Mr. Arthur but was well aware of his staring eyes.

Lennie had discovered that Mr. Arthur was a frustrated cross-dresser and derived a great deal of satisfaction from merely watching a pretty boy dress, act, and behave as a girl. Holding out his hand, he smiled indulgently as he seized it fervently and kissed it.

His eyes closed as though with an unbearable happiness. "Oh, you beautiful girl," he whispered. "How I am going to miss seeing you. Two whole months until I see you again. One month with Selma, one month with Terry, and then "

"And then, you can look at me every day. I'll be your daughter for a whole month, and you can see me every day."

"Yes, and I'll buy you pretty dresses, lovely lingerie, nylons, girdles, high heeled slippers, hats, coats, and anything a girl could want. You'll be my DAUGHTER for one whole month, and I will deny you nothing that you want. I have already sent for a beautiful gold and diamond necklace that will arrive before you get back. Oh, I don't know if I can wait!"

"You MUST!"

"Should I set up an appointment with that doctor?"

Lennie said, "I'll talk to him but no promises. I want to keep my options. And now, I have to say goodbye to Mona."



Lennie's feminine wardrobe completely filled his closet. Out of season dresses had to be moved to the basement. Pantyhose was more convenient, but Lennie had such nice hose and they were so much more "girlie-girl."

This time, Lennie's objective was the guest room where Mona was waiting. As Linda entered, Mona jumped to her feet and seized the pretty creature in her arms possessively. She bent over her captive and painfully bit the tiny ear so close to her mouth. Linda let out a little squeal of pain and alarm. Mona's eyes were flashing points of changing expression.

At one time, they would reflect soft light; then swiftly change into steely glitters of rage; then to be replaced by hot flames of passion. Her strong fingers gripped the "girl" in her arms passionately, and she squeezed the soft flesh as though kneading the dough of a loaf of bread. Her hands lifted up Linda's skirt, and she slapped the soft tender silken covered bottom of her victim with a resounding slap causing her to wince in pain.

Looking into Mona's eyes, Linda saw the flames of desire becoming predominant, and she struggled violently to free herself. "No, no! Mona! Let me loose! Remember your promise. You know I have to leave in a few minutes. We have no time for—that...Mona, please! You'll have to wait your turn,"

Mona slowly relaxed, and Linda sighed with relief as she saw that she still had the power to control the tall girl. If she ever lost that, she knew it would not be wise to be alone with her. As it was, she hoped that the month she would spend with Mona, after Mr. Arthur's turn would turn out all right.

Mona was a confirmed sadist, and ironically enough, Linda knew that because she had acceded to Mona's caprices. She also knew that Mona was madly in love with her. With a long bruising kiss that burned with passion, Mona pressed her lips to Linda's, and then, opened the door for to pass.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Daniels boarded the train that would take them on their honeymoon. Only Nancy, Bill,

and Mrs. Parks accompanied the couple to the train. After tender kisses of goodbye, the two went to their compartment.

After the porter brought their bags, Linda lay back on the seat with a sigh of happiness. Lennie opened his bag and removed his pajamas, dressing gown, toothbrush, and shaving gear. The last item brought a smile to his wife's lips when she saw it. She got to her feet and opened one of her bags. She took out a gorgeous nightie, a matching negligee, and a pair of satin mules with huge pompoms on the instep.

Removing her dress and slip, she stood revealed in a sheer pair of satin and lace panties and matching bra. Sitting down, she rolled her sheer nylons down her smooth legs and removed them, after first slipping off her very high-heeled pumps. Then, off with the panties and bra and on with the lovely nightie and negligee.

Weighing a jar of cold cream in her hand, she decided against removing her makeup just then. Taking a hairbrush, she ran it through her beautiful hair for one hundred strokes.

Her husband, watching her, came close and hugged and kissed her luscious red lips with passion and desire. "My wife!" he murmured with pride.

"My husband!" Linda responded.

They locked their arms around each other, and soon, Lennie's pajama sleeved arm rose to the light, extinguishing it and plunging the room into darkness. The rustle of Linda's nightie, as she snuggled against her loving husband, was the only sound heard for a while.

One hour later, as her husband's light snores rose from beside her, Linda locked her slim arms behind her head and smiled in contentment.

"What a COMEDY OF ERRORS!" she thought. "Three years ago, I dreamed of being a big hero. I naturally

figured I would get married someday and be a father, and now—! I'm married, alright, but I'm a WIFE instead of a husband. I don't think I'll ever be a MOTHER, though. Or, will I? One never can tell these days. And, my husband! A GIRL masquerading as a man! I wonder if we are all crazy? All the same, I love it After all, I have found that as a girl, I can have the best of everything."

"What a unique arrangement with the others! Some men have harems, but I'm one girl who has her own special type of harem. I have a husband who is exactly right for me to comply with the adage 'male and female shall mate with each other', even though the roles ARE reversed."

"I even have a pretty girl, Terry, to give me the return to normalcy I need; a gentle girl sadist who treats me as a slave girl, yet whom I can fully control; a tv fetishist who wants nothing beyond admiring me and reminds me that I am a boy masquerading as a girl. I also have a mother and sister who regard me as a girl, and to whom I can do no wrong."

"I truly wonder how it all DID begin? That first year in Clifftown? Or, does it go farther back? Oh well, what's the difference? It seems I was FATED FOR FEMININITY somewhere along the line. I guess there was nothing I could do about it....ohhh...hmmmm...."

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