

# SERIALS

MAGAZINE

## “FORCED TO BE A “DAUGHTER”



PART ONE OF THREE

Published By

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

P.O. BOX 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA



# FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER

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SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624

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RON  
JOHN  
SANDY THOMAS

**QUOTE BOARD**

... So the frog says, "Kiss me and I'll turn into princess. I do anything you want and we'll make love all the time!"  
Charles replies, "I think I'd rather have a talking frog."

# FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER

By D. Crease

Looking through Mom's scrape book, I found IT. Gosh, the memories! Thinking back, it really wasn't so long ago, yet, it seemed like a life time. They say time flies when you're having fun. . .

The card looked like a wedding invitation, but read:

*To whom it may concern*

*Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ryan  
537 Cedar Lane*

*Hereby announce our son  
**Justin Raymond Ryan**  
will be known as our daughter  
**Jocelyn Rae Ryan**  
as of August 1st and  
until nine months hence.*

I couldn't believe my folks actually went through with it. I assumed it was another one of their idle threats to make me conform. How wrong I was!

Reading the notice, I cringed, whining, "Mom, is this necessary? You have my word, I'll never do it again. Really, I promise, this time!"

"If I had a nickel for every...Ooo...We'd all be rich!" she replied, exasperated "But, it's not just your father and me. Since this last stunt, no one in town trusts you."

Desperately I begged, "Give me one last chance! I'll do anything, but not this. For goodness sakes, I'm your son!"

"Indeed!" Mom sternly retorted. "However, it's out of our hands. Your father and I agree you need to be taught a lesson,

yet also protected. If Mr. Crandle had his way, you'd be in jail!"

Just then the front door opened. Glaring at Dad, my eyes pleaded. But he simply glanced away as if he was ashamed.

"It's done, they're in the mail," Dad sighed, appearing utterly humiliated. "All we do now is sit and wait. Darn! The whole town's going to know!"

Mom, comforting him, said, "So what Mike. They'd all find out sooner or later. We made a deal and...Justin must learn he can't treat young ladies so poorly."

"You're right, Kate," Dad grumbled, settling into his easy chair. "But he's still our son. The guys at the garage aren't going to let me live this down! I wish there was another way."

The damage was done! Retreating to my bedroom embarrassed and ashamed, I took an extra announcement, sat on my bed and stared at it in shock.

Later, I ignored Mom when she called me for dinner. Sulking, I shuddered, "I can't face Kevin!" The mere thought sickened me!

Hours later, when the house was quietly still, there came a soft knock on my door. Sitting up, I cautiously said, "Come in?"

Carrying a snack tray, Mom entered. Setting it on the night stand, she said, "A little snack to settle your stomach, dear."

As I took a sip of milk, Mom continued, "I'm sorry Justin, but you treated Amy Crandle criminally. Living as a girl for nine months won't kill you, but going to prison will!"

Although I hated to hear it, she was right. Amy's dad wanted me locked up! Sure, ripping her dress off, abandoning her miles outside town and forcing her to walk home was dastardly. But the punishment seemed so unjust!

Comforting me, Mom tenderly massaged my shoulders. Yet despite her loving touch, I remained uptight and edgy.

In the shadowy din of my bedroom I contemplated my future. What would all my friends say? When school started, I'd be a laughing stock!

Gazing deeply into Mom's eyes, I silently pleaded for a reprieve, however she appeared as determine as ever. An eeriness descended upon me as I realized just how much Mom and I looked alike. I shuddered to realize that my facial features were as delicate as hers!



*"This had to be a nightmare!! Mom showed me the announcement that sealed my fate. I had to dress like a girl!!"*

Our noses were nearly identical, both pixie like and tilted upward. We shared softly rounded chins and full lips, while our piercing green eyes were exotically almond shaped.

While Dad and Kevin sprouted heavy beards, my complexion was still fair and clear; nearly translucent! Without a wisp of hair to speak of, my face was as soft as a baby's bottom!

Standing five feet, eight inches, I was a bit taller than Mom, but we shared a slim, slender stature. This bugged me no end because Kevin, three years my junior, took after Dad. Bulging with muscles, he was several inches taller than me and growing fast!

I had no such luck! Having acquired my mother's small, narrow feet, delicate hands and slender fingers, I was but a toothpick! If not for Dad's intervention, I'd have never made the basketball team. Yet I remained a perennial bench warmer!

Consumed with self pity, I flinched as Mom caressed my head, bringing to attention our similarly thick head of rich blonde hair. Since I'd avoided the barber all summer, mine had grown long, hanging shaggily over my ears.

The feature I did inherit from my father was his chin clef. While Dad's was deep, mine was quite shallow. Shamefully lowering my eyes, I sadly wondered why I couldn't have looked more them.

When I finished my milk, Mom took the glass, noting, "August 1st is just around the corner, Justin. I strongly suggest you settle your boyish affairs soon. There's not much more time!"

"Oh, Mom!" I sulked, dropping my head against my pillow. As she walked out, I thought, "There's got to be a way... I know Dad will bail me out. He knows that a guy can't be a girl!"

Sighing, I was quite satisfied with my apparent solution. Yet my happy thoughts were shattered as Mom turned, gushing, "I've always wanted a daughter!"

Panicking, I frantically replied, "Don't say that Mom. I really hate doing this. It's unnatural!"

A knowing smirk spread across her lips, as she calmly retorted, "Everything will work out fine dear. Just fine!"

Awaking very early the next morning, I planned to catch Dad before he left for work at the municipal garage. Very optimistic, I reasoned that Dad was a sensible man and he'd see things my way!

Bounding to the kitchen, I quickly fixed us some breakfast. "A man can't be decisive on an empty stomach," I said to myself.

Dad appeared to grab his lunch pail. Seeing food on the table, he quizzically asked, "Hey, what's all this?"

"Just some breakfast, Dad," I cheerfully replied. "I thought I'd surprise you and... well... you see... we need to talk..."

Eyes beaming, he nervously laughed and said, "So, you're starting early? I'd never believe my own son would make breakfast for his old man. What a dutiful daughter!"

"Cut it out, Dad!" I panicked. "You've always taught me to stand up for myself. Well, this punishment is absurd! You're the boss in the house. Tell Mom to call it off, PLEASE! I'd rather do time."

Slowly sitting down, he bowed his head in deep contemplation. Running his fingers through tufts of graying hair, his face twisted in anguish. Finally, after a long silence, he firmly ordered, "Sit down, Justin. There's something you've got to know!"

As my pulse quickened, my palms soaked with cold sweat. Dad's deadpan expression said it all. "Gosh," I desperately wished, "I should have never asked him to intervene!"

"I've wanted my sons to take after me, strapping and strong," he reminisced. "Your Mom's forever prayed for a daughter to dote on. We've always agreed that I'd look after the boys and she the girls."

"What does this have to do with me?" I nervously asked. "I'm your son, Dad. You're going to get me out of this mess, right?"

His voice cracking, Dad solemnly replied, "Sorry Justin, but I can't. The agreement with the Crandles is iron clad. If it's ever breached, you'll be thrown in jail!"

"But Dad," I whined, "What are you saying?"

Looking away, he impatiently replied, "Until the punishment's over, I have no say over how your mother treats you. It'll be like you're her daughter!"

Shocked and speechless, I nearly fell from the chair. How could Dad refuse me? Grabbing his lunch, he stumbled out of the house, fleeing away from me.

“What’s happened to me?” I sorrowfully cried, dropping my head to the table. “Dad’s abandoned me!”

For the rest of the day, I moped around, refusing to leave the house. Mom, sensing my agony, gave me my space and let me be.

When Kevin invited me out to the park to shoot basketball, I panicked. I locked myself in my room, quivering. My brother was so manly, while I’m about to become a sissy!

Skipping dinner for a second day, I holed up in my bedroom. Taking stock of my boyhood mementos, I heard Mom calling. When she firmly rapped on the door, I could no longer ignore her.

“What is it, Mom?” I sighed, letting her in. “I’m not hungry and I’m not coming down, period!”

Suddenly, her eyes flashed with rage. Waving her finger, she sternly scolded, “You won’t raise your voice to me! The men around here may get away with it, but you’re not one of them anymore!”

Flabbergasted, I shuddered, Mom had never spoken to me that way before! How could she say I’m not a man?

As I tried to comprehend the change in her, she spat, “You’ve a visitor, Justin. Since you’re my daughter now, I highly suggest you welcome him!”

Turning on her heels, Mom marched out in a huff. Although hesitating, I thought better of defying her and reluctantly followed.

When I saw who my visitor was, my gut wrenched in pain. Quivering, I cringed and regreted that I’d ever left my room.

“Hey Justin. What’s happening, man?” merrily chimed my best friend, Brett MacCabe. “I’m heading to the mall to hang out. Want to come along?”

Brett and I were inseparable friends. A year older, he was like my big brother. As the star of our high school basketball team, he had an athletic scholarship at the State University.

His smiling face and sleepy brown eyes made my worries quickly fade. Our friendship ran deep and I knew his visit wasn’t under any pretense. At ease, I was confident he hadn’t seen the damned announcement yet!

“Hi ya, Brett,” I eagerly replied. “Sure, I’m ready to...”

"Ahem!" Dad abruptly interjected. Then he warned, "You had better ask your mother first. If she says it's okay, you can go."

Brett gazed bewilderingly as I cringed. Brett knew Dad ruled the roost. "Gosh, I've never needed Mom's permission to do anything before!" I moaned.

In my ear, Brett whispered, "What gives, Justin? Your folks are sure acting strange!"

Yet Mom's aggravated glare only instilled more woe. On the spot, I ashamedly asked, "May I please go to the mall with Brett?"

"Very well, go!" she impatiently snapped. "It's best you get that riff raf out of your system." Pausing a moment, she added, "...But after tonight, you'll not go again... unescorted!"

Before she could change her mind, we quickly left. Hopping in his car, Brett puzzlingly asked, "Justin, what gives? Did your folks weird out or what?"

Hearing this, I knew for sure he hadn't seen the announcement. Relieved, I replied, "Mom's been under a lot stress lately. But she'll be fine." Even so, I had doubts he accepted my explanation.

At the mall, I ran into a whole bunch of people I knew. "Thank goodness the mail's slow," I sighed with relief. After closing, Brett and I stopped for ice cream.

Being out of the house relaxed me. Eating a sundae, I happily forgot all the craziness going on in my life. Unfortunately, my respite was short lived!

Sitting in a rear booth, I overheard two girls talking about me. Not daring to look, I heard one girl adamantly declare, "It serves the brute right! If it had happened to me, Daddy would have killed him!"

"Oh, it's not so bad," giggled the other girl. "I'd bet he'll look really cute... Hey, why don't we nominate him for prom queen next semester!"

Cringing, I shuddered. The announcement was out! My head spinning, I silently prayed that Brett hadn't heard them!

Quickly glancing at my watch, I nervously muttered, "Wow, it's late. I've got to get home now before Mom kills me!"

Confounded, Brett replied, "What? It's barely ten thirty!" Seeing my anxiously pleading face, he wavered, "Oh well, if you've got to go, you've got to go."

As the car pulled in the drive way, I was first inclined to bolt into my house. Yet, thinking, I reasoned, "I should tell him. Brett's my best friend...But not after he finds out!"

To survive my ordeal, I'd need Brett's support. Summoning all my courage, I breathed deep and said, "If you've got a minute, come on inside. I've something to show you."

"Sure. Why not?" he replied, nodding. While he appeared cool, calm and collected, I was shaking like a leaf!

Entering the kitchen of my dead quiet house, I turned on a light. "You'll find out soon enough," I admitted while sitting across from Brett at the table. "It's better if you heard it from me."

"What's up, Justin?" Brett asked, perplexed. "You've been uptight all night."

Walking to the counter, I opened the box filled with left over announcements. I sadly sighed, handing him an extra copy. "I dead!"

"Jeepers!" he yelped, his eyes widening in utter astonishment. "You've got to be kidding! Man, we were basketball teammates... Justin, this is just a practical joke, right?"

Quivering, I stammered, "It...it's no joke, Brett. In less than two weeks, I'm supposed to be a girl!"

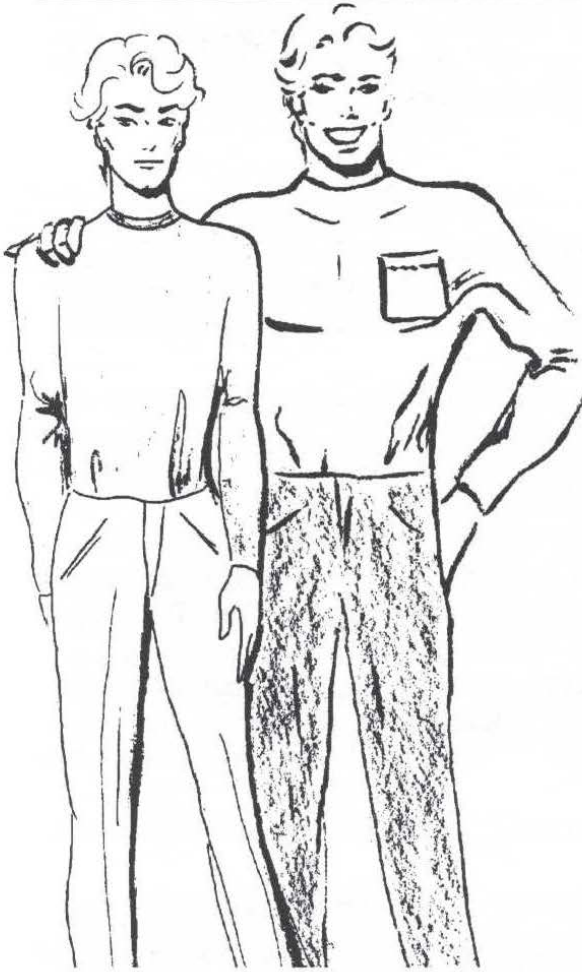
"I've read about those operations in the supermarket tabloids," he nervously noted. "You...you're not getting you know what cut off, are you?"

I don't know whether it was my high anxiety or the question's absurdity, but I suddenly burst out in raving laughter. Poor Brett looked so befuddled, he must have been compelled to laugh along.

Regaining my composure, I smilingly replied, "Heaven forbid! There's no operation. All I'll be doing is dressing in girls things and..."

"And what?" Brett urgently whined. But when I didn't immediately reply, he asked, "Are you alright!"

Shaking my head to clear the cobwebs, I bewilderingly muttered, "Yeah. It's just that I don't know what else. All



*"My best friend, Brett McCabe and I  
about a week before my  
punishment began.*

Mom told me is I'll have to wear women's clothes and everyone's to call me Jocelyn, the female form of Justin. That's it!"

"Wearing chick's stuff? That's not the end of the world!" Brett quipped. "My Scottish grandfather wore a kilt. It's just like a skirt and the men are proud of them. Heck, it's better than the slammer. You'll skate through this punishment!"

His encouragement lifted the great weight of anxiety off my chest. Smiling, I shook his hand saying, "Thanks, I needed that!"

Letting him keep the extra announcement, I walked him to the door. But before he left, Brett stopped and scanned me from top to bottom. I nervously asked, "What the heck are you

doing?"

"Just checking you out!" he giped. Pausing, he gazed discerningly, joking, "Hey, you might not look half bad as a girl."

"Cut that out!" I woefully whined, clutching my chest. "The whole situation's sickening. The last thing I need is anyone thinking I look good in a dress!"

"Chill out, Justin!" he laughed. "It's a joke! I'm just trying to break the ice, that's all!"

Nodding, I bit my lip, agreeing, "You're right, Brett. I'd better start taking it all in stride." Saying good night, we made plans to get together later in the week.

Over the next few days, I was certain the whole town knew the gory details of my punishment. Avoiding embarrassment, I stayed squirreled up in the house, never venturing beyond the backyard.

During this same time, Dad and Kevin began treating me like a second class citizen! It was like they lost respect for me. While I was the older brother, Kevin would bark orders at me. Even Dad had me fetch him beer or his slippers!

After two days of running about doing chores they were fully capable of, I complained to Mom, "What's the matter with those two? They have legs! Can't they do anything for themselves?"

Mom, doing laundry at the time, replied, "Help me fold this sheet while I answer your questions." Smirking, she said, "You must remember, they're the men. It's our job to cater to their needs."

"But Mom, I'm a man too!" I tensely whined. "Shouldn't I be just as privileged?"

Shaking her head disparagingly, she replied, "Not any more, sweetheart. You've *lost* those privileges. As far as I'm concerned, you're my daughter and responsible to serve your father and brother."

Aghast, I cried, "But Mom! I can't..."

"Don't Mom me!" she scoldingly interjected. "A proper young lady minds her mother! There will be no back talk. Understand?"

While enraged, I realized further protest was futile. Without Dad or Kevin in my corner, I had no ally. Accepting my lumps, I slowly nodded, meekly replying, "Yes, Mom. I understand."

A couple of mornings later, while Dad was working and Kevin was at football practice, I was alone in the kitchen. Mom had started me on cooking lessons. Wearing a frilly apron, I quietly sliced vegetables for a stew.

As I peeled an onion, the phone rang. Still avoiding outside contacts, I didn't pick it up, thinking Mom would answer. But after the third ring, I couldn't wait.

"Hello? Ryan residence." I sweetly greeted in the melodic manner Mom instructed. It had been tough at first, since I usually gruffly asked, "Yeah, who's this?"

Tightly holding my breath, I prayed it wasn't another crank caller. Hearing Brett's voice, I let out a long, hard sigh.

"What's shaking, Justin?" he gleefully asked. "There's a new Exterminator flick at the multi-plex. We're on tonight, right?"

But before I could reply, a booming voice screamed, "Oh no you don't!" Gasping, I realized Mom was listening in on our conversation!

"Brett, I'm ashamed of you," she scolded. "I won't condone such a graphically violent movie. In a few days, Justin will be a girl and girls just don't see such movies!"

"But Mom!" I sorrowfully whined. "My punishment doesn't start until next week! Please, leave me be!"

But Brett stammered, "I'm, ah, sorry, Mrs. Ryan. I won't take..er...bring him there. Say Justin, give me a call later, okay? I've got to run. Bye."

Furious, I slammed the phone and marched out to confront Mom. As she stood on the stairs, I yelled, "Are you trying to destroy me? Isn't it enough I'll be wearing skirts for nine months? Must you alienate me from my friends too?"

"Are you finished yelling?" she sarcastically asked. When I didn't reply, Mom announced, "Good! Since you've gotten that out of your system, let's get down to business!"

Frustrated, I snapped, "What kind of 'business'? If it's this daughter business, forget it!"

"That's too bad," she calmly replied. "I can't forget! Just remember that I love you and I won't allow my child to go to jail. You'd better get it in your pretty head that you're now my daughter and that's final!"

Suddenly my emotions went haywire. Falling to Mom's feet, I wept like a little baby. I don't remember how long I cried. Yet when I woke, I found myself laying atop my bed in my darkened bedroom. "Wow!" I shuddered. "I slept the day away!"

Recalling earlier events, I angrily thought, "Was I ever a jerk! But Mom's right. The more I fight, the worse off I am." Although admitting the obvious, I was determined not to enjoy one bit of it!

The next morning was Saturday and the whole family was home. I helped Mom prepare breakfast from start to finish. The manly grunts and yummy sounds Dad and Kevin made were nice to hear, but at the end of the meal, I felt seriously let down. Disappointed, I complained to Mom, "They devoured my cooking like beasts, but never bothered to thank me. And their plates, what a mess! Do I have to clean up after them too?"

Mom giggled, "Don't be silly. Of course you do. Your brother doing your outdoor chores, you will be taking his indoor ones. There are men's work and women's work."

Confused, anxiously I asked, "Mom, isn't that pretty backward? With women's lib, isn't a woman suppose to be her own person? Can't I be a modern woman?"

"Yes and no," she lovingly retorted. "A family needs foundation. That's why I serve your father and brother. Traditionally, it's the female's duty to make a nice home."

"Duty?" I puzzlingly asked, "Oh no! You don't expect me to be their servant, do you?"

"Not a servant," she countered. "But to make life comfortable and pleasant. Just wait, dear. As you learn more about being a girl, you'll realize it's nice taking care of a man!"

"Doubt it," I gagged.

Sunday morning I nearly died when Mom shook me awake saying, "Come on, dear! If you're not up soon, we'll miss church!"

"Church!" I frightfully yelped. "I can't go there. Everyone will see me! They all know!! I'll be the laughing stock!"

Yanking away my covers, Mom retorted, "Now is as good a time as ever, dear. At least you can wear boy's clothes this time, but you better adjust to the ridicule. For a while, it'll be worse once you start wearing a dress!"

True to my fears, I received nothing but stares, snickers and gossipy whispers. Fortunately, no one had the guts to verbally humiliate me. But the damage was just the same!

Rushing home, I was hanging up my suit when Mom called, "Sweetheart, please help me with Sunday dinner!"

Scurrying to the kitchen, Mom smilingly said, "Put this on, dear," handing me a frilly, flowered print apron. "You don't want to dirty your good clothes, even if they are just boys' things." Yet despite my anguish, I kept a tight upper lip, holding my temper. It was just another shameful humiliation to go through!

The following Monday, Mom awoke me at sunrise. Grumbling, I assumed it'd be the same routine. However, it proved remarkably different!

"Hurry dear," Mom urgently insisted, "We've much to do!"

Still groggy, I complained, "Aw Mom, can't I sleep another hour. With all my household chores, I'm thoroughly exhausted!"

"Absolutely not," she snapped. "Besides, you'll have to get used to being up early. When your punishment official starts, you'll have even more things to do."

As I showered, warm jets of water invigorated my weary body. Soaping up, I heard Mom chime, "Please don't wash your hair, dear." Believing she wanted me to hurry, I didn't think twice about it.

Driving toward downtown, I asked her several times where we were going, but she kept answering, "You'll see!"

When I did find out, only her firm grip on my arm kept me from running away. "I can't go in there!" I desperately cried. "I'll be laughed right out of town!"

Staring sternly, she countered, "Nonsense! Everyone knows by now! True, some will be less than sympathetic. But you'll have to adjust. Besides, this is a quite logical place for you to be!"

Speechless, I was unable to rebut her. Ashamed, I sadly bowed my head as Mom led me into the beauty salon!

"Good morning, Kate!" an attractive woman, warmly welcomed. "8:00, sharp... right on time... This must be Justin! You're very brave, dear. Not many boys would accept such a challenge."

Frowning, I spat, "Who the heck says I'm accepting it?"

"Justin!" Mom excitedly scolded. "How dare you speak so crudely!" Turning toward the woman, she apologized, "I'm terribly sorry, Cathy. But he has much to learn."

"He'll calm down quickly," she smiled.

By then I was fuming. Not only had Mom humiliated me, but all the salon's customers stared and snickered at me. "That's perfectly alright," the woman replied. "It was to be expected. But enough chit chat, let's get down to business."

Mom, still holding my arm, tugged me into the salon. As we walked in, she introduced me to Cathy Ardmore, the salon's owner. Stopping at a stylist's station, she sat me down.

"So Cathy, what do you think?" Mom inquisitively asked. "His hair is fairly long. What about a perm?"

Running her strong, slender fingers through my oily locks, Cathy thoughtfully replied, "Hmm... It would look good. But I'm afraid his hair's too thick and dense... The curl wouldn't hold."

Ignoring me, Mom and the beautician briefly discussed matters I couldn't comprehend. Then again, I wasn't listening. I was too upset to give a damn!

Cathy said, "You ought to be very flattered, Justin." Glaring at her bewilderingly, she added, "Many a woman would give their right arm to have hair as lovely as yours!"

Cringing, my face blushing bright red, I pleaded, "Please Mom, I promise to act more daughterly. But don't make me have my hair done. Not in a beauty shop!"

"Now, now, dear," she calmly patronized. "It shan't hurt one bit. After the nine months are up, I'll take you to the barber for a crew cut. Meanwhile, you're in Cathy's hands."

Ashamed and speechless, I pouted as Mom said, "I have some errands to run. I'll be back later. Say eleven o'clock or so?"

"Fine," Cathy gleefully replied, "We'll be ready for him!" Mom waved goodbye, leaving me in the beautician's clutches, I agonizingly shuddered. Lord, what was going to happen to me now?

Three hours later, I anxiously sat in the salon's waiting room, glancing urgently at the wall clock. "It's nearly a quarter of twelve!" I fumed. "Where the heck is Mom?"



*“Look at my curled hair! How could you allow them to do this to me?” I yelled at Mom when she picked me up at the beauty parlor. I was furious and my punishment hadn’t even started yet.*

Desperately, I tried to withstand the insulting glares and chiding whispers of the female patrons. Just when I couldn’t stand anymore, Mom waltzed in, her arms laden with packages.

“Take me home, Mom!” I frantically shouted. “I can’t take anymore of this!”

Yet, she didn’t hear a word I said. Instead, she stopped, dropped the bags, and stared in astonishment. “My goodness!” she gushed, starry eyed. “Sweetheart, you’re absolutely ravishing!”

"Please, Mom," I sorrowfully whined. "Don't say that. I HATE IT! I look like a..."

"A girl!" she exalted. As Cathy came by, Mom enthused, "You've performed a miracle!. In my wildest dreams I never imagined just a style would make him so cute!"

Proudly crossing her arms, Cathy smilingly replied, "It was my pleasure, Kate. Put your money away, it's on the house!"

As Mom and Cathy gabbed, I clenched my head in agony. In searing frustration, I was about to pull my hair, when Cathy shouted, "Stop! You'll ruin your new hairdo!"

"Come dear, I'll take you home," Mom gently soothed. Standing, I quickly dashed for the door, only to hear her say, "Wait, you haven't thanked Cathy, yet!"

Why must she add insult to injury? Bowing my red face, I softly stammered, "Ah... Thank you Cathy."

"You're entirely welcome!" she laughed. "It's not often we get boys in here! Now you're beginning to look like a Jocelyn!"

That damnable name! Turning in haste, I jetted through the door, frantically running toward Mom's car.

As I slumped down in the front seat, Mom scowled at me and scolded, "You embarrassed me. Don't you ever do that again!"

"But Mom," I urgently protested. "Look what they've done! They cut my hair, plucked and arched my eyebrows, manicured and buffed my fingernails and my arms and legs are... Waxed!"

Smirking, she retorted, "That's exactly what I asked them to do. Didn't they do a marvelous job?"

"Oh Mom," I pitifully whined, "How could you! Just look at my head. These bangs are so long, they fall into my eyes!"

On the verge of tears, I listened as Mom gaily chattered, "Your hairdo is adorable! While it's short, Cathy assures it'll look great grown out. You'll get used to it."

Saddened, I didn't reply. Morosely I gazed into the vanity mirror. My smooth limbs, new haircut and freshly thinned eyebrows feminized me so much. I hated looking like a girl!

Arriving home, Mom prepared lunch while I put the packages away. Strange, but since leaving the salon, her attitude toward me had changed, becoming softer... more nurturing.

There was only a small green salad at my place at the table. Believing it was an appetizer, I sat down and quickly devoured it.

Dropping my fork in the empty bowl, I smilingly asked Mom, "So what's for lunch? I'm famished!"

"You've just eaten your lunch, dear," she agitatedly replied. "No more food until dinner. You'll have to readjust your eating habits. I'll not have a fat daughter!"

Astonished, I protested, "But Mom, how can I survive on so little? I'll starve!"

"Hardly," she quipped. "You must slowly pace yourself, eating more lady like. Besides, you can stand to lose a some weight."

Bewildered, I asked, "What are you saying? I'm only 145 pounds...ten pounds below average for my height."

Smirking, Mom rebuffed, "Below average... for a boy! But on the female chart, you're overweight! Since you are now my daughter, you are going on a very strict diet!"

"Where's this all leading?" I sulked in the face of Mom's determination.

That evening, I painfully endured my father and brother's obnoxious patronizing. "My, you look so different, son..er.. I mean dear," Dad embarrassingly faltered.

"That's a swell hairdo," Kevin dumbly commented. "One of the cheerleaders has hers cut the same way!"

While it was obvious they were trying too hard, I wanted no part of the charade. However, Mom insisted I smile and told me to graciously accept their ridiculous complements.

Sitting down for dinner, Mom reminded, "Small bites, dear. It'll go farther and you'll be less hungry." But despite following her advise, my stomach still growled with starvation.

After our meal, Mom urgently insisted Dad and Kevin promptly leave the house. "Go bowling or something," Mom eagerly suggested. "We girls need a few hours alone!"

In a panic, I exclaimed, "Stop it, Mom. I'm not a girl!"

"The day after tomorrow you will be," she promptly retorted. "You and I have a great deal of work to do. The more you fight, the tougher it'll be. So quit your sulking!"

Dad and Kevin rushed out of the house. Alone with Mom, I wondered what she was going to do. Locking the front door,

Mom turned towards me and sighed, "Let's begin. It takes more than a new hairdo to make one into a girl."

"Com' on, Mom," I whimpered. "Please stop all this nonsense. For goodness sakes, I'm a guy!"

Wrapping her arms around me, Mom squeezed me tight and softly whispered, "I understand your difficulties, sweetheart. But it's necessary. I'd die if you ever went to jail. You must learn responsibilities. . .if it takes living as a girl, so be it."

"But Mom," I pleaded, "I've learned my lesson. I'll never hurt anyone again. Let's stop this craziness!"

Stroking my freshly blunt cut hair, she replied, "That's impossible. We made an agreement. Breaking it will ruin our family reputation. A deal is a deal. It must be kept!"

My hopes again dashed, I shamefully bowed my head as Mom lead me a living room chair. Sullenly sitting down, I admonished myself, "I won't...I can't cry! I must strive to remain a man!"

"Look alive, dear!" Mom ordered, snapping her fingers. "We're starting your first lesson in feminine decorum!"

"Huh?" I bewilderingly asked. "Decorum? What's that?"

Crossing her arms, she snapped, "It means conformity to social conventions." Pointing at me, she scolded, "Look at yourself! All slumped down with your legs widely spread apart. A girl seen like that would be thought of as a tramp!"

Mom began my crash course in feminine etiquette and deportment. For three solid hours, I relearned how to sit, stand, walk, balance and hold my arms and head; all like a girl! I hated every moment of it, but did I have a choice?

By the end of the evening, I was thoroughly exhausted, but Mom wasn't through! "One more time, dear," she sweetly chimed. "Walk, turn, walk and sit, then stand again."

Consumed by fatigue, I whined, "I can barely hold my head up, Mom!" Yet I was left without the gumption to fight.

Taking my first step, I dutifully made doubly sure to roll my hips as I walked. Yet Mom incessantly corrected, "Stand straight, head tilted up... Keep those shoulders back. A girl's proud of her chest!"

"Chest? What chest?" I sarcastically asked. Mom's determination to femininely train me seemed a futile exercise!

From atop the stair case, I began walking down. "Excellent, sweetheart," she encouraged. "Daintily hold the railing. . .Keep your arms away from your sides!"

As I reentered the living room, Mom admonished, "Overlap those steps. . .Put more wiggle in that walk. . .Bend your arms upward from the elbow. . .Hold your wrists more limply!"

Completing the obstacle course, I rested back on the chair, thoroughly exhaust! But Mom wasn't done. "Cross your ankles... Very nice!" she enthused. "Keep your thighs together. Tightly now!"

As I folded my hands in my lap per her instructions, she noted, "Pretty good for your first try, dear. But you'll have to do better. You must be a lady in all situations!"

Too tired to protest, I merely sighed, "Yes Mom, whatever you say... Are we done yet?"

"Oh, alright!" she annoyingly snapped, "But we're far from finished! Tomorrow we'll review everything. You must maintain feminine deportment as if it was first nature!"

"Oh lord!" I shuddered. "When will this end?" Heading to my room, I moved as femininely as possible unless I'd invoke her wrath!

Locking the door, I began undressing. "I'd never wish this on my worst enemy!" I muttered.

As my pants slid down my legs, I anxiously stared at my freshly waxed legs. Gulping, I ran my fingers over their silky smoothness, sending chills up my spine. Sadly pouting, I grumbled, "I know lots of hairy girls. Why did Cathy have to do this to me?"

Putting on pajamas, I heard water running in the bathroom. Mom cheerfully announced, "Sweetheart, your bath's ready!"

"I'm in bed, Mom" I whined back, hoping she'd finally leave me be. But my luck had long ran out.

Pounding on my door, she snipped, "Open up this instant!" I hurriedly unlocked the door as Mom stormed in scolding, "Don't ever lock me out! My daughter won't keep secrets from me!"

"I'm not your dau..." I began to protest. However, she cut me off.

Wagging her finger in my face, she admonished, "Don't talk back to me! You'd better resign yourself to the fact that in

two days you won't be a boy, so get those thoughts out of your mind!"

Speechless, I froze in my tracks as Mom unceremoniously striped off my pajamas. Almost nude, only my socks were left on.

"Hurry up and get those off!," Mom sternly ordered, pointing at my feet. "The water's getting cold."

Defiantly crossing my arms, I courageously refused, "Oh no, I won't. The socks stay on!"

What a big mistake! Was Mom that strong, or was I so weak? Nevertheless, she lifted me bodily on a chair and ripped them off.

As I turned bright red with shame, Mom giggled, "Why they're beautiful, sweetheart! Why didn't you tell me about the pedicure?"

"Ah... Well... I... Gosh Mom, cut it out!" I woefully begged. "Cathy wouldn't take no for an answer. She said my toes were so cute, they needed polishing. Yuk!"

"She's right!" Mom adamantly insisted. "In fact, next time we can polish your fingernails the same pretty shade of coral pink!"

"Oh, no... Please!" I desperately whimpered. But she paid me no mind. Prodding me toward the bathroom, she ordered me into a hot, steamy, bubble bath.

Slowing sliding into the frothy water, a fragrant aroma filled my nostrils. As I loudly sniffed, Mom pointed out, "Those are bath salts, dear. While you relax, the oils will soften your skin!"

"Use this to wash with," she said, handing me her glycerin soap "It's better for your complexion." Gliding the translucent bar over my hairless limbs, a uneasy queasiness churned in my gut.

My usual shower took less than five minutes, but Mom's enforced bath was a genuine ritual! She insisted I soak for a half an hour!

When she finally allowed me out, Mom was holding a towel. "Only pat yourself dry from now on," she instructed. "You must keep your skin moist and soft and avoid irritation."

Absorbing the last drop of water, she wrapped the bath towel just below my armpits. "Ugh!" I miserably groaned. "With my hairdo and painted toes, I look like a flat chested teenage girl!"

Reentering my bedroom, I was immediately aghast! "What's on my bed?" I quiveringly asked. "Are you making me wear that, too?"

"Of course, darling," she whimsically replied. "Girls love wearing pretty nightgowns. You might as well start tonight!"

Balking at first, I eventually slipped the filmy garment over my head. Motionless, I waited for Mom's thorough inspection.

Satisfaction filled her eyes, seeing the thinly strapped nightgown draped from my narrow shoulders. The soft, shiny pink satin clung to my lithe body, billowing about my ankles. Ashamed and frustrated, I was sick with a sense of anticipation.

I decided that it was useless to fight anymore. Each time I did, she cut me down and more! Why was she treating me this way?

Anguished, I stared blankly into her eyes. Suddenly, her stern demeanor softened. Reaching out she tenderly stroked my neck.

"Sorry I've been so harsh, dear," she apologized from the heart. "But, you leave me no choice. If you'll just cooperate, the nine months will pass in a flash."

Subdued by her kindness, I anxiously asked, "But why must I do all this? Dressing up is one thing, but do I have to act like a girl all the time?"

"Indeed you do," she sighed. "The whole town knows about you. Just think! A boy in a dress will be ridiculed, called a freak or worse. But if you're exceedingly feminine, they'll have to admire you. You'd beat them at their own game!"

Strange, but I understood the method to Mom's madness. Yet, still uncertain, I asked, "So, if I act really feminine, you think the town like me more?"

"Absolutely!" she cheered. "With admiration comes respect. If you'd just stop fighting, we'll have much more fun!"

"I see your point, Mom," I meekly stammered. "I'm awfully scared. When it's over, I will be a boy again, right?"

"Sweetheart," she soothed, "What ever you want. Don't forget, you're my child and I'll always love you."

As Mom reassuringly squeezed my shoulder, I reasoned, "I'm stuck with girls clothes, so where's the harm in acting girlish? I know what and who I am. As they say, when in Rome..."

Gleefully clapping, she enthused, "I'm so glad, sweetheart!" Enveloping me in her arms, she lovingly whispered, "We're going to become very close!" Gently kissing me, she secretively confessed, "You know, I've always wanted a daughter!"

As my room darkened, a heart rendered warmth radiated throughout my body. I had never been so emotional, especially toward Mom. But as fatigue gripped me, I faintly whispered, "I love you too, Mom."

The following morning, the bright summer sun awoke my sleep filled eyes. Lifting my head, I saw Mom shifting through my closet, cheerfully humming.

"Good morning, sleepy head," she chimed. "Rise and shine! We must hurry. We can't be late for our appointment!"

Gazing about my room, everything appeared the same except for the Baxter's Department Store boxes in the corner. Grieving over their presumed contents, I shifted my eyes only to see a stranger sight.

"What are those, Mom?" I asked, pointing at the dresser top. Leaning closer, I gasped, "Oh no! They're not..."

Sweetly grinning, Mom replied, "Yes, they're barrettes! I bought them yesterday. Aren't they pretty?"

"Ah..well..yeah..sure," I stuttered. "Whatever you say, Mom."

Picking a ribboned one, she placed it to my head, gushing, "It's simply darling. If you'd like, you can wear a set today."

"Oh, no! That's okay," I tensely replied. "I can wait!"

Shrugging, she whimsically jibed, "Have it your way. But remember, you'll definitely be wearing them tomorrow!"

Returning to my closet, she removed shirts, pants, everything! Folding them neatly, she placed them into a trunk.

"What gives, Mom?" I asked, startled. "Why are you packing my stuff?"

"They're going into the attic," she nonchalantly replied. "We need room for your new things. Besides, you won't need boy's clothing for quite a while."

Despite my capitulation to live as a girl, seeing my clothes being packed away hit a raw nerve. While bitterly angry, I knew better than to lash out.

"That ought to do it," Mom gaily noted, removing all the hangers as well. "We'll put your new things away later, just as soon as we buy some padded hangers."

Cringing, I looked at the foot of my bed. Seeing some neatly folded clothes, I contrarily spat, "You forgot to pack those!"

"No I didn't," she quickly retorted. "You'll wear them today." Holding the outfit atop my satin clad body, she quipped, "Won't this look darling?"

"I hate those clothes, Mom!" I pouted. "They look so... Girlish!"

"Precisely!" she cheered. "These baggy plaid shorts and oversized white tee shirt ought to make you look... well... Androgynous!"

Holding out, I begged, "Please! Let me wear jeans and a long sleeve shirt today. I'll die if anyone sees my bare legs!"

"You must be fully prepared for tomorrow," she coolly replied. "Showing off silky smooth legs is all part of being a girl. So get used to it!" Dropping the clothes, she ordered, "Get dressed!"

"Showing off my legs!" I quaked. "Oh lord, what's next?"

My mirrored reflection made me ill. The tee shirt, several sizes too big, showed too much of my creamy white shoulders at the overly wide collar, while it billowed widely around the waist band of the shorts.

The shorts were worse! Reaching almost to my knees, the ridiculously wide green and blue plaid legs melded about my silky smooth limbs, giving a bizarre illusion that it was a skirt!

Gazing at my feet, I gulped "I must cover my pink toenails!" Frantically searching for shoes, I scurried out of my room crying, "Mom, I can't go out like this!"

"What's the matter, dear?" she calmly asked, coming down from the attic. Smiling admiringly, she beamed, "My, you are stunning!"

"Please!" I whined, "My hair... Face... Clothes... They're all dreadful! I'm not ready to be a girl!"

Simpering, she soothed, "You're adorable!" Glancing down, she added, "Come, let's get you some practical shoes."

Panicking, I flailed my arms. Unable to think straight, I obeyed and followed Mom blindly.

When she entered her closet, my heart erratically raced. It was worse after she emerged with two boxes. "What'll it be?"

she offered, "The cordovan penny loafers or the white sandals?"

"I, I can't wear those!" I loudly whimpered. "They're your shoes. WOMEN'S shoes!"

Ignoring my ravings, Mom contemplated aloud, "Maybe sandals are a bit too much for now. Although, you'd look darling showing off your lovely pedicure!"

Shaking my head violently, I reeled from her comment. But then she noted, "Looks like we're the same size, eight and a half. Please dear, slip on the loafers."

Faltering, I nervously took the shoes. As I was about to put one on, Mom yelped, "Wait!" Handing me a small, beige ball, she instructed, "Put these on. We must avoid callouses!"

"But Mom!" I whined.

"Oh, you'll get used to them!" she snapped, crossing her arms. "They're just nylon footies. Besides, as of tomorrow, you'll be wearing pantyhose!"

Jolted, my hands quivered as I nervously slipped them on. The sight of my pink polished toes peeking through the translucent beige nylon churned my stomach!

But when I quickly donned Mom's shoes, I was astonished. "They fit!" I shuddered. "We are the same size!"

Although apparently unisex, the contrasting white stitching and the pennies inserted in the creases gave the shoes a remarkably feminine touch. Whimpering, I cried, "I look like such a sissy!"

"Pish posh!" Mom retorted, grabbing her purse. "If we don't leave this instant, we'll be late for our appointment."

Leaving the house, Mom chidingly reminded, "Don't forget your lessons, dear. Be lady like and take small steps. Femininity will bring you respect!"

Entering the car, I thoughtfully smoothed the back of my shorts before sitting. Gracefully swinging my legs inside, I anguished, "What a pain!"

As we drove, I blankly stared in silence. The many times Mom glanced at me, she glowed with satisfaction, seeing my thighs tightly pressed and hands daintily folded on my lap. I hated it!

"So Mom," I curiously asked. "Where are we going?"

"The doctor," she nonchalantly replied. "I made an appointment for you last week."

Startled, I urgently whined "But Dr. Clifton's office is on the west side of town. You're driving east!"

"We're not seeing Dr. Clifton," Mom calmly noted. "You're not in need of a pediatrician. I'm taking you to my doctor. It's appropriate for my daughter to see a gynecologist!"

"Hey, I'm only pretending to be a girl!" I frantically squealed. "This is silly!"

"Relax, dear," she calmly reassured. "I just want Dr. Dunn to have a look at you. She might even have some ideas...on you passing as a girl in public."

"Passing?" I anxiously shuddered. "The whole town knows about my punishment. Why would I have to pass?"

"Some might not," was all she said.

Arriving at the women's clinic, I reluctantly followed Mom inside. The lettering on the pebbled glass door read, "Dr. Patricia Dunn, M.D., OB. GYN."

"If I ran, I can make it to Brett's house," I thought. "He'll have real clothes for me to wear!" But my haphazard plans went awry as Mom securely took my hand and pulled me into the office.

Still gripping me, Mom approached the receptionist.

The white uniformed young woman eyed us with special focus at me. There couldn't have been more than a few years separating us. Yet our nearness in age made me cringe with embarrassment.

"Yes, Mrs. Ryan, the doctor's expecting you," she replied. As she directed us to an examination room, she commented, "And this must be Justin. He'll make a very attractive girl!"

As my face flushed deeper and deeper red, Mom cheerfully corrected, "Why thank you, I think so too. His punishment doesn't officially begin until tomorrow."

While she said it for my benefit, it didn't lift an iota of awful shame. Following the receptionist, Mom whispered, "See if you can wiggle your fanny like her. See how nice it looks?" I flinched.

"Kate! So good to see you," the doctor warmly welcomed. "And Justin, you've grown! I've not seen you since your delivery!"

As I blushed, Mom replied, "Hello, Patti. I'm afraid very unusual circumstances have brought us back."

"I've heard," Dr. Dunn earnestly noted. "I've received the announcement and I was shocked!" Turning toward me, she said, "I'm very disappointed in you, young man. Amy Cradle's a patient of mine. Learning how the other half lives might do you good!"

Shamefully bowing my head, I muttered, "Yes Ma'am. I've learned and I really want to make amends, but..."

"No but's!" Mom sternly interjected. "It's a bitter pill, but you will swallow it!"

After a slight pause, Dr. Dunn smiled and said, "Enough of the past. Let's get you examined, then we'll talk!"

It was harrowing, to say the least, to strip in front of the lady doctor! Wearing only my cotton briefs and the nylon footies, I mounted the examination table.

Detecting Dr. Dunn's whimsical smirk, I shuddered, "She's seen my hairless legs and pink toes!"

"Chest... Sinuses, clear," she muttered while moving her stethoscope about my back and chest. "Limbs nimble... All seem in good working order!"

Having me lay flat on my back, she pressed on my abdomen. When her hands encircled my groin, I jerked in fear.

"Easy dear," she professionally soothed. "I'll be done in a moment."

But the "moment" seemed to last forever! Dr. Dunn dwelled on my manhood, squeezing and prodding it profusely!

After an "eternity", she finally removed her hand, saying, "I'm no internist, but all signs show Justin to be a healthy, all American boy."

"Indeed," Mom retorted. "But he has to be a girl now. It's good Justin's puberty is evolving slowly. His voice has changed, but he hasn't filled out and has no beard."

Dr. Dunn thoughtfully replied, "I take it, you're concerned that his male maturation will kick in high gear over the next nine months?"

Nodding, Mom said, "Precisely." Turning to me, she apologized, "I'm only thinking of you, dear. I'd hate to see you embarrassed during your punishment!"

Pouting, I sorrowfully thought, "Yeah! Embarrassed, but for whom? Me or you!"

“Good point, Kate,” Dr. Dunn noted. “Let me see... What can we do..??” Pondering for a moment, she merrily exclaimed, “I’ve got it!”

Picking up her prescription pad, she scribbled several incomprehensible lines. Handing a sheet to Mom, she said, “This medication ought to do the trick.”

“Medication?” I panicked. “I’m not sick!”

Calmly, Dr. Dunn soothed, “It’s harmless really. Just an anti-androgen. All it’ll do is temporarily halt your male puberty. The effects are undetectable and you’ll basically stay as you are.”

“But what will happen to me?” I quivered frantically. “After the nine months, I want broad shoulders! ...I want a beard!”

“No problem,” the doctor assured. “Once the medication’s stopped, everything will start up again.”

A bit relieved, I mistakenly put my guard down. Cringing, I heard Dr. Dunn wantonly giggle, “In medical circles, it’s called chemical castration!”

Jolted, I shuddered, “Yikes! That’s not funny!”

While Mom listened silently, her face reflected grave concern. As I dressed, she asked, “Patti, will the anti-androgen raise the pitch of his voice?”

“I’m afraid not, Kate,” the doctor replied. Pausing for a moment, she suggested, “However, there’s a product which can provide the desired results.”

Shocked, I fiercely clenched my throat. “Not my voice!” I silently choked.

Reeling in pain, I stared blankly, as the doctor suggested, “There’s an outfit I know called, ‘Under Control’. They carry a medicated gargle. They claim that it tightens the vocal cords and will raise the male voice octaves higher.”

Her interest peaked, Mom enthused, “We’ll take it!” But then asked, concerned, “Would it permanently damage his voice box?”

“Not in the least,” Dr. Dunn confidently replied. “Just use it several times a day. But if you’d like, I’ll monitor its effects on Justin.”

Beaming, Mom happily said, “Splendid! Please place the order.”

Seeing my pathetically sad face, Mom smiled, lovingly saying, "Don't fret, dear. I'm doing this for you. Remember, admiration's the key!"

By mid afternoon, we were back home. After taking my first daily Anandron tablet, Mom handed me an apron and I helped her prepare dinner.

Except for a mild queasiness, the medication's effects were barely noticeable. I was comforted knowing it'd not cause any permanent damage. But that gargle frightened me out of my wits!

Helping Mom in the kitchen wasn't difficult, but maintaining feminine deportment toughened the task. Making matters worse, Mom habitually corrected the smallest of flaws!

I barely touched my meager dinner that evening. While famished earlier, the medication had sapped my appetite.

Once again, Mom shoed Dad and Kevin out of the house. While I dreaded why she did it, I wasn't sad to see them leave. At least they wouldn't be around to ogle, jeer and ridicule me.

As Mom shut the door, she announced, "Tonight we'll review. Then, we'll add a few twists and turns!"

Mom's face glowed with happiness as I went through the paces. Odd, but her encouragement made me try even harder. I figured that if she liked what she saw, maybe she'd quit nagging.

After only an hour, I was caught off guard when she said, "Let's try something else. You'll hardly ever do it, but it's something every girl ought to know."

While at first confused, I nearly died when she demonstrated. Grievingly ashamed, I begged, "Mom! Must I learn to pirouette and curtsy?"

Indeed I did! Although awkward at first, I soon pranced about the living room gracefully dipping and spinning. "Excellent, sweetheart," she gleefully complemented. "But now, we'd better put your new clothes away. If not, we'll be ironing all week!"

Padding up the stairs, in my feminine glide, I went to my room. Taking a moment, I surveyed about. All my boyhood mementoes. What was to be their fate?

"Aren't these darling?" Mom asked, carrying an arm load of satin sheathed, padded hangers. "Would you believe I got them all at half off!"

"Half off," I miserably repeated. Women! Would I start being thrilled over sales too?

Removing my new girls' clothes from the boxes, I clandestinely searched for anything resembling male apparel. To my chagrin, each and every garment was quintessential feminine! Not a single stitch could pass as men's clothes!

"Must I wear these too!" I sickly whined, seeing my new silky panty briefs with matching slips and camisoles in every pastel imaginable! As she promised, I owned an abundant assortment of panty hose and sheer nylon stockings!

Yet, included in my lingerie menagerie were a variety of brassieres and panelled girdles. First seeing them, I frightfully shivered, begging, "Not those too!"

"I'm afraid so, dear," she smilingly replied, "Proper young ladies must always wear brassieres." Holding one, she pointed, saying, "See the padding? It gives the illusion of a small, nicely shaped bosom!"

Terrorized, I stared haplessly at the padded cup. Then Mom gushed, "It also has adjustable straps. They're now set at 38 inches. But with dieting, you'll lose weight. I simply can't wait until we tighten it down to a svelte 34!"

Me! A 34 inch chest! What had I gotten myself into?

A while later, everything I had ever worn was all packed away. My new feminine apparel unquestionably usurped my male clothing!

"Tomorrow, I'm not going to be a boy!" I morosely pouted. Staring at the clothing I wore, I miserably confessed, "I don't look like much of a boy as it is!"

After another bubble tub, I begrudgingly slipped on my new baby dolls. The filmy blue nylon billowed strangely about my upper chest. "So that's what darts are for!" I trembled. Urgently, I flattened the front, making doubly sure nothing would grow beneath!

Slipping on the new silken robe and furry pink house slippers, I carefully headed to the kitchen. Mom was all smiles when she saw me. "You're adorable, dear. I love how you look so girlish!"

I bit my lip, consciously preventing an outburst. Sullenly, I moaned, "Oh Mom."

"Mother," she abruptly corrected. "From now on, you must call me MOTHER."

Confused, I asked, "Isn't that what I said? I've called you MOM all my life."

"True," she agreed. "But for the next nine months, I'm Mother to you. Indeed, it sounds awfully cold. When a daughter says it, the word conveys a deep love, transcending all apparent formality."

There was a moist, far away gleam in Mom's eyes. Reacting to it, I was suddenly overcome by a raging emotional surge. Reaching out, I took her hand. Squeezing it tightly, I whimpered, "Oh, MOTHER!"

Enjoying a snack of milk and cookies I had helped bake, I nibbled daintily, thinking aloud, "Mother, should I start calling Dad, Father?"

"Oh no," she smilingly replied. "That is too formal."

Confused, I asked, "What then?" But as she whimsically smiled, I read her mind, worriedly exclaiming, "Oh no, not..."

"Of course, dear," she interjected, giggling. "I insist you call him, DADDY!"

"MOTHER and DADDY?" I frantically blurted. "It's too much!"

Later, Mom tucked me in bed. Lingered at my side, she lovingly stroked my hair, reminding, "Tomorrow's the big day! How do you feel?"

As my stomach churned, I confessed, "I'm terribly nervous, Mom...I mean Mother!" Making one last stab, I begged, "Please, can't we avoid..."

"I know what you're thinking, dear," she tenderly cut me off. "The answer's still no! There's a lesson you must learn. And you will learn it!"

Leaving my room, Mom shut the light. In the dark, I morosely contemplated my new life. "A lesson, huh?" I shuddered. "Gosh, I hope that's all it is!"

My sleep was unnervingly restless. Countless nightmares, awoke me many times in a cold sweat. Finally able to sleep peacefully, I was jolted upon hearing Mom gaily chime, "Good morning, Jocelyn!"

"I'm so tired!" I agonizingly whined, barely able to open my eyes. "Wake me up in nine months, Mom."

"I'm not Mom, I'm MOTHER," she sternly admonished. "Get out of bed this instant. Kevin and your Daddy want to see you this morning, so let's go!"

Dragging myself out of bed, I was abruptly startled by the sight of my slender, hairless legs emerging from the hem of my baby dolls. "Oh lord," I shuddered. "She'll never let me stop wearing this stuff!"

"I've picked your outfit for today." Mom merrily informed. "It's sort of plain, but it's quite comfortable for your first day as a girl."

Staring at the blouse and skirt in her hands, cold shivers ran up my spine. I asked, "D..Do I really have to wear a skirt, Mom?"

"Yes dear, I you are now my lovely daughter and you must be dressed nicely at all times. That's why I picked out this lovely skirt and blouse set," Mother replied.

I took the clothes from her hands and closely looked them over. Reluctantly I started to pull on the blouse when Mom interrupted, "Not yet, Jocelyn! You must do your beauty ritual before you dress."

"Beauty what?" I angrily shot back. "Mother, you've never told me about this before!"

In the face of my fury, she remained cool and replied, "It's what girls do, dear." Opening another box, she noted, "We'll get you a proper vanity soon. Meanwhile, this will have to do."

"Oh, Mother!" I frighteningly moaned and pouted. But my sorrow didn't sway her. Steadfastly placing the mirrored cosmetic case atop my desk, she began.

Gently caressing me, Mom softly said, "We've not much time. I'll help you this morning, but after today, you must do it all yourself."

Removing the baby dolls from my hairless body, I shamefully covered my nudity. As Mom merrily pulled lingerie from my drawers, she jibed, "You needn't be so modest, Jocelyn. After all, we're both girls!"

Was I really a girl now? I shuddered at her comment. While desperately determined to keep my male identity, I had grave doubts. Seeing all my new feminine finery, I was jolted. How long could I hold out?

Once the waist nipping panelled girdle was finally in place, Mom lead me to the mirror. Beneath it, I wore frilly white cotton panties and tan panty hose. The combination seemed redundant. However, she insisted, "Good girls always wear both."

"Is being a good girl punishment for being a bad boy?" I anguished. "What's happening to me?"

I wept as she slipped the straps over my shoulders. "Why's this necessary?" I sniffled. "I may be an underdeveloped boy, but please Mother, not a bra! Let me be an underdeveloped girl!"

"Not my daughter!" she sternly rebuffed proudly. "When I was your age, I already wore a 'B' cup. But even with the padded 'AA' cup, your figure's just curvy enough to make you modestly appealing."

"APPEALING? echhh!" I thought.

Before securing the bra, Mom said, "Bend your arms back, Jocelyn. I'll show you how to hook it up yourself."

Following her directions, the bra went on too easily! As I sadly gazed at my feminized reflection, she gaily laughed, "That a girl!"

"Is that really me?" I shuddered, ogling my mirrored image. The slender figure was a tad too muscular across the chest. Small breast mounds protruded subtly from beneath a silky white camisole. My slight, nipped waist was narrow, while the padded hips were well defined. Pouting, I whined, "I look like a girl? With boobs!"

"They are your breasts, dear," Mom countered. "Come, we've still much to do... And Daddy and Kevin are waiting!"

Cautiously moving toward my desk, I sorrowfully pouted. A place where I assembled boyhood projects and conjured manly notions was now being used to further my feminization!

Focusing on the strange array of colorful jars and tubes, my pulse quickened. "Hold still, dear," Mom forcefully instructed. "Move an inch and the cosmetics will smear."

Frozen with fear, my breath bated as Mom held a pencil to my left eye. "Watch, dear," she ordered. "After today, you're responsible for your own makeup." Adding, "Which you'll wear every day!"

Trembling, I watched her in the very small mirror. "Eyeliner gives definition," Mom gushed. "See? Don't they appear larger!"

As I wondrously stared, she opened a cylindrical tube. Removing a wand like object, she thrilled, "A touch of mascara will darkly lengthen your lovely eyelashes!"

The tug of the brush felt strange as it thickened my eyelashes. "Take a look, Jocelyn," Mom gently instructed. "I'd hardly have believed your eyes could look so alluring!"

"What have you done!" I nervously panted. Ashamed of my feminized appearance, I pouted, "Now I really look like a girl!"

Tapping my shoulder, Mom admonished, "Now, no crying. We can't have your makeup running. Besides, we're not quite through."

There's more?! I shuddered. What more damage could she do!

When she lifted yet another tube, I fearfully whined, "Oh Mother, please, not that!"

"Quit complaining, Jocelyn!" she snapped. "All girls your age wear a little lipstick."

Exasperated, Mom sighed, "We're nearly done!" Then she noted, "Your natural peaches and cream complexion won't need any more help, but, you'll need to know how to apply eyeshadows and blushes for special occasions."

"But Mother," I whimpered, "Kevin and Daddy will laugh at me! I look like a clown!"

Hiding a bemused smirk, Mom retorted, "You're so silly! This pale pink lip gloss just enhances your full, sensuous lips." Handing me a tissue, she ordered, "Now, blot!"

Pouting, I flailed my arms in anguish. "Cut the melodrama, Jocelyn," she lovingly scolded. "You look adorable! Now give me your hands."

Overwrought from the sight of my painted face, I surrendered to Mom's will. "What are you doing!" I tensely cried, seeing her brush my fingernails. "Not nail polish!"

"Sit still!" she impatiently spat, as I anxiously squirmed. "It's only a clear lacquer. It'd be a crime not to brighten up your pretty manicure!"

As I watched in sorrowful silence, Mom painted my nails. When she finished, I panicked, "Mother, this isn't clear!"

"Hmm" she shrugged, reading the label. "I guess there's a pink tinge to it. But stop fretting, they look great!"

Keeping my fingers spread apart, so as not to muss the drying lacquer, Mom insisted I practice feminine deportment. Bending my wrists limply, I agonized over my already too feminine appearance!

As Mom left me alone to prepare breakfast, I anguished, "Makeup? ...Nail polish? A few days ago I was all boy. Oh lord! What's becoming of me?"

Mom returned, humming merrily, as if without a care. "How can she be so happy?" I sniffled. "Why's she taking my punishment so darn seriously!"

"Wrists looser, sweetheart," she chimed, checking on my nails. "The polish ought to be dry. They look fabulous!"

Sneering, I spat, "Gee, thanks Mother. It's been my life's ambition to wear pink nail polish!"

"Cut the sarcasm," she snapped. "Haven't you gotten it yet? For the next nine months, you're my daughter!"

Frightened by her anger, I meekly peeped, "Ah... Well... I guess? Everything's happening so fast."

"You'll adjust," she assured. "But time's wasting. There are people who wish to see you. A proper young lady never lets anyone wait!"

Holding the skirt and blouse, I violently shook my head, fruitlessly attempting to rid myself of overwhelming fear. "The buttons and zipper are backward," I whined. "I can't wear these."

Impatiently taking them away, Mom continued dressing me. Fussing, she wasn't satisfied until all wrinkles, real and imaginary, were smoothed out.

My long alabaster neck was adorned by a simple, off-white turtle neck camp blouse. The black tight fitting skirt outlined padded hips and legs down to my knees where it ended. A wide, brass buckled belt tightly clinched my nipped waist.

Wearing low pumps, I was amazed at how the long instep exposed the cleavage between my toes. Yet never having worn heels before, they were eerily comfortable.

"You're so pretty!" Mom excitedly gushed. "I can't wait to show you off to Kevin and Daddy. And all our neighbors too!"

Aghast, I moaned, "Mother, not that! I'd die!"



*"Mike and Kevin, meet your new daughter and sister, Jocelyn Rae," Mother announced as I entered the kitchen. I blushed at their stares. . .this was a nightmare!*

"Stop fussing!" she lovingly scolded. Contemplating me for a moment, Mom noted, "With a little something done to your hair, you'll be perfect!"

As she preened, I sat spread legged in my chair. Eying them, she urgently admonished, "Squeeze those thighs together! Proper young ladies never sit like that."

Once the teasing and back combing was done, Mom held the mirror to my face, gaily announcing, "Take a look, Jocelyn. Aren't you beautiful?"

“What have you done to me, Mother!” I cried. “Dad and Kevin can’t see me like this! You’ve put barrettes in my hair. They look so queer!”

“You mean Daddy,” she corrected. “And they look lovely!”

“Besides,” she harshly added, “You can’t hide in the house for nine months. Eventually everyone in town will see how stunning you’ve become.”

“Stunning?” I bewilderingly shuddered. Why was she doing this to me? As my mind whirled, I reminded myself that I had to remain a boy. But, if this keeps up, could I last?

Panting deeply, I nervously smiled, stammering, “M..mother, I’m scared! Wha...what if they laugh at me?”

“Trust me, sweetheart,” she lovingly assured. “Nothing of the sort will happen. Least the culprit endure my wrath!”

My hand barely touched the railing as I glided down the stairs towards my feminine debut. Needless to say, I was as jumpy as a cat on a hot tin roof!

With Mom encouragingly beside me, I slowly minced into the kitchen. As I wore a ridiculously stupid grin, Mom introduced, “Mike and Kevin, Please meet Jocelyn Rae!”

“Ah... Well... Hello... Jocelyn?” Dad stammered, dumb-founded as his face flushed white.

As Mom prodded him to assist me with a chair, Kevin seethed, “Stop, Dad. HE doesn’t deserve special privileges. JOCELYN’s still a guy where it counts!”

“Kevin!” Mom gasped. “Apologize to your sister this very second!”

Defiant, Kevin asked, “This is bull, Dad! Do I have to obey Mom?”

The gauntlet had fallen and Kevin had dropped it. Glimmers of hope shined, for if Dad stood up to Mom, I just might be out of my skirt before breakfast!

“Kevin!” Dad scolded, half hearted. “Don’t ever disobey your mother again!” Crushed, I realized my hopes were dashed. He sullenly added, “Now say you’re sorry to your sister.”

As Kevin apologized, I bowed my head, sulking. Nine months! Gosh, I was even starting to cry like a girl!

Before leaving, Dad and Kevin stood in front of me. As Mom gave a signaling nod, I shamefully performed a perfect curtsy as my face burned red with embarrassment.

"Marvelous, darling!" Mom enthusiastically cheered. "Wasn't that terrific, Kevin?"

Frowning, he sardonically garbled, "Sure! Really great! Maybe you'll teach me how to curtsy, huh, Sis?"

"Kevin, I'm warning you!" Mom admonished. Turning to Dad she pleaded, "Talk to your son, he's your responsibility. Had Justin been disciplined in the first place, we'd not be in this situation!"

Ashamed, Dad replied, "I will, Kate." As he and Kevin left, Dad turned, saying, "I'm so sorry, Jocelyn. When it's all over, I hope you'll forgive me."

The emotional trauma brought on by the morning's events wrecked havoc on my mind. As soon as the door closed, I raced to my room and threw myself across the bed and sobbed my eyes out.

"It's alright dear," Mom tenderly soothed as she sat beside me. "Now and then all girls need a good cry."

Weeping, I desperately whined, "But Mother, I'm not a girl! I've learned my lesson. Please, can I be a boy now?"

"When you've regained your composure, splash some cold water on your face," she suggested, ignoring my anguish. "Then you'll practice with your cosmetic kit. You've much to learn!"

As Mom left, I whimpered, "This is awful! Mom still wants me as a girl and Dad doesn't care!"

Later, I finally stopped crying. Taking Mom's advice, I washed. Yet even without makeup, my cute pixie hairdo and girls' clothing still showed how feminine looking I had become!

"Oh Lord!" I direly sighed, after my first solo attempt at applying my own makeup. "I look utterly whorish!"

I continued to practice through the afternoon. Shortly before dinner, the door bell rang. "Jocelyn!" Mom melodically called. "There's someone here to see you."

"I can't be seen like this!" I frantically shouted back. My heart beat feverishly. "Tell whoever it is to go away!"

"Now, please," she tersely insisted. "It's improper for a girl to act so impolitely!"

Checking my makeup, I moaned, "I look awful!" Yet having no choice, I whimpered, "Coming Mother!"

"My, aren't you pretty," Dr. Dunn endearingly complimented. "That outfit is so sweet. Your mother told me you did your makeup yourself. It's quite good for your first day out."

Standing erect, feet together and hands folded in front, I shyly bowed and meekly replied, "Thank you, Dr. Dunn."

"You're welcome, Jocelyn," she chimed. "Anyway, I'm heading to the hospital and thought I'd drop off the gargle."

Confused, I asked, "Gargle? For me?"

"Of course, sweetheart," Mom reminded. "To heighten your voice. This is very exciting. I can't wait for you to try it!"

Handing over a package, Dr. Dunn instructed, "Read the directions carefully and let me know when you need more."

"But Mom," I whined, "Do I have to use it?" Urgently gazing at the doctor, I desperately asked, "Will the effects be permanent?"

Calmly, Dr. Dunn replied, "I'm not sure. No one's ever complained before. I guess you'll be our guinea pig, Jocelyn!"

As I fearfully bit my moist pink glossed lips, Mom thanked the doctor. Removing a small brown dropper bottle from the bag, the pink label read: "Soprano Speak. An Under Control Product."

In my haste to read the directions, I carelessly tore off an inventory sticker. "Darn!" I pouted. "The direction's are ruined!" All that remained were the words, "Caution: Prolonged use may be haz... See your doctor."

Showing my error to Mom, she nonchalantly remarked, "I wouldn't worry. Patti Dunn and I have been long time friends. She'd not give you something that would hurt you."

Excitedly, Mom urged I start my voice training immediately. Unable to resist her enthusiasm, she prepared the solution. Taking the glass, my hand unstably quaked. "What if it's dangerous?" I tensely asked. "Mother, what if it makes me mute?"

But Mom pushed the glass against my lips and I finally took a sip. As the solution frothed in my mouth, a strange tightening sensation engulfed my throat. Clutching my neck, I painfully complained, "Mother, this stuff really burns!"



*I was mortified! I clutched my purse and prepared to leave the house for the first time as a girl. "Carry your head high," she instructed, "You are to be a lovely young lady now."*

“Of course it does. It’s an astringent!” she eagerly informed. “According to Dr. Dunn, it’ll tighten your vocal cords. Soon you’ll have a lovely girlish voice! Isn’t this grand?”

Saddened, I bemoaned, “But will I be able to talk like a boy again?”

“Don’t be concerned with such trivial things, Jocelyn,” she sternly replied. “For the time being, you’re a girl!”

My larynx felt as if I was punched in the windpipe. Yet when Mom had me sing musical scales, nothing changed. Relieved, I hoped that the stuff was snake oil!

After dinner, Mom again shooed Dad and Kevin out of the house. Practicing feminine deportment, I waltzed about the house with a book on my head.

Before bed, Mom gave me my Anandron tablet. Grimacing, I rubbed my aching throat, shuddering, “First chemical castration, then voice alteration! What’ll eventually become of me?”

For the next weeks, Mom and I followed a fairly regular routine. Cooking, cleaning, laundry, ironing and practicing my feminine deportment consumed my days.

Kevin kept his distance from me as if I had a contagious disease! While remaining civil, he was terribly cold. Dad, on the other hand, was cordial. Yet I still wondered if he actually accepted me as his daughter!

All in all, life was becoming less cumbersome. Whether everyone accepted “Jocelyn” or I had accepted myself, I don’t know. Nevertheless, I felt more comfortable in my old surrounding while wearing new clothes, using new mannerisms and learning new tasks.

By mid August, the house was still my self imposed prison. No one forced me to remain inside. No, I was too terrified to venture beyond my backyard!

One afternoon, while Mom and I baked pastries, she exclaimed, “We’ve run out of milk! Jocelyn, be a doll and run to the corner market for another half gallon...”

Flailing my arms, I panicked, “Please don’t make me, Mother! I’m scared to death. I’d die if anyone saw me like this!”

“Jocelyn, what on earth are you saying?” she asked as if I were insane. “That dress is the latest fashion. Your hair and makeup are exquisite. Stop fretting and run this errand!”

Anxiously shuffling my feet encased in white patent leather flats and sheer panty hose, I whined, "But Mother, the whole neighborhood will see me. I'll be humiliated!"

"Nonsense!" she snapped. "Everyone knows you're a girl now. It's about time you accept it and get on with your life!" Stuffing a ten dollar bill into my white leather purse, she ordered, "Get!"

Crushed, I gingerly clutched my purse and slowly minced toward the front door. Praying that Mom would have a change of heart, I urgently glanced back. But seeing her menacing glare, I scurried out, terrified to confront my worst fears.

Paranoid, I kept a weary watch for anyone I knew. Passing a darkened window, I sadly whimpered, "What's Mom done to me?" The effect of her incessant training was more profound than I had ever imagined. "Lord! I walk like a girl and I'm not even trying!"

"Wew!" I sighed upon reaching the store without a mishap. Quickly, I fetched a jug of milk, heading directly to the check out counter. Then my heart stopped! "Mrs. Monahan!" I gulped. I'd come here since I was a kid. She was bound to recognize me!

Before I could abandon my errand and sneak out, I was discovered. "Ah, my lovely," Mrs. Monahan sang in her Irish brogue. "You'll be bringing that here so I'll ring it up."

With nowhere to hide, I quickly moved toward the counter, desperately attempting to disguise my anxiousness. Bashfully looking away, I urgently hoped she'd not recognize me.

"My you're a pretty one, aren't you," she gaily remarked, trying to engage me in small talk. Keeping my eyes to the floor, I nodded, too frightened to speak.

Ringling my purchase, she said, "That's a dollar sixty nine... I know you Justin...I mean Jocelyn. How are you, dear?"

"Fine, Mrs. Monahan," I quivered. "But please, don't tell a soul you've seen me...Not like this!"

"Why in heavens name not?" she gaily asked. "You're as pretty as a petunia!" As I withered, she jibed, "Your folks should have put you in skirts long ago!"

Blushing shamefully, I meekly whimpered, "Thank you Ma'am. I'll be sure tell them."

Dejected, I slowly padded home. Shifting the milk jug from arm to arm, I constantly pulled up my purse strap to my shoulder in typically girlish fashion.

I couldn't understand why a gallon jug felt so heavy. Weeks earlier I'd had no problem carrying three times the weight. Now it seemed to weigh a ton!

"Where's my strength?" I anguished. "Have the tablets, my restricted diet and the femininity training sapped it?"

"Oh, Jocelyn, darling! Is that really you?" I heard a woman's voice chime as I turned the corner for home.

Nervously turning my head, I shuddered, "Oh no! Not our nosey neighbor, Mrs. Alvin!"

Picking up my pace, I was at a near jog when she cut me off. "Well, hello dear," she drawled. "Can I help? You seem to have difficulty carrying your milk."

"I'm fine, Ma'am," I replied, twisting my pink glossed lips into a tenuous smile. "I'd love to chat, but Mother needs this right away."

"Don't let me keep you, dear," she said, leering. "But promise me you'll come for coffee some morning. ...Kate's invited, too. I must know how she made such a rambunctious boy like you into such an attractive, well behaved young lady!"

Reeling in agony, I forgot all Mom's lessons and hazily scampered into the house. Dropping the milk, I frantically ran to my room.

Over the weeks since my first manicure, Mom had refused to allow me to trim my fingernails. Now they were long, tapered and polished. "Damn these nails!" I cursed while pulling off my clothes. "I can't unzip or unbutton anything anymore!"

"Jocelyn! What's wrong?" Mom boomed. "Open the door this instant!"

Despite her banging, I stubbornly wouldn't answer and continued to sulk in self pity. Suddenly, it stopped and Mom hovered over me, her face in an enraged glower.

"What in the world are you doing?" she shrilled. "Get those clothes back on IMMEDIATELY!"

With my dress bunched around my waist, my slip dangled about my neck and my cursed bra barely unhooked, I trembled, whining, "I can't go on. I can't be a girl anymore!"

“What’s happened to you, Jocelyn,” Mom soothingly asked, seeing me grieving. “Has someone hurt you?”

Fighting tears, I told her about my errand and how ashamed I was running into Mrs. Monahan and Mrs. Alvin. “It was dreadful Mother,” I sniveled. “Both ladies said it’s wonderful I’m a girl!”

“And it is!” she quickly added. “In these few weeks, you’ve become a brand new person. Not only are you beautiful, but you’re courteous and respectful. Unlike Justin!”

Weeping uncontrollably, I sobbed, “But Mother, I can be the same way as a boy, if you only give me half a chance!”

“That’s enough silliness, dear,” she gently retorted, ignoring my pleas. “How can you be a boy? You’ve just begun being a girl.”

Readjusting my bra and straightening out my slip and dress, Mom soothed, “Come, Jocelyn. We’ve much to do. The men will be home soon.”

That evening, we ritually reviewed my deportment lessons. Having successfully progressed, secrecy was unnecessary. Kevin and Dad were now allowed to remain at home.

Although wary at first, I had overcome my embarrassment since neither cared what I was doing. Glued to the television, they watched a pre-season football game!

On this occasion, Mom added a new feature to my training. She made me do my routine wearing three inch pumps!

“Take daintier steps, dear,” Mom vigilantly advised as I awkwardly hobbled about. “See how the lift glamorizes your posture? With practice, you’ll glide in heels just as in sneakers!”

During a break, Dad called from the den, “Hey, Kate! Be a honey and get me a beer.”

Turning to me, Mom smiled. “It’s time you started serving the men in the house, Jocelyn,” she insisted. “Bring Daddy his beer and ask Kevin if he’d like something.”

“But...but, Mother,” I stammered. “They’ll belittle me!”

Crossing her arms, she adamantly replied, “You’ll do as I say. It’s your daughterly duty!”

Delicately balancing a beer bottle and frosted mug atop a serving tray, I carefully minced to the den. “Thanks sweetheart,” Dad said without removing his eyes from the set. “The game’s great. Want to watch?”

Sure, I loved football as much as the next guy. But garbed in a flowered dress and high heels, I couldn't bring myself to do it. Besides, Mom insisted that 'Proper young ladies didn't watch sports'.

Lingering in the den, I tried watching the game. Although my favorite team was playing, I found football oddly uninteresting. Abruptly, I shuddered. Had girls' stuff affected me that much?

Returning to my senses, I dutifully asked, "Can I get you anything, Kevin?"

"Sure Sis," he meanly demanded. "Get me a glass of milk and a slice of Mom's apple pie."

Incensed, I spat, "She didn't make it. I did!" Suddenly, the room quieted in awe of me. Even I was surprised by my reaction.

"So what!" Kevin chauvinistically sneered. "Just move your buns and fetch, GIRL!"

Sulking over Kevin's insult, I silently weeped. My own brother was so cruel. Even he was treating me like a girl!

But when I returned, Kevin's chiding attitude had changed. "I'm really sorry, Jocelyn," he humbly apologized. "It's hard accepting you as a sister after being my big brother all my life." Giving his hand, he smilingly said, "Give me another chance Sis?"

Hesitating, I pursed my lips, demurely lowered my eyes. If I took his hand, what would it mean?. Would I be admitting that I was a girl?

"Jocelyn, what's the matter?" Mom interposed, adding to the tension. "Be a good girl and accept your brother's apology."

My brow twisting in pain, I reached out and daintily took his hand. How awful! What had they done to me?

"That's better," Mom chimed. As I still limply held Kevin's hand, she added, "Now, give him a sisterly kiss."

Shocked, I abruptly yanked away. "Oh Mother!" I quivered. "You can't mean it!"

"Indeed I do," she snapped. "...And hurry. You'd not want the boys' to miss any more of the game."

Kevin was as stunned as I. Yet he avoided the situation cleverly saying, "Skip the kiss, Sis. I know I'm forgiven."

As the fourth quarter started, Mom patted my back, suggesting, "Come dear. Let the men have their boring football. We have womanly chores to do. It's high time I taught you how to knit!"

Over the following days, my burgeoning femininity pleased Mom no end. Obviously recouping for not having a daughter before me, she hastily crammed it all down my throat!

Speaking of throats, mine was changing dramatically. I gargled daily for the first couple of weeks without any noticeable change. My throat stung more and more, but my voice remained the same. Shortly thereafter, my voice cracked whenever I spoke and it became progressively worse with each day. I sounded as if I were 13 years old!

When I complained to Mom, she said, "Give it time, dear. You'll soon be able to control your voice again."

"But Mother," I quivered, "Then it'll be too late. It's getting higher every day. I'll sound like a girl soon!"

To my chagrin, she replied, "Yes! I simply can't wait!"

With August's end, I had but eight long, enduring months of punishment left. However, the changes I had gone through left me little to cheer about.

Donning dresses and skirts and applying makeup each day was now second nature. As my fingernails lengthened, Mom showed me how to manicure and polish them in an array of glamorous colors.

My posture and carriage evolved to become uniquely girlish. Whenever seated, I automatically crossed my ankles or my legs at my thighs. I always held my wrists limply, while the wiggle in my walk was so permanent, I couldn't stop it even when I tried!

The sight of my feminized reflection no longer upset me as much. However, my severely restricted diet brought me down to a svelte 137 pounds. My thinner figure made me even more girlish!

One day, Mom took me to a furniture store and we browsed until she found me a new bedroom set. "It's perfect, dear," she enthused. "It's just like the one I had when I was your age!"

Returning home, I had to pack all my boyhood belongings to ready my room for feminization. Weeping, I found it very difficult to put away my treasured mementoes! Sealing a box filled with major league pennants, I felt the weight of doom on

my shoulders. Was my future manhood disappearing with these manly treasures?

The summer ended with the City Employees' Annual Labor Day Picnic. Dad was the head of the Municipal Garage, so Mom always chipped in. This year, to my chagrin, I became her assistant!

"Come, Jocelyn!" Mom called from downstairs. "If we're not out of this house in fifteen minutes, we'll be late!"

Standing motionless in my room, I stared blankly at my reflection in my new vanity mirror. "I can't be seen like this!" I cringed. "I hate this dress. It's so..."

Just then, Mom marched in, scowling. Gazing glassy eyed, I pleaded, "Mother, I beg of you, let me wear something else. Slacks... ..Shorts... Anything!"

"Nonsense!" she adamantly replied, crossing her arms. "Your yellow polka dotted sundress is simply darling!"

"Oh, Mother," I whimpered. "It looks so girlish on me. I'll be the laughing stock of the picnic!"

Gingerly caressing my slender shoulders, she comforted, "Now that won't happen. You'll receive nothing but compliments. Come, makeup your face...And hurry! We've got to leave!"

Plopping down on my new cushioned chair, I sorrowfully gazed about my room. All the familiar boyhood furnishings were gone, replaced by lacy curtained windows, pink flowered wallpaper, queen size canopied bed, and a mirrored vanity table!

Surveying the plethora of cosmetics cluttered atop the vanity, I whimpered, "Mom went hog wild! She must have bought out Baxter's entire makeup counter!"

As I lifted my mascara tube, light reflected off my elegantly long fingernails. Freshly polished in a new shade called 'Mother of Pearl White', I moaned, "They're positively feminine!"

Darkening my eyes with liner and mascara, I applied a subtle amounts of blush to my cheeks. My technique was quite expert considering all the practice Mom put me through.

Choosing a lipstick, I selected a new shade, "Conspicuous Crimson." Uncertain of the color, I smoothed it on. "It's so

dark and glossy," I cringed. "Everyone will see I'm wearing lipstick!"

But I didn't time to change it as Mom again called for me to hurry up. Slipping on wedge soled yellow espadrilles, bracelets and a sting of bangles, I checked my appearance.

Sequestered inside the house for over a month, my skin had lightened to a creamy alabaster, contrasting with my lengthening blonde hair. With my padded and constricted body, I looked hauntingly appealing; that is, if I were really a girl!

Resting my hands at my slender waist, I sighed, "How have I come to this? I hate admitting it, but I'm so beautiful!"

At the picnic, I was a nervous wreck! From the moment we arrived, the women "oohed" and "ahhhed" as if I was a side show freak!

One after the other, ladies and their daughters asked me so many ridiculous questions. "Do you like being a girl?" "Who does your makeup?" "That dress is divine, where did you get it?"

But to make matters worse, Mom forced me to reply. In my changing, increasingly cracking voice, I answered them all while trying desperately not to cry!

How could she humiliate me so! Does Mom hate me this much?

Then matters became unbearable, as men and boys alike hurled jeers and ugly comments at me. Cowering away, I found refuge at a far off picnic table.

Sitting alone, I stared blankly into space. Watching Dad and Kevin heatedly involved in a touch football game, I sadly reminisced. It used to be so much fun to run and play ball. To find trouble like all the other guys!

Pausing a moment, I glanced at my silky smooth, shaven legs. As my fond memories abruptly vanished, I woefully thought, "At least I can still remember what it was like to be a boy!"

Back home, the house was quieter than normal for a Monday evening. As Kevin and Daddy did chores in the garage, I dejectedly sat at my vanity, performing my cursed beauty ritual.

As I rubbed an astringent deep cleaning pad across my brow, Mom entered my room, carrying yet another Baxter's Department Store box. Opening it, she gaily asked, "Do you like this outfit, dear?"

"It's quite childish," I sighed, not wanting to discuss women's fashions. "It's not for me, is it?"

Laughing, she replied, "Of course it is, dear. It'll be perfect for tomorrow. Remember, you're going back to school!"

"School!" I fearfully cried. In all the commotion of the past month, I'd forgotten all about it. "You...you can't be serious?" I nervously stammered, "I...can't go to school in girls' clothes!"

Maintaining her merry demeanor, she insisted, "Indeed, sweetheart! After all Jocelyn, you are a girl now!"

As Mom carefully hung the dress on a padded hanger, I panted with fear. "Hurry up to bed, dear," she gleefully chimed. "You'll need your beauty sleep for your first day of school!"

Laying awake atop my pink quilted bed spread, the prospect of school scared me out of my wits! Tossing and turning, one terrifying thought after another tortured my mind. "They'll all ridicule me!" I weeped.

Seeing my long fingernails glisten in the moonlight, I shamefully crossed my arms in an effort to hide them. Yet this disturbed me even more as they came to rest upon my padded chest!

Over the previous weeks, Mom had insisted I wear my bras to bed. She reasoned that having a bosom, even an artificial one, would get me used to being a girl.

"Thank goodness they're not real!" I anxiously sighed feeling the soft, mushy mounds beneath my satiny nightgown. "But what will the other kids think? Lord! What will happen in the locker room?"

I was utterly exhausted when the alarm clock buzzed at six thirty. Unable to sleep a wink, I frantically worried about my fate in school.

Barely got out of bed, I sadly frowned as Mom barged in. "Good morning Jocelyn!" she merrily sang. "Time to rise and shine!"

"Mother," I quiveringly choked, "I promise I'll wear girls' clothes at home all the time...After school...Weekends...But PLEASE, let me dress as a boy today!"

"Not again!" she impatiently snapped. "You still don't understand. Until the punishment's over, you're a girl twenty four hours a day! No daughter of mine will ever dress as a boy!"



*“What a lovely, soft voice you know have,” Mother gushed. I bowed my head in shame. I sounded like a teenage girl! Even Kevin was astounded. He said, “You even sound like a chick now!”*”

As I begrudgingly dressed in the new outfit, Mom watched with peaked interest. Standing before her, I whined, "Gosh Mother, I look like a little girl! If I must dress this way, can't I wear something more adult like a jean skirt or a simple dress?"

"Stop fussing!" she undauntedly insisted. "That pleated plaid skirt and starched white blouse are utterly adorable! I especially love that lovely blue cape that sets off your outfit."

"Sure," I protested. "But they'll think I'm an escapee from some Catholic school!"

As if I was joking, Mom laughed, "Since you've mentioned it, I guess you're right." Then pausing in thought, she said, "Wait right here, I've got just the necklace to go with it!"

Rushing out of my room, she returned seconds later to order, "Turn around and hold still. The clasp's old and tricky. I don't want it to break."

Holding my breath, I desperately stared at the ceiling, wanting to take back my thoughtless quip. Moments later, Mom chimed, "All done! Come, let have a look!"

"Oh no!" I agonizingly sighed.

Simpering, Mom lovingly retorted, "It's not that bad. It's just a simple set of pearls. I wore them when I went to St. Ann's."

"But Mother, that's an all girls' school!" I sadly pouted. The pearls rested loosely about my neck. I moaned that the pearls made me look utterly to girlish.

Narrowing her eyes, Mom sternly replied, "I've heard the last on the subject! If it was up to me, I'd send you to St. Ann's. But tuition's so expensive, Daddy and I simply can't afford it."

Gulping hard, I realized I dodged yet another bullet. The thought of an all girls' school sent fearful shivers up my spine!

"Come dear," Mom smilingly soothed. "Let's finish up."

I was amazed at how long my hair had grown since Cathy cut it over a month before. As she promised, it had lengthened thickly and evenly, descending an inch above my neck. I bowed my head in shame, as Mom started teasing my hair, giving it a more feminine style.

"All done," Mom announced, "You're simply scrumptious, dear. Remember, watch out for the boys!"

Quivering, I miserably whined, "Yes, Mother, I promise." But then frantically shuddered, "You better believe I will!"

Taking my daily tablet, I ate my meager breakfast. After gargling, Mom presented me with a brand new book bag. It was similar to my old one, except it was lavender and pink!

Sitting primly on the sofa, I anxiously waited for Mom to drive me to school. As visions of humiliating ridicule flashed through my mind, I hugged my fake bosom, desperately trying to calm my ravaged nerves.

But when Kevin bounded down the stairs, I quickly dropped my arms. "Nice outfit, Sis!" he sarcastically remarked, leering at me with a twisted grin. "Won't all the guys like you in that!"

"Cut it out!" I excitedly whimpered, angered by his continuing belittlement. "I'll catch enough hell from the entire student body. Do you have to be mean to me too?"

Shaking anxiously, I anticipated his counter strike. Yet all he did was stare, an odd glassy expression glazed over his eyes.

"Your voice!" Kevin exclaimed, breaking the silence. "It's not cracking... It's so soft and high. Gosh! You really sound like a girl!"

As I clutched my throat in terror, Mom entered the room. "Was that you, Jocelyn?" she enthusiastically beamed. "Your voice is so pretty! Soprano Speak really works!"

Devastated, I tearfully cried, "But Mom, I don't want to sound like a girl!"

"Don't fret, dear. You sound utterly adorable!" she soothed. "Remember, the more feminine you are, the more they'll admire and respect your courage."

I'm not courageous! If I were, I'd have run away long before this. Instead, I knuckled under and now I was stuck with a girl's voice. I was nothing but a yellow bellied coward!

As Kevin headed for the bus stop, Mom continued to dote over me. "Jocelyn, your makeup is ruined," she noted. "Go freshen up before we leave. The pale pink lip gloss is perfect for school."

The drive was agonizing, to say the least! Butterflies churned in my stomach. As we came in sight of campus, I had a near conniption fit!

As luck would have it, we arrived just as the buses were unloading students. Despite a brave effort, Mom couldn't stop the students' lewd comments and leering stares from hurting me.

As tear drenched mascara streamed down my smooth face, Mom handed me a daintily embroidered handkerchief "Stand tall dear," she soothed. "Remember, you're better than they are!"

Yet it was too heavy a burden to bear. I cringed as the guys rudely commented, "Whose the new girl?", while the girls chided, "Look! Boys are wearing skirts this season!"

Entering the main foyer, we searched the bulletin board for my new home room assignment. Finding it, I gasped as it read, 'Ryan, Justin R; Home Room Assignment: See Principal Winters.' Turning to Mom, I wallowed, "I'm in trouble now!"

"I can't imagine why," she calmly replied. "Our lawyer sent copies of the punishment agreement to the School Board. Anyway, let's see Dr. Winters. He'll know what the hubbub is all about."

Anxiously clenching my purse strap and book bag, we slowly entered the Principal's office. "We've been expecting you, Justin!" a secretary sneered with raised eyebrows. "Dr. Winters will see you now."

"Good morning, Mrs. Ryan. I'm Eldon Winters," the Principal greeted Mom with an extended hand. "I'm glad you've accompanied Justin to school. We have much to discuss!"

"The name is Jocelyn!" Mom steadfastly insisted. "As you're aware, my son is now my daughter until next May. I'd appreciate all references to Justin cease."

Consternation enveloping Dr. Winters' face and he diplomatically replied, "I'm aware of the situation, Ma'am. Yet, while I may personally concur with the punishment, the School Board doesn't."

As the Principal paused to collect his thoughts, I saw glimmers of hope. This was great! I would soon be back to being a boy. Mother couldn't buck the School Board!

"You see, Mrs. Ryan," Dr. Winters continued. "The Board ardently disapproves of Justin's classification as female. Also, they specifically prohibit boys wearing girls' clothing to school."

But then, Mom urgently pleaded, "But sir, if my child returns as a boy now, the agreement's breached. He'll be incarcerated... I'd die if that happens!"

"I have my orders, Ma'am," Dr. Winters solemnly retorted. "Justin either dresses as a boy or he will be expelled. My hands are tied!"

Earnestly frowning to suppress an overwhelming urge to grin, I ecstatically thought, "I'm a boy again! I'm a boy again!"

Yet all my silent exuberance stopped upon seeing Mom full of despair. As tears tricked down her face, I held her shoulder and gently whispered, "It's fine. The authorities will understand."

"I'm afraid they won't," she weeped, gazing desperately at the Principal. "Are there any alternatives?" Mom gravely asked. "Anything. Please!"

Removing his glasses, Dr. Winters bewilderingly rubbed his brow. Suddenly his eyes sparkled and he thoughtfully said, "I do believe there's something after all!"

As I sat on pins and needles, the Principal suggested, "The Work Study Program! Students learning a trade remain on the school rolls. While working, they take classes on a correspondent basis."

"That's superb!" Mom excitedly gushed. "But can the program accommodate the punishment?"

Nodding, he sighed, "We'll just bend the rules some, Mrs. Ryan. While Justin can't wear girls' clothes on campus, nothing is mentioned about off campus. Therefore, punishment can continue."

As Mom joyously clapped her hands, Dr. Winters warned, "However, the prerequisite is that off campus employment must track a career. Maybe Mr. Ryan can give him a mechanic's job?"

"I can live with that!" I excitedly added knowing that Dad wouldn't make me dress like a girl at the municipal garage!

"Absolutely not!" Mom adamantly shrilled. "No daughter of mine works as a grease monkey!"

As painful silence filled the office, all eyes focused on Mom. Finally she asked, "Dr. Winters, may I have some time to find my child an appropriate job?"

"Not much," he replied. "I can give you three days per school policy. After that, it's boys clothes or expulsion!"

Determined, Mom agreed, "That will do!" After thanking the Principal, she grabbed my hand and tugged me out of the office.

The boisterous corridors were now deafly silent as I sadly bid a fond adieu to my beloved school. Realizing my hopes of being a boy dashed, I anguished about what was to become of me?

An hour after returning home from talking with the principal, I heard the door bell chime. I thought nothing of it until Mom called, "Jocelyn, you've a visitor! I'm sending him up!"

A visitor! Coming in here! The place was a mess. "Oh Lord," I quivered. "I'll be seen in an ankle length blue jean skirt and striped blouse!"

Frantically, I searched for a place to hide. But then came a light rap on the door followed by a friendly, familiar voice asking, "Hey man, can I come in?"

It was Brett! I panicked. Swinging around, I shamefully covered my painted face, my feminine sounding voice panting, "Brett, you don't want to be here. Please, go away!"

"Ease up, buddy," he chimed. "Everything's cool. I know all about the punishment, remember? Besides, it wouldn't be right for me to skip town before saying 'so long' to my best friend."

Although hesitating, I let Brett in. Shamefully bowing, I demurely lowered my darkly mascaraed eyes and pouted my brightly glossed pink lips, sadly asking, "Where are you going?"

"To school. I leave for State U tomorrow," he slowly replied in distant voice. "But enough about me," he excitedly exclaimed. "Justin! You're wearing makeup... And your voice! It's too weird! What's happened to you, man?"

Unable to quell my feminine mannerisms, I sat and crossed my thighs and folded my hands in my lap. "There's more to being a girl than wearing a kilt, Brett," I coyly remarked. "Mother's really intent on making me into her daughter!"

"Gosh!" he loudly sighed. "I can hardly believe it. You look so much like a girl! But you've only got eight months to go. I mean, your punishment...It'll be over next spring, won't it?"

Sniffling tearfully, I replied, "Yes, but I'm still worried. Mother insists I become more feminine every day." Bashfully, I pouted, "When it's over, I just hope I can be a boy again!"



*"Oh Brett. I can't help it. Mother is really intent upon making me her daughter! There's more than wearing a 'kilt', I got to wear a brassiere, nylons. . .everything!"*

“No sweat, pal!” Brett kindly chimed. “When I’m home from school next summer, I’ll help you recover your masculinity!”

“Thanks, Brett,” I sweetly cooed, my voice cracking. But seeing his manly smile, I was aghast. I had an overwhelming urge to peck him on the cheek! I shuddered. Had Mom forced me to think like a girl?

Breathing deeply, I shook myself back to reality and asked, “Would you do me a big favor?”

“Sure,” Brett quickly offered. “Name it!”

“Well, it’s sort of against Mother’s rules,” I began. “But when we’re alone, please call me Justin. It’d make me feel ..uh.. Whole!”

“No sweat buddy!” Brett assured. “It’ll be our secret. But I’ve got to tell you, you’re the prettiest Justin I’ve ever seen!”

Blushing, I didn’t know how to take his comment. Yet I girlishly waved my hand and said, “Aw, cut it out! Not you too!”

“Just kidding, pal!,” he grinned. “Remember, keep your spirits up...I’ll always be on your side!”

As Brett left, I shook his hand, albeit, too girlishly! Yet, my heart wrenched as we said goodbye. We’d not see each other again until Christmas and I knew I’d desperately miss his friendship and moral support.

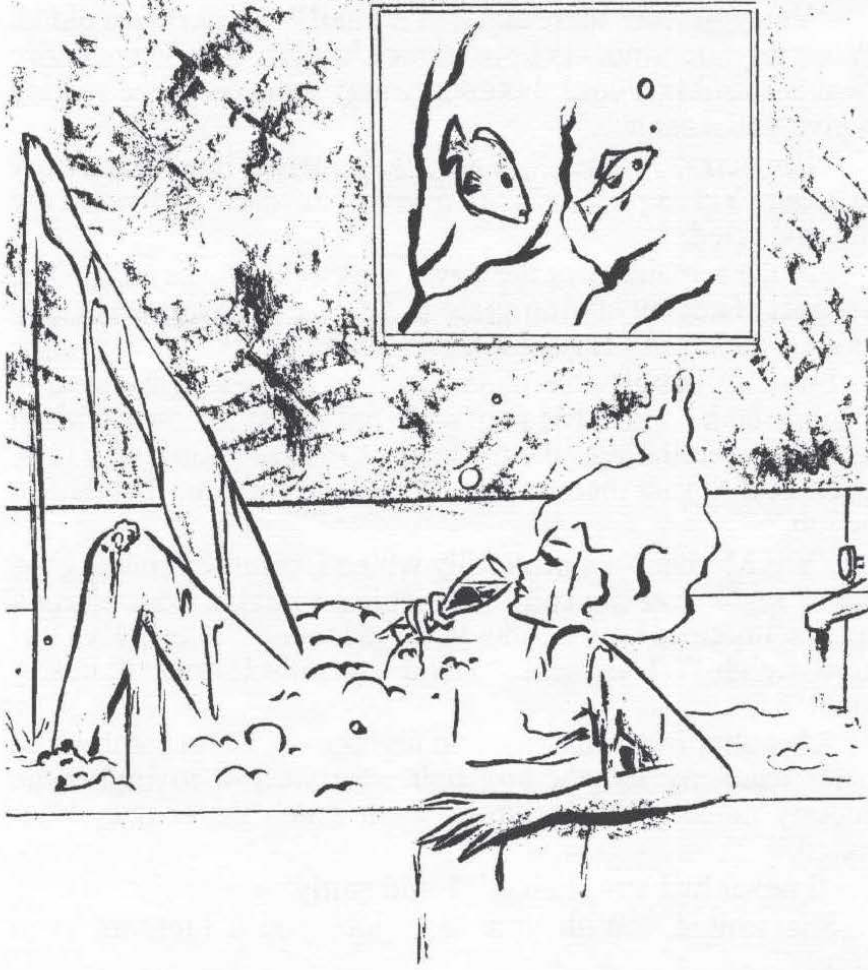
Mom wasted no time hunting me a girl’s job. While encouraging me to assist in the search, I was too devastated and declined.

After lunch, Mom left, not returning home until nearly dinner time. Finding my eyes clouded with tears, she gently asked, “Are you hurt dear? Why are you crying?”

I wanted to scream that I hated being a girl! Yet my feminization robbed me of my guts. Instead, wiping my hands on my frilly apron, I sniffled, “I’m just peeling an onion.”

Padding toward me, she whisked me into her arms, gaily singing, “Jocelyn, I’ve the most wonderful news. I found you a JOB!”

“Gee, that’s swell, Mother,” I sadly whimpered. Ignoring my sorrow, she chattered on telling me how she traipsed all over town. She exuberantly said, “Hitting one dead end after another, I was exhausted! So I stopped to visit Cathy Ardmore to get some fresh suggestions.”



*"I discovered the luxury of a steaming bubble bath. There were some aspects of being a girl that sort of felt good. . . not many; I hated high heels."*

"Cathy? The beautician!" I shivered. "What does she know about jobs?"

"Plenty!" Mom countered. "Anyway, to make a long story short, she solved our problem. Tomorrow you'll start work at her salon. Isn't it great!"

As cold sweat poured from my hands. I quivered, "No Mother! Don't make me work there. Please! I'll do anything else!"

“You will work there and that’s final!” she sternly scolded. “Your ungratefulness is beyond me, Jocelyn. While the entire town is turning a cold shoulder, Cathy’s the only one willing to give you a chance.”

“I’m sorry, Mother,” I sadly whimpered, humbly bowing my head. Yet as pitiful shame overwhelmed me, I covered my face and cried.

For the remainder of the day, I was as jumpy as a cat. The prospect of not only living as a girl, but also working at a beauty parlor made me a nervous wreck!

Fragrant bubbles abounded as I luxuriated in my steamy evening bath. As I tried to soak my anxieties away, Mom peeked in, reminding, “Don’t forget to shave your lovely legs, dear. You’ll want them smooth and pretty for your first day on the job.”

“Yes Mother,” I sorrowfully whined, carefully running the ladies’ razor over my calf. Smoothing a pumastone along a callous, I noticed how slender my legs looked. “Gosh, I’ve lost more weight!” I cringed. “And my muscle tone is nearly gone!”

After slipping on a long satin nightgown, Mom combed the snarls from my lengthening hair. Stroking it lovingly, she tenderly noted, “You’re doing well, much better than I expected.”

“I never had any choice,” I said softly.

She smiled, “With your new job, you’ll blossom even more!”

Embarrassed, I demurely glanced away. Seeing my hands neatly folded atop my crossed thighs with my long, pink polished fingernails glistening brightly, I shamefully blushed. Did I have a choice? Every day I was becoming more and more girlish. How would I ever become a boy after all this?

When Mom finished, my head was amassed in soft, pink sponged curlers. Covering it with a hair net, she said, “We’ll brush you out in the morning. You’ll be positively scrumptious for your first day at the salon!”

Staring at my curler covered head in my vanity table mirror, I sadly pouted. “I look so girlish now. Gosh, what will be of me by May?”

As Mom turned down the covers of my canopied bed, I asked, "Mother, what's Cathy going to have me do? I don't know anything about beautician work."

"That's a surprise, sweetheart," she whimsically replied. "You'll find out all you need to know tomorrow."

Laying awake in bed, I tossed and turned, yet I found no comfort as my filmy nightgown caressed my soft, hairless body. My padded bra, jutting from my narrowing chest, only caused me more sorrow over my forced feminization.

## THE END OF PART ONE

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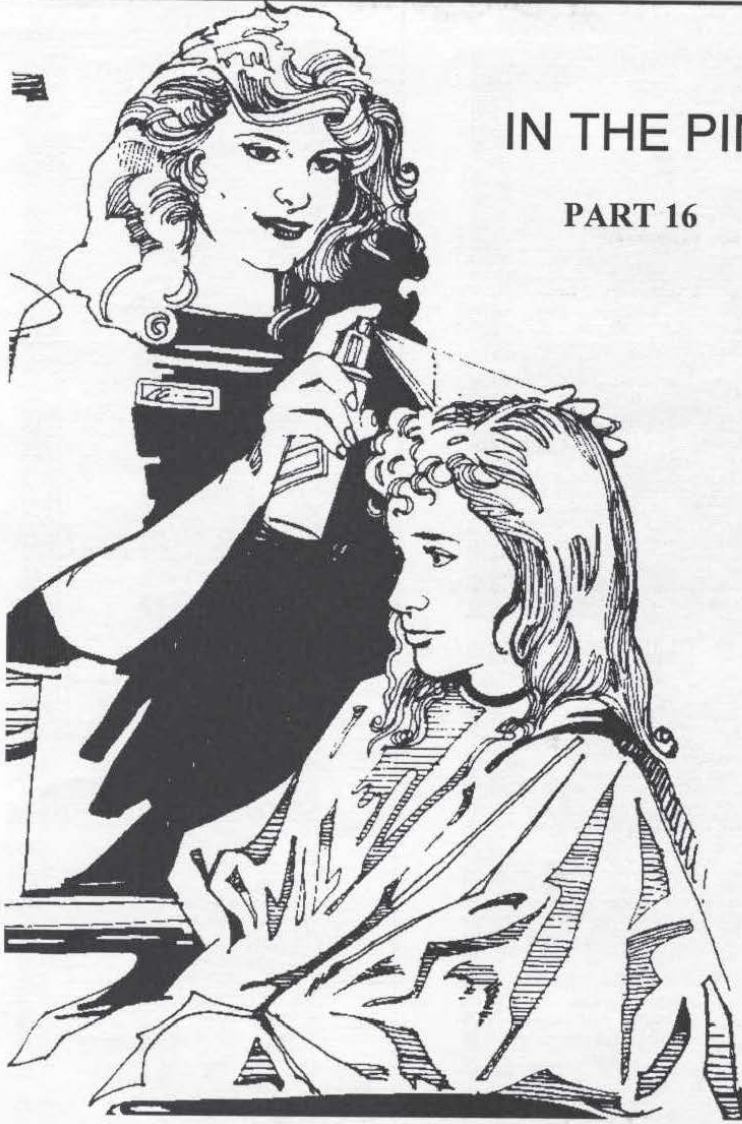
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## IN THE PINK

PART 16

*“Just because Jimmy won the ‘beauty makeover’ prize at the school raffle, he shouldn’t have had to use it.”*

**IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST,  
WRITE TO: SANDY THOMAS  
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## **OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS**

### **TV FICTION CLASSICS**

#### **FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II**

This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

#### **ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2**

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

#### **MODEL HUSBAND #3**

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

#### **SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4**

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

#### **PAT GOES COED #5**

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

#### **CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6**

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

#### **PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7**

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport.

The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

#### **LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8**

"His mother had plans for his hair. With his new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

#### **JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9**

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

#### **SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10**

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules:

"We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

#### **NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11**

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

#### **ALL DOLLED UP #12**

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

#### **ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13**

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

#### **MAID UP #14**

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

#### **FLIGHT OF FANCY #15**

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

#### **DRESSED TO DANCE #16**

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

#### **GOING A BROAD #17**

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

What any father would do.

#### **NEAR MISS #18**

In a small town, everyone knows

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

**TIT FOR TAT #19**

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

**THAT'A GIRL #20**

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

**WOMAN'S WORK #21**

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

**MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22**

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

**PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23**

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

**HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24**

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

**ONE OF THE GIRLS #25**

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

**WOMAN-HOOD #26**

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

**WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27**

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

**HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28**

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

**LIKE A DAUGHTER #29**

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

**MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30**

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

**MY SON, THE BRIDE #31**

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

**PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32**

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

**FEMININE APPEAL #33**

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

**HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34**

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

**DAUGHTERS ONLY #35**

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

**SLINK OR SWIM #36**

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

**CAMPING IN CURLS #37**

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

**BLONDE & BLONDER #38**

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

**WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39**

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

**GIRL BY CHOICE #40**

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

**LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41**

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

**COED CREATED #42**

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

**MORE THAN A WOMAN #43**

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

**DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED**

**#44 &45**

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

Illustrated!

**BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47**

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

**DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49**

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

**SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51**

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

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

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

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

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

**LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55**

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

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

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

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

**BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60**

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

**A DRESS FOR DANNY #61**

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

**HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62**

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

**FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63**

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

**HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64**

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

**TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66**

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

**BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

**MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

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

**TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

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

**A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74**

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

**JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76**

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

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

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

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

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

**SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81**

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

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

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

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

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

**PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86**

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

**GIRLISH #87**

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

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

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

**GIRLHOOD #89**

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

**A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91**

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

## CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

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

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

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

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

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

**UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4**

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

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

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

**EXCHANGING VOWS #6**

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

### **CHANGING VOWS TOO #7**

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

### **VIRGIN VOWS #8**

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

### **VOW OF FEMININITY #9**

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

### **FRENCH DRESSING #10**

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

### **THE NEW GIRL #11**

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

### **THE GIRL'S PART #12**

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

### **THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13**

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

### **MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14**

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

### **HIS FIRST DRESS #15**

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

### **GIRLIES #16**

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

### **HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17**

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

### **DOUBLE ISSUE**

### **MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

### **HEAD OVER HEELS #19**

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

### **I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20**

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

### **DOUBLE ISSUE**

### **REDTOES #21**

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

### **TOO MANY SKIRTS #22**

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

### **FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

### **JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24**

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

### **THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

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

### **DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

### **GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

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

### **A LIVING DOLL #28**

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

### **FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

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

### **CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

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

#### **CLEAVAGE #31**

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

#### **JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

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

#### **JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33**

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

#### **TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

#### **A SUMMER GIRL #35**

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

#### **HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

#### **WINDOW DRESSING #37**

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

#### **FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

#### **METAMORPHOSIS & META'**

#### **COMPLETED #39 & 40**

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

#### **HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

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

#### **JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

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

#### **SISTERS FOREVER #43**

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

summer of discovery!

#### **FEMININE DESIRES #44**

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

#### **TAKING HER PLACE #45**

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

#### **MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47**

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

#### **SON TO SISTER #48**

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

#### **A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50**

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

#### **CHICKS RULE! #51**

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

#### **SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53**

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

#### **GIRLIE GIRL #54**

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

#### **FEMININE BUDDY #55**

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

#### **PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

### **BECOMING EMMA #57**

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

### **HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58**

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

### **MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

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

### **DRESSES & TRESSES #60**

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

### **A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62**

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

### **LEARNING CURVES #63**

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

### **MY BETTER HALF #64**

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

### **DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

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

### **BIKINI BOUND #66**

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

### **PURSE STRINGS #67**

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

### **SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68**

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

### **DRESS UP DAY #69**

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

### **LAVENDER & LACE I #70**

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

### **LAVENDER & LACE II #71**

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

## **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

### **ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

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

### **LUCK BE A LADY**

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

### **A PARTY GIRL**

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

### **DRESSING DOWN**

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

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

#### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.....THE SLIP	NEW 10.00
.....THE SECRETARIAL SLIP	NEW 10.00

<b>TOTAL ORDER</b>	
STATE TAX@ 7.25% (CA. residents only)	
USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max.)	
(OVERSEAS \$11.00 flat rate--up to 10 books)	
TOTAL ENCLOSED	

**SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:**  
**SANDY THOMAS ADV.**  
**P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA**

VISA or MC  exp. / /

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ST \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
 I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD  3-08