

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"JOINING THE GIRLS"

Boys will be boys except when they embarrass
a group of girls. Sometimes boys will be girls!



Volume 32

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MAGAZINE

VOLUME 32

“JOINING THE GIRLS!”

by Sandy Thomas

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QUOTE BOARD

"Minds are like Parachutes. . .
they function better when they are open."

JOINING THE GIRLS!

By Sandy Thomas

With hair styling by Dawn Bell.

It seemed like a good idea at the time; blockhead that I am. I wondered why no one else thought of it. It was so simple. . . those high, windows up two story that overlooked the gym and more importantly---the girl's dressing room.

If only my neighbor, Chandler, had hesitated for even a second. . . but he didn't. "Great idea!" he said. "I'll even help you. I bet we can sell the video!"

That night, we climbed the drain pipes and set up the camera, wrapping it in a black garbage bag. The camera had an infra red remote. The next day, I just pointed at the sky with it and got the last two periods of girl's gym.

When Chandler and I sprinted from the school that night, we both thought this was our ticket to the in-crowd.

We were both skinny, little guys but this was going to put us on the map. . .

The next day was Saturday. Chandler came over and we watched breathlessly. It was better than we ever imagined! Panties, breasts. . . girl's stripping, being naked, taking showers, drying off and more!

"What are we going to charge to see it," Chandler asked.

"We'll show them two minutes for free and. . ."

Almost finished, I was hanging up the last of the clothes, when I suddenly heard my buddy, Jeff's voice behind me.

"I can't believe this. . . you are actually going through with this?" Jeff asked.

Nervousness and embarrassed, I blushed a deep red. Jeff always just walked into our house and even up to my room but today was different. I didn't want him here.

Jeff shook his head, observing my hair and nylon



I couldn't believe that they could make me wear a dress to school! But there I was. . .

covered legs. "There's no way they can make you LEGALLY do this."

"I know," I said. I had gone over my options a million times. My shoulders sagged and my head lowered. I said, "I should leave town. Look at all this stuff?"

"They can't make you do it."

"I know, but I think those girls want me in jail."

"You don't have a record," he said. "You'd probably just get a slap on the wrist. . ."

"But if I didn't?" I said checking a slip strap. "Did you see the video?"

"No, but heard it was NAUGHTY!" Jeff didn't seem disgusted. He said, "It's not for that long. What did your mother say?" I could feel his eyes watching my every movement. I tried to walk as naturally as I could in the 3 inch high heeled pumps.

"Mr. Arthur called her and told her all about it before I could. It could be a week or a month or more. It's up to the girls and they are really pissed."

"Man, are you in trouble," he said with feeling. "I'm glad you didn't ask me help plant that camera."

"Would you have done it?"

"NO WAY!" he said matter-of-factly. "It was a really stupid idea. . .not the video taping, that was cool. But trying to charge the guys. . .that was lame! No wonder someone turned you in."

"I look stupid right?" I asked, trying to strike a masculine pose.

"What did you do to your hair and what's with your legs?"

"Hair? Oh, Mother did something. . .my legs? I had to shave them!"

He nodded as he walked over to my closet and thumbed through the clothes.

He reached in and pulled out a red sleeveless a-line dress with a very narrow skirt.

"You going to wear this to school too?"

"Guess I will have worn them all by the end of all this. What are the guys saying about me?"

"They think you are a very good sport. . .only a couple of the guys are going to tease you. . .are you wearing panties under that skirt?"

I blushed and said, "Mr. Arthur said I should let him know if the guys ever try to pull up my skirts or anything. . .I hope that doesn't happen."

"Can I see them? I've got a video camera in my car!"

"NO!" I huffed before I realized he was kidding.

My heart sank into my heels. "How can I face my classmates in skirts?"

Jeff understood my problem. "After the first couple days, the novelty will wear off and they'll get used to you looking like a sissy. Have you seen Chandler?"

"No. His mother doesn't want him around me for a while. She thinks I'm a bad influence."

Jeff couldn't find anything at all to say that would give me hope. He looked helplessly at the utter desolation in my eyes and heart.

"Maybe I should go to jail?"

I felt bad for my mother. She didn't deserve this. Widowed when I was three and faced with a child to support, mother had chosen a path of hard work that would pay our bills and that was about it.

She sold fashion accessories and traveled around the

state a lot. I knew what sacrifices my mother must have made to raise me and I was about to become the laughing stock of the town.

Part of me was angry. I complained to my mother, "I was just being a boy. Boys do those kind of crazy things, right?"

"Not any more," she said cheerlessly. "I think you are getting off light."

Mother had a loveliness about her. She had gone to the best schools and had been very involved in her school. She never understood why I wasn't.

Tears came into my eyes, as I thought of how I had hurt her. I looked around the room.

I was really feeling guilty! Chandler most likely had been given as much girl's crap as I had. My closet was full of sissy stuff; dresses, skirts, blouses, and several coats, and even a black cashmere sweater. There were a half dozen pair of girl's shoes on the floor, countless handbags, mounds of lingerie and pantyhose in the drawers.

Every time I rummaged through the clothes, I discovered something new and unknown. I was afraid to ask mother about some of the items.

I moaned as I remembered learning about my punishment. The girl's I'd exposed were coming to my house to spell out my punishment. Mother knew they were coming but she wasn't clear on what they intended to do.

I remember well how Nora burst into the house. "Good morning Mrs. Cameron. We've decided what your son's punishment should be. . ."

The punishment certainly seemed to fit the crime. Our living room was crowded with girls in her blue jeans and white blouses. Nora announced, "He will wear girl's clothes until we see that he's understands how we girls feel about our privacy."

I just stood there as everyone shouted, laughed and kidded me about wearing dresses to school. One girl pulled on my longish unkept hair. "It is real," she cried, "it will look real cute with a dress."

Nora realized my embarrassment and saw that I was about to bolt. She asked, "WELL? Shall we go to the cops and file charges?"

"I was just joking...it was a joke!" I complained. "Com'on. It was a typical guy thing to do."

"And now the joke is on you! Do you accept our punishment or...shall we dial 911."

"Okay," I said quickly, "I accept." Mother agreed. She didn't come to my aid as I moaned, "What about those other guys and the ones who bought the video?"

"We are taking care of Chander but you were the overseer of this little joke. The other boys gave us back the videos. After they see you---I doubt that any boy will EVER try something like this again. OK, girls," Nora announced, "Jesse has accepted his punishment and is going to be a good sport. Let's help him as much as we can."

"I'll be the butt of every joke in school," I moaned.

"That's the idea!" The other girls agreed. "JUST like we were!" That's when I noticed girls carrying in lots of boxes, parcels, and bundles. They were thrown about the room and on the furniture.

"You are going to wear THESE things for a while...it's everything you need," said one of the girls who handed me a package.

I unwrapped the package as if it were a present. In it: two skirts, an angora sweater and two pairs of high heels. No sooner than I opened the first there was another one. It was only then I realized I was being furnish with a complete girl's wardrobe!

Nora said as I opened packages containing all kinds of girl clothes, including underwear, "I told the girls to give you GOOD stuff not just their garbage."

I grimaced, "Am I supposed to say, 'thank you?'"

"THAT is the attitude that got you into this mess," she belittled, "and you won't be out of the mess until it's gone completely!"

"Thank you all!" I said with a pretentious tone.

It seemed the girls had selected the most girlish of their things. There were frilly dresses, lacy slips, panties, bras, petticoats, shoes, heels, and pumps.

One girl had brought several nightgowns in different styles.

I wanted to run from the room but I knew Nora and her gang were serious about charging me with a crime. Everyone at school already knew I was in trouble so...I

sat there.

"Go put these on in the bathroom," Nora demanded. "Then come in here so we can see how these things fit."

"These are underwear?" I groaned, "I don't want you girls to see me in underwear. . . girl's panties!"

"Now you are getting the point! Haven't you seen US in our underwear?"

I was completely beside myself as I went into the bathroom and undressed, slipping on the panties and fighting to figure out how to do the bra.

"Are you coming out?" Nora asked.

"I can't get the bra on right. . ."

Nora opened the door and before I realized what she was doing, she turned me around. The straps went over my shoulders, then she straightened it out and closed it in the back. "There, my dear. You will have to learn to do this yourself."

When the girls saw me in the lingerie, one yelled, "See how it feels to be exposed in your lingerie?"

I blushed and wanted to die.

One girl picked out a dress and pulled it over my head and everyone laughed!

I was kidded mercilessly by almost everyone except a few of them who felt sorry for me. They knew I was just being a "boy" but this was the girl's chance to get even for all the things any boy had ever done or said to tease them.

Mother came into the room and said, "All right girls, you've had your fun. He's given his word to wear these things and I have decided to go along with you. . . to a point. Some teasing is okay but as long as he's going along with your punishment, you have to have some compassion. Okay?"

"No teasing him?" Nora moaned. "How are we going to make sure he stays in these clothes?" The girls started talking all at once.

Mother said, "Again, some teasing is okay and as for the clothes, I promise I'll keep him in these things until you tell me he's learned his lesson."

Another girl suggested, "Can we take all his boy things with us?"

Mother looked at me in the little dress and said, "Okay, if you promise that you won't press charges

against him.”

The girls all started to talk at once again but Nora said, “It’s a deal if we can take everything that’s boyish. . .and we want him to carry a purse and wear make-up to school.”

“No, mom,” I pleaded.

“Taking his clothes might be a good idea,” Mother said in reflection, “I can’t always control him. As for the purse and make-up? I don’t want to make him the laughing stock of the whole town. . .can I help him with the make-up so he doesn’t look garish?”

The girls all looked at one another and all nodded.

“Now, I need your promise girls?” Mother said as an after thought, “You girls can have your fun but there are some boys at school that might hurt him physically. You are going to need to protect him from the bullies.”

Everyone replied, “Okay.”

Nora added, “I’ll get Mr. Arthur to make a statement about the boys teasing him.”

“All right,” mother said, “now I’ll go get some boxes for his boy stuff and leave you girls to show him how and what to wear.”

The laughter never ended and the girls made me try on one dress after another, with different accessories. I was close to crying many times.

After everyone left, mother said. “Come on dear, you have to help me put away your new clothes.”

I was still wearing a flowered house dress and low high heels as we went to the living room and picked up the boxes of clothes to take to my bedroom.

As I walked into my room, I was terrorized by what I saw. All my closets and drawers were empty. All my boy clothes had disappeared.

Mother said, “Each of the girls took a few of your things home with them. You have no use for them anyway until they decide your attitude has changed. Besides, we had to make room for your new clothes.”

I began to rant and rave and lose my temper.

Mother stated, “It’s done, so there’s no use making a scene. I know you don’t want to go to jail? Now you’d better change that attitude.”

I was all a bad dream! The significance of what I saw

in my room was beginning to unnerve me. Whether I liked it or not, I was obligated to wear a dress to school. And I didn't know if it was for a day or a week or a month? It was up to the girls and notably Nora.

Again I stared at the closet full of dresses and the denim skirt in my hands. "I'm going to get beat up, you know?"

"I called Mr. Arthur," Mother said, "he wants you in his office early tomorrow."

I sighed, "I don't know where to begin?"

"I'll help you dear," mother smiled. "but the question is: Do you want to look like a boy in a skirt or do we want to make you look like a girl?"

"A BOY!" I said firmly.

"Okay, but I don't think that's the best idea. Everyone knows you are being punished and I think the girls will resent it if you don't try to 'look nice'."

"Look nice?"

"I mean we could do your hair a bit---maybe some nail polish?"

"NO!" I moaned, but I knew she was right.

I was awake nearly all night haunted by the thought of wearing a dress at school. I seemed to have no control over my life as all decisions lead to the same thing. I had to go along.

Monday morning I awoke at 6:30. Hearing no noises from the mother's room, I decided to get up and investigate my drawers and closets. Surely I could find something that was unisex. I chose a simple white blouse that could have been a boy's shirt except for the buttons and a tweed skirt. I was told to wear a skirt!

I did not bother with stockings but when I studied myself in the mirror, I noticed some fuzz on my legs and remembered the rules. "Better get those shaved," I thought.

I used mom's electric razor to get them pretty clean. By then Mom was up and came into my room.

"I think you should wear one of these," she said holding up a panty girdle. "Try this on."

I said, "What the heck."

As I struggled to get the shiny garment up to my waist, mother smiled and said, "My seeing you do that brings

back memories. I was the youngest of four girls in my family. They always wore skirts, nylons, and of course, girdles. It was expected of girls as they became young women."

I was still trying to get the dang thing up around my waist.

She continued, "I remember the first time I was allowed to wear a girdle. I can still remember the joy of feeling myself wearing a dress, with a hat, gloves, and a tight little girdle with real nylons! I was so excited, it made me officially a young woman! I wanted to wear them all the time!"

"Well, I don't!" I said, trying to just get my breath. "They said I could wear panties?"

"I think you'll want a tight, smooth garment under that skirt. . .protection!"

"Against what?"

"Feeling naked, for one. You aren't used to it and it could be embarrassing," she said, reminiscing more on how she loved the ladylike way girdles made a girl look, walk, and sit. "Real naked, if you know what I mean. . .real embarrassing?"

"I probably should," I said. I was thinking about that corset shop downtown whose window was always filled with the sexiest girdles, bras, and slips. Many times we boys were shooed away by the shop-owner. Her windows gave us a taste of grown-up eroticism. Now I was the wearee!

"Here's another good one," she said holding up a particularly small looking panty girdle with a satin-front. "The young girls are bringing them back."

It knew why it was necessary for me to start wearing one every day or be "real embarrassed!"

Nonetheless, it was a struggle to get the darn thing on but it was far more comfortable than I imagined. The silky-tight, held-in sensation was far more pleasant, and to be honest, the smooth satin was more arousing, than I had ever anticipated. Mom was right.

It was tight in all the wrong places. I learned later; with a wonderfully silky pair of sheer nylons, a delightful slippery smooth slip under a full-skirted dress, I needed the restriction.

As for the other clothes, I found some loafers that

fitted me pretty well. I applied the required lipstick and gawked in the mirror at the result. The blouse was a little too translucent and I could see my slip's straps.

This was going to be the worse day of my life.

THE WORST DAY . . .

Mother drove me to school. We were half an hour early. I wondered if Chandler would be there too. I was so embarrassed, I didn't know what to. After all, it was my idea and all.

Escorting me into the large office, Mrs. Jones announced, "Mr. Arthur, meet the new girl in school."

Mr. Arthur looked at me up and down and up again. "No, it's not possible. You're not that bland little boy who was in here last week?"

"Doesn't he look sweet in this dress?" asked Mrs. Jones.

Immediately and instinctively my hands went down to keep my skirt in place like it was windy. My toughness completely disappeared. Blushing, I took his outstretched hand nervously. "How are you Mr. Arthur?"

"Let me look at you," he said in a contrived confused voice. "Were you really a boy?"

"He certainly WAS," Mrs. Jones said it as if she was proud of my sissy appearance.

Mr. Arthur noticed my acute embarrassment. Taking my hand and putting his other on my shoulder, he tried to make me more comfortable. "Seriously, this ought to teach you about women and their modesty."

I nodded my head in agreement.

"Did you see Chandler?"

"No," I blushed again as I sat in a straight chair with my knees and heels together, hands primly in my lap.

"He acting like he's been a girl all his life," she said to Mr. Arthur. "I'll call Chandler's house and see what's keeping him. They are bound to have some problems," Mrs. Jones added. "Both should come in here after school and let the other boys leave school. They could help me with some office work."

Mr. Arthur said nothing, just shaking his head and looking at me. "She's right. You should come here at least a half an hour before school and stay a half an hour

after. You are paying for your actions, so we don't need bullies here picking on you too."

"Thanks, Mr. Arthur," I said softly.

I didn't see Chandler until just before Math class. He was half an hour late for school.

"Scared eh?" I asked. "I'm so sorry to have got you into this."

"Not really," he said, "I just wanted to get everything right. The sooner we show those girls we are sorry, the sooner we are out of these clothes."

Everybody laughed as we walked down the hall. Chandler was wearing a short denim skirt, a red-and-white print blouse, and one inch pumps. He had his hair pulled back into ponytail that was braided to the end and he was even wearing padding in his bra! I think.

In that girdle, it was kind of hard to sit there in class and breathe normally. I kept looking at Chandler. Everyone else was looking at the both of us. Hard to believe he was the one who started the great food fight in the cafeteria last year. I got a whiff of something and realized it was Chandler. He was wearing even more perfume than my grandmother.

When the teacher called on him to answer a question on the board, Chandler got up and walked playfully to the blackboard. His perfume stirred up the air as he walked to the front of the room. One boy in front started coughing loudly.

Some of the kids laughed as Chandler turned around from the blackboard. He answered the math correctly then signed the problem "CANDY" in big, loopy letters.

Everybody cracked up except me. I glared at him as he strutted back to his chair.

"So it's CANDY now?" said the teacher, reading his name off the board. "That's correct, CANDY! Well, at least when you are not in trouble, you are studying!"

"Candy," I moaned as every one was giggling.

"Yeah," Chandler snapped. "You have a problem with that?"

I shook my head.

Why would Chandler start dowsing himself with perfume and want to be called Candy? He sure had changed over the weekend.

The next morning I came to school early and cheerlessly went into Mr. Arthur's office. He was sitting on his couch working on some papers.

"Where's Chandler?" I asked.

"Late again," he said matter-of-factly but like it was completely okay.

"Do you want me to file something?" I asked.

"Never mind that. Just let me look at you in that dress!. Turn around."

With red cheeks, I pirouetted for him, my skirt lifting slightly as I turned.

"How sweet! Where did you learn that?" he asked in amazement. "You are becoming such a sissy. Come sit next to me for a while," he said.

As I sat down, he took my hand. He said, "Some boys just try too hard to fit in when sometimes they just don't have the stuff. . .if you know what I mean."

"That's not me!" I exclaimed.

"Well, are you sure you aren't enjoying this just a little?"

"NO!"

"Com' on?"

"How long do I have to do this?"

"I don't know," he said as if he knew differently. "It's up to the girls. . .it was THEM you embarrassed. But in the meantime, don't let it get to you. . .have some fun."

"FUN?"

"Like Chandler," he said, then stated, "I want you to come visit me every day and tell me all about how you are doing and what you are feeling."

"Okay," I promised, "but I'm mostly just feeling embarrassed."

"I know." He said apologetically, "but you'll learn a lot about how girls feel. That can't be all bad. Now I've had to move your classes around a bit. . .you have Home Economics at ten. . .you'll learn to sew. I've moved you to Girl's gym so you will have to take Girl's Health class too."

I moaned, "Why do I have to take Gym at all?"

"State requirement. You and Chandler can use that small dressing room off the girl's locker room. There's a shower and a couple lockers."

"Home Economics too?" I had not thought about taking up sewing, dress making, or whatever. It wasn't going to be for long. I said, "Okay."

He looked over the classes and said, "We can get typing in here. . .that will always come in handy."

Mrs. Jones entered the room. "Now don't you take up all of Mr. Arthur's time. . .he's got to run a school too! Besides, I have some filing for you to do in the office."

As I left the room, I heard Mr. Arthur say, "He has a nice figure, doesn't he?"

Mrs. Jones replied, "Yes, we better keep an eye on him."

Chandler and I didn't have lunch with the other kids. We went to Mr. Arthur's office and Mrs. Jones brought us our lunch. She asked me to take a bowl of soup to Mr. Arthur.

Placing the soup on his desk in front of him, he fingered my dress and said, "If you are going to be serving me my lunch, we better get you an apron. We don't want you to spill anything on your pretty clothes."

I moaned and went over to the large table and ate lunch with Mrs. Jones and Chandler.

He was quiet as I stared at what he was wearing. . .sheer beige hose and medium-heeled black patent leather pumps and a kilt looking skirt that was way too short!

Amazing what clothes could do. With his longish ash-blond hair messed up and red lipstick, Chandler was (and no other word would do) PRETTY. I looked at him more closely and realized that he looked older, more mature. His surprisingly feminine shaped hips, and the bra gave the impression of pert breasts under his blouse.

Me? I was a skinny kid with a slim waist and decidedly feminine shaped hips too. Yes, the skirts fit better than some of my jeans!

"So what do you think?" I said, trying to break the ice. "You up for a little basketball after school someday?"

"We are not really dressed for sports," he said, taking the last bite of his sandwich and standing up to take his tray to a collection area.

It was only then, when he walked away from me, that I remembered something. In third grade Chandler had

dressed up as a witch for the Halloween parade. He wore a long, black skirt of his older sister, safety-pinned at the waist to hold it up.

I scowled and yelled at him, "So we aren't friends anymore?" I picked up my tray and hurried to catch up. "Aren't you going a little overboard?"

Chandler bit his lower ruby lip the way he always did when he got self-conscious. "We're friends. In fact my mother even suggested you come over sometime. I'm just worried---you need to try harder to show the girls know that we UNDERSTAND!"

"Understand?"

He said, "I think you should dress up a little more."

"Dress up?" I asked. "I am dressed up! You look like you're dressed up for a wedding."

"I am not." He leaned over and smoothed his nylons. "I just think if you'd do something with your hair and wear a padded bra like me. . ."

I glanced down at his chest, then stopped him. "A padded bra and stockings!" I moaned. "You think that will help get us out of this?"

"They're panty hose," he corrected me. "Mr. Arthur suggested it. Ask him. He thinks that we need to show the girls that we understand what we did was wrong."

I shook my head. I couldn't figure out what had gotten into Chandler.

The rest of the day went uneventfully. We had last period Gym with the girls. Our small dressing room was also right below those high windows where we hid the video camera. It made me nervous but I also knew NO boy would dare do anything foolish like THAT.

I heard one of the girls say, "I've never seen the boys so on edge. They don't even make 'tit' jokes anymore."

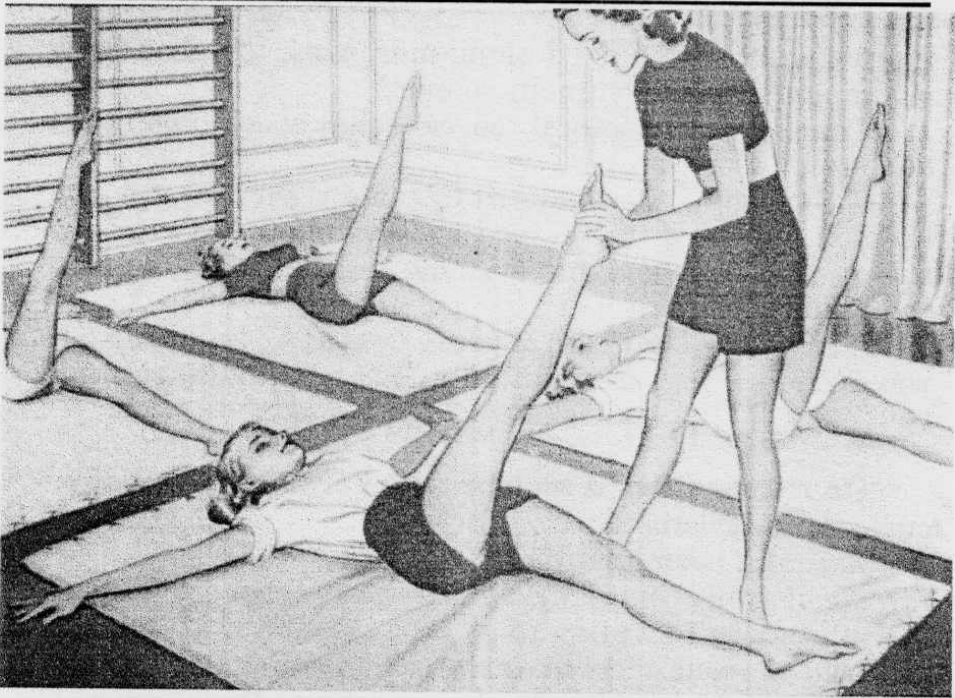
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The gym instructor treated Chandler and I just like the girls. I didn't care about good legs!

Sometimes I felt Mr. Arthur's eyes on me as I moved or while I was filing papers in his office. He sort of mumbled, "I guess I should treat you like one of the girls? I don't want you to walk the streets if it gets too late. I'll give you a ride home." Chandler's mother came and got him but my mother was working.

It was getting dark earlier due to daylight savings and I did not want to walk home alone.

What I thought was going to be the worst week of my life was suddenly over.

PUNISHMENT...

I thought more about what Chandler said. Maybe he was right. If I did accept my punishment and tried a little harder to show I understood what I did---maybe the girls would release us from this deranged retribution. I was wearing skirts and blouses to school already so what did I really have to lose? I decided to give it a try.

"Mom, I've been talking to Chandler and I guess we

figured that if we played along more with the girls they would end this punishment sooner."

"That's what I thought too. So, what are you going to do?"

"Ummmmm," It was hard to come right out and say it, "well, maybe if you helped me do something with my hair. . .and maybe show me how to get my lipstick on straight?"

"I'd love to! That mop of yours doesn't do anything for you even as a boy. Tonight, I'll trim and maybe set it for you."

"Set it?"

"On rollers silly. A woman sets her hair so that it is curled and styled."

"Is that a permanent?!"

"No, it's only temporary. Until the next time you wash it. Unless, you're willing to go for a perm?"

"NO!" I exclaimed in terror, "I mean, I don't want something that I can't get rid of as soon as this is over. I hope THAT is real soon!"

"Okay, then I'll just use setting lotion," Mother said with a smile. "And I also think you should do something about your nails. They could use a manicure."

I looked at my fingernails. They were in need of a trim. What was I getting myself into?

That evening, after supper, mother told me to sit at the kitchen table while she got some things.

"I'm going to do you nails first. After they're dry I want you to shower and shampoo your hair. It will take me a while to trim your hair and work out a nice hairdo for you. You're going to experience the joys of making yourself beautiful tonight," she giggled.

"What's that?" I grumbled, a little upset at the obvious fun she seemed to be having at my plight.

"Sleeping in rollers."

"What?! I thought you were just going to use your curling iron like you do on your hair."

"My dear, my hair gets a perm every two months. I

just touch it up every morning with a curling iron. On your hair, the curling iron wouldn't make a curl that would last until lunch time. No, unless you want me to take you to the beauty salon for a permanent, you'll have to get used to rollers and pincurls."

"Jeesh!" I mumbled as Mom left the room, "If I don't do it, I may be walking around in skirts for who knows how long. If I do play along, I'll be mincing around like some slumber party queen in hair rollers and a nightgown." I was beginning to question my own sanity.

A few minutes later mother returned carrying a handful of instruments and bottles.

"What's all that?"

"Just my manicure tools and some nail polishes."

"Mom, I don't really need nail polish!" I protested.

"Of course you do. Think of it as a minor investment in shortening your sentence."

With resigned dread I watched as mother sat down at the kitchen table across from me and made me lay my hands down in front of her. She took some kind of cream and worked it over my cuticles. Humming to herself she worked at trimming and pushing back my cuticles. I was amazed at how that simple operation appeared to lengthen my already too long fingernails.

Next she took an emery board and working one finger at a time, began to shape my nails into femininely rounded tips. After fifteen minutes I didn't recognize the hands in front of me as my own. They appeared to be the feminine, long nailed hands of a young woman!

"Not bad, if I don't say so myself." Mother said as she admired her handiwork. "Now for the polish."

"Mom, just clear okay?" I pleaded half-heartedly.

"Of course, I always put clear on as the top coat. But I think given the objective here, a youthful shade of peach or pink is more appropriate."

I watched as she shook a small bottle for a half a minute then unscrewed the cap. The little brush attached to the cap slid out revealing a slick coating of light, pinkish nail polish. As she took my hand and the first stroke of the shimmering polish was applied to one of my nails I had an involuntary shudder.

As the first nail was complete and mother was deftly doing the others, I stared in amazement. The polish glistened wetly on my now pointed nails. This wasn't just a girl's dress or blouse thrown on. This was a part of my body that had been transformed into a purely girlish appearance.

"Doesn't that look better?" Mother exclaimed as she looked at all ten of my polished fingers. "Now we let that dry, then put on one more coat of color. We finish with a clear topcoat and we're done."

"I don't need all that."

"The girls will notice. A job worth doing is worth doing well, isn't it?"

I didn't put up an argument. I was mesmerized at the fact that my hands were now completely feminine. For half an hour, I sat waving my hands gently to help the air drying of the final top coat of polish.

"What will Nora say tomorrow?" I asked my self. "What will Chandler say? What will. . .?"

After mother insured that my nails were completely dry she instructed me to go shower.

"Use my shampoo and conditioner. Leave the conditioner on for a few minutes. While your letting the conditioner work use my razor to touch up your legs. That electric razor doesn't do nearly as good a job."

I did as she said. The shampoo and conditioner had a feminine fragrance that filled the shower. As the warm water cascaded down my back I bent over and carefully ran the safety razor up my legs. It seemed so surreal watching my feminine hands shaving already smooth, feminine-looking legs!

When I was all done, I stepped out of the shower and dried off. I wrapped a single, white towel turban-style around my hair as my mother had shown me. Hanging on the back of the bathroom door was a burgundy, silk two piece pajamas set. They had pants but there was nothing masculine about them. I slipped them on and enjoyed the slippery feeling of the soft silk as it caressed my hairless legs.

The legs of the pajamas were cut very full. When I stood with my legs together, they resembled a floor-length skirt. The top was a designed in a tank fashion

with thin straps running over the shoulders. I admired myself in the still foggy mirror.

"Hmmm, not bad. So baby, why don't you come up and see me some time," I joked to myself as I thought that I didn't make a bad looking girl after all.

A NEW MIRROR OR IS THAT ME . . .

Done with my surprisingly exciting self-appraisal, I left the bathroom and went over to my mother's bedroom.

"Oh my, doesn't that set look cute on you! Here, put the matching robe on so you don't get chilled. Have a seat," she said as she pointed to the stool in front of her vanity and mirror. I saw the scissors, combs, clips, bobby pins and two shoe boxes of various hair rollers set out in readiness.

I sat down and watched with a little nervousness as Mom unwrapped my hair. She lifted the back hair up as she draped a clean towel over my shoulders to keep the wetness and clippings off of me.

Taking a wide-toothed comb mother gently combed out my wet hair. The length was well onto the tops of my shoulders and the front dropped over my nose. I used to just comb it back. . .as a boy.

"Hmmm, yes, the length has possibilities. It's certainly longer than many girls and even mine. I'm not going to shorten it, just even it out. With this length you can have the option of wearing it up or down."

"Mom. let's not get carried away."

"I'm not, just letting you know all the options you have."

With that, I watched as she combed and snipped the ends at the bottom all around. For the front she trimmed enough to give me brow brushing bangs.

"That will do for the cutting," she said to my relief, "now, let's work on the set."

I watched as she opened a jar that was labeled "Heaven Set" Firm Setting Gel. Taking some of it in her hand she dabbed it generously all over my hair. Then she took a comb and combed through all my hair thoroughly.

"You watch what I'm doing so that you can do this yourself after a while. We start by putting a setting gel through your wet hair. Make sure that it's well distrib-

uted by combing through like this. The gel will really help to hold your set until the next shampoo."

I nodded without a word, "Yeah, right. Like I might plan on doing this myself in the future," I thought to myself.

"Now, I think we'll use medium and jumbo rollers rolled down to the back and sides. For now, we'll curl the bangs up off your forehead. After I clean up your eyebrows it will really show off your beautiful eyes."

I wasn't so sure about the 'cleaning up my eyebrows' part but I didn't say anything. Mother combed out a section of hair right above my eyebrows.

"Since this your first roller set, why don't I do a real first-class job. I'll use end papers to ensure a smooth roll-up."

She then picked up a 2" x 2" square of something that looked light tissue paper out a box beside the rollers. This, she folded in half over top the end of the section of hair, clamping the hair between the paper. Mother picked up a roller from the box. It was about 1" in diameter.

"This is a medium roller dear," she said as she held it in front of my face to see, "the bigger ones are the jumbo's. Would you be a dear and pass me the rollers as I ask for them."

I nodded again feeling somehow trapped sitting here as I watched my mother winding the first roller snugly against my scalp. Taking a long bobby pin she slid it in along my scalp followed by a second one. The roller was now secured in place. Working swiftly, mother sectioned the piece of hair right behind the first roller. This hair was quite a bit longer than the first section and after she had the end paper in place she asked for a jumbo roller.

"See how I'm pinning this second roller to the first? That way you won't have bobby pin marks in your hairdo tomorrow."

"Oh, great! That's a relief!" I sneered sarcastically.

I continued to watch in fascination as my mother worked. Soon my head was covered from forehead to nape with a precise, straight row of interconnected rollers and she was working another row alongside the first. Suddenly, we heard a voice downstairs.

"Anybody home?" It was Jeff!

"Hi Jeff, we're up here, in my room." Mother replied as my heart crashed through the floor.

"Mom! I don't want Jeff to see me like this!" I hissed in anger.

"Oh, come dear. He and everyone else at school has seen you in skirts already."

I wasn't comforted by this.

"Hi folks, I was just heading home and I thought. . ." Jeff froze as he saw me sitting at the vanity. Manicured hands in my lap and my head now three quarters covered in neat rows of hair rollers. "Wow, what's going on?" he asked.

"I'm doing his hair for tomorrow. It's part of the punishment," Mother explained casually as she continued setting another roller in my hair.

"But what's with the nails, guy?"

"Mom's idea," I lamely joked. "A very good idea!"

For the next fifteen minutes I tried to carry on a conversation as well a boy could with his buddy while his mother was putting his hair up! As Jeff stood up to leave he asked, "Gee, are you going to sleep IN those?"

"I guess so. I'll try anyway."

"Don't worry dear. I'll give you an extra pillow. After a few nights you'll get used to it."

Jeff bid goodnight and said, "See you in school."

"I'm almost done dear. I'll just tie this hairnet over your rollers so that they stay in place." She picked up a large triangular shaped hairnet and carefully draped it over my rollers lowering it from the forehead down to the nape in back. Soon I felt the net tightening all over pushing the rollers even more snugly against my head. Mother tied the ends of the net in a bow underneath the bottom rollers in back.

"Now, one last thing, I want to clean up some stray hairs on your eyebrows."

"My eyebrows are fine Mom."

"Fine for a boy, but not fine enough to go with your hairdo tomorrow."

She picked up a pair of tweezers and leaning over me began to quickly tweeze out hair after hair.

"Oww! That hurts!"

"You'll live." Ten minutes of livable pain later she was

done. I looked in the mirror.

"Mom! They look like a girl's eyebrows now! How will I change that back?!"

"Don't worry they grow back so fast you'll get sick of having to pluck them."

She hadn't gone to any extremes, but my brows now definitely had a more refined, narrower look to them. "Girls do all this every night?"

She nodded. I was beginning to have a whole new respect for what beauty meant.

I went to the bathroom and prepared for bed. I brushed my teeth and rinsed. My reflection in the mirror held my attention. Picking up a hand mirror I turned around and looked at my head from all sides. "Wow, Mom did a real thorough job!" I found my self counting the rollers. Thirty six! No wonder my head felt heavy when it moved.

That night I lay awake for a long time. Was it the tightness of my scalp and the poking of the rollers or the slippery feeling of the silk pajamas or the exciting slickness of my polished and feminized nails. Whatever it was, I knew that tomorrow I was going to cause more than a few comments and looks at school.

THE NEW ME . . .

Mother woke me early. "Come on sleepy head. I have to do your hair this morning."

I dragged myself out of bed as the memory of last evening was brought back. It wasn't just a dream after all as I felt the rollers digging in all over my head. I returned from the bathroom having done my morning wash-up.

In my bedroom, I found that my mother had taken the liberty of selecting my clothes for the day. She had chosen

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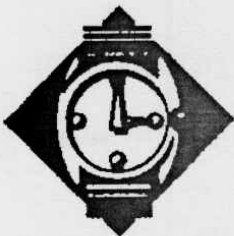
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a dress---a red cotton jumper style with a white, lacy blouse to go underneath. There were also white panties, a matching bra and a white, lacy bodice slip.

To complete the outfit was a pair of sheer pantyhose and two-inch heeled red pumps. My heart jumped to my throat. Could I go through with this? Those who didn't know me might think I AM a girl! Mother came into the room and asked, "Need some help?"

"I'm not sure Mom. Maybe this is going too far?"

"Too far? Of course not. You'll look lovely."

"That's what I was afraid of," I thought to myself.

She turned her back while I removed my pajamas and pulled on the white lace panties. Mother showed me how to roll up the pantyhose before putting them on so as not to cause a run. They went on smoothly and tickled my smooth-shaven legs. Next mother made me slip the straps of the bra over my arms then she stepped behind me to hook the back.

"Now some secrets from my girlhood days." She grinned as she produced a box of cotton. Taking some cotton she carefully stuffed it into the bra cups. Just enough to make them stand out about an inch and a half.

"There, modest but attractive."

I felt my nerves tingling at the thought of what the boys would say when they saw me with the impression of breasts. . .like Chandler!

"Now for the slip," Mother said as she lifted the soft garment and helped it slide down over my roller-covered head and down my body. She did some adjustments to the shoulder straps before being satisfied.

"Next the blouse," she said as she held it up for me. I turned around and was about to try and put it on like a jacket when she stopped me.

"No, no silly. It goes on the other way."

I looked and realized that this blouse buttoned all the way up the back! Reluctantly, I slipped my arms into the full, billowy sleeves. The cuffs buttoned at the wrist then flared out in a lace ruffle. I stood quietly while Mom fastened the dozen or more small white buttons up the back. I felt more imprisoned in this silk garment with each button she closed.

"There, now the dress." Once again we repeated the same maneuver as with the slip bringing the dress down

over my head. I heard the sound of the zipper being pulled up the back.

"Now, turn around and let me see you. Oh yes, you have a very attractive figure and your legs look great!"

I walked over to the mirror and looked. There stood a young high school girl with nice legs, her hair up in rollers and MY face! Not giving me too much time to gawk at myself, mother pulled my arm as she started out of the room.

"Back to my room for some makeup and your hairdo."

Once again I found myself seated in front of the vanity looking at my reflection in the mirror. With unmistakable enthusiasm, Mom went to work with eyebrow pencil, some light eyeshadow and mascara, blush and finally with a peach-colored lip gloss that matched my nail color.

"This is not as heavy as lipstick. You don't need much makeup for school. We'll save the bolder lipsticks for special." She stepped back and looked pleased.

"Yes, I think you will impress Nora and the girls. Wait until I take down your hair."

With that she began to untie the hairnet in back and carefully removed it from my head.

"Here, you hold the box and I'll pass you the rollers and pins to put away."

I watched as she deftly began pulling the pins from the rollers at the bottom and back of my head.

"Oh, your hair is taking a set marvelously!"

More and more rollers were handed to me. With the ones on the side removed, I could now see how my hair gently sprang back into the rolled up shape of the roller. More were removed until my whole head was just a mass of springy rolls of hair.

"Now, pass me that brush please," Mother instructed as she pointed to a hairbrush in front of me. I watched as she showed me how to 'break' the curls. She brushed slowly but firmly front to back and down the sides through the curls. Along the bottom, she brushed the hair to curl under slightly. A lot of the curl disappeared but I still had a gently curled under pageboy style.

"Hang on, I'm far from done," she laughed as she took a pump spray bottle labeled 'Heaven Set' Medium Hold Hair Spray. She misted my hair all over with this then

picked up a rat-tail comb.

"After the initial brush through you spray some hair spray on to help hold the hair when you backcomb it."

She lifted a section from the front of my head much the same way as she had sectioned it when she rolled it. Holding the end of the hair straight up she used the comb in a few quick downward strokes from midway down the hair section towards the scalp. Quickly she took the net section behind it and repeated the process. I could see that each section now stood up from my scalp a couple of inches.

"Teasing hair is an art. You don't want to tease it too high or it looks trumpy."

In the next ten minutes she had transformed my entire scalp into a tall and wide expanse of hair.

"Finally, we shape the style back into its final form."

Now using her comb, brush and fingers Mom began to smooth the hair over the teased base. The teased sections became completely hidden by the neatly arranged curls and waves of the top hair. Along the bottom she brushed the hair under so that it curled against my neck. I was stunned! It looked like I was wearing a woman's wig. The style was so perfect and feminine that I couldn't believe it was my own hair.

"Now the final touch," she said as she gave the whole hairdo a good covering of firm hair spray. I turned my head from side to side looking at the mirror.

"That can't be my own hair."

"Your hair is beautiful. We will be able to try a lot of different hairdo's. And because it's long enough, I can probably do an updo for another day this week."

"Hmmm, oh yeah, that would be cool," I mumbled not even sure what I was saying. I was so amazed with my feminine appearance.

"Good morning!" Jeff's voice came from downstairs. "You comin'? You'll be late for your pre-school, daily meeting with Mr. Arthur."

"We're coming," replied my mother as she took my hand and led me out the door and down the stairs.

The look on Jeff's face was worth a thousand words! He uttered, "Your mother has turned you into a chick!"

"I guess so. . ."

A NEW DAY . . .

This was my new life. There was a whole new daily routine. I had to do something with my hair, add lipstick and there were the clothes!"

Every morning Mother fiddled with my hair until she'd produced a sort of a casual do, sometimes using a curling iron. There were bangs framing my face and she used a barrette to pin back the sides. Mother had obviously learned a lot her many years of wearing makeup. She showed me how to wear it with the notion it would blend in so that I looked like I had none on. But even with the palest pink lipstick, and with only a touch of shadow mascara, I felt painted!

There was a lot of rules to obey and I tried to do it carefully to avoid angering the girls. . .who controlled my destiny.

A TYPICAL DAY . . .

Thus went my days. Each day I was up very early in the morning. It was always an ordeal sleeping on a head full of rollers. I was always disoriented as I climbed out of bed and saw my reflection in my wardrobe mirrors. The short nightgown I wore was an omen for what my day was going to me like.

"Hurry, dear," mother said each morning in her bright voice. "You don't have much time. I'll comb out your hair."

Like a zombie, I would showered and find myself wearing nothing but a pair of panties and that darn padded brassiere in mother's bathroom where she would brush out my hair.

She stood behind me and unfastened the rollers while I just sat there trying to wake up. After they were all out she began to brush the tight curls out. With long slow strokes my new hairstyle would begin to take shape. With the sides curled forward and hugging my cheeks, she's work on getting the bottom curled under in a nice even flip. Before I was fully awake, she had the hair clips,

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ribbons or barrettes in to keep the sides from falling in front of my face.

It was amazing how different my hair looked from its former shaggy, unkempt appearance.

Patting a stray lock, she would announce, "There! Now your hair looks like it belongs on someone in a dress!" She was usually very pleased with the results and smiled broadly.

Looking in a small mirror so I could see the back. I would see it was soft and feathery and curled out all over with smooth, soft waves going everywhere.

By then I was totally awake. I'd moan, "Thanks Mom, it sure looks girlish."

"It's your only way out of this," she would say. "Maybe your friend Chandler is right. . .wearing a very feminine hairstyle with a dress and high heels will be less embarrassing than looking like some freak."

MORE OF THE SAME. . .

By now guys were now used to Chandler all gussied up but I was new game. The first couple days, I rushed through the kitchen, headed straight for the bathroom. I locked the door and turned on the shower. Taking one last look at myself in the mirror, I removed the barrettes or whatever and plunged my head into the shower spray. The water quickly flattened my hair and left it straight and stringy. Turning the water off I towel dried my hair and stood back.

By the end of the second week, I asked Mr. Arthur, "How long do I have to wear these things. . .I thought maybe a week but it's going on a month?"

"I don't think Nora is very happy with you. She heard you telling Jeff that you hated wearing girl's things and you'd get even with them all."

I stammered, "I was just. . .just showing off. I didn't mean it!"

Chandler was sorting papers and glared at me.

"But she heard it," Mr. Arthur shrugged. "Know what

I'd do?"

"What?"

"Be the biggest sissies they ever saw. Put your hair up, buy a new short dress and swish around here like some beauty queens. They won't want your competition."

"Really?" Chandler asked. "That wouldn't be too much?"

Mr. Arthur leaned back in his big padded chair and stated, "That's what I'd do."

That night I had a long talk with mother and she agreed with Mr. Arthur. "Yes, I think the girls are having too much fun at your expense. Show them that wearing dresses isn't a punishment anymore."

The next morning when I emerged from the bathroom Mother motioned for me to sit down on the chair in front of her.

"I'm going to do your hair up real special for today," she replied sweetly. "We'll show those girls a thing or two. We'll go all the way?"

"Okay mom, if you really think it'll work?" I said in as cheerful a tone as I could manage.

I sat down in the chair and Mother began setting my hair. She was positioning the rollers differently than usual. The back ones being placed vertically instead of horizontally. After she set my hair, she sat down in front of me with a bottle of nail polish and some funny plastic things.

"Not RED!" I told her.

"Now honey, you just sit still and let me get you ready for school. These are nail tips that I glue on your own nails. We want them to really show! It's time you had some fun being a sissy."

I nodded as she proceeded to apply the nail-tips and then coats of cherry red polish to both my fingers and toenails. While my toes were drying she took my fingers and expertly brushed the colorful liquid on each nail. Then she went on to the toes again.

"See how girlish they look!"

It took a moment for my eyes to realize that they were my hands! They were the most feminine hands I had ever seen.

"What else can we do," I muttered.



*I was the school sissy! I curled my hair,
shaved my legs and everything else like the girls!*

“LOTS!” Mother said, “I want your appearance to say, ‘I am feminine and proud of it!’ Those girls will be so off balance that your punishment will be over in a few days. We will make them jealous!”

“You’re sure?”

Mother produced a sexy pair of stockings and garter belt. She sat me down at the vanity and began to show me the proper way to put on stockings straight.

“They feel nice,” I said.

“And you’ll walk differently in them.” A pair of open toed, high heeled shoes were placed on my feet.

"I hope I can walk on these all day," I groaned.

I couldn't believe how excited I was at some hope of getting out of my predicament. I guess I would have done anything!

I guess it must have looked like a mother dressing her daughter for a first date or prom. Mother checked and re-checked my stockings and showed me how to tighten them.

When I tried to walk in the high heels, my hips swayed and it seemed like I needed more room to walk.

"The heels are high enough so they'll give you a sassy walk. The open toed front will show off your nicely painted toenails. Now for the treacherous trick of all!"

Mother slipped a plumply padded brassiere around me, it's cups well padded with a soft silicone.

I ran my hands over the prominent mounds and said, "These are too big?"

"Not really," she said. "Those pads give you a perfectly proportioned and voluptuous bustline."

We took several minutes to decide upon the right dress. It's sleeves were puffy and full at the shoulders and the square neckline and tight waistline further accentuated my new figure. Mother zipped me up from behind and smoothed the dress.

"You're adorable!" Mother exclaimed as she led me into the living room. I felt awkward in the frilly dress. With every step, the skirt swung from side to side around my legs. "My, that skirt really shows off a slinky walk. Let me show you a few other girlish gestures," Mother volunteered.

Soon I was prancing around the living room like a precocious six year old in her first party dress. Mother taught me how to sit in a dress, cross my legs, and walk so that my bottom would call everyone's attention. I tried hard because I knew this would work. I had to focus on my objective---once those girls saw me undulating sexily around the school, I'd be freed from my lacy prison.

"What else can we do," I asked. I figured that if a little medicine would work---more would be even better!

As we returned to the bedroom, I walked swiveling my hips so that my skirt swayed seductively.

"You learn quickly," mother proclaimed. "Come sit down at the vanity. I have a few more ideas---if you're

game?"

At first, I objected to the idea of plucking my eyebrows but submitted when Mother assured me that they too would grow back quickly. Besides, it was a MOST sissy thing to do.

"That's me!" I said with feigned arrogance, "An effeminate little sissy! Pluck away!"

I gritted my teeth as she "plucked away" at my masculine eyebrows. I declared, "Being a sissy hurts, doesn't it!"

In no time, she had them arched perfectly. She was so pleased with them that she said, "My, that really opens your eyes and gives your face a sweet girlish expression."

Mother dusted my eyelids with green shadow to blend with my dress and then applied heavy mascara to my lashes, which thickened and curled beautifully. To complete my eye make-up she drew a bead of eyeliner to give them a wider appearance. The effect was perfect. Big beautiful brown eyes framed with long dark lashes!

"The girls are going to be green with jealousy!" Mother added blusher to my cheekbones and powdered my nose. She finished the look with a tube of lipstick that matched the cherry red nail polish I was wearing. "You little swish!" Mother squealed. "You are beautiful!"

I was lost in the situation. Mother was making such a fuss over me, I wondered if the girls would do the same? Was there a flaw in my plan? Would they ever let me wear pants again?

Mother began working on my hair again. My knees grew weak at the sight that met my eyes. My hair was piled high on top and cascaded down my back in long tubular curls. One curl fell on each blushing cheek, curling in front of my ears. The total effect of the shoes, dress and bra gave me a marvelous figure.

I turned this way and that and pulled up my skirt to check my garter belt. My eyes were riveted to the mirrors as my beautifully made up eyes returned my stare and luscious red lips, parted in breathless excitement. I winked and tilted my head just to be sure it was me. A cascade of curls brushed my partially bare back as I moved and convinced me that it was indeed all me!

The spell was broken when mother suddenly hugged me and squealed, "It's fun being a sissy, huh?"

I blushed and she hugged me again. "I hadn't expected to look so. . .so girl like. I thought that I would look silly with heavy make-up but I felt pretty!"

"Oh, starting to like being a sissy?" mother asked as she attached a pair of shiny gold earrings on earlobes then sprayed me with a sweet smelling perfume.

I blushed deeply but who could tell with all that blush on.

Mother dropped me off about 30 minutes early for school and as I left, she called out, "Remember your hips! Let 'em go!"

I squirmed at her comment and waved good bye. I entered school and went down the empty halls to Mr. Arthur's office. No one came to school early but Chandler and me. (He was usually late.)

I was about to sit down when Mrs. Jones came in. She was young and pretty. I had never seen her so dressed up before. Before I could compliment her on her appearance, she rushed over to me clapping her hands with glee. "Jesse, you're stunning. Turn around and let me take a good look at you." She made a fuss over every girlish detail of my outfit and ended by saying, "If you are going to be the school's sissy, you might as well do it right!"

"If girls want me to wear girl's clothes. . .I'll show them I can look nice too."

Mrs. Jones watched as I walked out to go to math class, short skirts swinging and leaving a pleasant trail of perfume behind me.

"Howdy, gorgeous," Jeff said when I entered class. "What's with the new figure?"

"I whispered, "It was my idea. I'm going to be the most feminine girl in school. . .see how the girls like that!"

After math class, I walked toward Home Economics and caught an occasional whistle from the guys in hall. "Way to go, Jesse," one whispered as I swished by. Another said, "Meet me under the bleachers."

"You aren't man enough," I joked as I swished by. His mouth was still open as I turned the corner.

By the end of the day, the boys attitude towards me was changing. It was like they were fidgety of me. Mr. Arthur said, "They are just confused. Their eyes say

'chick' but their minds know differently. I better give you a ride home."

As we stopped in front of my house Mr. Arthur leaned across the seat of the car put his hand on my shoulder.

I was completely taken by surprise as he caressed the fabric of my dress with his fingers. "You smell nice and I love your hair," he said taking a big deep breath of the scent of my perfume. He fondled naturally my long curls and even touched my earring.

"You look so sweet this way," he whispered. "Maybe your mother and the two of us could go out to a nice dinner some night after school. Did the girls give you any evening dresses?"

My heart started racing. I knew I shouldn't be getting excited over being treated like this but I was.

"Goodnight, Jesse. Check with your mother," he yelled as I went in the house.

Mother was home waiting for my return so that she could see how it had gone. As I burst through the door and slammed it behind me, she knew it didn't go well.

Mother stood up to greet me. But I rushed right past her without saying a word and went straight into my bedroom where I began to practically tear my clothing off.

Mother ran in to lend a hand before I ruined the dress. I had already destroyed the pantyhose and was frantically trying to unzip the dress but my arm could not reach that far behind me. I was struggling intensely.

"Relax, dear, I'll get it," she said in a soothing tone. I slumped forward with exhaustion as she gently helped me remove the garment. As she slipped the slip over my head she inquired, "What happened? Didn't you see any difference?"

I didn't know what to say to her as I sat dazed from the whole experience. Finally, like a volcano, I erupted forth with a stream of broken sentences. "The girls wanted to know who did my hair and the boys wanted me to meet them under the bleachers. . . I was a complete sissy today! I blurted out and then burst into tears.

"There, there," she said pressing me against her chest and gently holding me. "I was afraid of this. It will take more than a day to make this work, you know."

"I know," I quietly sobbed. Rivers of mascara mixed

with streams of eyeshadow running down my pink cheeks. Mother led me into the bathroom and washed my face, carefully removing the eye make-up under my eyes.

She unfastened my bra and handed me a nightgown and tucked me in bed. You relax and watch TV and I'll bring you some soup. I was asleep before the first commercial.

I awoke the next morning with my hair still full of beautiful curls and the traces of blush still evident on my cheeks. It was early.

Mother came in and said, "Feel better after a good night sleep? Ready to WOW 'em today!"

I took a long bath and was so relaxed. Why did I so rarely take the time to tell mother how much she meant to me. I relaxed more deeply in the bubbles, slumping until I was almost free-floating. There was really nothing to account for the quality of my mood. It was going to be another horrible day but mother was always there for me.

I felt closer to my mother than ever. I was using her cosmetics, bubble bath, sleeping in her nightgowns and now with her doing my make-up. . . I could almost see her face on mine in the mirror.

I was determined to use mother's foresight and do whatever she suggested. I didn't want to embarrass her ever again.

That morning, mother showed me how to do my own make-up. "I might have to go to work early some morning and I don't want you looking painted."

I stood in front of the bathroom mirror carefully brushing on a coat of powder blush and blending it in with a big brush. It made me look the way I do after running.

"More red. Just a little," Mother coached.

I went back to my room and mother had put the blush in a little handbag along with my other things. You might as well start carrying make-up with you. . . you'll need it."

"What? In a purse?"

"Call it your handbag, dear," mother corrected. "There are no pockets in the dress, and I want you to touch up your make-up. Besides, carrying a purse is such a girlish thing to do. It'll call attention to just how much you respect women!"

"Respect?"

"Sure," she said, "Most boys think purses are underneath them. Carry it proudly and use it often to touch up your lips and make-up."

Just thinking about it made me want to wipe the red off my face and get on a bus out of town. However, I accepted the handbag and mother showed me how to carry it----"not like a football, but like a basket of eggs!"

There was still some time before school so I went back into my bathroom. "Stupid hair," I said to my reflection in the mirror. Mine wasn't like Chandler's. His was all full and falling in thick waves over his shoulders. My hair without mom's help and the ribbons, barrettes and clips was a tangled curly mess.

I tried a few things my mother taught me but it needed cut again or something! What could I do with my hair?

Suddenly I realized what I was doing. Wasn't this something all those stupid girls did? Was I getting sucked into it too!

I looked into my eyes. They still looked the same. I still felt like a boy inside but things were changing. I told myself in the mirror, "Relax. You're not going to turn into some girl just because you wear a dress to school."

I looked back at my hair again. Maybe mother could cut it or braid it? Again, what was I thinking! I had become like a living doll with my long nailed fingers gently teasing at my hair to get it just right. I didn't want to sit down because I'd wrinkle my dress so I just stood there, my feet together, making girlish expressions with my made-up face.

I had always laughed at girls and what they did for fun. They spent hours polishing their nails and curling their hair. They read beauty magazines, tested out new hairstyles and talked about boys. As much of a sissy as I'd become, at least I wasn't talking about boys!

I was late. On the way in, I saw Jeff. He had to stop me since I didn't want to ever embarrass him. I just pretended I didn't know him. I think he appreciated that.

I looked over Jeff's shoulder and saw some guys staring at us.

"I think we're being watched," I murmured. Jeff looked

back at the guys. All of them laughed and squealed then turned their attention toward a girl in the parking lot. She walked briskly, her wavy blond hair blowing behind her shoulders in the breeze---one hand keeping her short skirt in check. She was beautiful. She ignored the cat calls and gazed straight ahead at Jeff and I. He was smiling slightly.

IT WAS CHANDLER! His hair had been lightened or something. His eyebrows thinned, face perfectly made up and something more! "What's with them?" he said as he got in ear shot.

"I think they like you two," Jeff said, giving me a little playful shove toward the group.

I just stared at Chandler as we hurried to class. I was trying to figure out what was so different.

The first hour of school is always hectic and crazy and we were both late for Health Class.

"What's he think of you in a skirt?" Chandler asked, pointing at Jeff disappearing into his history class.

"Jeff," I said. "He's great. He's drops over now and then but I know he doesn't want to be seen with me at school."

Chandler twisted strands of his blonde hair between two pink fingertips and said, "He's gorgeous."

"Gorgeous?" I stared at his coquettish posture. Chandler poked my arm. "Do you know that cutie in the blue denim shirt over there? The one who's staring at us."

I looked up. "Yeah, I guess," I said. "He played first base for my summer baseball team."

"How about that hunk standing next to the water fountain?" he asked.

I said impatiently. "Chandler, we've got to get to class, okay?"

"Gee, okay," he said in a huff. "You know every cute boy in this school and won't even talk to me about them."

"I just know them from sports," I said. "Not a one will even say hi to me now."

"I never played sports," he exclaimed. "You know why they are all looking at us now!"

"They think we're weird?"

"That's not what Mr. Arthur says."

MORE TO KNOW. . .

In Girl's Health class we were having a test. I said to Chandler as we took our seats, "You have an older sister, so you must know all about this stuff."

"Not really," he said. "I wasn't told much. It was a lot easier not knowing."

Mentally I went over the questions in the book for the millionth time. I'd learned all about when girls get their periods? How much it hurts? Hormone cycles and when "we girls" could get pregnant and how! It was most embarrassing being talked to by a teacher like I was a female but I couldn't expect she'd change her class for us two.

After our last class and on the way to Mr. Arthur's office, a voice from in the Gym called out to Chandler and me.

"Hey, guys!" Jeff yelled. "Come shoot a couple baskets. . .like the old times." The gym was open after school for basketball and volleyball.

"Mr. Arthur will be pissed if we don't show." Chandler looked at me and smiled, "Come on. Just a couple shots." He was wearing a very short dress and two inch heels which he quickly kicked off. I knew there would soon be a bunch of boys in the gym but I could resist the hoop. I kicked off my heels and in nyloned feet said, "Okay, one game of horse."

Both Chandler and I were horrible. The nylons made our feet slip and I was very conscious of my short skirt and painted toenails showing. Chandler was less inhibited and Jeff made sure all the shots included lay-ups where Chandler's panties showed when he jumped.

Jeff said to me as Chandler missed a shot, "So did they suck out all your athletic ability too?"

"What do you mean?"

"It's like a couple girls showed up at school pretending to be you two. Maybe you were always girls and the male disguise was good?"

"Leave me alone," I huffed and adjusted a bra strap. "You try shooting baskets in a bra!"

Jeff grinned. "Hey, I'm not complaining. You used to beat me good. In fact, some of the guys are talking about

how good you two look.”

“Thanks. . .I guess.”

As a bunch of other guys showed up and watched, Jeff’s head wasn’t in the game anymore. He started missing stupid shots and the game went on for much too long. I couldn’t hit the side of a barn but I really tried and the game was close between Jeff and me.

“Haven’t you ever heard that girls are supposed let the boys win?” Chandler said on the way to Mr. Arthur’s office. “I let him win. Boys are supposed to be better in athletics and it makes they feel good to beat us.”

“Let Jeff win? WHY?”

“So that he will invite us to play again. It was fun, right?”

I nodded.

“I’m thinking of getting my hair permed,” Chandler said.

“Why?”

“It’s getting too long,” he said, twisting a strand of his long, blonde hair around his finger. “It takes too much time to get it like this in the mornings.”

I shrugged. “Why not just tie it back with a rubber band the way you did when we played ball.”

Another long moment of silence went by. “I think I’ll get it permed,” Chandler said.

“Okay. You can always cut it off if you don’t like it. I hate my hair too,” I said.

In Mr. Arthur’s office he had been waiting impatiently. As usual, he gushed on and on about how cute we both looked and asked how our day went.

Then he asked, “Did you see the posters around school? There’s a dance on Saturday the fifth? You two should go?”

“No,” I said.

“It might be fun,” Chandler said as he filed a few papers. “My sister went to school dances and really liked them.”

“Oh yeah?” I said, “but your sister was very different was from us. . .she was a girl. Who would dance with us?”

“I would,” Mr. Arthur said shyly, “and I’ll make sure that all the girls that control your punishment dance with

you too. It's your chance to show them you've learned your lesson."

"You mean go to the dance in a party dress?"

"Yes, like the other girls in school."

Chandler smiled, "That would really show them. . . especially if some of their boyfriends stared at us!"

Chandler left to meet his mother and I had to wait for Mr. Arthur to drive me home.

"I think Chandler is losing it," I said wondering if 'being crazy' would get us out of this punishment.

"Crazy," he said, "Crazy like a fox."

"I just mean that Chandler is getting to be. . ." I paused.

"What? Too girly. You make that sound like a bad thing," he scolded. "There's nothing wrong with being girly! Maybe you haven't learned your lesson yet?"

"I didn't mean there's anything wrong with being a girl," I stammered.

"I bet you'll like this dance," he said firmly. "And I'm planning to dance with you."

"But I've never danced before," I said. "I don't even know how."

"You don't have to know how," he said. "Let your partner lead and just move your hips to the music. Actually they will be teaching you to follow and a few dance steps in Gym this week. I have to leave early today."

"Okay," I said. I knew Chandler would do it big time and the whole thing ticked me off. I had that weird feeling in my stomach when things can't get worse and do.

NO! NO! NO. . .!

I walked down the hall as Mr. Arthur locked up his offices. I hated leaving this early but saw Jeff and Chandler talking in the hall.

I looked over at Jeff. When he saw me, he started staring into space wearing a dumb expression. Something was odd.

"I gotta go," he said to Chandler who had been talking with him.

"What's the matter with Jeff?" I asked. "He's behaving towards me like I was a stranger." That was okay but not

when he's with Chandler! My closest friends were starting to get real weird.

"I gotta talk to you," I heard Chandler whisper over the noise of banging lockers in the hall. It was the end of the day and everyone was rushing home.

Chandler came right up and took my arm and pushed me into a quiet corner. "We gotta talk!" he said again. I backed up against the wall.

"What about?"

"The dance!" he asked breathlessly, looking around to see if anyone could hear. "He's your friend," Chandler's eyes bored into mine. "Is it okay with you?"

"What?"

"He didn't tell you?" Chandler asked with a look of confusion. "Ah, Jeff's giving me a ride to the dance."

"And home too?"

"I guess so?"

I tried to take another step back against the wall. "How'd you manage that?"

"He just asked me if I wanted to go with him. He's so thoughtful and gorgeous, I just can't believe it," he said.

I was about to say, "So what?" but he didn't stop jabbering long enough to give me the chance.

I finally interrupted, "You are going as his GIRL-FRIEND?"

"No, I don't think so," Chandler said confused. "I'm not his girlfriend. I mean, I dress like a girl and I'm his friend now, but. . ."

He stared at me for a long moment as if he were trying to understand what was happening. He asked, "You're his friend and you dress like a girl! Are you his girlfriend?"

This was too complicated for me. "He's not picking me up and taking me to a dance. He's picking you up right?"

Finally he started to smile. "Gee, I guess he is. . . just like my sister used to get picked up by her dates."

Chandler waved and began to scamper down the hall. I yelled, "Hey, you can't go with him!"

Chandler's jaw got tight. "Who died and made you boss?"

I didn't say anything. I just watched him stroll away triumphantly in his short, tight skirt.

I called Jeff that night and he didn't return my call. Was he embarrassed? Chandler seemed to be avoiding me also. I finally caught him at gym class before the teacher made the announcement that always made me blush. "All of you are required to take showers after class. If you're having your period, you don't have to shower." The girls always looked at us and giggled.

Chandler said, "You've been so mean, you MUST be having your period!"

We went into our little private dressing room and I religiously checked out the high windows before I undressed.

We'd already seen each other in our underwear so there was no embarrassment. Just like the girls in our clandestine video, we took off our dresses, slips and nylons then put on the regulation blue gym jumpers. Then white tennis shoes and hurried out into the gym to do exercises.

As we dressed after gym class, I broke the silence. I asked, "Why would you want to go with Jeff to a dance?"

"Because he invited me. I know it's kind of silly," Chandler said putting on his padded bra. "I like him and maybe it's dumb, but I think he likes me. It will be fun."

"Fun?" I said loudly. "What? A new hairstyle, a pretty

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dress, maybe some high heels and a boy, I mean friend, picking you up! That's fun to you?"

Chandler looked embarrassed when I started yelling. He defended shyly, "What's wrong with liking those things?"

"Chandler, that's what girls like! Is that what you like now. . . maybe you'll want Jeff to kiss you! Girls like that too, you know."

"Things are different now," Chandler said taking a step back and raising his voice. "We're not little boys anymore. It's not as if I'm not turning into a girl just because Jeff is driving me to the dance!"

"But you're acting like a stupid girl. An air-head who only cares about hair, short skirts and. . . okay, a ride to the dance!"

"So girls are idiots, eh?" Chandler snapped. "Man, that's the attitude that got us into this mess. If you don't change it, we are both going to be graduating in high heels!"

He turned and stalked out of the dressing room.

I suddenly felt very lonely. Chandler and I'd had fights before, but this time was different. I shouldn't have called him a "stupid girl", but it was too late to take it back.

I felt an empty palpation in the pit of my stomach. "Okay, I'd go to that stupid dance and I'd do what was necessary to show everyone I "respected" girls.

That night I called Chandler. "I'm sorry about today. I'm just worried about the kids laughing at us. We look uncool enough as it is. I just didn't want them thinking we have a weird sex life."

"You mean you have a sex life?" Chandler asked carefully.

"No," I admitted. "Girls never gave me the time of day. Maybe that's why I haven't respected them much. . ."

"I've never had much luck with the girls either. Not muscular enough to get a second look, I guess," Chandler said slowly. "Maybe that's why I like being the center of attention even if it's sometimes bad."

"Even I've gotten used to being stared at," I admitted. "Sometimes it is kinda fun."

"There's something else and it's something I don't understand," Chandler almost whispered. "Don't get me

wrong. I used to watch my sister getting ready for a date. . .attired in a pretty dress, nylons and spending hours on her hair and make-up. The idea that I get to do it too is very exciting!"

I admitted, "I like to watch my mother getting ready to go out too. It is sort of exciting primping in front of the mirror or when Mr. Arthur says I'm pretty. But hey! That doesn't mean. . ."

Chandler interrupted, "No! But I like it when Jeff tells me I should have been a girl. But if he even tries a single good-night kiss, I'll heave!"

We both laughed and talked for over an hour about everything: boys, girls, clothes, hair and even make-up!

"What are you wearing tomorrow," Chandler asked.

"I think I'll try a pale pink cashmere sweater dress. . .I've been afraid to wear it before. . .too girly."

"Too girly!" he gushed. "Not for you. Jeff says you should have been a girl too!"

"Really? Me?"

ON MY MIND. . .

I couldn't get our conversation out of my mind. Chandler had admitted that he liked being a sissy. Worse than that, he liked doing girl's things. I had to admit that I'd never felt so alive at school. It was a dizzy hodgepodge of high-embarrassment, high thrill. Add that to the normal confusion of school and the unaccustomed attention mixed with some flattery, and clothes that made me feel naked.

There was so little I could do about anything. There was an overwhelming feeling of frustration. Yet I was so happy yapping with Chandler about feelings and even what I was going to wear tomorrow.

What was making me think such happy thoughts after the most horrible time of my life? Maybe it was a natural euphoria from knowing you've hit the bottom? Maybe it was some sort of girlish hormonal revenge from wearing a brassiere and girl's clothes?

A bright mood had abruptly descended on me. In spite of any explanation, I was looking forward to wearing that pale pink cashmere dress to school tomorrow. In a rush of shyness, I sat down at my dressing table and decided

what else to wear with it. I picked up a hairbrush and automatically began to do something about the tangles in my hair. My heart beat heavily. I didn't dare to look at myself in the mirror and admit it. I wanted to look pretty.

I heard mother approaching behind me, but I continued to apply myself to the disorder of my hair.

"What a mess," mother said, gently taking the brush from my hands. "When this is all over, we best cut it very short---like a marine. For now though, would you like me to help you do something with it?"

I nodded.

As mother put roller after roller in my hair, I thought about what Chandler had said: "My mother used to curl my sister's hair and put on her lipstick, rouge and eye makeup, grooming and polishing her to perfection. . .now I'm the one wearing the lacy, frilly lingerie. Now Mother's fussily helping me pick out a flattering dresses and hair bows to match. I like it!"

Tomorrow, Chandler was going to wear a dainty little dress with puffed sleeves, a new pair of spotless white pumps with white satin bows on the toes and white nylons.

Mother was smiling and chattering as she sprayed my rollers. I couldn't see her disappointment with me. "Oh!" she said, "I forgot to tell you! I saw Chandler and his mother today at the market. I wouldn't have recognized him if his mother hadn't said hello. He really makes a pretty girl, doesn't he?"

"Too pretty," I agreed.

The next morning, I met Chandler at Mr. Arthur's office. He wore that frilly pink party dress with its tightly fitted top with embroidered lace and little starched ruffles on the puffed sleeves. His long blond hair was brushed forward with shaggy bangs that reached all the way to his highly arched eyebrows.

He looked like a precocious young lady on her sixteenth birthday. The only mature clue was the way a tiny string of pearls stretched over his swelling breasts, and the dark eye makeup he used so cleverly. Everything indicated that he was a girl and a most appealing one at

that.

JUST ANOTHER DAY . . .

Under Mr. Arthur's watchful eye, I sat playfully filing papers in my pale pink cashmere sweater, a single string of pearls my only ornament. Mother at the last minute had added her long hair piece to the back of my head making my hair curl around my shoulders and over my bosom like a waterfall.

"It's so unfair!" Mr. Arthur commented, "The girl's don't have a chance today. . . have you noticed how many girls have hung up their jeans and are wearing dresses too?"

Chandler giggled, "Every time I wear a dress, the girl that owns it calls me up and wants it back. Pretty soon, I won't have any clothes!"

"I only wish I thought you were right," I said. Chandler's voice was high and sweet, so delicate, almost like the voice of an angel.

"You are the most beautiful girl in school?" I heard myself saying.

"Chandler, say thank you," Mr. Arthur said. "This isn't a test of your modesty. You really make a very attractive girl and it's time you admitted it."

He smiled demurely, "I guess I am. . . what should I do?"

"Accept the compliments," Mr. Arthur said. "You can't change your body type or bone structure, but that's just about all you can't change. Frankly, neither of you were going anywhere until you plucked your eyebrows, started wearing skirts and mostly changed your attitudes towards being sissies. You two have invented a whole new kind of androgynous beauty. Haven't you noticed that you are being treated better each day?"

We both nodded. There were new social opportuni-



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ties. Chandler had already seen it with Jeff but the guys weren't making fun of us anymore. . .they were afraid of us like they were afraid of the "pretty" girls.

Chandler had been invited to some parties but afraid to go.

Even the girls wanted to talk to us about hair, clothes and what WE though of certain boys. After all, we did know more about boys than any of them!

Mr. Arthur was right! He said, "You had gotten into seeing yourself in terms of being boys, instead of giving yourself credit for being unique individuals. You're both special."

Chandler said later at lunch as we sat together for our first day back in the cafeteria, "We're celebrities!"

"That's true," I said, pouring a soft drink into a paper cup like the girls did.

Just then one of the girls came up and asked, "What are you guys wearing to the dance next week?"

"I'm wearing my sister's dress," Chandler said proudly. "It's a divine coral chiffon with a short ruffled skirt. It's short and cut down to here in the back and here in the front so you can see everything. . .perfect for a dance."

"I'm not sure yet," I said.

The girl grinned and threw her long mane of hair over one shoulder. "I was going to wear a sweater and skirt but it looks like I better go buy something new."

I looked at Chandler and made a face he pretended not to see as she walked away.

"I can't wait," Chandler said, giggling. "I always wondered why my sister loved going to dances. Guess I'm going to find out. I keep wondering what it'll be like. The music will be playing and Jeff says he can't wait to dance with me. Just thinking about slow dancing with Jeff gives me the shivers."

"Me too," I said.

"How are you getting to the dance?"

"Mr. Arthur," I said matter-of-factly.

Chandler squealed, "He is handsome!"

I couldn't believe how important this stupid dance was to Chandler. It made me sick.

"Who do you want to dance with?" Chandler asked.

My face got red. "I don't know. Why do I have to

dance?"

"Don't you have a crush on anybody?" Chandler asked.

I bit my lip. "No!"

"Yes, you do!" he shrieked. "Who is it?"

"Nobody," I insisted. My face was really red.

"Who do you want to dance with?" Chandler asked.

"Not any boys!" I was horrified. "How could you show your face at school after dancing with a boy?"

"Because, it will let everyone know I not only look but I respond like a girl," Chandler said boastfully. "What are you going to do if a boy asks you to dance? They will ask you know."

I felt a panicky feeling rising in my chest. Was there anything I could do to make sure that would never happen to me?

After that, I couldn't concentrate on school. I kept thinking about the dance and what might happen. Chandler was right but everything was so out of control. Something in me was changing, whether I liked it or not, and I couldn't do a thing about it.

THE DANCE...

Everybody was there, practically the whole class.



Chandler's feminine glow was more than just makeup.

There were couples and single girls along one wall and the stag boys lined up along the other.

Pink and black crepe paper banners decorated the walls, and red balloons were tied to chairs lining the Gym. The girls who decorated it were going for a romantic look.

I didn't want to be the only girl looking person on the boys' side, so I went to the girl's side.

I had butterflies in my stomach as Mr. Arthur formally announced the beginning of the dance. As the music began, he looked around for me. I knew what he was going to do so I hid.

The music played for about ten minutes, and no one had gone out on the floor to dance.

The boys stared across the floor and horsed around with each other. I knew they were rating the girls. The girls stared right back at the guys.

A small group of girls walked out on the floor. Looking very self-conscious, they started dancing with each other. Everybody watched them. It was really pathetic. The guys obviously weren't interested in dancing with them, so the girls had to dance with each other.

I saw Jeff and Chandler arrive and join the couples, I felt sort of sorry for Chandler. I went over when Jeff was getting some punch and whispered, "So what's it like being your sister?"

"Different than I imagined," he said. "Jeff said he was going to treat me like his girl tonight." Chandler took a deep breath.

This was it for him. He was going to show everyone that he was willing to accept the feminine role and the worrying would finally be over. . .for him.

Chandler ran nervous hands over the material of his new dress. He told me that his sister's pale blue mandarin dress had cost more than any clothes he'd ever had on. "I wanted to look spectacular!" he said. He'd even had his hair professionally styled in loose waves down his back.

"Are you sure you know what you are doing?" I asked.

"Being pretty is my way of showing Jeff how much he means to me," Chandler said seriously.

I grinned at Jeff carrying the punch and he smiled back.

"You look nice in your tux," I said with a toss of my curls.

"Can I say it? You'll look hot dancing in that dress."

"You don't have to dance at a dance," I said.

During the next song, more girls came out on the floor and danced together.

A couple guys on the football team came over and one punched Jeff's arm. "Hey, Jeff," he said. "Chandler looks like he wants to dance. We are all waiting to see how he dances. . ."

Jeff laughed and shrugged. His ears started to turn red but he said to Chandler who was getting mad, "Come on. I know they want you."

As they walked out on the dance floor, one guy said, "I can't believe that a guy can do that to the top of a dress!"

They snickered loudly as they were "bed" rating him. It was the revolting thing I'd ever heard in my life.

I butted in. "I think you're all bunch of pigs!"

"What do you mean?" one asked.

"You and your sickening ratings," I said, my hands on my hips. "No wonder none of you has a date."

One stammered for a come back, "Bet you'd like to do it with all of us!" They nervously laughed and turned their backs on me, going back to grading practically every girl in the room.

Boys! They didn't care what I thought. When Jeff and Chandler came over a few minutes later, I said loud enough for them to hear. "They make me sick!"

"Ask Jesse to dance," Chandler said, grinning.

"Cool it," Jeff said. "Jesse, let's do it!" Jeff dragged me out onto the floor. I resisted, but not too much. There wasn't much I could do.

We started dancing, moving our bodies to the music. A few guys hooted and a few girls applauded. "Way to go, Jeff!" one yelled.

It was official. I dressed like a girl. . .now that I danced with a guy. . . I was sure I never looked sillier, out on that gym floor, trying to dance in a dress. I sort of wiggled my hips and kept my wrists limp like the girls.

When the song was over, I thought Jeff would come back to the side but he didn't. He stayed on the floor with Chandler and started dancing again when a new song started.

I guess Jeff gave some of the other guys courage, because about five guys walked over to girl's side and

asked them to dance.

Chandler was beaming as they danced. I couldn't believe it. They used to play softball against each other and now they were dancing together.

One by one, the guys walked over and asked girls to dance. Some of the girls came over and invited the guys to dance, too.

I just stood there and watched. There were only two people in the whole room who weren't dancing. One of them was Mr. Arthur. And one of them was me.

What a stupid dance! On a scale of one to ten, how were the boys rating me? I wondered.

I looked over at Jeff, still dancing with Chandler as Mr. Arthur came up to me. "You should be dancing," he said. "It's fun."

"You mean by myself?" I said.

"I'll dance with you!" Mr. Arthur said taking my hand and pulling me out on the dance floor. As I looked around for Chandler and Jeff, the music was stopped abruptly. Mr. Arthur said, "Got to go announce the entertainment!"

I kept looking for Chandler as Mr. Arthur talked into the microphone. "Attention, students and faculty. Tonight I have the great pleasure of announcing a big surprise. So get ready and make a big welcome for. . ."

The heavy beat of the music drowned him out as everyone craned their necks to see the stage. I couldn't see well over the crowd. Chandler and Jeff were no to be seen. . .until the lights came up on stage! "It's MADONNA!" someone said.

It was CHANDLER doing Madonna's "Like a Virgin!" I felt myself shiver with fear as he mouthed the song's words and danced girlishly around on the stage. The crowd quickly got into it and began cheering and clapping.

It was only then that I noticed Jeff dancing behind Chandler. He came up and like the music video, they suggestively danced together. "How long had they been planning this?" I wondered. At the end of the song, Chandler pressed his lips enthusiastically against Jeff's as he bent him backward so that his long blonde hair almost touched the floor. When they came up for air, they then gazed out at the audience and bowed!

"More!!" begged the audience and Chandler began



*It was like Chandler enjoyed being a girl!
What was wrong with him?*

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lip-synching Marilyn and dancing to, "I enjoy being a girl!"

Chandler fluttered his lashes and Jeff responded showering him with flowers.

Chandler was a born exhibitionist. There was not a shred of visible stage fright. He was doing crazily sexy shoulder-thrusting, bottom-swinging, pelvis-thrusting steps in shoes that most girls couldn't even walk in. There was the flash of dozens of blinding flashbulbs as Mr. Arthur never missed a shot.

When it was over, I felt a humiliating ooze flow through my veins as Chandler worked his way through the crowd which was still treating him like "Madonna." In his flowing, long dress, with a million petticoats, Chandler didn't push or shove in an unladylike way but with snake-hips, he twisted, sidestepped and slithered through the crowd accepting compliments.

Chandler was a star!

NO SLEEP

I tossed and turned all night, my dreams reflecting the confusion I was feeling from the dance. I was glad when morning finally arrived. I climbed out of bed early and as I washed my face I suddenly realized that I still had on make-up and my hair was a mass of flattened curls.

That afternoon Chandler was at my door. He asked, "Mother's taking me shopping for clothes. Do you want to come with me?"

"What? To buy new dresses? Why would I want to do that?"

"I just thought---well, you don't have to." Chandler looked at me a moment without speaking. "See you later," he finally said turning sassily on his high heels.

"Okay," I said as Chandler began flitting down my walkway. "Chandler?" He turned back.

"Why did all those guys ask you to dance?"

"Maybe they knew I *wanted* to dance," he said.

"I think you want new dresses to get boys interested in you."

"I just want to look nice," Chandler said, "and if boys ask me to dance, that must mean I do look nice!"

"But you were wiggling your bottom and. . ."

"Oh that. . . everyone made such a fuss over me that I started to enjoy it. When those guys wanted to dance with me, I just acted as feminine as I could. As the night went on I begin to like all the attention I was getting. Jeff actually got jealous!"

"Jeff? Jealous?" I'd never seen him ever show any rivalry with other guys over a girl!

"Yeah, we finally left and he took me somewhere to talk."

"Lookout mountain?"

"How'd you know?"

"That's where Jeff takes GIRLS to neck! You didn't. . .?"

Chandler face flushed. He whispered demurely, "Jeff said he wanted to try out a new 'move'. I got so excited I didn't know what to do. For a moment I felt like a real girl must feel. I felt completely helpless and submissive. . . I just don't know anymore. When I see myself in the mirror I feel like a beautiful girl."

I looked at Chandler. "Have you ever had the feeling your life is crazy and out of control?"

"No, what do you mean?"

"Everything around me is changing," I said. I sat on my porch's bottom step. "Everyone is turning into different people, and I can't stop them. It's like I'm the only one who's the same as I was before this started." I fiddled with some strands of curled hair that I hadn't brushed yet.

Chandler rested his high heel on the bottom step next to me. "Jeff and I both thought you looked really hot in your dress last night," he said.

I wrinkled my nose. "Hot?"

"Just because you admit you look nice in a dress doesn't mean you're going to turn into some slut."

I looked at Chandler and wondered why would a guy like Jeff be interested in hanging around him. "Probably because he's so pretty," I thought.

"Okay. I'd love to go shopping with you. It just doesn't make any sense," I said, "but let's do it."

Chandler suggested. "Great! We'll find you something that makes you feel gorgeous!"

"Well," I said. "I have some money saved from Christ-

mas but I'm not planning on buying a dress with it. And if you are thinking about lingerie?"

He grinned. "No lingerie but bring cash!"

"This is cute." Chandler stopped and looked at a flowered spring dress on a mannequin. "Do you like it?"

"It's okay, I guess," I said. "For a dress. I'd like it better if it was a pair of jeans."

"May I help you?" We turned around and saw the saleslady behind us.

"Can my friend try on that dress," Chandler asked, pointing to the mannequin. "And I'd like to try on that one."

Inside the dressing room, we undressed like two girls.

"Don't you just hate wearing a girdle?" I asked as I took off my skirt and blouse.

"I don't mind," Chandler said slipping the off-the-shoulder, blue dress over his head. "We couldn't create a very convincing 'look' of femininity without one. When I wear a girdle and a bra, it makes me feel feminine."

"It's just a pain in the butt to me," I said. "I can't wait to get mine off!"

Chandler ran his hands over his silky girdle and said, "When I wear a really tight girdle all day, I find it easier to act feminine. I know exactly what you mean by that 'after-a-girdle' glow. When I take my girdle off, I can still feel the feminine effects of it's constriction and almost miss it."

THE NEW CHANDLER. . .

When I saw Chandler after Easter Break, I almost couldn't believe it was him.

"Hi, girl," he said to me with a shy wink.

I just stared. There was something different? It wasn't his pale pink velvet sheath. It fit perfectly and was sexy without going overboard. It wasn't the matching 3 inch heels completing the look. Chandler swirled, holding his hair up on top of his head with one hand and caressed the front of his dress with the other.

"What up with you?" I asked.

Chandler smiled flirtatiously. The pink tones of the dress made his skin even more golden and the fitted, trim skirt showed off his rounded bottom and slender waist.

With his willowy five-foot, six-inch build, he could carry off most fashions.

Chandler went to a mirror and deftly put his hair up in a chignon, making him look older, more cosmopolitan. "Jeff will go crazy when he sees you in that dress," I said.

"That's the idea!"

I stood there, with curiosity written all over my face. "So what have you been up to?"

Chandler ran a long, manicured nail to tame a loose tendril in his silky blonde hair then took a seat and crossed his legs girlishly. I was wearing a simple black jeans skirt and a matching silk top.

"My sister gave me this," he said caressing the sheath and swishing a little of the skirt. "Isn't this perfect? My sister was so envious when she tried to picture me wearing these shoes and my hair up like this to school." His blue-green eyes were bright and expectant as he again began to toy with his hair.

"You saw your sister?"

"On the break, Mother and I went to visit her college and spent the week with her. You should see her. . . a sexy and sophisticated coed."

"I thought you didn't get along with her?"

"That was before. . ." Chandler preened. "You should see the dress she bought me at a trendy college boutique downtown."

I felt a swell of jealousy. Chandler's dress was gorgeous.

He rambled on, "It's a black-and-white silk dress with little straps, and a matching jacket. Very proper until I take the jacket off." A wicked grin flashed across Chandler's face. "I can't wait until Jeff sees that. He'll simply die."

"Your sister bought you a dress?"

"Several. . . we had such a good time. She took me to a party and even introduced me to her boyfriend as her little sister. Both my sister and mother thought it was better that I act like a girl."

I shook my head. I interrupted him smoothly. "May I assume that you wore that dress to impress those college guys at the party?"

Chandler blushed, "My sister and I had such fun getting dressed up for the party. She did my make-up

and told me, 'Act like a queen. . .we college girls are stuck up!' It was such fun!"

"If your sister has you so worked up, something must have happened."

"Words can't describe it," he said. "We became friends!" Chandler daintily crossed his ankles, showing his long, sleek, smooth legs. "We talked about everything. . .like we were sisters!"

"Oh sure," I smirked, "Like what?"

He thought for a moment and said, "Like sex. . .she told me all about having SEX with her boyfriend. . .how. . .how often. . .where. . .birth control. . .even how it feels! SO there!" He picked up his purse and as if to prove his point, pulled out a round package of pills. "See she even gave me her prescription of birth control pills!"

"You aren't taking those, are you?" I asked, giving him an exasperated look as he brushed a stray wisp of hair from his mouth and tucked it back into his chignon.

He stared at me through his long dark lashes, a shy smile flashing. "You think I'm nuts, right?"

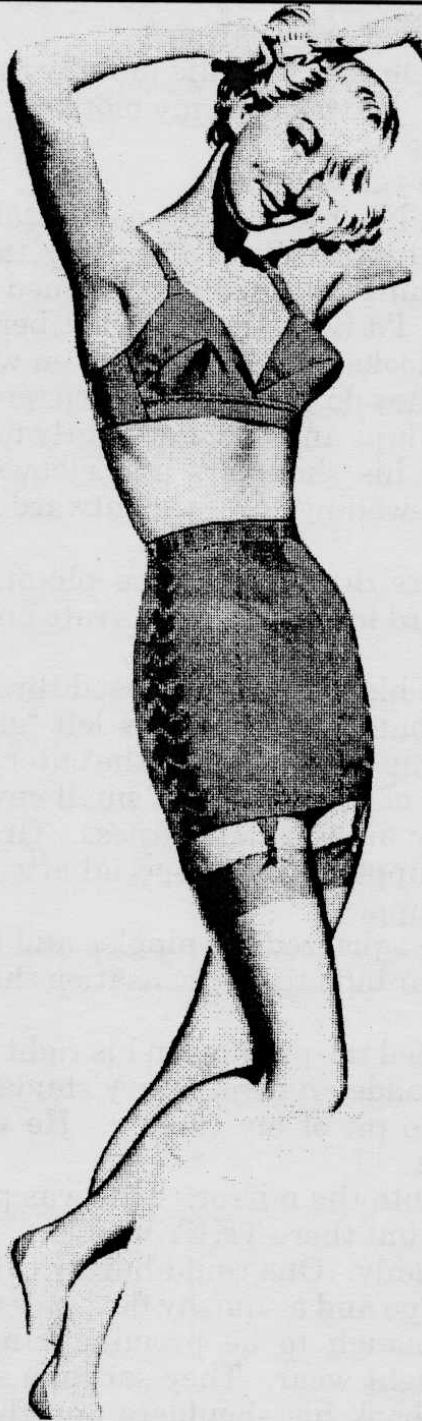
NEAR THE END. . .

It was the last month of school and when I walked into our little dressing room next to the gym. I saw Chandler standing before the mirror half dressed.

First I saw his soft white pumps with absurdly high heels and then his smooth unstockinged legs. His tank style dress went just above his knee but the top was pulled off his shoulders down past his breasts, resting around his waist. His hips flared out elegantly so that the dress stayed up. His long blonde hair was pulled back and placed upon his head, arranged like flowers. One tiny piece fell over his eye and his lips were red. Around his neck was a small black rope necklace with a charm and nothing else on top.

He was inspecting his chest. At first I only noticed a puckering at nipples. Then I saw the subtle change in the shape and contour around his nipples.

A cold chill ran down my back as I saw his nipples tighten outward into little knots. "That is a very inter-



*"I can wear anything of my sister's now!"
Chandler said proudly.
"Her drawers are not off limits anymore!"*

esting locket you are wearing.”

“Locket? Oh that,” he said proudly fingering the little heart of gold. “It was once my mothers, then my sister’s and now mine.”

“What are you doing?”

“*Checking* like they taught us in health class.”

Watching him closely in the mirror, there was a tender softness pushing outward that seemed to curdle under each nipple. I’d never noticed that before. . . actually I never really looked at Chandler when we dressed.

“Oh my, they do work!” he gasped, pressing his hands firmly on my hips and bowing slightly toward the mirror as he pulled his shoulders and elbows forward. Two conspicuous swellings pressed outward in delicate cones of flesh.

His fingers drifted over the pliant, sensitive skin, making it hard for me to concentrate on what they symbolized.

He raised his left arm and used three or four fingers of his right hand to explore his left “globule” carefully, and thoroughly. Beginning at the outer edge, he pressed the flat part of his fingers in small circles, moving the circles slowly around the softness. Gradually working toward the nipple, he paid special attention to the area around the nipple.

He gently squeezed his nipples and I was startled by the unfamiliar but stirring sensation that shot down MY back.

He repeated the probing on his right breast then both together. I made an involuntary shudder at the queasy feeling in the pit of my tummy. He was checking for breast cancer. . .!

I stared into the mirror. This was preposterous and unthinkable but there THEY were!

Not womanly. One could hardly call them “tits” but they had shape and a squishy fleshiness that made them stand out enough to be prominent against whatever blouse he might wear. They sat high and proud on his chest. He shook his shoulders and they twitched and fluttered a bit.

I had a burning sensation in the pit of my stomach. There was no chance Chandler was going to be any help in getting our punishment reduced.

SPENDING THE NIGHT . . .

It was the first time since the video taping that I spent the night at Chandlers. As kids we did all the time but this was very different. His mom was out of town and we had a "pajama" party. Actually we were INTO his sister's closet most of the time.

His mother laughed when she left and said, "Girls. NO BOYS!!"

We both laughed. After she left I asked, "Do you think. . .?"

"What? What were you going to say?"

"Maybe what Mr. Arthur said is true. The girls have no intention of letting us out of dresses before graduation."

"You're jumping to conclusions," Chandler said. "I think there's a very good chance to get back into pants. Nora said I could wear these to school if I wanted."

Chandler had slipped into beige linen slacks and a white silk blouse, strappy sandals.

"You're only saying it to make me feel better?" I said, "in fact, I'm not even sure you want out of dresses."

"I truly believe that nothing's been decided," he said, "But I promise I won't hold up YOUR chance to get out of this. . . I'll even talk to Nora and tell her selling the video I was my idea."

"Oh, thank you!" I flung myself at Chandler and wrapped my arms around him. Emotion of relief and renewed hope.

"Jesse, you have no idea how good that feels."

"Good?" I looked at Chandler inquisitively.

"It feels good to have you hold me." With that he kissed me on the cheek. "We've been through so much together, I hate it when we fight." He kissed me again.

"Oh."

"Don't draw away like that," Chandler said. "We have to talk about all this and ME sooner or later?"

"It's your business," I said softly. "I guess maybe I did wonder---a little. I'm not stupid. When you told me how you felt about Jeff. I don't think any the less of you. . ."

"Whatever that is," Chandler added with a nervous giggle. "Okay, I'll say it. I like being a girl!"

"But you're not a girl!"

"Everyone treats me like one. I dress like one. I feel like one. And now I'm even getting the figure of one!"

"You make it sound so logical," I murmured protesting. "Just stick on a dress and become a female!"

Chandler smiled and said, "What doesn't make sense is seeing a pretty girl in your mirror every morning. IT should be taking a toll on your masculinity."

"I can't even bear to think about the whole thing, I'm completely confused." I was almost in tears.

Chandler said, reaching out and caressing my down-cast head, "Of course you're confused and you will be until you cope with your feelings and femininity."

Chandler laughed and I relaxed a little. He continued to touch my hair lightly as he spoke quietly, "Do you think I'm attractive as a girl?"

I nodded. "Yes," I admitted, "I have been having weird thoughts lately."

"Oh, Jesse, sweet, confused Jesse," he said. "Once we've felt the sweet sensation of femininity, we can't possibly spend the entire rest of our life denying it."

Chandler turned his head and leaned forward from the edge of the bed and brushed my cheek with a quick kiss.

I was too embarrassed to say a word, but I felt closer than I'd ever dared imagine.

I felt a curiosity so wild and powerful that my mouth was dry and hands trembled as Chandler put his arms around my shoulders and kissed my hair lightly.

"Lean back and close your eyes," he said, "You're so tense."

"You are so pretty," I said looking into his dark eyes.

"So are you." Chandler kissed me softly, taking my head in his hands and placing his lips gently on my forehead.

Back and forth his lips traced a path until he was kissing my earlobes. I opened my eyes and saw his luscious pink lips and innocent eyes. I felt my body relax as he continued to press his lips girlishly to my face.

I found myself kissing Chandler back---often to his intoxicated, bashful gaze. No wonder Jeff was entrapped by his guileless femininity.

I suddenly felt so masculine. I rolled Chandler over

on his back and saw that Chandler was pouting humorously. "Oh my, you are such a man!"

Only then did I kiss Chandler on his lips, giving him a rough closed-mouth kiss. I felt Chandler timidly pushing his lips forward flirtatiously.

I kissed back and made a tiny flicker of my tongue---almost imperceptible at first, but quickly growing more bold.

My fingers opened his top and slid under his bra until I found the small, stiff, pointed nipple of one breast.

For a long dreamy time I continued to tantalize the oversized tip of his nipple. I was entirely focused on Chandler's breathing, listening voluptuously as I heard it quicken.

"They are so girlish," I muttered in awe. "The birth control pills are doing this?"

"Don't stop" he said as he tried to push more of little nipples into my hands.

"No," I thought, as he made upward motions with his shoulder. "This can't be happening!" It appeared that Chandler wanted me to suck his nipples.

"Oh, please," Chandler sighed.

I found my lips sucking each nipple with my whole mouth, clumsy yet so excited that I was overwhelmed myself.

The girlish abundance of Chandler's breasts intoxicated me. The pert promise of the swellings and their glowing firmness made me feel like a baby.

"What do we do now?" I cried.

"Do you want more? Say the words. Tell me what you want."

"I want to treat you like a girl?"

"And I may want to treat you like one too!" Chandler said with a mock tease.

My fingers pinched his nipples which made him whimper. I admitted, "I've been dying to see them. . . watching you flaunt them under those tight sweaters was driving me crazy. . . your nipples are as big as any girl in our class." I tweaked them again.

"Easy," he moaned.

"I'm barely playing with them."

"They are very sensitive and growing fast! It's like I was born to have breasts. You should try it."

I felt the softness again and watched what it did to Chandler.

By the time I attacked Chandler's lovely small breasts with my kisses, he had positioned himself in the bed so that his nipples were on a level with my mouth.

My hands were free to descend the length of the feminized figure beneath me. I laid one hand on the his flat belly, waiting for the slightest hint of rejection. Instead, Chandler arched his pelvis upward, panting, "Don't stop! It feels so good."

From the way he raised his pelvis, I knew what Chandler wanted. The only question was, "Am I man enough to give it to him?"

When we both lay quiet at last, I lifted my spent head and looked at Chandler's face. I thought I'd see shame, some bewilderment, anything was possible.

But Chandler's eyes were shining and he licked his pink, smiling lips. "Just give me a minute to bask in your sweet glow. . .then I want you to be MY girl!"

I was totally mixed up now.

THE LAST DAY . . .

I was very upset. "Look at Chandler!" I cried, "He's becoming a girl! I don't want that to happen to me!"

Mr. Arthur sat back in his big padded chair. "Guess, it's time we had a little talk. For most boys, the road to masculinity seems simple and straight. He realizes very early that he is to become a man."

"Don't all boys?"

"For most, a man is what his father is. He sees that he will be powerful and wise. Once he has identified his future---he simply has to grow into it. For some boys like Chandler, it is not so simple. When he was a toddler, he watched his mother and his sister and assumed he'd grow up to be like them. They were the most important people in his universe. . .one day he realizes he will never be like them. His destiny was to be different. . .to grow up to be a man. But he had no sense of what it is like to be male."

"I didn't have a father around either."

"I know. Your role model was your mother and so was

Chandlers'. Chandler's sister was also an easily available role model of what it is to be female. He was floundering---an outsider to what he felt deeply was important. Chandler is no longer an outsider. He can wear a dress and do his hair like his sister now. He's tasted the spirit of what growing up to be a woman is like!"

"Is he going to grow up to be a woman?"

"Maybe? Depends on how strong that identification is."

"We have to stop him!"

"Why," Mr. Arthur said. "My job is not to force kids into society's view of what is good and happy. I just want to create individuals that are comfortable with themselves. I'd hate for Chandler to turn out like me!"

"You?"

"That video thing. . .it wasn't even your idea," he said sadly. "It was mine. I knew those windows were too much temptation for a bunch of testosterone pumped boys. Someone was bound to do it. . ."

THE END

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