

Island of

Misfit Bois

Well hello there! It's wonderful to see you all again! You know, when I was just a little lad I used to watch all the Christmas specials just as I imagine a lot of you did, and I was always delighted but puzzled with the Island of Misfit Toys from Rudolf the Red Nosed Reindeer. Delighted that there was such a benevolent king willing to provide the misfit toys a home (as I often felt a bit of a misfit, so could relate quite easily), but puzzled as to why he just didn't fix the toys... I mean a squirt gun that shoots grape jelly? Load it up with a little water, or the Charlie in the Box. How difficult would it be to rename him Jack? So as a child I often dreamt of a benevolent ruler lording over some land taking in the misfits of the world and fixing them... Of fixing me. Changing me into what I wished I could be. So in that vein, this story is loosely based upon that premise. And a little autobiographical too, as I'll be telling it in the first person as I had wished it might have happened to me!



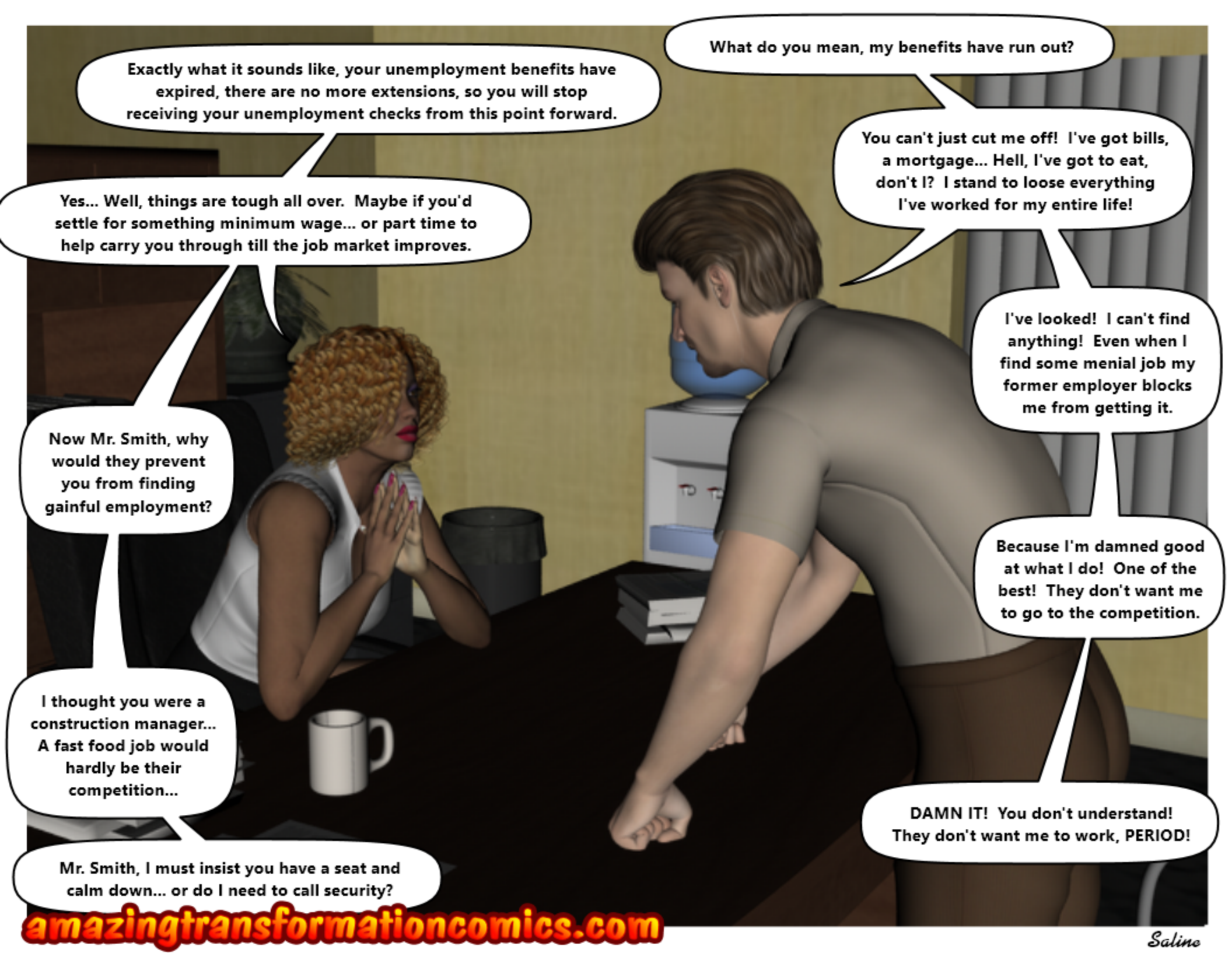
I grew up in the suburbs of a major metropolis... O.K., maybe not so major, but respectable. Went to school, graduated like most kids... But as I guess you can imagine, I wasn't like most kids. Yes, I found my dad's stash of adult magazines, and in one of them was an article about what life was like after a sex change operation... up to that point

I had no idea something like that was possible. So, as I paged through the glossy images on the pages I would fantasize about one day that could possibly be me! I snagged a few of my sisters discarded and ill fitting garments and imagine what it would be like. I never did get caught if you were wondering, so no one had the slightest idea. Then it was off to collage! I was far to busy with my studies to pursue any trans-sexed activities, and excelled in my classes, taking honors and winning a number of awards in my field. However, my father's mid-life crisis hit, and he felt it was more important to get his little red sports car and chase high school students than for me to complete my education. Once more, he felt I owed him, so he cleaned out my bank account from my earnings from working and took all my worldly positions and sold them, in addition to telling me I no longer has a family or home.



Thank God for grandmothers! My Grandmother took me in during the summers, and I worked eighty hours a week at two jobs within walking distance. Construction on a new subdivision during the day, and at a fast food chain at night... It was my life, nothing but working. I did such a great job, they said I could work during breaks for them too, so Thanksgiving break, Spring break and Christmas break it was work work and more work, plus my job at collage when it was in session. Hated coming back and hearing about all the great times my friends had over breaks in comparison to mine, but it was for a cause that I was sure would pay off in the long run... That is, until the accident. A deep fat fryer filter collapsed and poured 600 degree oil down my leg, I suffered third degree burns and it pulled me off my construction job. I took out student loans... as many as I could, but it wasn't enough, and being a white male, well, there was NO financial assistance available. I still was able to scare up enough to attend two more years, one damn semester away from my internship where I could have earned enough to complete my education. So, now I'm in debt with just a few changes of clothing, the most expensive thing I own is a text book from my studies, and no home other than that which my grandmother is so graciously providing. Back to walking back and forth between two jobs, eighty hours a week. This time as a janitor at a supermarket and another fast food place. After a few moths I bought a junker of a car for five hundred dollars (had to work on the thing every weekend to make sure it would get me through the week), and was able to seek out better employment, in my field of study no less! I got on with a small but prestigious firm, they paid me a whole whopping five dollars an hour... though they charged the clients fifty dollars an hour for my services... but my foot was in the door! Between the weekly car repairs, gas, insurance, paying the student loan, helping my Grandmother, and other expenses, I just couldn't survive on five dollars an hour, so it was back to construction. But this time as a manager and commercial construction! Yea, I built skyscrapers, shopping malls, stadiums the largest projects in the state I had a hand in. The pay still wasn't great, especially considering the vast amount of money I was making for my employer, but it was enough to pay the bills with a little left over. It was about this time the world wide web came on-line... Well, at least to the majority of us. Most private individuals didn't have it, so if you wanted to go web browsing, work was the place to do it, and I did. When I saw images of the girls with a little extra I was hooked, I wanted to see what was possible with modern medicine to turn a guy into the images I was seeing.... But, unlike when I was younger, this time I did get caught. Yea, construction companies are fine with their managers looking at regular porn and all, but seems I crossed a line. Lost the job, found another, same thing. Another job, but each job was less and less promising until I couldn't find a job anymore. I had found out I was being blackballed, not just from jobs in the construction field, but from any job! Plus the "Great Recession" was hitting making finding a crappy job even difficult. So, now you have the backstory, and a little history on me.

Onward to the magical "what ifs" of the mind:



Exactly what it sounds like, your unemployment benefits have expired, there are no more extensions, so you will stop receiving your unemployment checks from this point forward.

Yes... Well, things are tough all over. Maybe if you'd settle for something minimum wage... or part time to help carry you through till the job market improves.

Now Mr. Smith, why would they prevent you from finding gainful employment?

I thought you were a construction manager... A fast food job would hardly be their competition...

Mr. Smith, I must insist you have a seat and calm down... or do I need to call security?

What do you mean, my benefits have run out?

You can't just cut me off! I've got bills, a mortgage... Hell, I've got to eat, don't I? I stand to lose everything I've worked for my entire life!

I've looked! I can't find anything! Even when I find some menial job my former employer blocks me from getting it.

Because I'm damned good at what I do! One of the best! They don't want me to go to the competition.

DAMN IT! You don't understand! They don't want me to work, **PERIOD!**

I'm sorry... It's just not right that someone can ruin your life over nothing...

No... Nothing like that...

No....

Other than make them heaps of money.. No, not really... Well...

Maybe... But I'd rather not talk about it.

Forget about it... They win, I'll just loose everything I've got and die starving in some alley.

If they are blackballing you, Mr. Smith, I'm sure it wouldn't be over "nothing". Did you do something to upset them personally? Like sleep with the boss's daughter or something like that?

Blackmail someone, steal from the company...

But you did do something....

Ah, so there is something!

Mr. Smith, I can't help you if you don't talk to me.

They say 'curiosity killed the cat', and you always assume it's the cat's curiosity that led to its demise, but that's not always the case.... Sometimes it's the curiosity about the cat by a third party, even if well meaning...

What could he have possibly done where he doesn't even want to talk about it?

I think I'm going to find out!

Hello, Gardike Construction? Yes, I have an application here from a Mr. John Smith who lists you as a former employer, I wanted to follow up and ask what kind of an employee he was.

No? His credentials seem quite impressive... I see, so can you tell me why you wouldn't recommend him?

Could you be more specific?

Yes, I know, but this conversation will just be between us... Yes....

REALLY?! You don't say! Porn... but not any old porn... What kind did you say?

Shemales?! Yea... I've heard about those...
Guys that look like girls, right?

Well, thank you for
sharing that with me,
and thank you for your
time.... Bye now.

Hmm... I
wonder...

Hello, this is Leonda at the unemployment office, I was given
this number and told if I found someone having difficulty...

Yes, I understand, this
person is being
blackballed for viewing
transgender themed porn
on the net at his office...

I don't know, but
he does seem
pretty
desperate....

Yes, I can
arrange that,
but first...

I heard you offer
some kind of finders
fee for bringing
you....

REALLY?! THAT MUCH!!

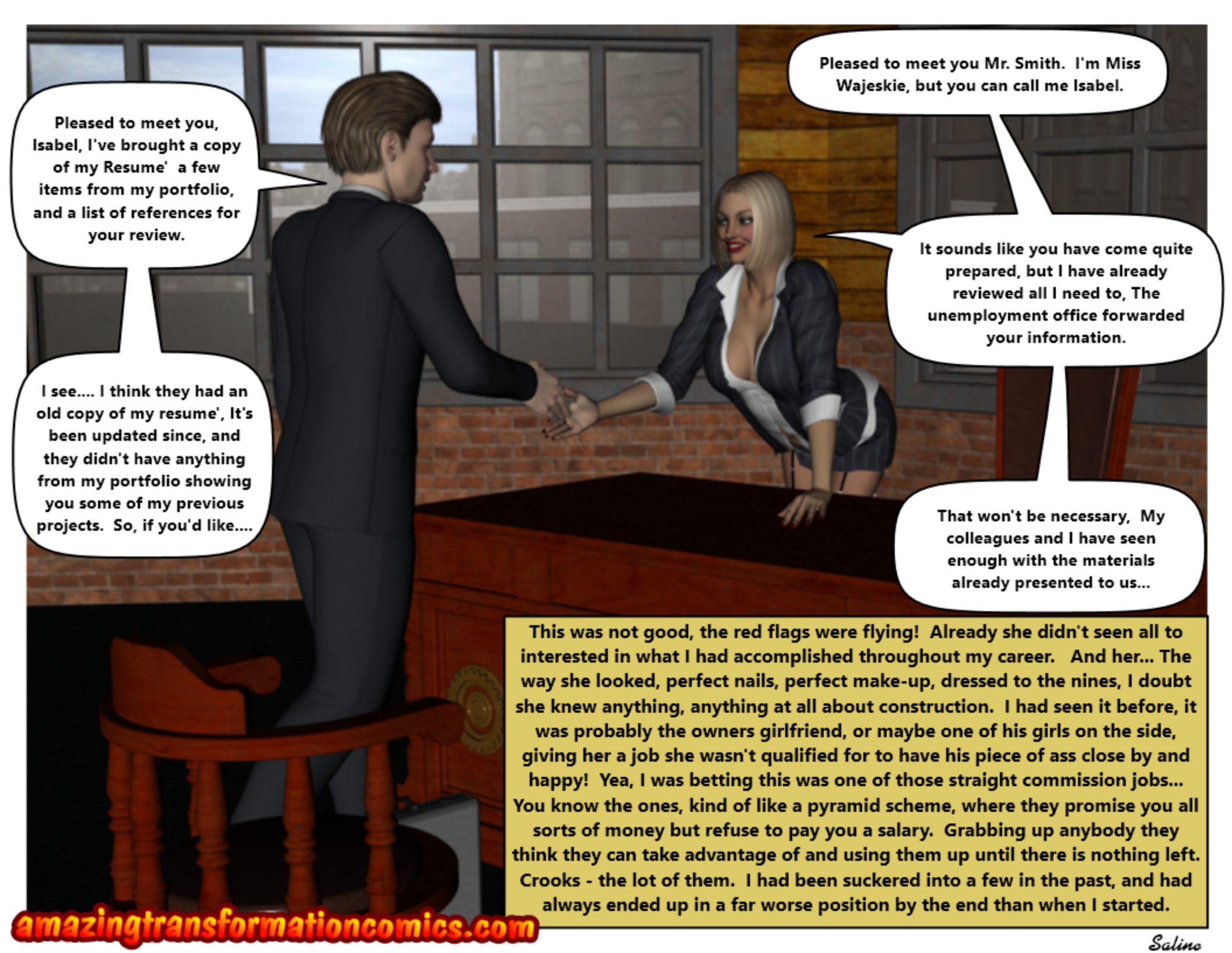
I'll set up a meeting right away! Where ever you want... I'll drive him there myself if I have to! O.K., just let me take down the information and I'll have him there as soon as possible!!

Oh no,
THANK YOU!!

Hello, Mr. Smith. I'm so glad I caught you! I think I might just have found something for you!

It was quite strange getting a call from the unemployment office about a job. Hasn't happened before. Though they claimed to help people find jobs, it always seemed as if you were pretty much on your own. So I was a bit suspicious about the interview in the first place, but figured "what could it hurt.", if nothing else, it would be practice for a 'real' interview and I really didn't have much else to loose anyway. So I put on my best suit and packed up my resume', references and whatnot before heading out.





Pleased to meet you, Isabel, I've brought a copy of my Resume' a few items from my portfolio, and a list of references for your review.


I see.... I think they had an old copy of my resume', It's been updated since, and they didn't have anything from my portfolio showing you some of my previous projects. So, if you'd like....

Pleased to meet you Mr. Smith. I'm Miss Wajeskie, but you can call me Isabel.

It sounds like you have come quite prepared, but I have already reviewed all I need to, The unemployment office forwarded your information.


That won't be necessary, My colleagues and I have seen enough with the materials already presented to us...

This was not good, the red flags were flying! Already she didn't seem all that interested in what I had accomplished throughout my career. And her... The way she looked, perfect nails, perfect make-up, dressed to the nines, I doubt she knew anything, anything at all about construction. I had seen it before, it was probably the owner's girlfriend, or maybe one of his girls on the side, giving her a job she wasn't qualified for to have his piece of ass close by and happy! Yea, I was betting this was one of those straight commission jobs... You know the ones, kind of like a pyramid scheme, where they promise you all sorts of money but refuse to pay you a salary. Grabbing up anybody they think they can take advantage of and using them up until there is nothing left. Crooks - the lot of them. I had been suckered into a few in the past, and had always ended up in a far worse position by the end than when I started.



Why don't we have a seat Mr. Smith and we can get started...

Great, here comes the mind numbing sales pitch. I wanted out already, knowing full well this whole thing was a complete waste of my time. But I was there, and it would have been rude of me just to storm out, so I figured I'd let her do her spiel before letting her know I didn't have any interest.



Now then, Mr. Smith, let me begin by telling you a little bit about our company.


Yep, standard start, telling you how fantastic they are and how they've been making money hand over fist... 'And you can too!'...

Our founder has taken it upon himself to see each and every person we bring on board has the tools they need to achieve great success.

They got to tell you what a great guy the douche bag is that's fucking you over, and how concerned he is about you...

We appropriate underutilized assets from around the globe and repurpose them to serve new purposes more aligned with our clients and companies demands...

O.K. now we're getting down to brass tacks, sounds like renovation work.... I can work with that.



I'm so relieved! I thought for a minute this was another of those "commission" jobs. But I've done plenty of renovation work. Here, I think I have an example in here to show you what I'm capable of.

Renovation.... Yes, I guess you could say we're in the 'renovation' business!
But it's not buildings we renovate...


If not buildings, then what? Old cars? I'm sorry Miss, but that's what I do... Construction, I'm afraid I don't have much in the way of renovating other things...

Mr. Smith, the assets I'm speaking of is people. In all actuality, we are more of a charity than anything else.

I'm not following, Miss Wajeski. I don't have anything in the skill sets of 'renovating' people, other than managing them in the field I was trained.

Ah, I see your confusion, Mr. Smith. It's not you we're seeking to do renovation work, but rather, to be 'renovated'!

I see... So this is some kind of interview for a retraining program, to train me in another career...



In all actuality, that is a bit insulting... I am very good at what I do, I've won multiple awards in my field and have a long record of great projects to attest to my abilities.

And you're suggesting I should give that all up? Why is that? Because you think I'm a failure at what I do?

Then why should I switch careers, if you know this is the field I thrive in?


Oh, it's much more than that! We intend to retrain you with every aspect of your life! To make you a new and better person!

No, Mr. Smith, I'm not saying that at all. I know you are one of the best in your field, we looked into that before we scheduled your interview.

That is precisely the reason, Mr. Smith. From what we've learned of you, you have hardly been thriving in your career path. How long has it been since you've been employed in your capacity as a construction manager?

....Almost a year now. And your employers have been steadily less impressive with each new job before then.

Let's not kid ourselves, The economy has been terrible, construction projects just aren't there. Even if the economy recovers, it will take time before building owners start on new projects, and time for architects to work out the designs, it will be, at the very minimum, a year before the construction market even has a hope to recover.



If you'll forgive me, If you could have gotten something, you would have...

Oh, it's more than just the economy, Mr. Smith. it's your former employers as well... Seems they don't want you to find a job... Any job!

...And did they tell you just exactly what they were saying?

They are telling everyone who calls your a pervert, a sexual deviant.

Volunteering the information, in fact. They say you spent time on some interesting porn sites while at the office....


I can get something outside my field to tie me over until the market recovers.

It's just the economy, once when things start picking up I shouldn't have much trouble finding something to tide me over.

Yes, I had heard from some perspective employers they weren't giving glowing reviews of me.

No, they left that part out.

WHAT?!!




They can't say that!
It's illegal...

I'd... I'd rather
not say...

I suppose, But I've
got to keep trying...

You wouldn't understand... Look,
I'm embarrassed enough already,
I'd rather not talk about it....



Transgender sites specifically,
the ones showcasing "girls"
with something extra...


Perhaps, but they are
doing it none the less.
Are their accusations
true Mr. Smith?

No... No, I suppose
you wouldn't...

But you'll have a
very difficult time
finding any job
with this hanging
over your head.

Tell me, Mr. Smith,
what do you find
appealing about
"those" kind of girls?

Fortunately, Mr. Smith, we are a very progressive company. Not only can we look past this, but embrace it, knowing you not only have tolerance for the transgender, but an appreciation for them...

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue and white outfit, stands in a room with a brick wall and a window. She is looking at a man whose back is to the camera. He is wearing a dark suit. The scene is a comic book panel with several speech bubbles.

So that's it? You expect me to give up everything I've worked toward to this point and start over?

Yes, Mr. Smith, I think you'd be an ideal candidate for us! We'd very much like to make you an offering.

Fortunately, we could use a construction manager, we are doing work on the facilities, and could make use of your skills... Yes, our little island has quite a few projects going on.

Island? You mean I'd have to move too?


Yes, Our facilities are located on a private island in the Caribbean.

Thank you, but, I have a house here, I have obligations here as well... And I'm not so sure I want to be remade just yet...

Very well, I'll tell you what. We'll have you on for a period of six months in the capacity as a construction manager. It will give you the chance to see for yourself what we do and if it is right for you... In addition, we'll advance you five thousand dollars to get your affairs in order up here before you go.

Five thousand? Yea, that would be helpful, but I do have a mortgage...

We'll lease your residence from you for a little more than your mortgage payment as well, and pay for a storage facility to store your belongings until you return...

A man in a dark suit is standing with his back to the viewer, holding a grey briefcase. He is looking towards a woman with blonde hair, wearing a dark blue business suit with a white shirt and black stockings. She has her hand on his shoulder. They are in an office with a brick wall and a window in the background.

That's a very kind offer, but I'll have to give it some consideration before I can accept... Picking up and moving to the Caribbean isn't something to be taken lightly.

All my expenses too... yea, I could use that to pay off some of the debt that's piled up...

I understand, Mr. Smith, and I'd like you to understand all your housing and living expenses will be taken care of as well! You'll be able to save all your earnings!!

Yes, Mr. Smith, I'm sure you could. I do hope you give the offer serious consideration, it really is a fantastic company, and a wonderful opportunity.

I should know, I took advantage of it years ago and just look at me now! It's made me the woman I am today! You wouldn't even have recognized me five years ago.

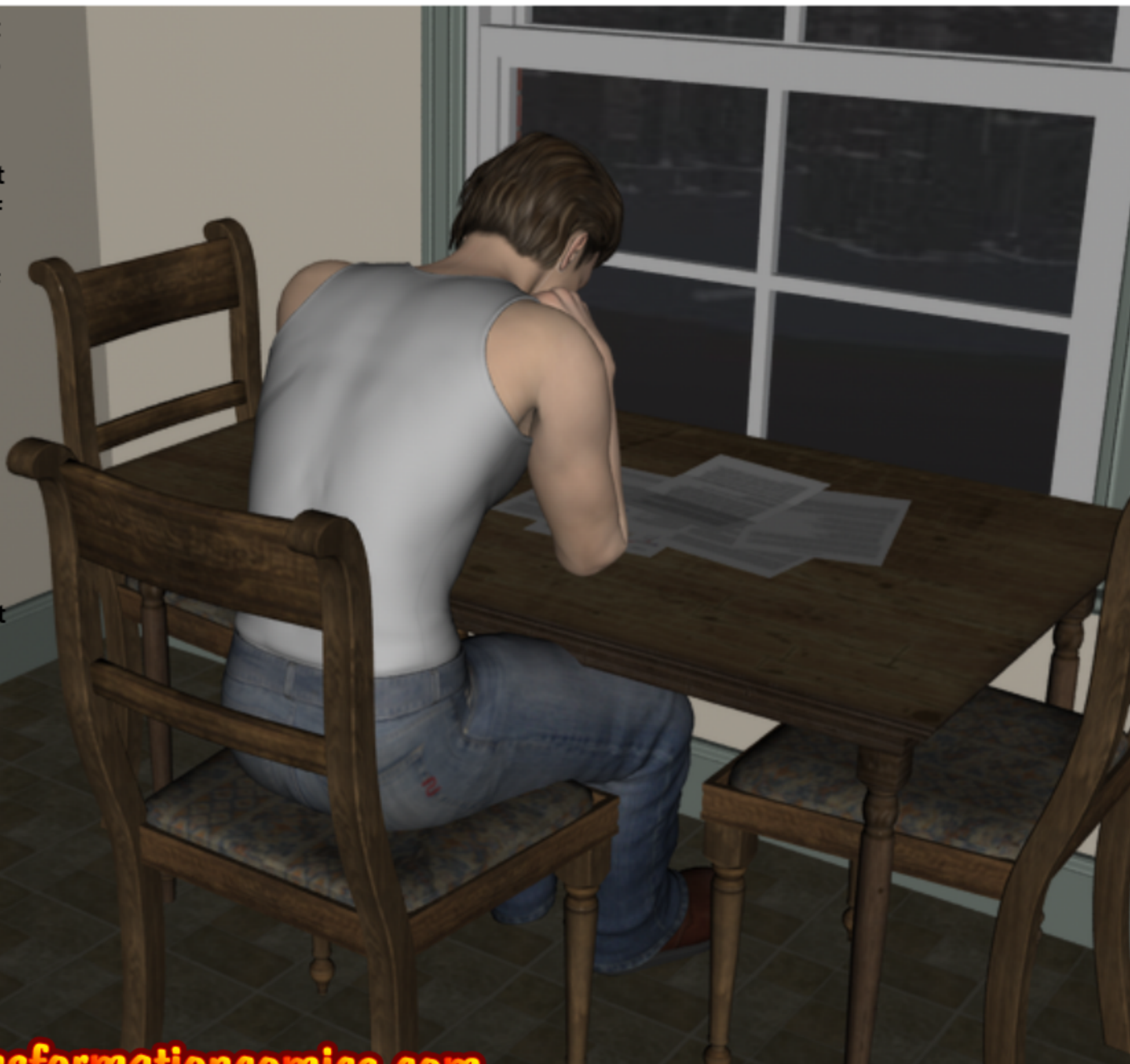
Believe me, I know what it's like to go through tough times... Being under appreciated, working for next to nothing struggling to make ends meet while your bosses make more and more.. Why Mr. Smith, I think we are much more alike than you might realize.

All you need is that big break.
That's what I'm offering!

As I returned home I reflected upon my situation. Just a few years ago it seemed I was on top of the world. I had a house of my own, granted it was a little two bedroom post war bungalow, but it was mine... O.k., so it was the bank's until I paid it off. It was decently furnished, much of it second hand, but it looked nice and was functional. I had more then enough money to go out and have fun on the weekends. Why at one time I even had three cars, a company truck, an everyday driver, and a red sports car for the weekends! They took the truck when I lost my job, and I had to sell the sports car to make ends meet, and the last one was giving me problems, often not running at all. The neighborhood was slowly but steadily going down hill, and the house needed a little work I couldn't afford to do. I wish I could say I was treading water, but the truth is, I was steadily slipping further and further down. It was more like being in quick sand, they say the more you struggle, the faster you go under and that seemed like what was happening to me.




So as I sat there at the table trying to figure out which bills to pay and which ones I might be able to hold off on (I had my electricity shut off twice already!) I knew I had to do something... Something didn't seem right about the offer, but I could see little choice but to accept before I lost everything.




Even though I was still skeptical, I knew I had only one choice...

Hello, Miss Wajeskie, I've given it some thought and have decided to take you up on your offer...



I had plenty of time to get my affairs in order, and they sent we the check with the funds, so I was able to utilize it to pay off some of my current debts. In addition, they sent me the first months rent and a sizable security deposit for renting my home to them, which paid my remaining debts and gave me just a little pocket money. When the day came, they said they'd send a car to pick me up, I didn't much expect a stretch limo, so was quite pleased with how my business relationship was starting out with them!



Good morning Mr. Smith and welcome to the company! I'll be driving you to the airport, so if you give me just a moment, I'll load up your luggage, and we can be on our way.


I appreciate the offer, Mr. Smith, but it is my responsibility to see that your trip is as comfortable as possible, and having you load your own luggage wouldn't speak well to meeting my responsibilities.

That's quite chivalrous of you Mr. Smith! If you insist...

Thank you, thank you very much. why don't you let me load up those bags for you.

If it's all the same, I'd feel uncomfortable having such a pretty young thing manhandling my bags. I just wouldn't feel right about it...

I'll have them loaded up in no time, don't you worry!



You're quite welcome, But I would have thought an attractive young lady like yourself would be more than used to having admirers looking for any excuse to help you out.

No? A late bloomer or something like that?

Yes, good point, I wouldn't want to miss my flight!

The company plane? My, they pull out all the stops, don't they!

Thank you for loading up the trunk, Mr. Smith. I'm still not quite used to having young men jump at the chance to do things for me....

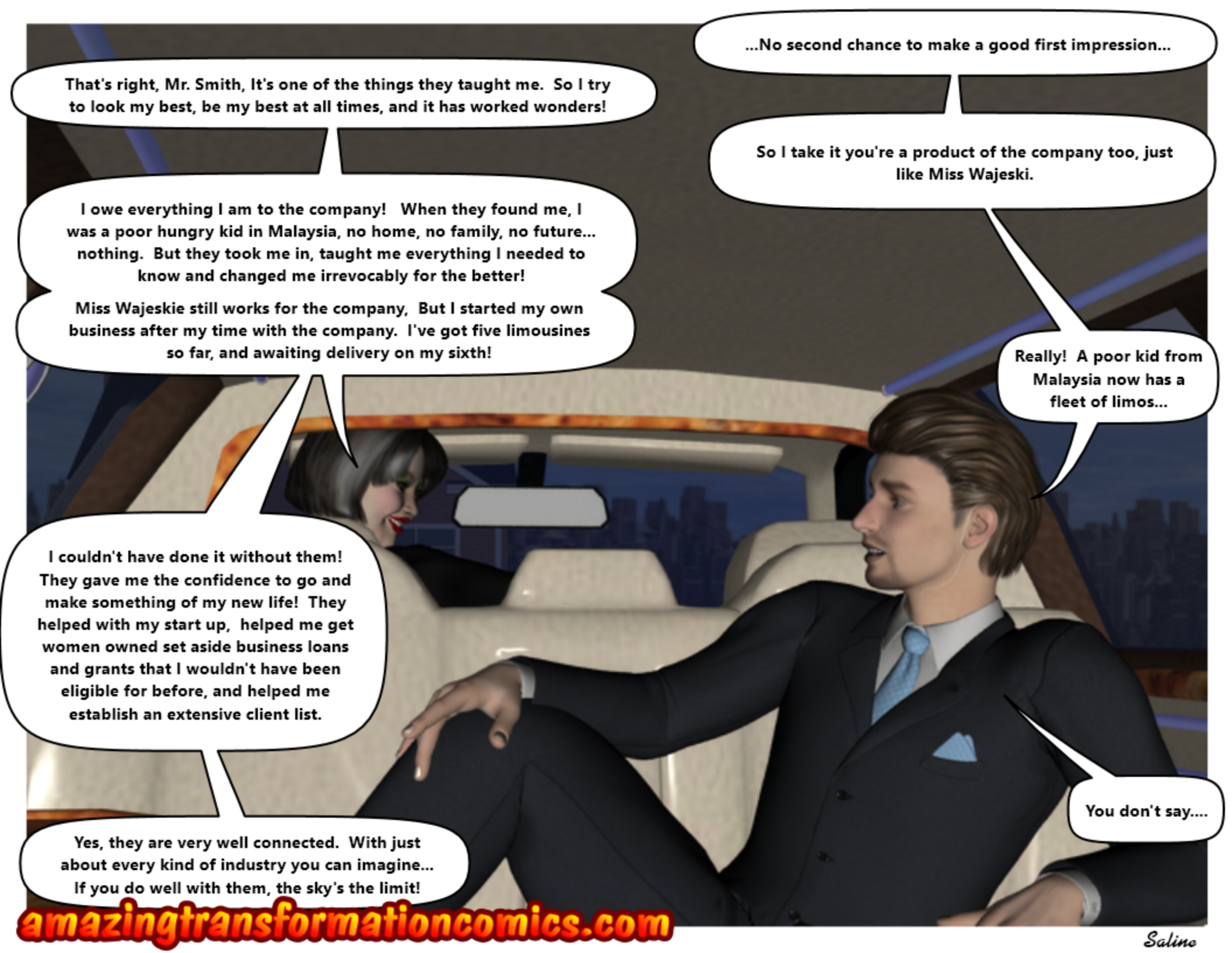
You are most kind, Mr. Smith, but I wasn't always an attractive young lady... So it takes a little getting used to.

Yes... Something like that I guess you could say...

...But your jet is waiting, we can talk more in transit, if you wish, Mr. Smith.

There is little chance of that, they sent the corporate jet to pick you up.

There's no second chance to make a first good impression, Mr. Smith.

A man in a dark suit and light blue tie is sitting in the back of a limousine, looking towards a woman in a black dress and white shawl who is sitting in the front passenger seat. The scene is set at night with city lights visible through the windows.

That's right, Mr. Smith, It's one of the things they taught me. So I try to look my best, be my best at all times, and it has worked wonders!

I owe everything I am to the company! When they found me, I was a poor hungry kid in Malaysia, no home, no family, no future... nothing. But they took me in, taught me everything I needed to know and changed me irrevocably for the better!

Miss Wajeskie still works for the company, But I started my own business after my time with the company. I've got five limousines so far, and awaiting delivery on my sixth!

I couldn't have done it without them! They gave me the confidence to go and make something of my new life! They helped with my start up, helped me get women owned set aside business loans and grants that I wouldn't have been eligible for before, and helped me establish an extensive client list.


Yes, they are very well connected. With just about every kind of industry you can imagine... If you do well with them, the sky's the limit!

...No second chance to make a good first impression...

So I take it you're a product of the company too, just like Miss Wajeski.

Really! A poor kid from Malaysia now has a fleet of limos...

You don't say....



So, are you saying they's hook me up after training with them?
Maybe even help me get started out with a business of my own?

Most assuredly, Mr. Smith, they want all their graduates to excel, But it's much more than that.

You become part of a family, all the graduates help out one another. If any of my sisters needs limousine service, I provide it for them free of charge, likewise, if I need something of them, I know I an rely on their help. And we all do the same for the company, if the company needs anything of us, we provide.

Your sisters? Has this program just recently opened u to men or something?

Oh no, the company helps out men... Almost exclusively, it's just all the graduates I know are women... So I guess I got in the habit of calling them "my sisters".

I see.... Almost exclusively men, but you don't know any who have graduated... Sounds a little odd... Do they segregate by gender or something maybe?

No, nothing like that! I knew plenty of guys when I was there, it's just by the time I graduated from the program all my friends were women.

I see, you wanted to focus on your studies, so you didn't want any romantic entanglements...

Not exactly...



Here we are, Mr. Smith.

Welcome, Mr. Smith, I'll be your pilot for the flight to...

Mitzy! Don't tell me you're making Mr. Smith carry his own bags!



None the less, we want to welcome Mr. Smith and make him feel at home with his new company.

Yes, It's my fault, I told her I didn't want her to carry everything on my behalf.



He insisted...

He is quite the gentleman!

I know, I know...But he didn't offer... He insisted!

Oh don't !!!
I bet I haven't bought my own drink in months, they're always offering... Practically begging to buy me a drink.

Don't remind me. But they're still jerks, They only treat us like they do for one reason.

Well, it seems you impressed my Friend, Mr. Smith... Perhaps I should get to know you a little bit better myself...

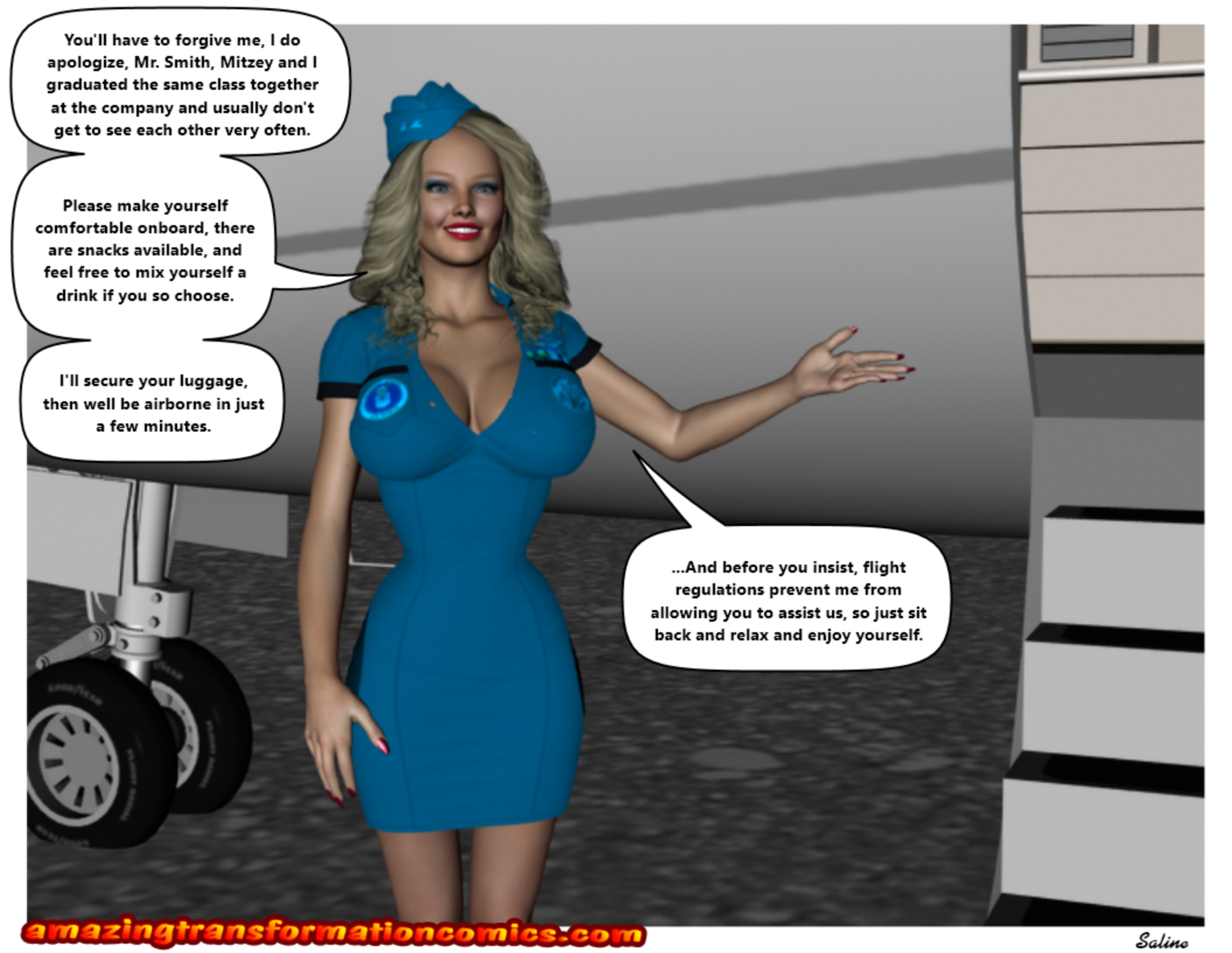
...You know how it is....

I know! And they're all so nice now... Not like before... You remember how guys like that used to treat us.

Yes, I know... But not Mr. Smith, he's a true gentleman... I know... I can always tell a classy guy.

Thank you for that endorsement, Mitsey, what can I say... I try...

Uh-huh, It's not just the guys that have one thing on their mind now... Is it?




You'll have to forgive me, I do apologize, Mr. Smith, Mitzey and I graduated the same class together at the company and usually don't get to see each other very often.

Please make yourself comfortable onboard, there are snacks available, and feel free to mix yourself a drink if you so choose.

I'll secure your luggage, then well be airborne in just a few minutes.

...And before you insist, flight regulations prevent me from allowing you to assist us, so just sit back and relax and enjoy yourself.




And if you need anything... want anything... desire anything... just call out and I'll be there lickedy-split to see you are taken care of in any way I can!

It wouldn't be any trouble, why it would be my pleasure! It's my job!

... And welcome to the company!!

Thank you, Thank you very much.. But I wouldn't want to trouble you any...



Thank you for getting me here, Mitsey... You know, I was just thinking, maybe when I get back we might get together for something or another, maybe some dinner?

No? what did you have in mind then?

Yea!

Yea.

That sounds great. Well, I guess I'm off, wish me luck.


Not so "new and improved" that you don't recognize me anymore, I hope.

I'd like that, but why stop at dinner?

I'm thinking maybe we should go all out and paint the town red! You know, celebrate your new job.

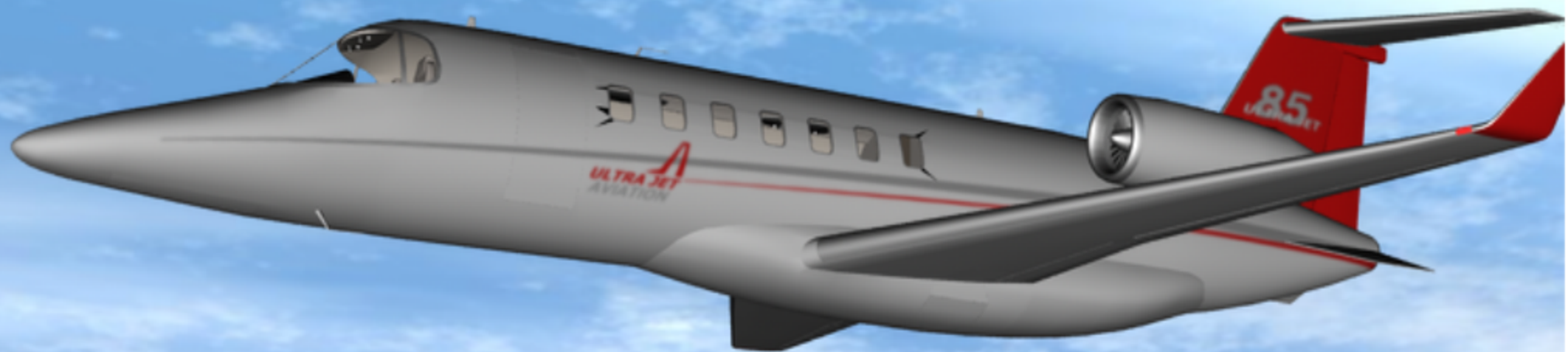
You don't need me to wish you luck, you'll do great, and when you get back you'll be a whole new and improved person. The company will see to that!

You'd be surprised, But yes, we'll meet up when you get back! I'm looking forward to it!

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a black business suit with a white collar and black high-heeled shoes, stands on a tarmac. She is positioned next to the fuselage of a grey jet airplane. The word "JET" is partially visible in red on the side of the plane. A brown suitcase with a yellow handle sits on the ground in front of her. A thought bubble originates from her head, containing text.

I hope she does decide to come back and not stay down there, a new playmate would be so much fun!!

I took their advice and tried to relax a bit on the flight down. Whoever this company was, they had to be doing very well, I had worked for a company before that had a small fleet of planes, but they would never have bothered using them to pick up a new hire, so it sounded like they had money to burn... Whish was concerning. The other company I had worked for went through their capitol in no time on such things and ended up going belly up, but they paid well, and I was sure I got mine before their eventual demise. Still, I didn't know very much about this company... nothing about them actually, other than I was in their employ at the moment.



Arriving in Florida I was picked up by another stretch limousine chattered by another attractive lady, and ferried off to a dock where a vintage seaplane was awaiting me to make the final leg of the trip. Once again, the crew of the plane was all female... I had as of yet met a single employee of the company that was male. I thought it a bit odd at first, but had heard of wealthy business men surrounding themselves with attractive female employees before. I guess wealth can compensate for an insecure libido. But this did tell me a little more about the company. If they tolerated the expense for such frivolous expenditures, that must mean it was a private company with a very wealthy owner, who had no qualms about being self indulgent.



But still, if they almost exclusively hired women... why me? Well, construction is a rather male dominated field, so I chalked it up to that. They just couldn't find an attractive young woman to do the job... But still.. They wanted me as a part of their 'program', which I didn't understand. Perhaps it was some kind of efficiency training or something... Though this company seemed anything but efficient from what I had seen to this point.





So it was back off into the wild blue yonder for the final leg of the trip and to reach my ultimate destination.



Are we there yet?


Almost... we're making our initial approach...

Mr. Smith, if you care to look out the starboard side you'll see our little slice of heaven, our island home!

Why don't you show him, Suzie? it's not hard to spot....

O.K.!

Forgive her exuberance, Mr. Smith, This is Suzie's first trip out with us, she's been looking so forward to becoming a member of the crew...



There it is, Mr. Smith, this is the corporations home base of operations, it's where the rest of the girls and I call home.... It's your home now too!

Very nice... It looks almost pristine...


It is, it's a tropical paradise!!

I just thought there'd be more to it... office buildings or something, it is supposed to be a corporate headquarters.

Sounds like your boss is a bit of an environmentalist.

It is, most of the facilities are underground or concealed in some way as not to spoil the natural beauty of the island. It's not just headquarters, it's home to quite a few people.

He appreciates beauty, Mr. Smith, he tries to preserve it where it exists, and to create it where it does not... It's his mission in life.



You know, I thought being on that island for so long, I thought I'd appreciate being away from it for a while, but now, I just can't wait to get back.

Yea, I know I wanted to know what it was like being a hot blond in the big city at first... And it was GREAT, but not like being here with the rest of the girls.

Lot's of the girls feel that way, I guess they want t try out the new them in the real world to see what it's like.

Yea, maybe I'll give that a try someday, but for now, I just want to hang out at the beach with my friends.

... with a cold drink, and the island breeze washing over my body...

That sounds nice, I think I'll join you two!

Speaking of friends, it looks like we have a welcoming party! Once we touch down and reach a safe speed, why don't you open the hatch, Suzie, and let them all see our new guest.

I know I did when I first arrived!

Mr. Smith is going to love this!

He's never going to want to leave...

That's the idea!



As I looked out the window on our approach, I saw a large cigarette boat with what appeared to be a bunch of women waving at us.

...And as we got closer, yes, yes it was, and they didn't look all that bad either...






No, not bad at all!!

A man in a dark suit and light blue tie stands in the open doorway of an airplane cabin. He is waving his right hand towards the viewer. A woman in a sailor-style outfit, consisting of a blue and white striped top and a dark blue skirt with white polka dots, is leaning out of the doorway behind him. She has blonde hair with pink bows and is smiling. The airplane's exterior is red and white, with a window visible to the left. The sky is blue with light clouds.

Hi Girls!

Hey girls, Look
what I brought
with me!!



He looks cute... Did you bring enough for everybody?

Nope, he's the only one on this trip...

I guess we'll all just have to share him!


No, I want him all to myself!

Don't get greedy, Patricia, I'm sure there's more than enough of him to go around.

Not after she's done with him, she has a way of using guys up!

O.K. then, there's enough for everybody but Patricia!

Hey, that's not fair!



I can't help it if they can't keep up with me....

That's just the way I was made!

Who are you kidding Patricia, you were always like that!

I was just kidding with you... But she's right.. try to leave some for the rest of us too...

Yea, Patricia, try not to wear him out on his first night...

I'll try, but I'm not making any promises...

We landed shortly there after with the boat escorting us to the pier before heading off around the bend of the isle. When we arrived the air was filled with tropical music from hidden speakers.

Do they always play music?

Come on Suzie, aren't you going to help with Mr. Smith's bags?

Don't you just love the island rhythm, Mr. Smith? Come... Dance with me, won't you?

Shush, Can't you see I'm busy! Yes, they pipe it all over the island, and I just love it! It makes me feel so sexy for some reason... What about you, Mr. Smith? Don't you feel sexy listening to it?

Um... Yea... Sure, it's kind of relaxing and stimulating at the same time...

I think the stimulating part is Suzie....

Don't mind them, Mr. Smith, they're just jealous that I got to you first!

Come on! Hold me tighter! Grind with me!!



Um... yea...
Nice... very nice...

O.K. I'll try to
remember that!

Yea.. You know, I
just might!

I'm not shy..... There, is that better?

That's it, you'll find we're a
very fun crowd around here,
so relax and enjoy yourself...

That's O.K., I'll remind you!
you're going to love it here!




YOO-HOO

Mr. Smith!

I'm glad to see you
made it here all safe
and sound!

**Beep
Beep
Beep**



Yea! That's the way I like it..uh-huh!

Hey! Why'd you stop? I know you like it too... I can feel how much you like it, so don't stop!

Maybe she can join in! Would you like that?

Fired for what? Having fun?

Chill, the boss lady's here!!

What?! NO! I can't get fired on my very first day!

Sexual harassment... Inappropriate behavior... lewd conduct... take your pick!

I can explain!
Really!!

Making new friends I see, Mr. Smith....

Explain? Explain what? I think it's good you're getting to know some of the girls.

Mr. Smith's afraid he's going to get fired or something...

FIRED?!

Heaven's no! I think you'll find our policies much more liberal here, Mr. Smith... But I can understand it may take some time to get used to how we do things around here...

Suzie, why don't you help with Mr. Smith's luggage...

Do a have to?

OK, ok...

SUZIE...

I see... So no truck...

This will be your vehicle during your stay here. Usually we zip around on mopeds or scooters around here, but thought you might need a little hauling capacity.

No, just about anything you'll need will be brought to the sites for you.

This should suffice for any miscellaneous tools or supplies you may need to carry.

Hop in and I'll take you to where you'll be staying while the gals finish loading up your stuff.



I'll stop by after I'm finished here to visit and make sure you're squared away if you like...

Sure.. I'd like that...

Maybe even give you a quick tour, see the sights...

Yea, I'd love someone to show me around the island.

I was thinking a tour of MY sights... you know, something a bit more intimate...

OH!

Um... We can talk about that latter... uh... yea....



Looks a little tight... Are you sure we'll both fit?

O.K... If you insist....

Excuse me?

Saddle up, Mr. Smith, time to show you your new home during your stay here!

Sure, it may be a little cozy, but I don't think you'll mind too much....

Yes, yes I do. So set that little butt of yours right here next to me.

I said, "Take a seat."

pat
pat
pat



There we go, snug as two bugs in a rug, I told you we'd fit.

A little tight, but it'll do I guess....

Tight? I prefer "cozy", and that's not an overly bad thing now... Is it, Mr. Smith?

I'm just not used to "cozying" up to my boss, Miss Wajeskie...

Are you always this uptight, Mr. Smith? you must really learn to relax some... Or is it that you're uncomfortable around women?

What? No, I'm perfectly comfortable around women...

I see, so you're just uncomfortable around me then.

No, not at all... it's just it's my first day at a new job, and you are the boss, so I don't want to be disrespectful...

Keeping your distance as if I had some kind of contagious disease I find disrespectful, Mr. Smith...

I'm sorry... I hadn't thought of it in that respect...

What? Did you say put my arms around you?

Miss Wajeskie... I'm not sure I'm comfortable with that...

Ah... are you sure you don't mind....

That's O.K., I can understand your trepidation. You'll come around soon enough!


But for now, put your arms around me.

Yes, don't worry, Mr. Smith, I won't bite....

You had better get comfortable with it, it's a practical matter, we've invested a great deal in you and the road ahead is bumpy... There's not much in here to grab onto and I don't want you falling out and getting hurt!

Just grab onto me, Mr. Smith...Put your arms around me and hold on!



A man in a dark suit and light blue tie sits next to a woman in a colorful floral bikini. They are both smiling and looking towards the right. They are seated in a red, boxy machine with a control panel and a basket on the side. The background is a lush jungle with trees and foliage.

Yea... Sure is!

I see, so she's a product of your program as well?

An 'outsider'?
You mean me?

She seems a beautiful young lady to me. Very attractive and outgoing.

...But I'm a little concerned about being considered an "outsider".


That's much better, don't you think?

I hope Suzie didn't make you uncomfortable back there, she just finished with her program and is a bit eager... Maybe too eager, to try out the new person she has become.

Yes, she is. That was her very first assignment since she graduated, and I'm sure she wanted to see how well she was accepted by an 'outsider'.

Yes, somebody from off the island who may be a bit more critical in seeing the person she was rather than the person she is now. We strive to give our girls self confidence, but there is always a bit of self doubt until they experience the real world for themselves, and you represent life off the island for now.

I'm so happy to hear you think so highly of her.



That's good, Being thought of as an 'outsider' just makes me feel like I don't belong.

From what I've seen so far, yes, very much so!

Really? How so?

Yea, I guess a suit seems a little much here...

Go on....

I'm comfortable with myself....

I wouldn't worry much about that, within a month they will consider you part of our happy island family.

So, you like the idea of belonging to our little community?


That's good to hear, as we think you very much belong here with us! I'm sure that in no time at all everyone will see that you belong here as well... But you'll have to change a bit first...

Well, let's take how you're dressed for example...

Yes, it is, you'll find we're much more casual around here. But don't worry, I'm sure I can find some things for you in a nice tropical floral print. But it's much more than just that.

You need to be comfortable with yourself here, people here can easily tell when someone is uncomfortable with themselves they stick out like sore thumbs.

...With their 'real' self, Mr. Smith. And sometimes a person's real self isn't the person they present themselves to be...



There shouldn't be a problem there, I don't pretend to present myself as anything other than what I am...

Here? There must be some kind of mistake...

No, they seem a bit much for just me.... Or is there something I missed?

I knew it, so I'll be sharing this place with the crew, won't I, and they'll take care of the place.

..Of course you do, Mr. Smith...

Here we are, this is where you'll be staying while on the island, Mr. Smith.

Why's that? Are these quarters not up to your standards?

No, Mr. Smith, I understand your concerns, you needn't worry about taking care of the place. We want you to focus on your job at hand.

No, Mr. Smith, I was about to say you'll have a maid at your disposal to take care of your domestic needs.



Yes, Mr. Smith.

No, Mr. Smith, this is all for you.

I don't understand what you mean, Mr. Smith...


The 'Catch', Mr. Smith is we think you'd be an ideal candidate for our program, so you might say your stay with us is a sales pitch to consider joining our program.

A maid... Huh...

...And I don't have to share this place with the crew?

O.K. then, what's the catch?

I mean you paid me in advance, rented out my house, send me to a tropical paradise filled with beautiful women and give me a very nice home all to my self with a maid no less... There has to be a catch... I mean, I should be paying you!



There will be plenty of time for that, Mr. Smith, but for now, let's get you settled in.

Really? You want me that bad? O.K. then, tell me a bit more about this "program".

Sure, but I'd like to hear a little so I can think about it, if you don't mind.


I'm sorry, Mr. Smith, but that would be premature of me, I'm not at liberty to discuss our program with you just yet.

Of course not! Got to get me all wrapped up with the sales pitch before you tell me what this thing is really about, don't you?

Not exactly, Mr. Smith, it's just better you experience it for yourself so you can better understand what we can offer you.

Yea... I've heard that one before...

Mr. Smith, I'd suggest you just keep an open mind for now and enjoy yourself as much as possible. Six months will be over before you know it, and if at that time you feel we are trying to take advantage of you, you're free to do as you please.



Yea... Well, I'm under contract and my house is rented out for the next six months, so I guess I don't have much of a choice...

That's correct, Mr. Smith, so you might as well indulge while you're here with us.

You know, I think I will! I've got the money in the bank and six months on a tropical island. I've got my job to do, but when I'm not working... yes, I think I'll be indulging!

That's the attitude! Now, let's see if your maid is here...

I think you'll very much enjoy your stay with us, Mr. Smith....


We'll see...

Oh... Nothing...

Gretchen...
Are you here
Gretchen?

I intend to... and whatever you want from me other than work related, you can just forget about...

What was that?



Ah, Gretchen, this is Mr. Smith, you'll be taking care of him during his stay here.

It is a pleasure to be of service to you, Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith, this is your maid and housekeeper, Gretchen. She'll see to your needs while you're here.

WOW! Really? In a french maid's uniform no less...

But of course, what else would a maid wear other than a maid's uniform?

I think Mr. Smith is referring to something like a hotel maid's uniform, Gretchen...



But... But... Do I not look attractive in my uniform Miss Wajeskie?

Now, now, Gretchen, don't get upset. I think you look perfectly adorable...

I've been working so hard to be attractive in my uniform.... I LOVE my uniform... It makes me feel so very feminine Miss Wajeskie...

Yes, my dear, you look very feminine, and sexy too!

Please don't make me wear something else! I've always dreamed of being a french maid... a sexy french maid that people couldn't take their eyes off of...

You are a sexy maid, Gretchen, just as you've always dreamed of, and you'd still be sexy no mater what you wear...

...But you know it's not up to me. You'll be in the service of Mr. Smith, so it's his decision if he'll let you wear your uniform.

Don't cry, Gretchen... your mascara will run...

Please Mr. Smith, I'm sorry if you don't find me attractive in my uniform.

Um... I never said you weren't attractive...

...Just not attractive in my uniform....

NO, no... You look VERY attractive in your uniform... Very... Sexy.


It's just me! I'm not used to having such an attractive lady dressed so... so....

Sexy?

Well, I was looking for something a little more politically correct, but yes, sexy... Around me doing domestic chores.

I see.... Mr. Smith, if you'd be so kind, do you think your discomfort would be tolerable enough to allow me to wear my uniform... I do love my uniform....

Yea! SURE!!.... I mean... If it means that much to you, go ahead, knock yourself out!



There, you see
Gretchen, you got
all worked up over
nothing.

Mr. Smith
thinks
you're
attractive...
Why he
even thinks
you're sexy
too!

Don't you, Mr.
Smith, and don't
worry about
political
correctness here,
the girls love
being told just
how sexy they
are!!

THANK YOU! THANK
YOU! THANK YOU!
Mr. Smith!!

Murph
murph
murph!!



You just sit back and relax, Mr. Smith, and I'll get all your things squared away!

...And I just bet you're burning up in that suit of yours in this heat! I'll set you out something a bit cooler to wear if that's O.K. with you...

Yes.. it is a bit warm in this jacket and all... why thank you Gretchen.



Yes... I think I know just the thing for you, Mr. Smith...

You've made Gretchen very happy! She so craves validation of her femininity...

Yes..Well, she didn't always look like that, you see, when she arrived here she didn't look very feminine at all.

Oh no, it's much, much more extensive than that!

Yes, YES! Very extensive makeovers! And we teach them how to be attractive, confident ladies for the rest of their lives.

Yes Mr. Smith, she saw a french maid in a movie when she was very young. She thought the actress was so exquisitely sensual, and she wanted that for herself ever since she was a young bo... Um... child.

Yes, Mr. Smith, I'm glad you feel that way.


I don't see why, she is a very attractive girl.

I see, so you run some kind of fat farm or something here for the ladies?

...And makeovers too I imagine.

And with this new found confidence, she wanted to be nothing more than a maid?

I guess everyone would like to feel attractive...



Now if you'll come with me, Mr. Smith, we need to take care of a few things.

It's more than just music Mr. Smith...

it's filled with sub-liminal messaging, constantly encouraging our program participants to be the very best they can be.

Not at all, they come here to reach their full potential, and it's just one of the tools we employ to encourage them to become the person of their dreams. And I might add, Mr. Smith, we have a very astounding success rate with the participants.


Yes Mr. Smith, but don't worry, it will help you achieve happiness and success in your endeavors here.

Sure, sure... That island music is playing here too... Does it play everywhere on the island or something?

More than background music, Miss Wajeskie? How so?

Isn't that a little... I don't know... deceptive in some way?

So this stuff is supposed to change me for the better?




It's time to get you inoculated.

You are on a tropical island, Mr. Smith, and unfortunately we do have a few issues with sand fleas carrying disease, we're working on the problem, but for now, everyone on the island is required to get inoculated.


What's this?

Inoculated? Inoculated from what?

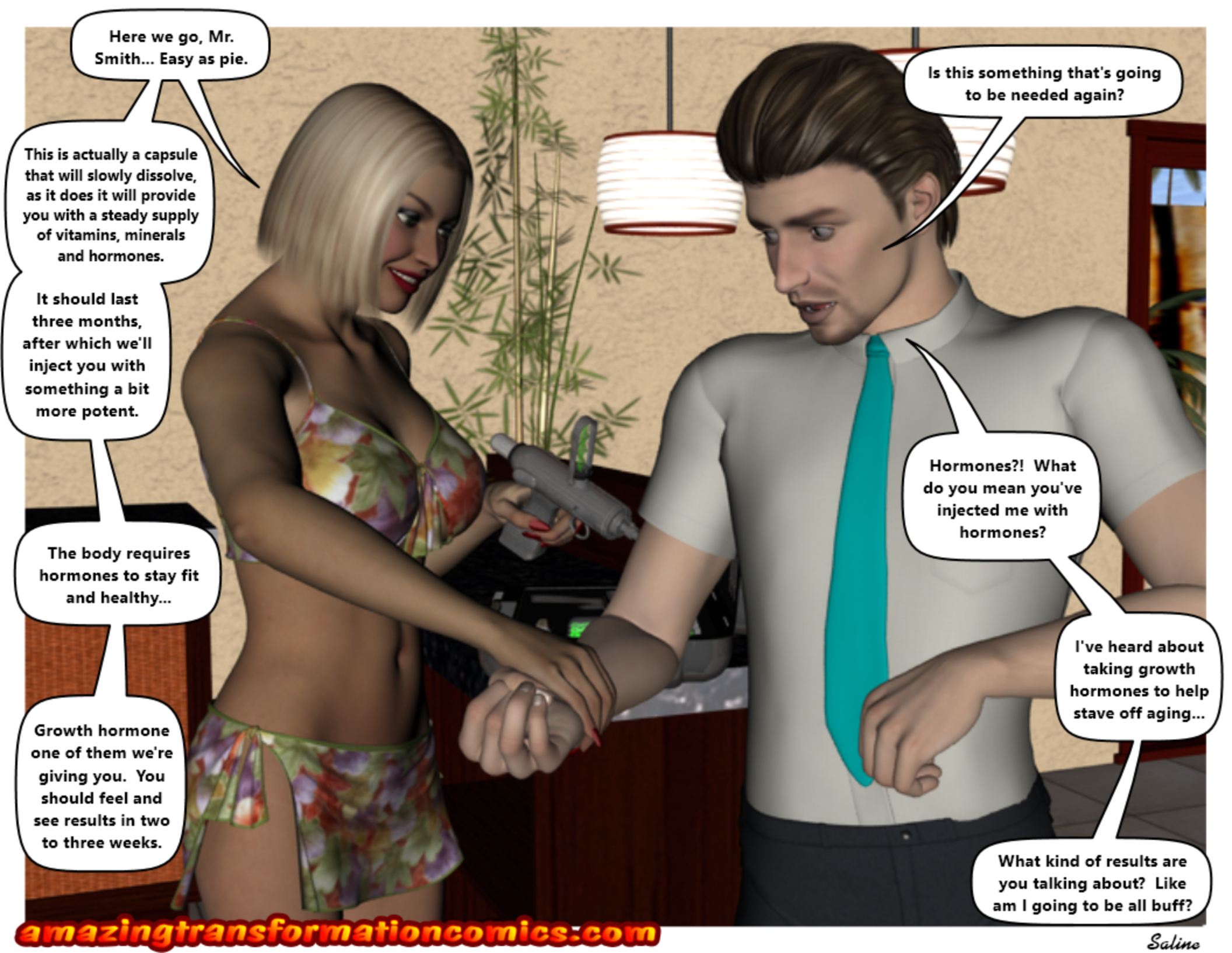
I see, so this is just a precautionary thing then...

A woman with short blonde hair, wearing a colorful floral bikini, is looking into an open black medical kit. The kit contains a grey medical device, several vials with green liquid, and other medical supplies. A speech bubble above her contains text.

We want our guests to thrive here, so the injection also contains a number of supplements to ensure the body has all the building blocks it needs.

The same woman from the previous panel is now standing and holding the grey medical device in her right hand. She is wearing the same floral bikini. A speech bubble above her contains text.

If you'd be so kind as to remove your suit jacket...



Here we go, Mr. Smith... Easy as pie.

This is actually a capsule that will slowly dissolve, as it does it will provide you with a steady supply of vitamins, minerals and hormones.

It should last three months, after which we'll inject you with something a bit more potent.

The body requires hormones to stay fit and healthy...


Growth hormone one of them we're giving you. You should feel and see results in two to three weeks.

Is this something that's going to be needed again?

Hormones?! What do you mean you've injected me with hormones?

I've heard about taking growth hormones to help stave off aging...

What kind of results are you talking about? Like am I going to be all buff?



So you have some expectations with what these 'results' will be if you think I'll be pleased with them...


Get my hopes up? My hopes up about what? Does this have something to do with that 'sales pitch' you were talking about?

I can't say, the injection interacts with different persons physiology different ways, but I'm sure you'll be pleased with the results.

Yes, Mr. Smith, but I really don't want to get your hopes up at this point.

Why don't take a look at the rest of your house and see if Gretchen has finished unpacking for you.... This way, please.

Yes it does, Mr. Smith, we want you to experience what our program can do for you.... We can only go so far in the allotted time we have, but we do hope this will be enough to entice you to give our program serious consideration.



Ah, Mr. Smith!! I have set these out for you, I do hope you approve of one of them.

It's my pleasure. Shall I help Mr. Smith get changed?

Very nice Gretchen, thank you for setting them out.

Um...



What's this?!!

A dress?

**A
DRESS?!**



Why the hell would
you give me a dress
to wear?

Where's my
clothes? You
couldn't grab a
t-shirt and
shorts out of
my suitcase?

...And even if
you couldn't....
A dress?



Your clothes were all wrinkled from your trip, I'm having them pressed.

O.K. But still... A dress?

Don't you like dresses, Mr. Smith?

Yea, sure, on girls, but if you haven't noticed, I'm NOT a girl!

I'm sorry, you're not comfortable filling out a dress just yet... I understand, but...

YET?! What do you mean by, "Yet"?

Premature? What are the two of you talking about!

Gretchen, I think the dress may be premature at this point...

If I only knew then what I know now! Well... If I did I might not have gone through with "the program", and I'm so glad I did now! The subliminal messaging and slow release hormone capsule ensured I was well on my way to my eventual, delicious fate.

And if that wasn't enough, there were plenty of attractive ladies to encourage me and guide me on my journey!