



THE
SISSY
SERIES

**"THE SISSY MAID
ACADEMY"**



VOLUME 1 of 2

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ACADEMY

Volume One

By Debra Rose

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P.O. Box 2309
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**If being NORMAL is the answer,
could you please rephrase the question?**

Have you ever wondered what it's *really* like to go to sissy school? "My Year at the Academy" is an intimate, detailed look at life inside the leading sissy-servant training institution in the country. Written as excerpts from an actual student's diary, "My Year. . ." traces the sissy's daily feelings as he learns the household skills he will need in his future life as a domestic servant.

THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY

Part One of Two

By "Bobbie Ringgold"

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EDITOR'S NOTE:

More and more young women are hiring sissies as domestic servants than ever before. In fact, it is now likely that many of our readers either employ a sissy themselves, or know a girl who does.

Hiring sissies as domestic servants certainly makes sense in today's world. Perhaps it is only surprising that it took so long for this logical solution to the problems of today's super-busy young working women to become a reality. As with any other social change, however, the dramatic growth in sissy-male-based domestic service has affected people's lives. For women, this change has been overwhelmingly positive. Finally, many of us are entirely free of the housework and laundry drudgery that continued to plague us and hold back the full promise of the women's movement. But for sissy males the situation is a mixed blessing. While there are undeni-

able benefits in terms of security, becoming a maid-servant is an unsettling prospect for most sissies.

Frankly, we had already discussed the possibility of interviewing sissies to see how they felt about becoming maids when we received the following journal from a recent graduate of Miss Stevens' Academy. The Academy is the first, and still the best known, of the so-called "sissy schools" that have been founded in recent years. Miss Steven's school is firmly dedicated to the task of teaching sissy males to be skilled and obedient housekeepers and servants.

The following journal is one student's detailed and personal account of his year at the Academy and how it changed his life. We feel this journal is more enlightening than any report we might have been able to offer. It would be almost impossible for one of our female reporters to fully understand and explain what it feels like when a sissy male confronts, and gradually accepts, his innate sissiness.

Here, then, is an inside look at the *other* side of the sissy maid phenomenon, from the perspective of a sissy whose life has been dramatically changed by his training at the Academy.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

My name is Bobbie. This isn't important, really, until I tell you that as recently as last year I was always called Bob. My life has been completely and irrevocably changed over the past year. In many ways, I appear to be a different person than I was. And in many way, I guess I *am* different.

The change in my life began innocently enough. I had been building scenery for a movie company filming in Brooklyn. It was the only work I'd had in a long time. And it was a shame I lost it by trying to flirt with Christie! But she was so beautiful, I guess I thought it was worth it at the time. Who knew then that meeting her would lead to what it lead to.

After I lost the job, I was just a step away from living on the street. But instead of looking for work, I was spending my time waiting for Christie to get off the set every day. She sometimes graced me with a smile when she'd see me. She knew I was in trouble, though.

One day she stopped and told me I shouldn't wait for her anymore.

"I don't mean to be cruel, but you're a sissy with no money. A girl like me would never be interested in you in a million years. And the sooner you accept it, the better off you'll be."

I was really hurt by Christie's comment. I guess I know I'm maybe a little effeminate or something, but I really like girls and everything. Every now and then someone would call me a "sissy" when I was in high school, but I laughed it off. It was frustrating, however, to have so many girl *friends* and never be able to get them to date me or anything. When I asked them out, I'd often get some lame excuse. Or the girl would look at me funny and say, "With *you*? You're nice and everything, but only as a *friend*."

Even after Christie's comment, I went back to the set the next day to see her. When she saw me standing there she sighed disgustedly.

"Look, I can't do anything for you. But a friend of mine may have a position for you. She's looking for someone kind of like you," Christie said.

That's how I got introduced to Stephanie, Christie's pretty girlfriend. We all met at lunch one day downtown, where Stephanie works as a very successful young stockbroker. It made me feel strange, knowing this young woman had everything, and I had nothing. But that's just the way it is in the big city anymore. There are rich people, and there are poor people. And not much in between. The myth of the "classless society" was maybe maintained through much of the 'Eighties, but now even the pretense of egalitarianism seems to be disappearing.

Stephanie didn't really talk to me directly. She spoke about me to Christie, almost as if I wasn't there.

"He looks like he might do. Does he know anything about housework?"

I was able to determine that Stephanie had recently moved into a great new apartment in a trendy, new upscale section of downtown. It was a big place, and she wanted someone to take care of it for her. And apparently that "someone" might be me.

Well, if some rich girl wanted me to come vacuum her carpets now and then, I'd certainly be up for it! I needed the money. If I didn't get something going soon, I'd be on the streets. And, as I'm sure you know, the streets are a *very* unpleasant place to be these days.

"Well, Bob, how would you like to be my sissy maid?" Stephanie asked me, finally directing a comment directly at me.

Sissy maid!?! I'd heard of them, of course. But I'd certainly never considered being one myself. I knew lots of young professional women had started a trend recently by having sissies do their housework for them. And I had even heard some of the sissies wore aprons, and even maid's dresses. That's why they are often referred to as "sissy maids", of course.

I told Stephanie I didn't think I'd be interested. But I took her office phone number anyway, just in case. Two days later, I got an eviction notice. The next day, I was on the phone to Stephanie, telling her I'd changed my mind.

"Good," she said calmly, as if she'd been expecting my call. "I'll begin making arrangements to have you attend the Academy. We'll meet in a few days to discuss the details."

Stephanie and I met in the lobby of her fancy apartment building. The word "Academy" seemed to come up in the conversation a lot. I'd heard of the

Academy. It was the place sissies were sent to receive their "training." Stephanie spoke of it in admirable terms.

As we began to discuss things, she interrupted me.

"I don't mean to be too weird about all this, but I think it would be best if you addressed me as *Miss Stephanie* from now on. After all, you can never set the proper tone in a relationship too soon!"

I realized right then that she was taking this quite seriously, and that maybe I was getting in a little deep. Just so I'd have some record of what was happening to me, I decided that night that I'd sort of keep notes --- like a diary or something.

What follows are selected entries from that diary

AT THE ACADEMY. . .

MONDAY, AUGUST 3: Miss Stephanie called today and told me I was definitely in. I'd had to fill out several profiles all about myself. And even take a few tests. We'd mailed them in, and I guess I "passed." I wonder if this is good news, or bad.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27: It hit me at Noon today. Suddenly my stomach got tight, and I almost felt sick. Am I really going to go through with this? In three days, I will be at the Academy. And I'll be there for the next 10 months straight, living a very different life than anything I've experienced before.

Actually, very few guys have experienced the unusual things that go on at the Academy. How will I react? Will I "wash out" and not really be able to do it? Time will tell. Right now, I'm just nervous and scared.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28: Less nervous today than yesterday, even though the time is growing nearer. More excited, I guess. Talk about changing

your life --- going to the Academy is about the ultimate in "changing your life."

Settled some last-minute things today. And took a big load of clothes to the Goodwill.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 30: Departure day. By 11:00 AM, I was on the bus. For me it was a short trip up the Hudson. I guess a lot of my "classmates" will be coming in from much more distant places than I am.

I felt strange getting on the bus this morning with no luggage. But, of course, there's no need for luggage. All my clothes will be supplied --- and they won't exactly be 'guys' clothes, either! In fact, I will no longer always be in charge of what I wear. I'll be in some kind of uniform most of the time, I guess. As weird as that seems, somehow it calms me down. I guess I like the fact that I won't have many decisions to make.

On the bus, I tried to pick out others who I thought might be going to the Academy. There were only two that looked likely. Turned out I was right about one, but the other one I was wrong about. Oh, well --- I guess you can't really tell these things.

Of course, I thought everybody who looked at me knew precisely where I was going, and what I was going to be doing. A pretty girl smiled at me, but it seemed more like a *giggle* to me. Somehow, I was just sure she knew!

Even with the stops, by 2:00 PM we were pulling into Peekskill. I got my papers out of my pocket when I stepped off the bus and studied the little map so I'd know which way to go.

I walked slowly towards the school. I was in no hurry, and felt like I was going to prison. I have no idea how strict they really will be. Will I even be able to go into town on weekends?

The campus is very well kept, and quite pretty. The Academy is located on the former grounds of a



An Academy student is taught to serve while wearing a cute taffeta uniform with matching petticoat. A demure attitude and proper make-up will be essential for successful service at parties. This is very difficult for some of the boys.

small girl's college, and most of the buildings are made of stone. I was to report to the single modern building on the campus, however. The Administration Building.

I walked through the gates with a slight feeling of dread. I really didn't know what to expect. Spotting the Administration Building was easy. The low modern, black glass structure is nothing like any of the other buildings. But somehow it doesn't seem too out of place, either.

As I walked towards the Administration Building, I passed a gardener. He was very intent on his work, manually pruning a row of hedges near the stone pathway I was on. He worked in a way that made me think he thought the boss was watching him. His cotton coveralls fit snug, and had short sleeves and very short bottoms. I winced when the fact that they were actually *pink* registered in my mind!

The Administration Building was busy inside. I was told by a no-nonsense young woman to go downstairs to register. Downstairs, in a large room, were tables set up to register. I was told to go to the table marked with the first letter of my first name. I knew from reading the school information that last names aren't important at the Academy.

As I stood in line, I saw a few guys working on keyboards and filing things away back behind the tables. They were sort of like secretaries. And their clothing was odd. It fit very tight and was made of fabrics and colors you'd expect to see on girls. I guess I expected them to be dressed this way, but it was a shock to the eyes at first. When one of the "secretaries" happened to move closer to the front, I saw he was dressed in a slim *skirt* and a shirt that was more like a girl's blouse. And his legs were totally hairless! I don't know if I'm ready for this!

I stepped up to the table when it was my turn. The girl sitting there took the paper I gave her that

explained who I was. It also explained that part of my tuition had already been paid. The remainder will come from my student loan. I'll have to pay back the loan, with interest, over the first eight years of my employment. In effect, I will be financially bound to my employer, Miss Stephanie. If I get the money somehow I can buy myself out, of course. But for those eight years I'll almost be like an indentured servant. This is a scary prospect. But so is living on the street these days.

The girl finished the paperwork quickly. She asked for my wallet. She took the cash I had and handed it to me. Then she took my driver's license and tossed it in a wire-mesh mail basket. They'll be canceling it and sending it back to the DMV. We supposedly have no need for a driver's license here at the Academy. Still, I would have liked to have kept it.

The girl clipped my social security card to my file folder, and threw my wallet in a big box, along with dozens of other ones. Then she looked up at me and casually said, "Your name is Bobbie now. Report to the desk clerk at Pinafore Hall with this envelope. Next!"

Suddenly I was standing there with the manila envelope, wondering what to do. A guy noticed my confusion and said, "Pinafore Hall is the dormitory. Go upstairs and out the front --- you'll see it off to the right."

In a daze I walked up the stairs and out of the Administration Building. I slowly walked towards the old stone building that will apparently be my new home.

In the lobby of Pinafore Hall, another no-nonsense girl took my envelope.

"Bobbie, you are in room 312. There's no room key. You go on up and wait until you hear an announcement on the intercom. There's material

concerning classes, meal times, and other details in your room.”

I walked to the elevator and took it up to the third floor. Several other guys were milling about, but no one felt like talking much.

My room is quite small. But I am pleasantly surprised to see there is only one bed; a little single one. This means I won't have a roommate! There is no private bathroom, though.

I read the material about the Academy. All the material suggests strictness. I get the impression there is very little students are allowed to do. The long list of rules makes it clear we are here to learn and to obey orders. And we are not here to cause any trouble, talk back, or question our “superiors” in any way. (I don't like the way they use “superiors” in all the writing. I'm still in *America*, aren't I?)

Finally an announcement came that said we were to go to the cafeteria to get our dinner. The food was pretty good, but it was mostly “health food” like salads and things. It wouldn't be easy to gain a lot of weight here, but that is probably the point.

The other students don't seem very talkative. A few say “Hi”, but there is little conversation. It's like we are all ashamed of being here, so we concentrate intently on our food, staring at our plates. It could get lonely here.

When I take my tray up and push it through to the kitchen, I see that the kitchen help is male. They are dressed in industrial-strength gray dresses and are wearing big pink rubber aprons and matching rubber gloves. I think I'd rather be Miss Stephanie's maid than be stuck working in the Academy's busy, steaming-hot kitchen!

After dinner, I go back to the dorm. The resident instructor comes around to our rooms and introduces herself. She explains some of the rules. Although

she seems strict, she seems nice, too. I think she knows I'm nervous and everything.

There's a pair of satin tap pants and a camisole laid out on my bed. They are, of course, pink. I don't want to wear them. I'll sleep in my underwear. My *male* underwear, thank you!

MONDAY, AUGUST 31: This morning, after breakfast, we are all marched over to the gymnasium. We then all had to strip, right out in front of each other, and in front of several of the female instructors! The instructors paid us no mind, however. I guess they've seen it all before. Pink coveralls, with short sleeves but long bottoms, were stacked up everywhere.

"The ones tagged '6-8' are small, '10-12' are medium, and the ones marked '14-16' are large," one of the instructors yelled out.

One of the other students whispered excitedly, "That's *girl's* sizing!"

The coveralls zip up the back, from the waist to the back of the high neck. Plain canvas tennis shoes, also in pink, were handed out as well. Once we were all dressed, it looked like a big pink army had assembled!

All our street clothes were gathered up by the instructor's uniformed assistants, who were "sissies" like us.

We then marched to a large hall in one of the classroom buildings. We sat in perfectly-straight rows in little straight-back school chairs. As we waited, out of curiosity I counted that there are 195 of us. A dozen instructors, all women in their twenties and early thirties, stood around the room.

"Stand up!" one of the instructors suddenly yelled.

The headmistress of the Academy, Miss Stevens walked in. She had a regal bearing as she took to

the little platform in the front of the hall. She wore a stylish dark gray suit with a short, trim skirt.

Miss Stevens addressed us and welcomed us. She sometimes broke a smile, but her general demeanor suggested she was pretty strict.

She gave a speech that was like a pep talk. She talked about women and their new role in society. And she talked about how the school she had founded, the Academy, was helping forge a new future.

“It is a future where everyone is free to become what they are best suited for. A future where sissy males, like you, take over the burdens of housework and laundry for busy young professional women.”

It all made perfect sense in a way. That is, until you think about what it’s really all about. It’s about poor little guys like me being trained to be like some sort of old-fashioned servant. And be dressed as a *maid* in the process!

The instructors handed out more literature, including a general description of classes.

After Miss Stevens’ little speech, she abruptly left. I get the impression we won’t really see that much of her. She is sort of like the “principal,” and if I *did* get to see her, it would probably be because I was in trouble!

One of the instructors got up and told us we are to report to the cafeteria tomorrow morning at 7:45 AM sharp. We are to be dressed in our coveralls.

She dismissed us with a warning.

“Tomorrow, students, your transformation begins!”

We spend the rest of the day going to our classes. Books are passed out, and the instructors introduce themselves and explain a little bit about what we will be learning. There are two semesters here, and we will have a whole other set of classes for our second term.

I spend the evening reading more stuff about the Academy and it's rules and regulations. I don't know if I'll be able to do everything they want. But for the moment I guess I'll try.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1: This morning at breakfast, the cafeteria hummed with rumors and whispers about everything. One student claimed to know someone who had been to the Academy, and said they were going to make us all look like girls. But other students thought he was exaggerating. I keep out of it.

After breakfast, we are broken up into six groups. There's about thirty-five students to a group. Next, our group is marched off to a large shower room. We are told to strip out of our coveralls. Several instructor assistants pass out these big tubes to us. The instructor then tells us to smear the creme in the tubes all over our bodies, including our faces. Our eyebrows and the tops of our heads are the only spots that are left bare. I begin to suspect what it will do once I smell it. But I smear it on anyway, not knowing what else to do.

After sitting on little benches for twenty minutes, we are told to shower. The shower room is large, and the showers don't have enclosures around them. It's like a guy's locker room, except for two things --- the tile is pink, and the female instructors casually stand and watch us.

We shower off the depilatory. It is very effective --- everyone's body hair is completely gone, including their pubic hair! Suddenly, we all look about 11 years old.

One instructor yells at us to shampoo and condition our hair. After we rinse again, the water shuts off all at once, controlled by one main valve somewhere.

"Dry off!" one of the girls yells.

We all file out of the shower room and head for a big stack of towels. I sort of try to hide myself. Some others do, too. But the instructors aren't looking at our hairless bodies. I realize they just don't care to look at us, nude or not. I think we kind of fall into the same category a boy would fall into for them. Perhaps *cute*, but not sexually interesting in any way.

After we dry ourselves, the instructors and their assistants come and take measurements of us. All kinds of things are measured. This is for the clothes that will be supplied to us. We are also given a plastic bag full of "beauty" products and things, and a booklet of information about them. A tube of the depilatory is included. We are told that it is our responsibility to keep our bodies totally smooth and hairless at all times.

Giant-sized containers of baby powder are set out, along with big powder puffs. We are told to "dust off" with it. If I didn't feel like a sissy before, all this communal hair removal and "dusting off" with a powder puff is beginning to make me feel like one.

We then dress in a new pair of coveralls. This pair is also pink, but instead of long legs, and bottoms are cut very short and tight. They're a little uncomfortable at first. I'm just not used to having something hug my bottom that much and be so snug around the crotch. The bottoms are cut in a fashion that reminds me of what girls sometimes call "hot pants." We put our same little pink tennis shoes back on our feet.

As a final touch, the instructors go around the room attaching plastic bracelets to our left wrists. They look like the ones you see on hospital patients. Except like nearly everything else I've seen so far, they're pink. A student ID number and the words "The Academy, Peekskill, NY" are on the bracelet, as well as my new sissy name, "Bobbie." The tool they

use to press the bracelet on us secures it so it can not be removed except by cutting it off.

“Do not remove your bracelets. And memorize your student number,” one of the instructors says to us.

We are marched to a classroom. Again, we look like a pink army. I look around at the others. With our short little pink coveralls, smooth legs, pink tennis shoes, and dusted with baby powder, many of them already look like sissies! I figure I must look a little like one too.

Some of my classmates are complaining and saying they are going to leave. But no one actually does. I hear later, however, that several students from some of the other groups actually leave after the hair removal. I don't know how many, or if this rumor is even true.

In the classroom, we sit in school desks. None of us is very big. At 5'9", I am one of the taller students. And most of us are thin and slightly built. I wonder if we were chosen for this reason --- or if “sissies” just tend to be built this way anyway.

An instructor got up in front of the class. She is dressed in a tight miniskirt, heels, blouse, and jacket. She looks like a fashionably-dressed young business woman. Somehow, I had expected teachers who would be older and frumpier.

She explains why we are here. It all revolves around the changing roles of women in society. And, of course, the “fact” that we are sissies. It is obvious that many women now assume that sissy males would be suitable for domestic service. From her comments, I get the impression that most women have *always* been able to pick out sissies. It's just that they had no particular “use” for them before.

According to the instructor, an additional societal change that is responsible for us being here is the

widening gap between those with high-paying professional employment and those without.

"There are now lots of young women, such as models, actresses, lawyers, doctors, stockbrokers, and others, who can very easily afford the services of someone like you. Actually, many of them can probably buy and sell you out of petty cash!

"These women simply do not have the time or the inclination to fool with housework or laundry anymore, and want to turn this work over to a sissy like you. They *do* want to make sure you are properly trained, however. So, we here at the Academy take care of your training for them."

Once again, it all seems to make pretty much sense. Until you remember that they are talking about dressing us as *maids*. And have us live and work as domestic servants full-time!

"This evening you will all be officially welcomed to the Academy," the head instructor announces, like it's an honor or something.

After the lecture, we spend the rest of the day going to our classes. They keep us busy here. Between lectures, meals, classes, seminars, and sleeping, there isn't much time left. And what time there is, I spend reading.

After dinner, we all assemble in the gymnasium. I look around and see that all the other groups have gone through the same things we have, and are all now dressed in the short coveralls and have smooth, hairless legs.

There is a little pedestal and some bleachers set up, as if there is to be some sort of ceremony.

We are told to strip. It's strange peeling out of my coveralls on the big gym floor, but I do it.

The head instructor gets up on the bleachers and gets our attention. She hold up some rubbery little flesh-toned thing in her hand.

"This is a gaff," she announces, wiggling the rubbery thing. "You will be wearing one pretty much all your waking hours for the foreseeable future. And you will most often wear it at night, too. The sooner you get used to it, the better. The instructors will pass one out to you in your proper size. And they will also show you how to put it on and wear it."

Everyone was whispering. Some knew what gaffs were and some didn't. I didn't, but was quickly able to determine from the whispers that it was something to make us look more girlish by holding up our genitals between our legs!

I was handed my "gaff", and I held it out from me, as if it was going to explode or something.

Soon, some students began stepping into their gaffs and pulling them up their smooth legs. They'd stand on their toes and tuck themselves into the gaff and pull it up tight. When they finished, they looked like they'd been neutered! Their crotches were smooth and bare, like some non-anatomically-correct Barbi doll or something!

An instructors walked by me and said, "Go on, put it on, sissy!" in a slightly harsh tone.

I stepped into it and pulled it up my legs. The gaff was made from a very stretchy rubber material, and was colored to closely match my skin-tone. I gingerly tucked myself between my legs and then pulled up on the waistband, like I'd seen the others do. The gaff was like a tiny, stretchy thong panty with a high-slung waistband and a little strap that disappeared between my bottom cheeks. It hurt a little because it was so tight. But I guess you can get used to it. I looked down and saw that I was as sexless-looking as the others!

The head instructor got our attention again.

"You all look so much more demure in your gaffs," she teased. "No more of your silly little penises flopping around!"

I could feel myself blush.

Suddenly, Miss Stephens strides into the room. The instructors all stand and face her. It is obvious they respect her. Miss Stephens steps up to a microphone near the little pedestal.

“You will now receive your very first pair of panties. I . . .ahh.. mean your first *public* pair of panties. Since you’re sissies, I’m sure many of you have worn panties before, *haven’t* you?” Miss Stephens questioned with a sly grin.

Without waiting for an answer to her little question, she called the first student number and name.

“Number 97-001, ‘Frankie’, panty size 6.” she announced.

A shy-looking guy walked to the front of the group. One of the instructors helped him up on the pedestal. Another instructor held out a pair of panties for him to step into. He blushed and stepped into them, and she pulled them up the sissy’s legs and quickly adjusted them on his hips.

The panties were kind of cute. I mean, they were the type I’d think were cute on a *girl*. All soft pink satin, and cut in a French bikini style.

As he stepped off the pedestal, Miss Stephens herself gave his now-pantied bottom a sharp “SWAT!” and said, “Welcome to the Academy!”

On and on the ceremony went. One by one students were called up to be officially “pantied,” right in front of everybody. Their bottoms were smacked, and they were lined up by the side of the gym. Each sissy’s panty size was called out, as well as his student number and new “sissy name.”

About two-thirds of the way through I suddenly heard my number.

“Number 97-121, ‘Bobbie’, panty size 6.”

I slowly walked to the pedestal, but one of the instructors hurried me along and helped me step up

on it. I stepped into the panties held out at my feet. They felt smooth and silky as the girl drew them up my legs. I could feel my face get hot from blushing so much! The instructor pulled the panties up firmly, smoothing them on my rear. Then she motioned for me to step down. Almost before my feet hit the floor, Miss Stephens smacked my bottom firmly.

As I reached back to protect myself, I heard her say, "Welcome to the Academy!" as she had to the other students. As I stood over at the side with the others, I looked down at my panties. With no pubic hair and with everything stuffed back in my tight gaff, I looked surprisingly like a girl wearing panties.

Soon, the "pantying" ceremony was over, and Miss Stephens left as quickly as she'd appeared. The ceremony was obviously designed to make us feel like sissies. And I must admit, standing there in my gaff and little pink satin panties, all hairless and powdered with baby powder, I *did* feel like a sissy.

Next, with much less fanfare, the instructors passed out short pink satin kimono-style robes. They had no buttons or anything, but they wrapped around us and belted at the waist. They were made out of the same exact pink satin fabric as our panties, so they matched perfectly.

Finally pink, hard plastic shoes were passed out. They were very bare shoes, with no vamp at all --- just a section closed at the toe. I think women call them "mules" for some reason. In addition to being in a feminine style, the shoes also had 2" heels on them!

We all scuffed into them and then we were marched out of the gym towards Pinafore Hall. I was surprised they took us outside dressed like this. But we were decently (if skimpily) covered, I guess, and it wasn't cold outside.

The mules would come off your feet unless you walked in a gentle scuffing fashion. And the heels

made us all take smaller steps than normal and sort of wiggle our butts a little. We'd all been here less than a day, and all ready we were swishing about like the sissiest guys you ever saw! I realized that whoever was behind the Academy knew exactly what she was doing.

We are told to go to our rooms and read. I sat on my bed in my kimono and panties and read pamphlets about what sissies we were. The pamphlets added that nature had put us on the planet for the specific purpose of doing young women's housework and laundry for them!

I am thinking of leaving if it gets any weirder than it already has. A lot of students are thinking of leaving. I don't really know what I'd do if I *did* leave. Unfortunately, I don't have many options at the moment.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2: I realized last night when I got back to my room that the dresser and closet had been stocked with clothes. I looked through some of them. All the underwear was basically girl's things, except the gaffs, of course. (After all, girls don't need *those*!) While some of the clothes were maybe a *little* boyish, they were also quite sissyish at the same time. No aprons or other maid's clothes yet, but I'm sure they'll come.

Laid out on the bed was a pink satin camisole and a pair of matching tap pants. A note was folded up on them. I opened it and read it.

"Wear this to bed. In the morning shower and dry yourself. Also, powder yourself. Dress in white nylon panties, (over your gaff, of course!), and a white nylon training bra. (Panties are in top drawer; bra, second drawer.) Wear a white chiffon blouse. (Hanging in closet.) (You will have to ask one of the other students to button your blouse up in back, and you may return the favor for him.) Also, wear a grey plaid wool jumper, (hanging in closet.) For now, wear the jumper with the little cuffed culotte bot-

toms. You will be wearing a skirted one soon enough. Put on plain white nylon anklets. (In bin in closet.) And put on the black patent leather Mary Jane shoes. Report to the cafeteria so dressed at precisely 7:45 AM."

I got out of my kimono and panties and dressed in the camisole and tap pants. I guess I should have been embarrassed to wear them, but they felt nice on, and were actually quite comfortable. I pulled down the bed and tucked myself into the pressed pink cotton sheets. I had no trouble sleeping.

This morning I was woken up by a bell-like sound. It started sort of soft, but got louder and louder, until sleeping became impossible. So, this is how they wake us up, I thought.

I showered and powdered myself and put on my gaff. I pulled on the plain white nylon bikini panties and then got out one of the training bras. Although I certainly knew how to wear panties, (I'd even tried them on now and then before I got here.) I didn't know how to put on a bra. It took me a few moments to figure it out. The "cups" were just smooth, flat triangles of silky white nylon. The term "training bra" was appropriate. There were just to get us all used to the idea of wearing them, and used to the feeling of the straps and things.

I got one of the white chiffon blouses from the closet and slipped it on. I tried to button it up in back, but it fit so snug that I just couldn't get at some of the top buttons. I buttoned the back of the high neck. But still part of the blouse was "undone." I knew that wouldn't be acceptable. I went out into the hall and immediately found a guy with the same problem I had. He helped me, and then I helped him. It was embarrassing to be standing there in a bra, panties, and the slightly-sheer blouse. But everyone was dressed exactly the same, so it wasn't *too* bad. Strength in numbers, I guess.

I went back in my room and got the jumper off it's hanger. I pulled it on. At first, I thought it didn't fit me. Though the culottes had loose-fitting legs, they were cut very high at the crotch! Without my gaff on, I think I would have hurt myself!

I went ahead and buttoned the sides of the waistband closed, and then ran the straps that held the front piece (is it called a bodice?) up over my blouse over my shoulders. I experimented with the straps, but then remembered what a schoolgirl's uniform looked like. So I criss-crossed the straps down my back and buttoned them securely to the waistband.

I sat on my bed and pulled the nylon anklets on my feet. They were like a girl's anklets, but at least they didn't have lace on them. The Mary Jane shoes, in shiny patent leather, were maybe the worst. They buckled on and had 1" wedge heels. They were very obviously the same exact style as a girl's shoes.

As we all walked to the cafeteria, I noticed those in front of me basically looked like schoolgirls with short hair. You might think that the culottes would add a touch of masculinity. But they really didn't. They were cut so high in the crotch, and were hemmed so short with the little cuffs, that they looked about as girlish as the rest of what we had on.

Our blouses had long sleeves. So the only bare flesh showing was our legs. There were miles of bare legs on campus! Bare, smooth, hairless legs punctu-

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EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

ated with white anklets and Mary Janes. And the very short, thigh-skimming little culottes on top. Somehow, that much bare leg doesn't look boyish. It makes everybody look like a girl. Or, perhaps more accurately, like a *sissy*!

I arrived at the cafeteria at the appointed time. Two students arrived late. The instructors immediately took the two tardy students and bent them over chairbacks. Then they were immediately spanked quite soundly with a big, flat paddle. And right in front of everybody, too!

They were let up and sent to their seats.

"If you don't obey the rules, you will be immediately spanked," the Head Instructor announced. "Since this was the first offense of the year, these students were spanked with their culottes on. Anyone spanked from now on will be spanked on their panties.

"Eat your breakfast now, and then I will make a few announcements before classes begin," she said.

After we ate, the head instructor got up again.

"Last night three students left your class," she said calmly. "And this morning, one more student left. They will *not* be allowed to come back under any circumstances, and will forfeit some of their tuition.

"There are always a few who leave. This is normal, and we expect it. America is a free country, so we can't hold you here against your will. But think very carefully before you make an effort to leave.

"Is your problem just temporary? If so, stick it out. If you leave, you can't come back. Although you don't think so now, almost ninety percent of you will stay for the entire term. You will not like everything that goes on here. But most of you will essentially become sissy maids by your own choice. In today's world, after all, few of you have many other options.

Being a sissy maid sometimes sucks. But it's better than living on the streets!"

With that speech, we were dismissed to our classes. The assembled instructors called our numbers and gathered us up to march off to our first class.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3: Back in my room, finally! I'm quite tired after the second full day of classes. Some classes are boring, but some are O.K. But it's weird sitting in little school desks all day dressed like we are.

As soon as I sit on my bed, I realize something is different about it. I pull down the spread and see what it is. The pink cotton sheets have been replaced with pink *rubber* ones!

Totally weird!

I see a note over on the dresser. I get up and read it. The heading says, "All About Your Sissy Sheets. . ."

Inside, it says: "Perhaps you've noticed that we have changed your sheets. From now on, you will be sleeping in what we call 'sissy sheets.' These are simply glossy pink rubber bed sheets. The reason for this is simple. In our long experience with sissy males like yourself, we have discovered that they often like to 'TOUCH themselves' in their beds at night. This activity results in badly stained and spotted bed linens. The rubber 'sissy sheets' are entirely stain-proof and resistant to such activities. When 'accidents' occur, it is your responsibility to clean your sheets with a damp sponge and dry them with a towel."

"The maid's room your employer will provide for you will most likely be outfitted with sheets similar to these. Go ahead and get used to them. And please feel free to 'touch yourself' in bed at night. We don't mind in the least, sissy!"

Wow, pretty damn strange! I shake my head in wonder, but am too tired to worry much about it. I get undressed and into the white satin pajamas that are on the bed for me. They have long sleeves and short bottoms. I guess "bare legs at all times" may be an Academy rule.

I slip into bed. The sheets feel odd against my legs and any other bare skin. But they aren't quite as sticky as one might think. They make a certain noise when you brush against them. And the smooth, glossy rubber gives off a surprisingly pleasant, fresh scent.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5: My classes seem sort of boring so far, but sometimes they are a little interesting. For the first term, which will run until the holidays, I have six basic classes. Everyone takes a physical education class that is combined with some classroom sessions titled "Health for Sissies." And there are frequent "Dress and Department" seminars each week.

My six core classes are:

1. Basic Serving Etiquette
2. Laundry 101
3. Housekeeping 101
4. Beginning Cooking and Dinner Service
5. Basic Personal Service
6. Introduction to Formal Service

I attend each of these classes every day, five days a week. Each class lasts one and one-quarter hours, so we have 7 1/2 hours of classes each day. Plus, we have Phys-Ed or Health, or maybe a Dress and Department seminar each day for one or two hours. With a lunch break, it takes up most of our day.

We are assigned homework every night. I've already taken to doing mine in the library attached to the Administration Building. It's kind of weird to be in a library where all the books deal with house-

work and cooking and laundry and etiquette and other domestic things.

As an example of homework, I had to look up various fabrics and blends tonight and list the laundry concerns each presented. I never knew that bleach and nylon don't mix, even if it's *white* nylon! But I know now. It's unusual stuff to have to learn. But learning it takes some of the boredom out of the situation. Time will tell. I haven't been in my classes enough yet to really judge them fairly.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7: Today we received more written material. Most of it was boring. But the title of one brochure really struck me: "Female Hormones and You: What You Can Expect."

I read it and discover that the dose most of us will receive at the school will be quite light, and should be completely safe. According to the brochure, the hormones will "soften the skin, reduce beard and body hair growth, promote some minor swelling of the breasts, and increase bodyfat percentage." The brochure also warns that "normal male erectile function may be less pronounced and last a shorter period of time. You may also experience it less frequently."

The brochure also explained that being on light doses of female hormones is somehow an *advantage* to someone "going into domestic service."

"You will be less frustrated and concerned about your lack of physical relationships, and better able to concentrate on your assigned duties. Also your panties will fit better as will the skirts of your uniforms."

Wow! This is getting real strange real quick.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9: Although I haven't mentioned this yet, one of the big tricks used here to make us feel more like sissies is forcing us to sit when we pee, instead of stand. The head instructor explained that we should learn to squat because

it will just be easier once we are in dresses and skirts. But I think the real reason is as much psychological as it is practical.

I would have never thought they could so easily enforce this unusual rule. But the Academy is, if nothing else, quite innovative in their methods. First, there are simply no urinals anywhere on the campus. And to make sure we don't try to stand at the stall toilets, they have been customized with special seats. A plastic cover seals off the bowl unless your full weight is on the seat. Only then does the cover fold down so the toilet is usable. Many of us tried to fool the toilets by standing on them and things. But in addition to the weight-activated cover, there are also several strategically placed light beams that must be broken.

Some of us tried to subvert the system anyway. But if you fail, the plastic cover drains through side holes straight to the floor, resulting in a big mess! And often, of course, the punishment of being assigned to bathroom cleaning duty.

Most of us have learned our lesson, and we sit when we pee now. I guess it might be easier in some of the clothes we wear, but I still think the main reason they insist upon this is to take away more of our sexual identity. For me, having to sit to pee probably makes me feel more like a sissy than just about anything else.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11: I got in trouble for the first time today. I was talking with the student behind me in Housekeeping class. The instructor called me to the front of the room. She told me to unbutton my jumper straps and waistband. When I did, the wool jumper dropped down my legs to the floor. Next, she told me to move over to her chair and bend over it. Because of my jumper, I sort of had to hobble over there in my blouse and panties. I heard some of the students giggle slightly, but they

didn't want to get in trouble themselves, so they were pretty subdued.

I bent over the chair back. The instructor pulled up the back of my blouse. I could feel the air on my pantied bottom, and could tell it was exposed to the class. The instructor quickly began to spank me with her paddle. It stung, but the most surprising thing was the noise it made. The tight nylon of my panties somehow made the flat paddle make a very loud "SMACK!" each time she spanked me with it. The noise echoed through the classroom.

After about a dozen hard swats, she took her hand away from the small of my back.

"Get up and pull your jumper back on, Bobbie," she said calmly.

I did as I was told, feeling all the time that my bottom was getting warmer and warmer from my spanking.

"Thank me for your correction, Bobbie," she said as I finished buttoning my jumper.

I can't believe I did this, but I actually looked at her feet and said, "Thank you for correcting me, Miss."

"You're welcome, Bobbie. Back to your seat now --- and no more talking!"

"Yes, Miss," I repeated as I headed back to my seat.

I didn't look any of the other students in the face for some time. I was too afraid they'd be laughing or something. And I sat kind of gingerly for the rest of the day. My bottom stung a little, constantly reminding me that I'd been spanked.

It was strange being spanked. I was never even spanked as a child, as far as I remember. And like most everything else that was happening to me, submitting to being spanked like that made me feel like a sissy. I mean, what guy would just let some girl do that to him unless he *was* a sissy?

Fortunately, however, I am not alone. Hardly a day has gone by that I haven't seen at least one student receive a spanking. And they all seem to take it as submissively as I did.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15: I've been on the hormones for almost a week now. Can't really notice any differences yet. The nurse who gave them to me said the differences will take awhile to show up. And the dose is low enough that I will still be, in a manner of speaking, a "boy".

"Your dose is just enough to really 'soften you up' --- but not really turn you completely into a girl or anything," she said with a slight giggle, adding, "A few aren't so lucky!"

Today, we all began wearing jumpers with skirts to class, instead of our culotte ones. My skirt is pleated and short and swings around my legs a lot.

We have new Mary Janes, too. They are just like our old ones, but these have 2-inch heels instead on 1-inch ones. It doesn't sound like much of a difference, but it is. One-inch heels are nothing. But 2-inch ones start to make you walk a little different. I notice I walk more *careful* in them. I guess the word that fits the walk the best is "dainty." Rumor has it we will be in 3" heeled pumps by the middle of the year.

I never knew girls felt this many sensations from their clothing! With my totally hairless legs, arms, and body, I feel all the fabrics more. The smooth nylon of my panties and bra, the airy chiffon of my blouse, the slightly itchy sensation the skirt of my jumper gives my thighs as I sit on it in class. These are all unusual feelings. But although I wouldn't admit it to anyone, they are not altogether unpleasant ones.

Somehow I like being distracted in a boring class by the pull of a bra strap. Or feeling the cool, polished wood of my seat through the thin nylon of my panties when my little skirt rides up too far.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16: In gym class today, I receive praise for how well I do my leg lifts. Also, the instructor compliments me on my nice legs.

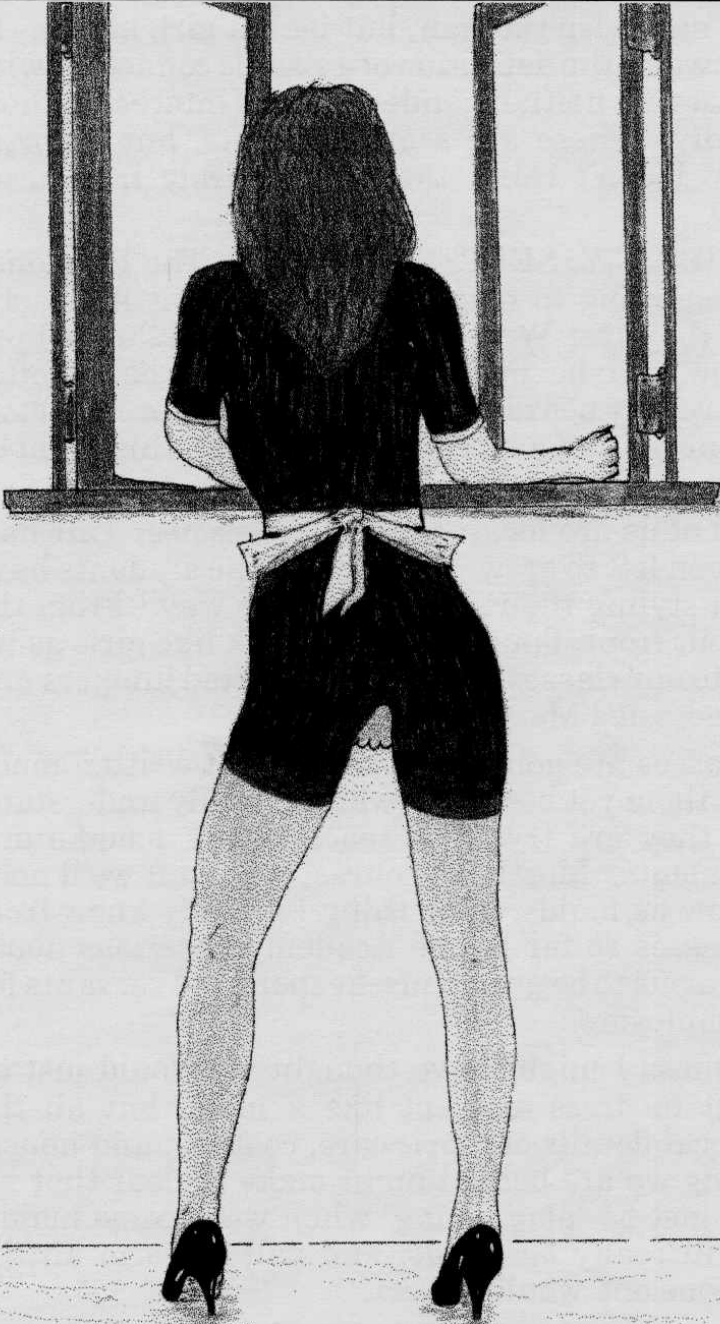
I sort of have a crush on my gym instructor. She's a pretty blonde and is one of the younger teachers. She's athletic, but in a feminine way. And she wears tight white tennis shorts or sleek black Lycra tights with one of those brightly-colored thongs pulled up and defining her cute, sexy butt.

Of course, I have to remember what *I'm* dressed in. Pink nylon/Lycra briefs cut like a girl's, a tight little Lycra top, and perfectly white canvas gym shoes. With my gaff and hairless body and everything, I don't look very masculine.

Unfortunately, I can tell that my gym instructor would never be interested in me. She's the type who would date the high school football players and other masculine "jocks." To her, teaching us is sort of like teaching a girl's gym class. We are completely asexual to her. It is strange to see a situation like this where there is absolutely *no* sexual tension whatsoever. By contrast, it makes me realize how much sexual tension there was in other situations before I came to the Academy.

As I think about this, I wonder if discovering the fact that women are not going to see us as sexual in any way is one of the lessons being taught at the Academy. If this is true, is this pitiful situation something one can get used to? And learn to live with?

This question bothers me the rest of the day. It is quite disheartening to realize the instructors have no sexual interest in us whatsoever. A person's sexuality is a large part of their identity. Although I might have been what they call a "sissy" before all this, I didn't think of myself that way. My life here at the Academy, and the things I am made to do and the clothes I am made to wear, are all making me slowly lose my sexual identity.



Dressed in a short Lycra overall and ruffled apron, this boy student longingly looks out the window of his housework class. As a maid, he will not only have to keep house, but must adjust to a lifestyle surrounded by femininity.

A "sissy" isn't a man, but isn't a girl, either. In many ways, the definition of a sissy is connected with the fact that neither gender has any interest in them sexually. These are scary thoughts, but unfortunately I don't think they are entirely inaccurate ones.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22: The hormones are beginning to make my skin softer. At least I think they are. With all the lotions and things I put on now, maybe my skin would have been softer anyway! My beard seems to be less of a problem too. But I never had a heavy beard, so even this could be mostly my imagination.

All of us are looking more like sissies. Our hair has been left to grow, and some of the students have begun styling their's in a feminine way. From the road out front, I'm sure we just look like girls as we walk to our classes in our short-skirted jumpers and wedge-heeled Mary Janes.

Classes are going O.K. I have not written much about them yet because I want to really understand what they are trying to teach before I make any judgements. Mostly, of course, it is stuff we'll need to know as maids. One thing I already know from my classes so far --- the Academy is *serious* about training us to be good housekeepers and servants for our employers.

I guess I might have thought we would just be taught to dress and act like a maid, but all the technical details of fabric care, cooking, and house-keeping we are being taught make it clear that we won't just be "play acting" when we become maids. We will really *be* maids, and will perform all the functions one would expect.

Last week I 'released myself' for the first time since I've been here. I was in my little bed and suddenly felt excited. I'd felt excited before, but resisted the temptation. But this time it was too strong. My tap pants felt so soft and luxurious I just

couldn't help myself. As soon as I finished I regretted doing it. It made me feel like such a *sissy*.

I was also mad at myself for being so totally predictable. I'd 'done' in my little bed just like the instructors had said I would!

Feeling guilty, I got up and cleaned up my sheets. They are as easy to clean as the instructors told us they would be. It sometimes scares me to see how much they seem to know about us here. It's like they have everything figured out already, and it's just my destiny to become some girl's maid.

I was "NOT" the "master of my domain" twice more since last week. Unfortunately, I can see how easy it would be to start doing that every night. It's lonely in my little bed!

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24: Today in Etiquette class we begin to learn how to curtsy. At first, I thought it was silly. But after awhile, I kind of got into it. There is a certain precision to the movement that is interesting.

Even though I am interested in learning to curtsy properly, I must admit I can't imagine myself doing it outside the Academy. And I especially can't imagine doing it in front of *men*! The instructor says once we are maids we will be curtseying quite often. Basically, we will be required to greet anyone over about 10 years old with a curtsy. About the only exception to this rule is if we happen to be introduced to another *sissy*. We don't have to curtsy to *sissies*, of course.

We are going to have more "curtsey practice" on Monday. I look forward to it, I guess. I think I'm pretty good at curtseying. Strange what one can become proud of here at the Academy!

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26: On the weekends we don't have to dress in our identical "school girl" uniforms. This isn't as free and easy as it sounds, however. We must choose what to wear

from what is in our rooms. Needless to say, there isn't a pair of jeans and a T-shirt there!

Sometimes I try on several different outfits Saturday morning before my Dress and Department seminar. Each time I look in the mirror, I look silly. And I look like a sissy!

It was hot this morning, so I figured I'd wear shorts. I knew I'd seen a pair of shorts in a drawer somewhere. I put on my gaff, a pair of white satin panties, and a satin training bra and hunted through my dresser for the shorts. The first pair I came across were a pair of white nylon/Lycra bicycle shorts. I slipped them on, but they were so thin and tight you could see my panties right through them!

After that disappointment, I found a pair of white cotton shorts. I pulled them on and tried to zip them up. But they were way too tight on my rear, and sort of loose in front. After struggling for a few minutes, I figured out what was wrong. The zipper was supposed to go in *back*! Besides the fit, the other clue was that the zipper wasn't covered with a placket, like zippers on a man's pants in front are.

I was almost late for my seminar, so I had to settle for the shorts. I turned them around and reached back and zipped them up. It was odd zipping shorts up in back. I used the mirror to help me. I looked at the back of the shorts in the mirror once I'd zipped them up. They fit tight, and were quite short. But my panties didn't show through them. I also noticed that my rear looked kind of cute in them!

I went through the dresser drawers for a shirt. Some of them were very feminine. Finally I settled on a plain cotton T-shirt. Unfortunately it was pink. It also fit tight and had just a tiny touch of lace at the cuffs and collar.

Hurriedly, I put on pink cotton anklets that matched the T-shirt, and pulled on my little white tennis shoes. The instructors, and even the other students, seem to put you down if you don't wear tops

and bottoms that match style-wise and color-wise. It is a very fashion-conscious group.

I brushed my hair (which is getting longer every day, of course) and headed off to my morning seminar. As I bounced out of the dorm, clutching my notebook tightly to my chest, I felt myself blushing. I was sure I looked exactly like some high school girl!

The shorts and T-shirt were comfortable, though. I went to the bathroom once, and reached down to the front of the shorts to unzip them. Then I remembered, and twisted and unzipped them down the back. Subtle little things, like having shorts that zip up in back instead of in front, make you feel real silly. . .like a sissy.

Sitting on the toilet with my white shorts and satin panties tangled about my smooth knees while I peed didn't make me feel very masculine. When I finished and stood up and tucked myself into my gaff and pulled up my panties, it even seemed that my maleness had gotten smaller and softer. With the hormones, maybe it *has*!

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1: Today I talked to one of the other students. We were walking beside each other on the way to Laundry class, and I said "Hi."

The student's name is Stevie. He was wearing a jumper and chiffon blouse just like mine, of course. But it was obvious he had hemmed the skirt of his jumper to an even shorter length than standard. His little pleated skirt swung around his satiny thighs, and was so short that it barely covered his nylon panties!

He had curled his hair, and had put pink polish on his nails. His Mary Janes had the same 2-inch heels as mine did, but he walked with a swinging wiggle in them, as if they were even higher than they were.

He told me he dressed in girl's clothing in secret for years before he came to the Academy. He had snuck things out of his sister's dresser drawers so much that she eventually found out and just give him panties to wear to bed at night. The sissy then shyly told me he actually thought it was *fun* wearing the little jumper and panties and everything. He couldn't wait for skirts and dresses to be added to the mix.

"I'm not sure I'll like being a *maid*," he said, "but I have to be honest --- I *love* wearing the clothes!"

I guess it takes all kinds. As I walked into gym class, I realized that Stevie had been a sissy before he'd even arrived here. His training will go smoothly, since the Academy is more or less just allowing him the freedom to be who he really is inside anyway. I wondered if he was on my low dose of hormones. I noticed he was getting fleshy around his breasts and never grumbled about the tight gaffs.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2: My classes are going O.K. The first tests have already been given, and I have about a "B" average. I figure as long as I have to sit there, I might as well learn something.

Basic Serving Etiquette is my first class in the morning. There is a lot of reading and memorization in this class. It is surprising to me that over the centuries so much effort and thought has gone into all this. There is an amazing amount of detail concerning exactly how one human being should perform the duty of being a servant to another human being. This would perhaps not be surprising to people of other centuries, however. Throughout most of history, the ruling class has had abject servants, and even outright slaves, taking care of their every need and desire. Now, in the 'nineties, this situation seems to be returning. Having servants, suddenly, is "in."

I had no idea there is a proper way of performing even the most mundane function for one's employer.

There is a proper way to serve drinks, and a proper way to acknowledge an order, a proper way to answer the door, even a proper way to help someone off with their coat.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3: Today the campus was in a panic. Two students on the floor below me were kicked out of the Academy for being caught in bed together! Committing homosexual acts is grounds for immediate expulsion. Although a student is allowed to be gay, he is not allowed to act on these feelings. At least that's what one student, who seemed to know, told me. He added that we would be kicked out the same way if one of us was somehow caught in bed with an instructor. The rule, apparently, is that we are not to have sex with *anyone*, regardless of their gender. We are allowed to 'fool with ourselves' at night as much as we wish, however.

I don't have much to worry about. I have a strong feeling that none of the instructors is interested in going to bed with me! Or with any of the rest of us, either. And even though some of my fellow students have turned into such total sissies that they look kind of cute sometimes, I'm not really attracted to them sexually. I guess I'm too hung up on myself and my near-addiction to self satisfaction to be interested.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4: I am measured for my first maid's uniform this afternoon. Everyone else is too, so the gym was a madhouse! It doesn't take long to measure us, though. The assistants who take care of getting our uniforms and things guess our dress size easily. Mostly, they measure our waists and the length of our legs.

In about a month, I will begin working a few evenings and some weekends in the instructor's residence hall. It will be my first experience with being a maid.

Today, like every Sunday, was laundry day. There is a big communal laundro-mat in the basement of Pinafore Hall. Each floor is assigned a different day to do their laundry, so we don't all end up there together. Luckily, my floor's day is Sunday, which is very convenient.

I put everything into my big pink plastic laundry basket and head downstairs. It is strange to watch everyone putting little panties and bras and feminine things into the gentle-cycle machines. Some of the students wash out their gaffs in the laundry sinks, but I usually do mine in the bathroom upstairs.

While the machines spin and rumble, we all sit around like a bunch of girls and read magazines. The laundro-mat is constantly supplied with big stacks of magazines. They are all women's magazines, however. Vogue, Elle, Cosmopolitan, and Bazaar are very popular. But there are also endless copies of Redbook, Journal, Today's Woman, and Home Circle. One sissy was sitting in the corner today intently reading Sewing Today!

I never know how to dress for the laundro-mat. Today, I put on a pair of pink Lycra tights and pulled on a big, soft fuzzy white sweater. The sweater was big enough that it came down over my butt. My outfit was reminiscent of the "big top over leggings" look that was so popular with girls several years ago. Although I wish my tights weren't pink, I have to admit that it is a comfortable and practical way to dress. No wonder girls liked this way of dressing so much.

Some of the students have grown their hair long enough that it can be styled. And surprisingly, all on their own, some of them have begun to style it into feminine coiffures. In the laundro-mat today there was one sissy in pink nylon/Lycra short-shorts and a little ruffled chiffon top tied at his midriff who had his hair up in *pink, plastic curlers!* He also had pink

mules on his feet with at least 2-inch heels! There are a few here like him, like the student I spoke with the other day, Stevie. They are just totally into the whole scene.

Some of the other students call them "femmes." They make no pretense about what they are. It's almost as if they are *proud* to be sissies! I must admit, however, that these types seem perfectly happy. The femmes are probably happier than the rest of us, to tell the truth. They seem to enjoy wearing the clothes and swishing around in their little high heels. And obviously the sissy in the pink short-shorts today *wanted* the rest of us to see his hair up in curlers. I'm sure he could have set it at night or something.

I fit sort of in the middle. I'm not embracing the whole scene as completely as the "femmes" are, but I'm not like the "butch" guys are either.

The butch guys try to resist everything. But we all realize that they don't resist so much that they leave the Academy! They walk around like truck drivers, which is silly-looking when they are dressed in little pleated-skirt jumpers and Mary Janes! But there seems to be fewer and fewer of them every week. It must be a lot of work always trying to look "butch" when we are dressed the way we are. I get a strange satisfaction knowing that even the most "butch" of them have to pull down their panties, hold up the skirt of their jumper, and sit when they pee, just like I do! The special Academy toilets are fool-proof.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14: I've been at the Academy for about a month and a half now. I would have never believed I'd dress, act, and look the way I do now.

I play with myself nearly every night now, and feel like a sissy because I do. My erections are maybe a little softer, and they don't seem to last as long.

When I get excited, a little dribbles out. This makes my rubber sheet feel *incredibly* slick and smooth and slippery. It's such a great feeling that I always get 'in the mood' by rubbing myself against my rubber bottom sheet. Although I sometimes think of my cute gym instructor when I do it, more and more I don't really think of anyone at all. Rather than think about a girl, I like to concentrate on how great the slick, wet rubber sheet feels!

I can't describe how great it feels. My rubber sheet, lubricated, has to be the slickest, smoothest, slipperiest thing on earth! I fear I am quickly becoming addicted to rubbing myself off. And I haven't really been here all that long yet.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16: In Beginning Cooking and Serving class today we worked on learning how to cook and serve breakfast. We have been learning to successfully cook six different breakfasts, including cooking eggs, bacon, pancakes, and waffles. Most of the breakfasts we are learning are reasonably light. Juice, fresh fruit, pastries, and muffins figure in as prominently as the heavier items.

In addition to cooking, we are also learning how to properly garnish and present the breakfasts. I never knew that how a meal is presented is nearly as important as how it is cooked. But this is an idea they pound into us often.

The instructor introduced us to the bed tray today. Our employers will sometimes be taking their breakfast in bed, and we have to be prepared for this request. She explained just where everything should be placed on the bed tray so that it would be properly balanced but also look nice.

We all got a turn picking the loaded bed tray up, walking across the classroom with it, and placing it across the lap of a student who was laying in a little bed they'd moved into the room! I thought it would be difficult to do, but with the tray loaded properly,

it's actually quite easy. As long as you go slow and concentrate.

I don't really mind learning how to cook and everything. All the domestic skills I'm picking up here will come in handy, even if I *don't* become a maid!

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20: Things are going along rather uneventfully. I received my first maid's uniform today. It is a charcoal gray dress that fits snug at the waist. The dress has a folded-over collar in white, and white cuffs on 3/4-length sleeves. The skirt is short, but not *too* short. I guess it falls about 5 or 6 inches above my knees.

Of course, I got my first apron, too. In fact, there were two aprons that came along with the uniform. One is a rounded, white nylon style with a ruffled edge. The other is much fuller-cut, and is nylon backed with a vinyl material. The first is for "lighter" duties, and the second one is for heavier duties, like cleaning things up and everything.

Along with the uniform, I also received several pairs of pantyhose. And a pair of leather pumps with 2 1/2-inch heels. The assistant who delivered it to my room said that I would sometimes wear canvas flats with the uniform during the day when I'd be doing lots of housework. The heels were for times when I might actually be serving the instructors.

I am told this is far from my last uniform, however. I will be receiving more of them on a regular basis from now on.

All of our uniforms will go with us when we leave, and form the basis of our "service wardrobe" as we begin our life as maids. We also keep all our lingerie, gaffs, pantyhose, shoes, and other personal items. But some of the other clothing, like our jumpers and shorts, and blouses are recycled to the next class after being cleaned and mended.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21: Miss Stephanie called me today. I was told to report to the Administration Building after Housekeeping class. I thought maybe I was in trouble or something!

I was told to wait for a few minutes while they got Miss Stephanie on the phone. She asked me about the Academy, and I said it was O.K. But after a few minutes I started spilling out all this stuff about how strange it was and about all my classes and wearing the little jumpers and everything. I guess there was a lot bottled up inside me or something!

Miss Stephanie laughed a little at all my talking. She said it sounded like I was doing O.K. Then she told me she'd be up to visit me in December. We won't have classes for the last two weeks in December, to allow the instructors time off for the Holidays and everything. During this time, future employers are allowed to come visit their prospective maids, if they wish.

Even students will be allowed to go visit someone over the Holidays for a few days, if they make prior arrangements. The break will also signal the start of the second semester, when we'll have a whole new set of classes.

Anyway, I was glad Miss Stephanie called. It was nice that she cared, I guess. I don't really even know here, but I somehow kind of miss her anyway.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23: Tonight when I began to 'play' there wasn't any pre-come. I guess the hormones were working. . . a discerning thought. I got up and squirted a little hand lotion on my bottom sheet. It worked great! It made everything as slick and slippery as could be. The only drawback is that it takes a bit longer to clean up afterward.

Now, as I write this, everything is cleaned up and I'm back in my nightie and panties. (Cute baby doll nighties with matching ruffled panties were added to our "night" drawer this week.) I also just came out

of the bathroom, where I sat down and peed, of course. It is very hard to think of what I've done the last ten minutes or so and not think of myself as a sissy. But I'm sure this is part of the plan at the Academy. They know how to take you step by step towards sissiness. And they don't really talk about it a lot, or physically force you to do anything. They just present a lifestyle that somehow encourages you to be a sissy.

I mean, no one is up here in my room *forcing* me to touch 'anything'. And I could be going to bed with nothing on, if I wanted to. There's no rule that says I *have* to wear this nightie. But it's cute and it's here and no one will see me, so why not wear it? The fact that, apparently by my own choice, wear something pretty to bed instills a feeling of sissiness in me beyond what any kind of harsh force would be able to do.

But even though I am beginning to understand how they are manipulating us here at the Academy, I'm not sure this understanding will help me resist it all. I think I would need some strong substitute for all this, (like a girl I was in love with who loved me back) to escape from it all. Of course, part of the Academy's strategy is to make sure there *aren't* any substitutes or distractions.

I think many guys would eventually begin to play with themselves and start to like wearing the sensual clothes if they were here, with nothing else to do and nothing else to focus on. But I must admit, most guys probably wouldn't fall into it as quickly as I have. Maybe that's what makes me a sissy in their eyes.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25: Laundry day today, and I have a lot to do! I'm in a weird mood, and decide to experiment with my clothes a little. I've always worn shorts or tights to do my laundry in, but today I get a little more daring and dress in a white cowl-neck bodysuit and a black cotton/Lycra mini-

skirt. The bodysuit is stretchy, and I struggle to pull it under me and snap the little snaps at the crotch. I wear it over my gaff, of course, but the bodysuit itself sort of takes the place of panties. Since it's a little cool outside, I put on a pair of pantyhose. I pulled them on over my bodysuit, which I guess is the right way to do it. But I figure there's a chance that I should wear the pantyhose *under* the bodysuit.

I've worn pantyhose a few times before, but they still feel different to wear. There's nothing males wear that feels remotely like pantyhose, of course, so I'm not all that used to them. There are tight and constricting --- but supportive and comfortable at the same time.

I wiggle into the tight little miniskirt. I'd never worn one before, of course. It felt kind of neat on, though. It hugs me a little, and I like the way the snug hem holds my legs together. It's good I have my gaff on, though. The sleek way the skirt fits in front would show a bulge if I wasn't gaffed!

I try on several different pairs of shoes, but settle on my little black leather pumps with 3-inch heels. These are my highest pair, and I have to be careful walking in them.

The combination of the tight mini and the sheer pantyhose and the heels makes me feel sort of. . . well, sort of *sexy*. I brush my hair back and head down to the laundry room, carrying my big pink plastic basket of clothes. I wonder if the other students will suddenly think I've turned into a "femme?" Oddly, I'm not sure I care. I feel good wearing the mini and top.

Once I put my laundry in, I sit and read a well-used copy of *Elle*. The models in the fashion magazines are so gorgeous, and the clothes are so great, that they are fun to look through. I cross my legs like a girl would do. My mini rides up a bit, and shows off quite a bit of my thighs. It's a soft, sexy

sensation. I can see why many girls enjoy dressing this way. A short, tight skirt, bodysuit, and heels all make you very aware of your body at all times. And because of that awareness, it makes you feel sexy.

Later, back in my room, I look at myself in the mirror for awhile. As I twist and turn in front of the mirror, and my mini rides up my thighs and hugs my bottom, I start to turn myself on a little. It's a weird feeling, so I calm down and take the miniskirt off, and peel my pantyhose off too.

I do a little studying, sitting at my desk wearing my bodysuit and nothing else. My legs get cold, so I slip on a pair of sleek Lycra tights that are sky blue. The bodysuit and tights look good together, and show off my thin body. I get a cup of hot tea from the lounge and sit at my desk with my legs curled up underneath me. I study my Housekeeping book for several hours.

When I think back, I spent the entire day acting and dressing just like a college girl would! I'm ashamed to admit it, but I kind of *liked* it! The feminine clothes and the quiet dorm room made me feel secure and calm.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28: Basic Personal Service is a strange class. Where else would you learn how to draw a proper bath for someone, or lay out their clothes for them? But these are just the sort of things we are taught in great detail in Basic Personal Service.

For instance, I didn't even realize that all girl's skirts, tops, and pants close the opposite way than men's things. And I certainly didn't know *why*. But as we begin to learn how to help a woman dress, learning the history behind the way women's clothes are designed is the first step.

Women's clothes close right-over-left (versus male clothing's left-over-right closure) because their maids were primarily right handed! Rich women dictated fashion, of course, as they still do now. And

rich women were *always* assisted in dressing by their maids. These rich women would have no sooner attempted to dress themselves than they would have attempted to fly! Since they were little girls, they were always dressed by a devoted personal maid or two.

Now I know all this, thanks to Basic Personal Service class. Unfortunately, the right-over-left closure won't be such a benefit to me if I help Miss Stephanie dress. I'm left-handed!

Basic Personal Service is one of my more "fun" classes. This is partially due to the fact that sometimes an instructor will play the part of our "mistress" and we get to help her on and off with her coat or something.

Today was great fun, because we learned how to button the back of a skirt and the back of a blouse. The instructor that acted as our employer was pretty, and we got to see her in her bra and panties! It was good to see her in her perfect white silk panties and little lace-trimmed bra. I was beginning to think *sissies* looked good in this stuff, but seeing her reminded me just how great girls look in their underwear. Like art work!

My hands shook a little, but I managed to button up the skirt and blouse to the instructor's satisfaction. You have to do it a certain way. You don't want to waste your employer's time by taking too long, but you don't want it to seem like you're hurrying, either.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30: The only thing that happened today worth mentioning was Halloween. Some of the instructors got all dressed up in costumes to go to some party in town. Their boy-friends drove up to the gates to pick them up. I watched through the window of my dorm room to see some of the sexy things the girls were wearing. Ironically, one of them went dressed in a very short, petticoated French Maid's costume, with a low-cut

top and a push-up bra! The guys out in the cars hooted and hollered a little at their sexy dates.

Of course, we all stayed in. I watched some TV in the lounge, dressed in pink satin pajamas. It feels like some sort of strange sorority house sometimes, except that we don't talk or giggle much.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5: In Laundry class today we began to talk about delicate fabrics and the need for hand washing. We have learned most of what we need to know about running the machines --- what to put in with what; what temperature various things should be dried at; what kind of detergent to use for certain items.

Silk, of course, is the "biggie." The kinds of women we will be working for will wear silk lingerie with some regularity. And of course, we will hand launder it for them as part of our jobs.

The instructor tells us it is very important that we learn this stuff well. It is very easy to ruin silk lingerie, especially the delicate, glossy finish of silk satins. Our employers will be quite displeased with us if we ruin the gorgeous silk satin chemise their boyfriend gave them!

We will also have to learn to hand-launder swimsuits, Lycra exercise things, and little cotton tops that might otherwise shrink too much. Of course, we will also be responsible for the endless piles of pantyhose a modern young business woman will go through.

There are several chapters in our books devoted entirely to hand laundering. We are to study them to the point of memorization.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7: Today was my first day of working in the instructor's residence hall! I dress in my maid's uniform and report to the hall. There, one of the permanent staff tells me what I'll be doing. I spend the entire time making the instructor's beds up with fresh sheets and pillowcases. The

first few rooms, the housekeeper comes with me to make sure I do it right. The instructor's beds get made everyday, but only changed once a week. I have to make the beds perfectly, of course. The sheets and spread have to be stretched tight, with no wrinkles anywhere.

Most of the rooms are empty, but sometimes an instructor is in her room. We have to knock to be sure.

"If they happen to be in their room, just say, 'Excuse me, Miss. I'm here to make up your bed,'" the housekeeper explains. "Then go about your work. Don't say anything unless she speaks to you first. Whatever she says, answer her briefly. Most of the time you can just answer, 'Yes, Miss.' Do your work quickly, and get out of her way. This is their day off, and they hate to be bothered by sissies, since they teach us all week."

I'm nervous as I knock on the first door by myself. But no one is there, so I calm down. Most of the rooms are pretty messy. Changing the bed is the first step. Other maids will come along behind me to straighten up, pick up laundry, and dust and vacuum. Each instructor has her own bathroom. One poor sissy has the job of cleaning bathroom after bathroom, all day long! Unfortunately, this unpleasant task will be assigned to me sometime soon.

I have a cart, with fresh sheets folded on top and a bin on the bottom for the old ones. I wheel it from room to room.

When no one is in the room, I look around a little. The instructors are messy. But there are maids who come every day to clean up after them, so I guess they can afford to be. Skirts and tops and bras and panties and things are scattered across the floor. And the few bathrooms I glance into are disaster areas. They look like cosmetic stores after an earthquake or something!

Many of the beds have not been slept in. I guess the girls in those rooms have stayed the night off campus, sleeping with their boyfriends. I know that some of the instructors are "involved" with guys, and don't spend their weekends here. Of course, I have to strip their beds anyway to change their sheets.

Some of the instructors are in their rooms. They are laying around reading or talking on the phone. They pay me very little attention when I come in. If an instructor is laying on her bed on the phone, she'll just get up and plop down in her chair. They rarely look at me or anything. And the entire time not one of them even says a word to me, other than a gruff "Come in!" when I say, "Excuse me, Miss, I'm here to make your bed."

I give them a small curtsey as I leave and close their door, but none of them notice that either. I guess they are very used to the "help" coming in to clean. And they're used to sissies curtseying to them. I guess it's really no big deal, but it still seems a bit strange to me.

I guess I kind of thought they'd point and laugh and yell out, "There's a guy in a maid's uniform in my room!" But they have seen sissies in aprons doing housework for so long that it's entirely normal to them.

I can tell by their conversation that some of the instructors are on the phone with their boyfriends. They giggle and talk in a different voice if it's their boyfriend. A few of the comments I overhear make me blush, since it's obvious the girls are talking about the last time they made love.

Some of the instructors are just in panties and T-shirts. And one was dressed in a sexy teddy with a little open robe over it. I get nervous seeing them dressed like that, but they seem to think it's normal. They don't make any particular effort to cover up or anything.

Like I realized in gym class, there is just *no* sexual tension at all. To them, I am just another asexual sissy, just their to make their bed. Even though I like seeing their bodies, and their sexy panties and things, it would almost be better if they screamed and covered up, as if a man walked in their room. But to them, I am not a man. I am a sissy.

I'll just be working Saturday afternoons for awhile. But I'll be assigned one of two evenings a week in another month or so.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10: This evening I got my hair cut. There's a hairstylist who comes in and does the students' hair, and today was my first visit to her. We all have longish hair now, of course.

The stylist cut mine into a "pageboy" style, which looks kind of weird. It's not the kind of haircut a guy would ever get. In fact, it sort of reminds me of a Dorothy Hamill kind of cut --- short and very swingy. Like everything else they do to me here, it's designed to make me look like a sissy.

Oh, well.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16: Today in House-keeping class we discussed schedules. It is very important that all regular housework be scheduled in writing. This is apparently one of the keys to a successful, organized household. A maid should consult with the mistress of the house as to what is to be done on a daily, weekly, monthly, and seasonal basis. A strict written chart is then drawn up and is followed by the maid to the letter.

As the mistress of the house sees fit, she can make adjustments to the schedule. Also, the maid is permitted to respectfully suggest changes that may result in more efficient utilization of time, or in improvements that may enhance the life and leisure of the mistress of the household.

We are shown an example of a housework schedule for a young woman's large, luxurious city apart-

ment. It is very detailed, and it is obvious that the little filled-in boxes on the piece of paper represent an astonishing amount of work. One of my classmates comments on how much work it seems to be. The instructor looks annoyed, and then launches into a lecture.

"I don't think some of you quite understand. We are talking about *perfection* here," she explains. "When your employer comes home at the end of the day, her home is to be *perfect* in every regard, every day! You should be able to *eat* off any of the floors. The bathrooms should be so perfectly clean you wouldn't mind licking the floor; or the toilet bowl for that matter! Her closets and dresser drawers should be organized precisely the way she desires. The kitchen, including the oven and the refrigerator, should be spotless. Everything should be dusted and polished. And the silver service in the dining room should shine like a mirror!"

I sort of look at the instructor and blink. It's hard to imagine accomplishing this perfection. After a long, silent pause, she continues her lecture.

"We here at the Academy pride ourselves on turning out the best personal housekeepers in the world. The Housekeeping faculty is especially interested in maintaining this reputation. We do not care at all that you are sissies instead of females. And, frankly, neither will your employers. After all, a perfectly clean bathroom is a perfectly clean bathroom, whether the servant who cleaned it wears a gaff under her panties or not!"

It is a daunting lecture. As simple as I may have thought Housekeeping would be to pass, it is turning out to be one of my toughest classes! I pledge to study and learn all I can about proper housework scheduling.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24: Today in Introduction to Formal Service we had a test on "Setting the Formal Table." We each must individually set a

perfect table for eight, including centerpiece and all the trimmings. We are timed, and we have a limit of six minutes to do it in. The china and crystal are stacked randomly on a side board twelve feet from the table.

It is nerve-racking to do it, but challenging as well. The instructor watches me like a hawk to make sure I don't make any mistakes. It has taken more than a little studying to even know what is supposed to go where. This is the kind of stuff I knew *nothing* about before coming here.

Fortunately, I pass the test. Not all the students do, and they must attend a special "remedial" session tomorrow night and then take the test again next week. My only mistake is placing the salad plates a bit too far away from the dinner plates. Like House-keeping class, the instructor insists on perfection. She actually used a little ruler to catch my mistake!

The goal of all of this is to insure that when our employers have a dinner party, the table is set perfectly, and the service is as impeccable as that of the finest restaurant in the world. Her guests should always go away impressed. And they will give *her* the credit for the beautiful table and exquisite service, thereby increasing her social standing. As a maid, it will be our job to make sure our employers get these social "brownie points," even though we will receive no credit for it ourselves.

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28: Well, it had to happen sometime. Today I am "bathroom girl" in the instructor's residence hall! Over my uniform dress I tie on a generously-cut, bib-style apron made of glossy pink rubber. I also pull on matching pink rubber gloves. The final touch is kneepads to protect my stockings from all the kneeling I'll be doing.

I go door to door with my scrub pail and a tray of cleaning products and brushes and things. I knock and go in. Many of the instructors are away for Thanksgiving, of course.

First, I straighten up as best I can. I am told to use my best judgement as far as re-organizing the cosmetics that seem to be scattered everywhere. There's often a few panties and bras and nighties and things on the floor, too. I get to just put them out by the bathroom door. Picking up dirty clothes to be laundered is *another* sissy's job!

After everything is straightened up, I clean and polish the mirrors. Then I do the sink and vanity counter. The next step is to kneel down and scrub the toilet, inside and out. I even have to dry and buff the outside and seat of the toilet with a towel! Next, I scrub the tub, including the tiled walls. The final step is to scrub the floor thoroughly.

The first bathroom goes uneventfully until I scrub myself into a corner when I do the floor! After that, I start at the far end and back out into the room.

I come to a room with an instructor in it. She is relaxing on her bed, wearing men's boxer shorts rolled up at the waist and a tiny little cotton sleeveless top. Her top is so tiny and thin, I can easily see she is braless underneath. She has her hair pinned up, and is reading the latest issue of Elle.

When I knock and realize someone is in the room, I say "Excuse me, Miss, I'm here to attend to your bathroom."

"Uhh-huhhh," is the only response I get.

I walk in quietly and go into her bathroom and begin my work. I notice she casually glances at me now and then. As I scrub the toilet and tub I feel strange, especially if I think she is looking at me. It is just such an obviously subservient position to be in. This girl is relaxing on her bed, while I'm tied in a rubber apron, on my knees, cleaning her bathroom for her. I blush thinking about the situation I'm in. I feel ashamed somehow --- and very, very servile. It is just so obvious that I am a servant, and that the girl on the bed is somehow socially "above" me. It is a new experience for me --- but one I'm afraid I'll be getting used to.

The instructor, who looks to be at least a year younger than I am, takes it all in stride. To her, I'm sure I'm just another sissy. And, to her, sissies are just *supposed* to do things like scrub toilets, iron clothes, clean kitchens, serve food, and wait on people. Aren't they?

It makes me a little mad. Women aren't treated this way anymore, (though ironically they once were!) And men pretty much have never been treated this way. It's like they think that sissies aren't people, and have no feelings or pride or anything.

When I finally get up off my knees and get ready to leave, I turn and curtsy to the instructor. She doesn't even look up from her magazine as she waves her hand in a casual motion, shooing me off! It makes me even madder that even after I've worked my tail off making her bathroom sparkle, she treats me like I'm some annoyance, like a pesky little fly or something! I mean, the *nerve* of some of these girls!

Regardless of my feelings, I end up scrubbing more toilets and tubs today than I ever thought I'd scrub in my lifetime! By the end of the day, I don't feel very pretty. My gaff is uncomfortable, my panties are moist with sweat and have ridden up in back, and my bra straps feel like they're twisted. My



One of the Academy's exquisitely trained sissies serving tea at the headmistress' on-campus mansion. His grey 'afternoon' uniform has a long, trim skirt, high collar and frilly apron. Feminized and emasculated, he had the mincing gait of a young girl.

rubber apron is spotted and streaked with dried scouring powder, my kneepads are dirty, and even my uniform dress has lost all it's crispness.

As I walk towards the basement to take off my apron and return my cleaning supplies, my pretty Phys-Ed instructor walks by, obviously just returning from a Thanksgiving trip somewhere.

"Hi, Bobbie," she says, recognizing me.

"Hello, Miss." I say, and drop into a little curtsey. I feel like I'm two inches tall. I have a crush on her, and now she catches me like *this!*

"I see you had fun scrubbing all our toilets and tubs today."

"Yes, Miss," I told her, not knowing how else to answer.

"I think you look so *domestic* in your pink rubber pinafore, Bobbie --- very cute and sissified," she said with a grin.

I could feel my cheeks flush as I stuttered, "Thank you, Miss."

She said, "See you in class," and walked away, leaving me there blushing like crazy.

Meeting her today like that certainly sealed my fate. If she didn't see me as a total sissy before, she certainly would now. I'd have about as much chance getting her to be romantically interested in me now as a worm in the garden would!

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29: As I was getting out of the satin PJs I slept in this morning, one of my nails caught the material. I showered and got dressed in a pair of pink panties and a pink training bra in preparation to go do my laundry. But before I got dressed, I sat on the edge of my bed and filed my nails a little.

For some reason, I looked up and saw myself reflected in the mirror of my vanity. My reaction was to jump up and throw the nail file down. I looked

like such a total *sis*sy in the mirror! There I was, sitting on my little pink-sheeted bed in pink panties and bra with my legs crossed girlishly in front of me as I was busy filing my nails! Even *girls* aren't always as *sis*sy as that!

I decide to wear something "masculine" to do my laundry in. It's a tough choice. I finally settle on black cotton/Lycra stirrup pants and a light blue sweater. I wear my white tennis shoes and try to walk as much like a guy as possible.

Of course, when I go to the bathroom while my laundry spins I have to pull down my stretch pants, wiggle out of my panties and gaff, and sit to pee. Any pretense of masculinity I've tried to foster immediately vanishes! I might as well have worn a mini-skirt and a lace top!

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3: I've been here about three months now. Already my life is quite different from what it was. And I must admit that I *feel* different too.

The hormones have changed me. My skin is softer, my beard is lighter, and the depilatory I use everyday seems to work better than before. My entire body is totally hairless and silky smooth. Although I should be concerned about this, I actually like it. I can feel all my clothes now, and am very conscious at all times of what I am dressed in.

I wouldn't tell anyone else, but I sort of *like* the feeling of a pretty pair of satin tap pants swishing across my bottom, or the gentle hug of a cotton/Lycra miniskirt. And I enjoy snuggling into a nice pair of satin PJs at night, feeling the silky material slide across my soft, hairless, lotioned skin.

Although the doses of hormones I receive are somewhat mild, they make me feel more like a homebody. I like being in my dorm room and like being in the library studying and everything. I have absolutely no desire to leave the campus, and don't even walk around much. Part of this is because I'd

feel strange in the clothes I wear outside of the Academy. But part of this feeling, I think, is from the hormones.

I have pretty much come to grips with the fact that I 'play' every single night. Sometimes, I have even been known to do it twice! I love the physical feeling so much I am close to being addicted to it. But psychologically it makes me feel like I'm a hopeless sissy. I mean, a regular male would direct at least *some* of his sexual energy towards a female, wouldn't he? I seem to direct all of mine towards myself. . . I love the way my panties fit my gaffed bottom and the feel of wearing skirts!

When I feel particularly depressed, I catalog my faults. I sit when I pee, I 'play' every night, I wear what are basically girl's clothes, including panties, and I probably couldn't sexually satisfy a girl in bed anymore, even if given the chance. It all adds up to one word: sissy!

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4: Today in Laundry class we took a written test on fine fabric care. It was tough remembering exactly what temperature water and detergents should be used with the various delicate fabrics a woman's lingerie, swimsuits, and workout things are made from. I hope I passed.

Tonight was my first evening working in the instructor's residence hall. I dressed in my new black linen uniform, starched apron, sheer pantyhose, and pumps with 3-inch heels. I feel sort of elegant, actually.

I don't have to do lots of heavy cleaning. Basically I am there to clean up the instructor's lounge, wait on the girls, and be available to perhaps help a girl get dressed for a date or something.

I stay in the lounge, straightening up. One girl is laying on the couch watching a game show. She tells me to get her a Coke, and I go to the little kitchen and get it for her. Oddly, I kind of enjoy putting it on the tray just so and walking over to her

in my nice uniform and high heels. I place the Coke on the table in front of the girl as perfectly as I can. Then I bob a little curtsy and walk away. The girl doesn't acknowledge me, though. She's too intent on seeing what Vanna White is wearing!

A pretty girl comes down the hall from her room, dressed only in her bra and panties. I blush when I see her.

"Come with me," she says.

"Yes, Miss," I answer her as I follow her down the hall. Her cute bottom swingy back and forth in her skimpy black lace panties is a delicious sight!

We walk into her room quickly.

"Help me put of my dress. My date will be here any second," she says, with a touch of urgency in her voice.

The dress is an elaborate cocktail affair in a flimsy black fabric. I help her drop it over her head. Then I see why she needs me! The back of the dress laces together from the waist all the way up to the high neck! There would be no way she could get in and out of it herself!

I know I'm not supposed to speak unless spoken to, but a quiet "Wow!" drifts out of my mouth as I see the sexy back lacing.

"You like it?" the girl asks.

"Yes, Miss. I think it's sexy!"

"Well, I hope my boyfriend likes it. You help me get into it, and hopefully *he'll* help me get out of it later!"

Dutifully, I lace her dress up perfectly for her. It takes a few minutes. I feel good about it though. I'm really helping someone! This is a dress that requires a maid, so I feel needed.

After she's in her dress, I help her with her hair. Finally, as she's spraying perfume on, I kneel down

and hold her high heeled pumps steady for her as she slips into them.

And then she says the magic word! I can't believe it!

"Thanks," she says, as she turns and hurries out of her room!

She said "thanks!" Unbelievable! It makes me feel proud and needed and important.

I go back to the lounge in good spirits. Needless to say, no one else says "thanks" all evening.

END OF PART ONE OF THE TWO PARTS

**If you liked this story or can't find part two,
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When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

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

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

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

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

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

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

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

Illustrated!

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

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

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

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

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

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

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

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

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

#1 NORM:

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt.

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

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

There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

THE SARAH SCHOOL

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

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Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:

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The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

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In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

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**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
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A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

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This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC
BOOK#1)**

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

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Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER

A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

THE SISSY SERIES

**SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4
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Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

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A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM

A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

THE SLIP

A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

THE SECRETARIAL SLIP

A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

NON-FICTION BOOKS

THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.

The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

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Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



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