



# "THE Sissy MAID ACADEMY"



**VOLUME 2 of 2**

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

LIMITED EDITION



# THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY

Volume Two

by R. Debre Rose

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## QUOTE BOARD

Romance is like a shot of whiskey.  
It must be drunk with the faith that you will  
feel better, before you feel worse.



# THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY

## Part Two of Two

By “Bobbie Ringgold”

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5: Today in our Dress and Deportment seminar we get to try on pumps with 4-inch heels. They feel strange. The instructor tells us that 4-inches is the point where they are truly high heels. She explains that heels this high will compel us to walk and carry ourselves differently.

The heels are high enough that they make our jumpers look shorter. As I’m sitting at my desk, I even catch a glimpse of some of the other student’s panties as they walk in the high heels with their short, pleated skirts. The femmes all seem to be wearing either pink satin or white lace panties!

We giggle a little at each other as we teeter about in the heels. The other students are getting more comfortable with each other, so the giggling is all in good fun. I guess we are starting to accept the fact that we’re all sissies now.

Some of the femmes walk, turn, and curtsy in the heels perfectly, right from the start! But many of them have secretly been practicing with their

sister's or mother's heels back home since they were like *twelve* or something, so it's not a fair competition!

Some femmes had been demasculinized with massive doses of female hormones. Their previously flat chests now rested comfortably in "A" cup brasieres and their ample, soft bottoms were taking on a female shape.

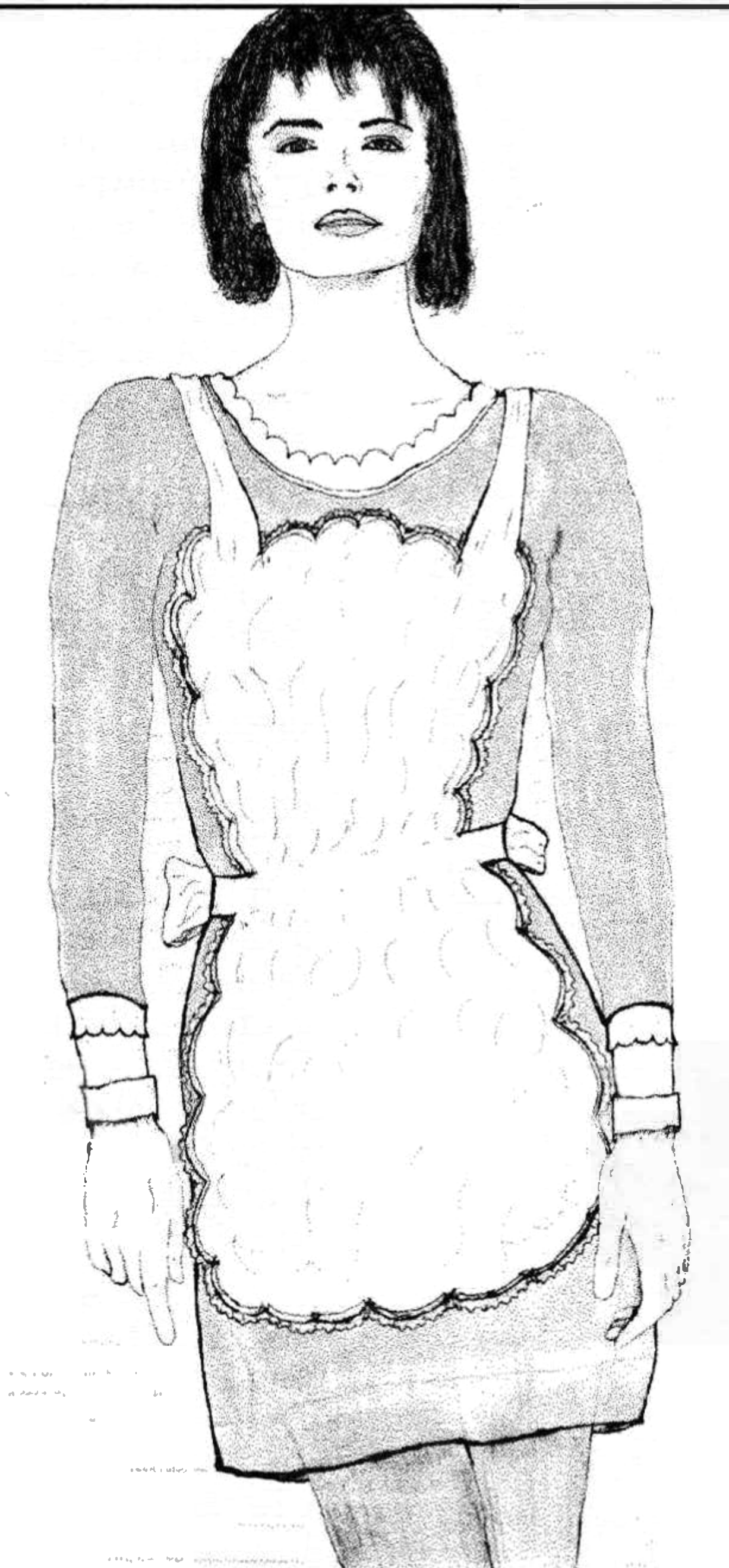
We will be wearing 4-inch heels now and then starting next term. All of us feel perfectly comfortable in our 2-inch Mary Janes now, and pretty used to our 3-inch pumps. By Spring, 3-and 4-inch heels will be everyday wear. And towering 5-inch spikes will be worn when we "dress up" in our formal serving uniforms!

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9: Final exams started today. My first one was in Laundry 101. It was very tough, mostly due to all the technical fabric care material. Who knew a maid would almost have to know *chemistry* just to do the laundry! I think I squeaked by with a passing grade, but I'm not sure. If I fail, I have to take it again on top of my other classes next term.

Tomorrow is my Beginning Cooking & Serving exam. I feel much more confident about it. I'm a good cook, and I enjoy the details of service. Somehow, I can remember the visual things (like place settings and stuff) better than the technical things, like in Laundry class.

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*A second semester sissy dressed for his daily chores.  
His dress uniform fits trimly over curves developed by female  
hormones. A gaff, panties, bra, slip nylons and high heels are  
all part of his daily uniform.*



*This 'femme' shows just how cute a sissy can be in his darling little pink shift and silky apron. Strap-back white high heels, a white hair ribbon and white lingerie. (not shown)*

I suddenly thought how I can solve my problem with technical laundry details. I'll just keep the book in the laundry room and refer to it if I have to. Miss Stephanie wouldn't care, would she?

Well, back to my studying. . .

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11: Today I took my Basic Serving Etiquette final. I think I did alright --- maybe good enough to get a "B" in the class. I studied to make sure I knew all the correct forms of address, and which side to serve from and everything. Who ever knew there would be this much to learning to be a servant!

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14: I passed Laundry class! (But not by much ---- a single question made the difference.) I'm happy I won't have to take it again. It wasn't my favorite subject.

I guess I'm officially certified to care for a woman's wardrobe, though. I know what should be dry cleaned. I know what may be machine washed on which cycle and with which detergent. I know what to use a touch of bleach on, (and what no to!) I know how to hand-laundry various fabrics, including the most delicate silks and laces. I know how to properly hang panties and bras and things to dry. I even know how to "block" a cashmere sweater.

Next term we learn all about ironing, mending, and other laundry room chores. Ironing sounds very tedious already, and I've never even done it before. But I already know that it is something us "maids" will have to learn to do --- and learn to do well.

Today was my last exam. It was for my Introduction to Formal Service class. I think I did great on the part where I had to set a perfect table for eight in six minutes. And I think I did O.K. on the written part, too.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17: Grades were posted at 5:00 PM today. All of us hurry over to the library where they are posted. We look like a bunch of high school girls, clamoring for our grades!

I pass everything, and do pretty good. But almost a third of my classmates get better overall grades. The femmes, generally, do the best. They're such little perfect-pusses! But some of the most "femme" don't do that well. Some of them are so preoccupied

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*At graduation, this sissy twirls his maid's uniform.  
Trained for service, he's ready to be soft and sweet—  
perfect for waiting on a beautiful, rich model.  
Her needs and comfort are his only concern..*

and obsessed with the clothes and how they look in them that they don't study much. They don't want to be maids as much as they just want to be *girls*.

Here's my grades:

Basic Serving Etiquette ---- B

Laundry 101 ---- C-

Housekeeping 101 ---- B

Beginning Cooking & Serving ---- A-

Basic Personal Service ---- B-

Introduction to Formal Service ---- B+

You have to squeak into the "C" range to officially pass, so I just made it in Laundry 101! My overall numerical grade comes out to 83, which is sort of between a "B" and a "B-". I feel O.K. about it. Who knew I'd even be *this* good at all this weird domestic stuff?

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18: The instructors tolerate us, but I can tell most of them don't really like us much. They seem to go out of their way sometimes to treat us like naughty children. And their attitude makes it clear that being with sissies all day is not their idea of paradise. The main topic of conversation between the instructors themselves is *men*, not "sissies" like us, but "real" men outside the Academy.

This evening I had duty in the instructor lounge, and was cleaning up the messy dishes and glasses the instructors bring in with them as they relax and watch "soaps" between classes. Two instructors on the sofa apparently didn't notice me. They talked about some guys they knew in town they were planning on seeing over the holidays. The girls were surprisingly graphic about the guys' sexual prowess, almost to the point of being crude. And they giggled and discussed in detail what kind of special treats each of them was going to give her boyfriend in bed for Christmas. With my sheltered past, I didn't really know girls *talked* that way!

As their giggling settled down, one of them mentioned how great it was going to be to spend time with a regular guy after being “cooped up all the time with these stupid little sissies!” The other girl agreed, and mentioned that being with sissies so much might be responsible for their attraction to rough, very masculine guys.

“And rough, very masculine sex!” the other girl added, laughing.

Just then, one of the girls happened to look over and see me.

“HEY!,” she yelled unpleasantly, “just what the hell do you think *you’re* listening to, sissy?”

I tried to explain I was just cleaning up the lounge. I was just doing what I was supposed to do.

“Well,” the instructor shot back, “get your sissy little butt out of here *right* now, you understand? Or would you like for me to have you assigned to heavy kitchen duty for the next two weeks straight?”

I gulped and said, “No, Miss,” referring to whether I wanted to be assigned kitchen duty. Still confused, I said, “I mean, YES, Miss. . . I’ll come back later and finish my cleaning.” Then I curtsied quickly and got the hell out of there!

As I left, I heard one of the girls sigh and say, “Probably listening so he could think about us having sex with our boyfriends! AHHGGGGH!!!. . . SIS-SIES ARE SO DISGUSTING!!!” she yelled in mock frustration as the other girl laughed.

I hid out cleaning one of the bathrooms in the instructor’s residence hall until I was pretty sure they’d be gone. Then I snuck back and finished my work in the lounge. I’m just very lucky that neither of the girls in the lounge instruct any of my classes.

In talking about this with other students, I’ve discovered that the women who teach us here just view it as a job. Some of them enjoy it a little, but to

many others it's strictly for the paycheck. In either case, they certainly don't get off on it or anything, and most count the hours until they can head into town and spend time with regular men, (and especially spend time in regular men's *beds*!)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19: Holiday break officially began today, though many of the instructors high-tailed it out of here yesterday afternoon. Some of the students are leaving for the Holidays, but many are staying, too. We are allowed to stay in our rooms, if we wish. And the gym and everything will be open most days other than Christmas itself.

Fortunately, I've been invited to Miss Stephanie's. She was going to come here and visit me, but she sent me money for a bus down to New York instead. I'll be staying at her place for a few days. But she's going away for Christmas, so I guess I'll come back here.

I have no idea what I'll *wear*! All of my clothes are really pretty "sissy" now, if not downright feminine. But I guess if I pick the right things I'll be O.K. Not everyone has to look like John Wayne all the time, right?

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23: Miss Stephanie has been nice to me. She has taken me shopping with her and things. I tag along behind her in stretch pants and a soft sweater and puffy pink ski jacket. It's fun to see her shop in all the fancy stores. And she even bought a sexy pair of silk panties for me at one place!

This evening she had some friends over to sort of say "Hi" for the Holidays. She introduced me to them. Everyone calls me Bobbie now, of course. And they are aware that I'm going to be Miss Stephanie's maid starting this summer. Miss Stephanie even had my report card from the Academy up on her refrigerator.

There were a few guys there, but they didn't pay much attention to me. But some of the girls did.



They are all very curious as to what goes on at the Academy.

I was in the kitchen later when three girls walked in. They're all dressed in little cocktail dresses and everything, and look cute. I'm wearing a tight pair of Miss Stephanie's pants and one of her man-tailored white silk blouses. If you don't notice that everything closes right-over-left, I sort of look like I'm wearing dressy men's clothes. (Men never notice the right-over-left thing. I'm not even sure a lot of them know about it. But women sometimes see it. They usually smile when they do, and sometimes a younger woman will even giggle a little.)

The girls saw my grades on the refrigerator and started asking me all kinds of questions about my classes. They aren't teasing me, they really are truly curious. When I sort of act ashamed, one girl gets upset with me and tries to cheer me up.

"You have nothing to be ashamed about, Bobbie. You'll make Stephanie a very good maid. And as long as you have pride in your work, and do it well, there's nothing shameful about it! Women have been maids and secretaries and clerks and everything for generations. It's just that things have finally changed a little and guys like you can do those jobs now. I think sissy maids are just *great*. I mean, don't you sort of think of yourself as a pioneer, like the first woman pilot or something?"

The other girls are all in agreement with her words. But one of them says something that reveals their *true* feelings.

"Being a maid is a good job for a sissy!" she says, as if it's a compliment.

There, the prejudice is out. They make it sound like they think it's great there are "male maids." But they don't really want the men they share their beds with to become meek little housekeepers. What they're really saying is that it's O.K. for a sissy to

become a maid, because a sissy really isn't a male in their eyes anyway.

They mean well, but there's nothing new really being said. These are the type of women that probably *always* thought sissies should be servants. And even though they're all real friendly with me and everything, if I would have asked any one of them out on a date six months ago, she would have laughed right in my face!

I sort of stammer "T-thank You" at their encouraging words, but get out of there and go to the bathroom ---where I get to *stand* if I want, since Miss Stephanie has regular toilets! (Oddly, I'm so used to sitting now that most of the time I pee that way anyway.)

The party breaks up about midnight and Miss Stephanie retires to her room. I got to the small guest bedroom Miss Stephanie is letting me use. The little single bed has a regular cotton top sheet, but the bottom sheet is glossy pink rubber, just like at the Academy. I think I've turned into the sissiest guy in the whole world.

### WELL, ON TO THE SECOND SEMESTER...

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29: I arrived back at campus today. Classes won't start for another week, but I didn't really have anywhere else to go.

It's quiet here. The instructors and most of the students are away.

I spend the time resting. Also, I work out in the gym everyday, wearing a sleek pair of white Lycra tights and a pink cotton crop top that says "Sweat!" in script across the front.

I also spend a little time in the library reading all about maids in the nineteenth century. While being a maid then was certainly a socially inferior position, it was also an oddly respected one. People then knew what it took to run a nice household. And the fact

that they needed servants to help them do it was just assumed.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31: New Year's Eve! I spend it in the dorm watching the festivities on TV. I wonder what the next year will bring. By this time next year, I will be a full-fledged maid! Or somehow I'll be out of this all together, somehow.

MONDAY, JANUARY 4: This afternoon we registered for our classes. I have six again, just like last term.

1. Ironing and Mending
2. Advanced Housekeeping
3. Advanced Cooking & Serving
4. Formal Serving Etiquette
5. Advanced Personal Service
6. Basic Secretarial Skills

We also still have Dress and Deportment seminars, and Phys-Ed. But later in the term, the Dress and Deportment seminars will be replaced by some sort of serious class called, "Understanding Your Employer's Sexuality.")

My "intern" schedule is also given to me. I will be working in the instructor's residence hall on Sundays from 2PM to 7:30PM I will also work there from 6PM to 11PM on Tuesday and Friday nights. For the evening assignments, I will go to a specific floor and hang out in the lounge. I'm there as much to wait on the girls as to clean.

On Wednesdays this term I'll be working in the cafeteria kitchen in the mornings after breakfast. And I'll help clean the public rooms in Pinafore Hall on Wednesday afternoons.

My schedule looks a little crowded, but I guess I'd just as soon be busy, as long as I'm stuck here.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 5: Today is the first day of classes for the second term. We are all dressed in our same short-skirted jumpers and white blouses.

But our Mary Jane shoes are gone, replaced by nice leather pumps with heels about 3" high. And instead of bare legs we wear stockings, which is good, because it's *cold* on campus now! We may wear either pantyhose, or stockings with a garter belt. We are encouraged to try both so we get used to the feel of them. I tried stockings with a garter belt at first, thinking that they would be more convenient than pantyhose. But we must wear our garters outside our panties (the only *proper* thing to do, apparently) so it's no more convenient in the bathroom than pantyhose.

We now also have dark blue wool blazers to wear with our jumpers. They have polished brass buttons and a neat little crest embroidered on the left breast pocket next to the dart. The crest is real fancy, and says "The Academy" on it. When you look closely the design shows a stylized mop, a feather duster, and an ironing board. But fortunately you have to really study it to see these things.

Sometimes I sort of feel proud walking to class in my sharp blazer with my skirt blowing around my stockinged legs and my heels tapping on the pavement. The other sissies seem to have a little more pride this term, too.

A few students didn't come back. They were perhaps afraid to face Miss Stevens as they left, and solved the problem by going home for the Holidays and just not returning. We all *could* have done that, but most of us didn't.

I guess I have to accept, like the other students who are still here, that I somehow want to be here, even though circumstances beyond my control may be responsible for my decision to stay.

Classes are uneventful this first day. The instructors just introduce themselves and pass out books and study outlines. Then they talk to us a little and let us go. The real stuff starts tomorrow.



The instructor in my Ironing and Mending class does, however, mention that there will be a *lot* more ironing than mending! She tells us that knowing how to properly iron all the different fashions our employers will wear is one of the most important skills for a maid to have.

“Nobody likes to iron clothes,” she says. “It is tedious and sometimes dull work. But women have had to deal with doing it for generations. Many girls dream of having someone do all their ironing for them, and your employers will have that dream answered!”

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6: The first real day of classes of the second term, and already I get a spanking! In Basic Secretarial Skills, I was talking and laughing with the student beside me. I guess I don’t take all this paperwork stuff too seriously. Besides, the instructor is sort of an uptight, bitchy sort of girl none of us like much.

I go to the front of the class, trying hard not to giggle. She bends me over her desk and flips up my skirt. I blush a little when I remember I have on pink nylon panties with lacy legs and waistband. The instructor slides my tight garters to the side a little, making sure my bottom is unobstructed.

“SMACK!”, “SMACK!”, “SMACK!” Her paddle comes down firmly on my rear, making a very loud noise that echoes throughout the big classroom. The other students are perfectly silent. The instructor spansks me for some time. It really *hurts*!

Finally she lets me up. It stings so bad, I feel myself fighting to make sure tears don’t roll down my cheek. I go back to my seat, and sit very uncomfortably for the rest of the class. But I don’t talk or joke with *anyone* after that!

Even in my next class my bottom is still warm from the sound spanking. But after maybe two hours it pretty much fades away.

I remember now that one of the instructors told us at the end of last term that we would be spanked harder in second term. Well, they weren't kidding! We are simply not expected to misbehave now, so when we do, they really give it to us!

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8: Tonight was my first night of "serving" in the instructor's hall. I am dressed in a tailored black linen uniform with a white ruffled-edge nylon apron. To "dress it up" a little, the apron has straps that come up the front and criss-cross down my back. But there is no "bib" section --- just the straps.

I feel sort of neat in the uniform. I have on sheer, dark nylons and get to wear my new shiny patent leather 3-inch heel pumps! I even have a silky pink half-slip on under my dress, which slips across my soft satin panty bottoms whenever I twist and turn. This must be what a girl experiences and I feel sort of like a *girl*, I guess, but it's not a bad feeling.

I clean up the lounge and then stand at attention in the corner. The instructors know there is a sissy maid on duty in the evenings. Early in the evening, I am called to a few different rooms to help someone dress for a date. I enjoy helping them into their nice little dresses or sexy skirts and tops. (I also like seeing the pretty instructors in their underwear. Some of their little panties barely cover their curvy butts!)

One girl has me clean her room a little. And another even trusts me with washing out a few of her panties and bras in her bathroom sink and carefully hanging them across her shower curtain rod to dry.

As it gets later, most of the action happens in the lounge. The girls who are going out have gone, and the others are watching TV and gossiping in the lounge. They casually snap their fingers, or just sort of yell at me when they want another Coke or some

sort of little snack. And I have to pop numerous batches of popcorn for them, of course.

I also make sure I take the empty glasses, dirty dishes and trash away quickly. I begin to see that this method of living kind of makes sense. Why should *everyone* have to get up all the time to get things? And why should they have to worry about cleaning up when they're relaxing? This way, I do all that for them, and they are free to just enjoy themselves.

The only unfair thing about it all is that it will always be *my* turn to be the maid, and *never* theirs!

SUNDAY, JANUARY 10: I talk with some of my fellow students while my laundry is drying. Everyone seems a little friendlier this term. Maybe we just figure we're in this together or something.

I'm dressed in a miniskirt and a big, bulky sweater top. I'm also in pantyhose and a pair of pumps. Strangely, this is beginning to feel almost normal for me. It's also beginning to be difficult to tell who's really a "femme" and who isn't. In a way, we are all becoming femmes!

I have to rush to get into my uniform and get over to the instructor's hall for my "shift." I work on the fourth floor. They always put us on the same floor so the instructors will get to know us and we can get used to serving girls who aren't complete strangers.

While the girls watch a figure skating competition on TV, one of them asks me to go get some nail polish, remover, cotton balls and other things out of her room. When I return with the items, she tells me she's going to teach me to do a pedicure!

"Find a little box or something low you can sit on. And bring a towel, too," she tells me.

The other girls watch TV, but they are also a little interested in seeing me give my very first pedicure.

They all have opinions on precisely how I should do it.

I sit on a box I got out of the kitchenette and spread the towel over my lap. Miss Kathy, the girl who is “teaching” me about pedicures puts her foot up on my lap. First, I untie her little Reebok and slip it off her foot. Then I take her sock off. Before I can do anything, she puts her other foot on my lap. I take her shoe and sock off her other foot too.

“Now, place cotton balls between my toes so the polish won’t smear,” she tells me.

I wedge cotton balls between her toes, holding her toes apart from each other a little.

Next, she tells me to wipe down each nail with some of the polish remover. She doesn’t really have any polish on her toenails, but she says cleaning the nails with remover is a good idea anyway.

She wants me to put a coat of a warm, soft red on her nails. She tells me to brush from the cuticle down to the tip in smooth, unidirectional strokes. I do O.K., except I get a little polish on her cuticle.

I kind of like giving Miss Kathy a pedicure. It’s a personal type of service, and makes me feel close to her.

One of the girls yells for me from her room. But Miss Kathy yells right back.

“The sissy’s doing my nails right now. Hold your horses!”

I blush a little at the word “sissy,” but I must admit that it’s not an entirely inaccurate word to describe me now.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14: The second term is well under way now. I like my classes, generally, but one I don’t particularly care for is Basic Secretarial Skills. I hate paperwork. (But apparently so do many of the women we will be working for, which is why they are going to have us do it all *for* them!)



Another class that will be tough is Ironing and Mending. Like Laundry 101, there is a lot of technical fabric care stuff to remember. And there is a special two-hour lab every week that is basically nothing but practicing ironing. Right now, we are still ironing sheets and other simple, but boring, items.

I also am getting used to wearing all the “sissy” clothes. My gaffs, though very tight, just seem like “normal” clothing to me. The feel of panties, bra straps, stockings, and little half slips are pretty much just a part of my day now. I still notice all of it --- and feel it on my body. But I’m oddly just as comfortable in a dress as I would be in a T-shirt and jeans.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16: Today in Dress and Deportment we get to try on our first truly high heels. We are fitted for patent leather pumps with 4-inch spike heels! They are so different to walk in! We all look like some sort of showgirls or something as we step around in them. Even the instructor thinks we are kind of cute in them.

We get to take the heels with us, but we are only to wear them in our rooms for the time being. As I write this, I am sitting at my desk in a big mint green sweatshirt and a pair of ivory satin panties. But I also still have my 4-inch heels on my feet! Earlier, I walked past the mirror a few times and looked back over my shoulder. My pantied rear looks like a girl’s as I walk in the heels and sort of wiggle my fleshy bottom a little. I’ve gained some weight back there but my skirts are fitting better.

MONDAY, JANUARY 18: We began to learn about giving pedicures and manicures in Advanced Personal Service today. I feel like I have a little head start because of Miss Kathy’s instruction in the instructor’s hall last week!

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22: Tonight in the fourth floor instructor’s lounge it was a mad house. Almost

all the girls had dates tonight, so I am kept running back and forth to rooms to help girls get dressed or fetch them things. One girl has me run around and ask the others if they have a pair of pantyhose she can borrow. Finally someone takes pity on the girl and gives me a pair of pantyhose to deliver to her.

As I am dressing one girl, her girlfriend stands in the doorway and watches. They talk about men and sex as if I'm not even there! It disturbs me that they are so casual and open about it. Frankly, I'd rather not know that while I'm in Pinafore Hall in my little bed some guy will be making love to the pretty girl I'm helping get dressed. It still bugs me that "regular" men get to make love to the pretty instructors, while for a "sissy" like me making love to a pretty girl is seen as *completely* out of the question.

I blush, but the girls are too busy talking about guys and what they like to do in bed to even notice. Besides, to them I am totally asexual. Just a sissy there to do his job. It makes me feel weird that these girls must know that my sex life consists entirely of 'myself' in my little bed at night. They know I don't have a girlfriend, haven't had one at least since August, and will probably never have one again. After all, I'm a "sissy."

SUNDAY, JANUARY 24: Today in the instructor's residence one of the girls started asking me questions. I was straightening up her room and helping her unpack. She'd just come back from spending the weekend with her boyfriend in New York.

As I was helping her, she asked me stuff. But she was pretty casual about it, like she was just making conversation.

She asked, "Do you like wearing your little skirts and dresses and panties and things?"

"It's O.K., Miss. I mean, I don't mind."

She pressed the issue and asked again whether I *liked* wearing all the girlish things we are made to wear here at the Academy.

"I... I guess so, Miss. Some girl things are kind of fun to wear."

She smiled and then asked the "biggie."

"Is it weird to turn yourself on so much? They tell us here that most of you guys basically do IT by yourself every night."

I didn't know how to answer. Either way I answered wouldn't really make the question any less embarrassing.

"Yes, Miss. It is a little strange, I guess," I answered.

"Well, I wondered. You sissies confuse me sometimes, even though I teach here. You seem to live such an odd life. You know, no sex with anybody. It seems sad or something."

I blushed at her interrogation.

"Do you really get turned on wearing sissy girl's stuff?" she continued rapid fire. "Some one told me about the hormones. How emasculated are you going to get?"

I was blushing like crazy by this point. And to make matters worse, I had just pulled a very sexy little silk teddy out of her suitcase! Her entire suitcase seemed to be filled with lingerie, making it pretty obvious that she had basically spent the entire weekend making love with her boyfriend!

"I . . . ahhhh . . . I don't know, Miss. I guess I like how it feels . . . I don't know," I answered truthfully to her complex questions.

"Well," she said with a sigh, "I assume you'll probably get more effeminate. . . that's just what sissy's do. Just seems strange to me --- but I'm sure it's O.K. I mean, girls wouldn't be very interested in a *sissy* anyway, so I guess you have to do *something*."

She mercifully let up on her questioning after that. When I'd finished unpacking her, she gave my bottom a quick "smack" and told me I'd better get back to the lounge, in case someone else needed my help.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28: Today in Formal Serving Etiquette we learn how to properly bend at the knees to place drinks on low tables. We also learned how to carry and offer a tray, such as the ones you see being carried by the "help" at cocktail parties.

It all seems pretty easy now, but I'm sure it will be harder to do in front of strangers while wearing spike heels at least 4-inches high!

FRIDAY, JANUARY 29: I feel a little protective of the fourth floor gang, as if it is my responsibility to make sure their evening or afternoon goes well. I realize that it bugs me if a girl gets up and gets herself a drink or something while I am there. Serving drinks is *my* job. They're supposed to just relax and tell me what they want! Somehow, I have a sense of pride in serving them well.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 31: Today was uneventful and boring. Although it still sometimes seems quite strange being here at the Academy, most days I don't even think about it. It's like this is just where I am supposed to be or something.

It's hard, but I sort of have to admit to myself that I am basically addicted. On the weekends (like today) I also often spend time alone in bed in the afternoon as well. I feel like such a sissy. And perhaps even worse, I feel so *predictable*! I remember an off-hand comment the head instructor gave during one of her early lectures.

"By the second term, most of you will be 'playing with yourselves' and not even really thinking about girls when you do. This is perfectly O.K. In fact, we think that innocent, juvenile 'fiddling' is a perfectly natural sex life for a sissy. Of course, this is precisely



why your dorm beds will all be made up with rubber sheets!"

Such is the lonely life of a "sissy", I guess! The instructor went on to offer, "If any of you find the 'stimulation' of your new life too 'exciting', we will be happy to increase your hormones."

How nice of them!

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1: Today in Advanced Housekeeping we learned more about scheduling. We were taught again that a proper schedule makes a household run much smoother. Also, housework scheduling should be determined by the employer's lifestyle. Basically, noisy or other disruptive tasks should be performed when she is out. The instructor tells us that one of the goals of scheduling is to never have to annoy our employers with the whine of a vacuum, the roar of a dishwasher, or a slippery, still-wet kitchen floor. Disruptive tasks should be done while she is out, so they are basically invisible to her.

The instructor said it should be "as if little elves just came and did it all!"

Of course, *sometimes* we'll have to clean a bathroom or something while our employer's are home, but we shouldn't plan on doing it that way very often.

Another reason for this type of scheduling is that we will be *servants* as much as housekeepers. When our employers are home we need to be available to wait on them, or help them dress or bathe or whatever. We can flit about doing light housework, of course. But we should be doing something that is easily "interruptable." The heavy stuff we should do while she is out with her friends or with her boyfriend or something.

In nearly every class we are learning how to make our employer's lives easier and more luxurious. This sounds one-sided, I guess. But it makes sense, re-

ally. As a servant, our job really *will* be to make our employer's lives easier!

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3: I worked again in the kitchen this morning. It is the hardest thing I do all week, and I absolutely *hate* it! But we are all supposed to "do our part" in helping run the school.

I have to be there at 6 AM, so I have to get up at about 5:00 or so. I wear a rather plain gray uniform dress that is about knee-length. At for most of my work I tie on a full-cut pink rubber pinafore and pull on matching pink rubber gloves.

The full-time kitchen staff is a mixture of sissies who have not found a position yet outside the school and some women from town. They don't make much money and are frustrated, so they take it out on me. They yell at me and call me "sissy" a lot. And I have to do all the "shit" work, like scrubbing the floors and cleaning all the greasy grills and things. I also have to take out the trash, which is no fun on days like today, when it's 15 degrees outside at dawn! I wear my heaviest pair of pantyhose, but still the wind rips up my legs like I'm in nothing at all.

I have to shower afterward to get the dirt and smell of the kitchen off me. It's like being some sort of lowly scrub maid or something. Working in some rich girl's place like Miss Stephanie's seems like *heaven* compared to spending day after day in the Academy's big, noisy, messy kitchen.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7: I got a spanking while I was serving in the instructor's residence this evening! I didn't even know they could *do* that, but I guess they can do just about anything they feel necessary with a student like me.

I was giving one of the girls a pedicure around dinner time. Somehow I got distracted and spilled the polish all over the floor and all over one of her cute, lace-trimmed white socks! The girl was furious with me, and yelled and carried on like I'd just ruined everything.

After I cleaned up, she told me I needed a “good spanking!” I have to pull my uniform skirt up to my waist and bend over the sofa in the lounge. Several other instructors casually watched as the girl spanked my pantied bottom very firmly with a flat paddle. She must have spanked me 30 or 40 strokes! It *hurt*!

The whole time she was spanking me she yelled at me and told me how stupid I was and everything. She was pissed that I’d ruined her socks. There was no way the deep red polish would ever come out, of course.

When I got back to the dorm almost an hour afterwards and took off my uniform and panties, my bottom was still very red.

I’ll probably sleep on my tummy tonight!

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11: Today I attended the first session of the seminar series, “A Sissy’s Place in Modern Society.” The instructor just lectured us on what a sissy is and where he fits in the scheme of things. She uses the words “sissy” and “you” interchangeably, making it obvious that she considers all of us to be sissies.

As I squirm in my seat, I feel my tight gaff and pink satin panties under the pleated skirt of my school uniform. I feel myself blush as I realize that I *am* a sissy. Why else would I gaff myself and wear panties?

This seminar series will continue for five more two-hour sessions. We aren’t tested on the material, but there is a little homework to do. Supposedly this seminar will help give us a sense of identity.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13: This morning I went to the library and studied. I also practiced my typing for my Basic Secretarial Skills class. I guess because of the typing, I dressed sort of like a secretary --- trim Navy wool skirt and blazer over a white, high-neck blouse. This is an outfit Miss Stephanie

sent me. She said it was for “going out”, though I can’t imagine leaving the campus dressed in a *skirt*!

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14: It’s Valentine’s Day, but none of us students really has a Valentine. Some of my classmates did receive “friendly” cards from the young women they will be working for, but Miss Stephanie didn’t send me one.

In the laundro-mat today I spoke with a student who is going to be working for a somewhat famous fashion model! At first I thought it might be B.S., but someone else told me later he actually saw the model visit over the Holidays, so I guess it’s true. Boy, working for some gorgeous model would be neat!

Tonight in the Instructor’s Residence most of the girls were returning from “Valentine’s Weekend” with their boyfriends. They showed each other the cards and jewelry and lingerie they had gotten as presents. I helped some of them unpack. I blushed as I’d pull some sexy little silk teddy out of their suitcase. It was obvious what they’d been doing over the weekend! Two of the girls had me rinse out some of their sexy little night things for them.

Although I would have felt real weird about all the talk about boyfriends and things just a few weeks ago, I am finally getting used to it. I am there to do a job, not to be competition for the instructor’s lovers. So, I just do my job and then go home to Pinafore Hall when my time is up.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17: After classes today I cleaned the public rooms in Pinafore Hall on floors Two, Three, and Four. It’s strange wearing a maid’s uniform in front of my classmates. I don’t have to wait on them or anything --- I’m just there to dust and vacuum and straighten up. By 7:30 or so I was done.

Later I studied a little. I read part of a book all about formal service. It was good to review all the little details of serving at a dinner party.

At 10:00 I undressed down to my bra and panties then pulled on a big, soft pink sweatshirt, and put a pair of fuzzy anklets on my feet. I pulled my long hair out of my eyes and back into a pony-tail. I curled up on the sofa in the lounge and watched TV. I didn't feel at all weird wearing what I was wearing. Actually, something like a big T-shirt or soft sweatshirt over a nice pair of panties is a comfortable and relaxing way to dress when you're in for the evening. I can see why this style of dressing is so popular with girls.

One of the more femme types was dressed in a lacy baby doll nightie! It was so short, the ruffled-rear panties showed if he got up to change the channel or anything. I didn't really mind. But I wondered why he wasn't getting *cold* in the skimpy little thing --- there was nothing to it except sheer pink nylon chiffon, and ruffles!

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18: Today I attended another two-hour "A Sissy's Place in Modern Society" seminar. It focused on how professional women no longer have any time. And it also was about how there are really "three" sexes. Obviously, the Academy thinks sissies are sort of a separate sex; neither male nor female. Somehow, this fact makes us perfect for domestic service, but I don't totally see the connection.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22: Ironing and Mending class is actually quite difficult. Today I tried to iron a rather fancy blouse and failed. I couldn't get the collar right, and the little placket crease kept getting screwed up! It was very frustrating.

The instructor was nice about it, though. She said I'd get it with practice. But she has made it very clear all along that by the time we get out of her class we'll be able to perfectly press anything our employer's throw at us.

We've already learned how to press men's cotton business shirts. They are relatively easy compared



to some of the more complex feminine things. But it was hard thinking about doing men's things. The instructor explained that many of us will eventually be called upon to do some of our mistress' boyfriend's things. I sort of have a hard time with all that. Doing housework for a pretty girl like Miss Stephanie is one thing. Ironing some guy's shirts is something else.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26: Today in Advanced Cooking we learned how to make two different fancy desserts! It was sort of fun, actually. Sifting the flour and mixing everything — and sneaking a dollop of the batter when the instructor wasn't looking!

We all got flour on us. And I even got some batter on my rubber apron. But it wasn't a problem. After all, that's why they have us wear rubber aprons in the first place!

I like baking better than regular cooking, for some reason. But I'll be cooking simple meals more than doing fancy desserts, I guess.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27: I got another "care package" from Miss Stephanie today. She even included a nice note in it. This makes up for not getting a Valentine from her, I guess.

She sent me a silky chemise and matching thong to sleep in. And a pair of yellow short-shorts and a skimpy top. She said that with Spring just around the corner, I would need the short-shorts pretty soon.

I couldn't wait and tried them on. Like all my other shorts these days, they zip up the back. And these yellow ones are so short and skimpy a little of my globular bottom even peeks out below them! I wiggle around in front of my closet mirror for awhile, enjoying the sexy way the short-shorts make me feel.

The gaff makes sure I present a perfectly feminine appearance in even these skin tight shorts.

“Just like a girl,” I smile into the mirror. A moment of pride delights me, then I realize what I’m doing. I feel ashamed. What a *sissy* I’ve turned into!

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28: Today was mostly uneventful. I studied a little in the morning and worked on my housework scheduling assignment.

For Advanced Housekeeping, we have to come up with detailed housework schedules that get everything done while working around a hypothetical employer’s lifestyle and schedule. They make it tough to fit everything in. All the household duties have times attached to them — so many minutes to scrub a floor, so many hours to do all the laundry, etc. We also have to contend with any entertaining plans our fictitious employer may hit us with.

It takes quite awhile to come up with a schedule that makes sure none of the heavier housework is being done while our employer is home and also allows for entertaining and everything.

This evening in the instructor’s residence I gave two girls manicures and one girl a pedicure. I am getting pretty good at taking at nail polishing now. Oddly, I sort of enjoy it. The girls on the fourth floor trust me now, and don’t even bother to watch as I do their nails. They just watch TV or read their magazine or whatever as I do their nails.

TUESDAY, MARCH 2: I got called into the head instructor’s office after classes this afternoon. She wanted to talk to me a little about serving in Miss Stephens’ house. Although there is a permanent staff in the Academy President’s mansion, second-term students are sometimes called in to help out for big parties. The head instructor let me know that if I am called to work there I will have to be on my very best behavior. I must remember to definitely not speak unless spoken to. And I’m not supposed to gawk at the celebrities that sometimes attend Miss Stevens’ parties.

It would make me nervous to serve in the large stone mansion where Miss Stevens resides. But I kind of hope I'll get the chance to work there for the experience.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3: Kitchen duty again this morning. Ugggh!! I don't like it at all, but I don't really have much choice.

Today in Ironing and Mending we learned how to hem skirts and pants. I already know how to do buttons and other little repairs. Soon we are going to begin learning to press pleated skirts, which is supposed to be the hardest thing to do. At least I'm getting better doing blouses, finally!

FRIDAY, MARCH 5: In Formal Serving Etiquette we were tested on dinner service. Most of it is simply memorization --- remembering which side you're supposed to serve from, and knowing which plates are to be removed between courses and which ones stay.

We spend a portion of each class still practicing our curtses and saying "Yes, Miss" and "Yes, Sir" with just the right formal inflection.

This evening in the instructor's lounge I practiced curtseying properly and saying "Yes, Miss" just the right way. The instructors didn't notice, though. They're too busy with their own lives, and mostly just see me as the part-time help. It's not that they're all unfriendly. It's more that we are just on different social levels or something. While I am working there they just see me as a servant. Because of the way they view me, we couldn't ever really be friends or anything, I guess. There is a natural distance there.

MONDAY, MARCH 8: I turned in my housework schedules in Advanced Housekeeping today. I hope I did them correctly.

THURSDAY, MARCH 11: Another session of "A Sissy's Place in Modern Society" this evening. The

instructor tells us about our sexuality, and how it differs from a “normal” male’s. I feel weird sitting there listening to her talk about how sissies play with themselves and everything. But almost as soon as I get back here to my room, I put on a little nylon nighty and pleasure seekingly crawl into my bed. Would a “normal” male do that? Probably not. I guess I *am* sort of a sissy, after all.

SUNDAY, MARCH 14: It was almost warm today! I decided to wear my yellow short-shorts when I went to the laundro-mat. I had to wear a thong panty under them, though. Regular panties showed a little in back, since the short-shorts are cut so skimpy.

I wore a sweater top with them instead of the little crop top Miss Stephanie sent to go with them. It wasn’t *that* warm today! I wore my little white tennis shoes with no socks. I tried heels, but even two-inch ones made me feel like a “slut” or something.

I’d never wear anything like the little shorts off campus, but here they seem normal. Even with a little of my bottom cheeks showing, I feel O.K. I have to admit that I’m a little proud of my firm little rear. One of the instructors even *whistled* at me and gave my rear a playful smack as I walked by her! It made me blush; but it also made my day.

TUESDAY, MARCH 16: Well, I really screwed up my first pleated skirt! They said it would be tough, and they were right. Only a few students seemed to get it right this first time. It’s very hard to get each pleat even, and to avoid “doubling” the pleats. It takes a lot of concentration.

All I can hope for is that Miss Stephanie doesn’t like pleated skirts!

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17: I found out today that I will be serving in Miss Stevens’ residence this Saturday night. She’s having a large dinner party, and I’m going to help out in the kitchen. Although I

won't be serving, I will be sent into the dining room to clear dirty dishes. And I'll have to collect some things from the living room, too.

Mostly, though, I'll be in the kitchen doing dishes all night.

I'm nervous but excited. Celebrities are supposed to be there. It will be strange being a maid in front of someone famous.

Also, I am being fitted for a special new uniform and heels for the party. All the maids who have any chance of being viewed by the guests must be properly uniformed, of course.

Tonight I got excited just thinking about it.

FRIDAY, MARCH 19: I was fitted for the uniform I'll wear to work at Miss Stevens' party tomorrow night. It has a short, trim skirt and cinched waist, and is made of jet black linen. The apron is starched and crisp, and has two straps that run up over my chest and criss-cross down the back.

I am given a real bra and silicone breast inserts to make the dress fit me better. The instructor who helps me says that we are all scheduled to get real bras and breast inserts in a week or two anyway, so I'll just get mine early.

Along with the dress and apron, I am given a white satin ribbon to wear in my hair. Also, I get sheer black hose with those sexy seams up the back! The final thing is a silky pink half-slip to wear under my dress.

I'm getting a little nervous about tomorrow. It will be my first experience with *really* being a maid, though I guess my experience in the instructor's residence counts for something.

Although guests won't arrive until about 6:30 for cocktails, I have to be in the kitchen of the mansion at 5:00 sharp, all uniformed and ready to go. One of my duties will be to assist the permanent staff in



setting the table and everything. Also, I will be helping out in the kitchen, too.

Miss Stevens' staff are sissies like us, of course. But they are exceedingly well trained, and basically look and are trained to act just like girl servants. When I saw one of them once on his day off, I actually thought it was one of the female instructors. That's how feminine he looked in his mini-skirt and ruffled blouse with his curled hair and makeup just perfect.

The girls on the fourth floor teased me a little tonight about my service in the mansion tomorrow. They said I'd be spanked for the slightest little error. They giggle and I think they're joking, but I'm not really quite sure!

SATURDAY, MARCH 20: Today's the big day. I try to do a little studying, but I'm too keyed up about this evening. I start getting dressed about 3:00, which is way too early.

I look good in the trim, elegant black linen maid's uniform and crisp apron. One of the sissies from down the hall helps me get my apron on just right, with the straps tightly tied into a perfect bow in back. The final thing I do is slip my feet into my patent leather pumps with 4-inch heels.

I practice my curtsies in front of my full-length mirror, just in case. I say "Yes, Miss" softly each time I curtsy.

At quarter to five I put on a long coat and walk out of Pinafore Hall and head for the stone mansion that is near the road. I'm there in a few minutes, so I go ahead and report to the kitchen a little early.

The kitchen is big and rather commercial-looking. It's not the kind of kitchen Miss Stevens would ever dine in. I can see from the kitchen that she must always be served in the dining room.

There is a cook with a chef's hat on and everything. And several sissy maids like myself are already busy preparing various things.

I am introduced to one of the permanent staff. His name is Stephie and he is very feminine-looking, even though he's actually a sissy, of course. His uniform is identical to mine. He seems to take everything quite seriously, as if serving in Miss Stevens' residence is the most important job in the world.

Stephie has me help him get all the china and silver ready. Then we go to the big dining room and spread a linen table cloth over the long mahogany table. Everything has to be perfect, and Stephie checks the overhang of the cloth on all sides at least three times.

Next, we set the table. This takes quite awhile because it has to be done so perfectly. I put everything out in it's approximate position, and Stephie comes along behind me and adjusts everything so it's perfect. He goes around and around adjusting the plates and silverware just so. Stephie is very fussy!

Miss Stevens' personal maid pops into the kitchen to get a glass of water. She's dressed in a cute little French-style maid's uniform with a white satin apron trimmed with lace. After she gets her water, she hurries off again upstairs, presumably to help Miss Stevens dress.

Soon, I hear guests in the house. There's quiet music playing and people laughing. Stephie and I are kept busy in the kitchen, filling trays with drinks and appetizers for the serving maids to take out to the guests.

The serving maids are really something. They are delicate, long-legged creatures who are obviously chosen for their looks. Even though they're sissies, they look just like girls --- and *pretty* girls at that! Their long hair is curled and styled, and their faces are completely made-up. Gold hoop earrings even dangle from their earlobes, which, I notice, are *pierced*.

Their black silk taffeta uniforms are very short and flaired out, with the little skirts supported by short, stiff, rustling petticoats. Their taffeta serving aprons are the whitest things I've ever seen, and are decorated with touches of delicate lace at the edges.

The maid's long, gorgeous legs are covered with sheer black nylons, and they're perched on polished black patent pumps with thin heels a full 5-inches high. And their waists are so slim under the tight bodices of their uniforms that they must be tightly corseted.

The two serving maids come in and take trays almost as fast as we can fill them. They look graceful as they bend their knees and dip and pick up the crystal serving trays. I catch a whiff of their pretty perfume as they take the trays out.

I've never seen anything like the serving maids, male or female. They are really something! I must admit that having two such exotic creatures serve would add a lot of atmosphere to a party.

The cook and kitchen assistants are very busy putting the finishing touches on dinner.

Soon, the serving maids come back with empty trays and stand around in the kitchen, freshening their make-up, smoothing their aprons, and adjusting their short, pristine-white petticoats.

After a few minutes, the serving maids begin taking the first course and the wine into the dining room. I can hear the guests gather around the table. According to Stephie, there are twelve all together, including Miss Stevens. Six men and six women. The men are in their best business suits, and the women are in elegant little cocktail dresses and other fashionable outfits. I haven't even seen them yet, but I hope to get a peek sometime. There is supposed to be an actor from Hollywood and a rather famous fashion model, so I'd like to catch a glimpse of them.

As the serving maids bring dirty plates and bowls back into the kitchen, I rinse and carefully stack them. For this wet work, I have a large pink rubber pinafore tied on, and am wearing matching pink rubber gloves. Later, I'll have to *wash* all these dishes, too!

I sneak a peek as the swinging door to the dining room is open a moment. The guests are just being served dessert. They looked relaxed and calm. And the women are all beautiful and fashionably dressed.

As I help Stephie clear the table, I can see into the living room. The two serving maids are offering after dinner drinks to the guests and lighting the men's cigars. Miss Stevens is holding court, telling a story about her recent vacation in France.

One of the guests is the gorgeous young model Stephie mentioned. I've seen her on TV in several cosmetics commercials. She's dressed in a sleek black knit dress that fits tight and is slit on the side all the way up her thigh. As I glance at her, she's taking a brandy off the tray one of the serving maids is holding. She takes the drink casually, and doesn't even look at or acknowledge the servant offering it.

Back in the kitchen, as I tie on my rubber apron and fill the sink with hot, sudsy water, I ask Stephie about the whole scene.

"Don't they know the maids are *sissies*? I mean, don't they think it's strange that *guys* are dressed like that serving them?"

Stephie tells me that most of the guests have been here before, and are well aware of what the Academy does. But among these people sissy maids are already accepted as just another "style" of servant.

"And they could care less what gender the servants are, as long as they do a good job serving. After all, they're not going to have sex with them, they're just going to have them fetch the drinks and things!"

Stephie explains, adding, "Besides, we've been so feminized that none of us could be very manly."

I spend the rest of the time washing piles of dishes and cleaning up in the kitchen. The serving maids still come and go, fetching little things for the guests. I find myself wondering if I'll look as good as they do in a short little formal serving uniform!

**SUNDAY, MARCH 21:** I was still tired today from the party last night. By the time I got all the dishes done and put away, and helped Stephie put the dining room back together, it was 1:00 AM!

Today I just took it easy. In the laundry room several other students asked me about serving in Miss Stevens' house. They all seem quite curious about what being a maid for real is all about. One of my friends there asked if people laughed at me because I was a sissy in a maid's uniform. I had to explain that no one laughed. They just want the service to be excellent. The fact that there are sissies like us who dress in maid's things and do housework and serving must just seem normal to the type of sophisticated guests that attend Miss Stevens' parties.

**WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24:** Today in Advanced Personal Service we learned more about helping someone dress. The important thing is to have the clothes laid out carefully in advance. We should never have to run off and leave our mistress half dressed while we search for something.

We are also taught ways to make the dressing go quicker. And also how to help our employers dress without disturbing them or touching them too much. Basically, our job is to make dressing as quick, painless, and enjoyable an experience for our employers as it can be.

Soon, we'll begin to learn how to help our mistresses on with lingerie, stockings, swimwear, and



other “intimates.” We’re even going to learn how to properly hold a pair of panties for our employers to step into! Sounds like fun!

FRIDAY, MARCH 26: This evening in the instructor’s lounge I served at a little party. The girls told me Tuesday that they’d be having guests in, including some of their boyfriends. They even wanted me to wear the nice black linen uniform I wore to serve in Miss Stevens’ mansion. I was nervous all week about it, but it worked out O.K.

Several of the guys there looked at me a little strangely at first. But they soon calmed down.

It was weird addressing them as “Sir”, especially since many of them were a little younger than me. But I swallowed my pride and said “Yes, Sir” and curtsied in response to any orders they gave me. (The Academy is real good at teaching us how to swallow our pride.)

One of the instructors was sitting on the couch with her boyfriend. As I served them drinks from a tray, she elbowed him and teased him.

“If you don’t behave, maybe I’ll enroll you in the Academy --- and you’ll end up like little Bobbie here!” she said as she giggled and tickled him.

I stood there as the guy blushed and protested. The instructor reached up and gave my bottom a firm swat and said “get your sissy little butt back in the kitchen now, Bobbie!”

I bobbed a quick curtsy and headed off to the kitchenette to make more popcorn and fix drinks. But I bet the boyfriend toed the line after that. I could tell by the way he looked at me that he thought being a sissy maid would be a fate worse than death!

SUNDAY, MARCH 28: I was called in to the office yesterday and informed that I’d be working at Miss Stevens’ this afternoon. I got in to my nice uniform again and went to the headmistress’ resi-

dence. Once I arrived, I learned from the kitchen staff that I'd actually be *serving*!

It was an informal tea, so it was supposedly no big deal. But it was a big deal to me! So the guests would know my name, a name tag was pinned on my chest. It simply read "Bobbie" in script, and looked like something a waitress would wear.

The tea was held in the sunroom, which was a large area with almost-continuous glass French doors. One of the serving maids was dressed in a uniform identical to mine. Her name tag said "Cissie," which was an appropriate name for someone as feminine-looking as her!

Miss Stevens and three other young women were relaxing in the sunroom. Cissie stood at attention in the corner, her manicured hands gracefully folded and resting on her crisp, white linen apron. I was just out of sight in the adjoining room, getting the tea cart ready.

I heard Miss Stevens ring a little glass bell, which was our "cue." It was my job to push the little cart in, and assist Cissie. Cissie actually poured the tea and served the women, however. The women talked and laughed and paid little attention to us as we prepared everything.

Cissie meekly asked the women what they might like in their tea. "She" was very respectful, and always made sure she addressed them as "Miss." When the women were all served, Miss Stevens casually said, "That will be all, Cissie."

Cissie curtseyed and said, "Very well, Miss." I curtseyed too, but didn't say anything. I was basically there as Cissie's assistant, and wasn't expected to address the women directly. (In Miss Stephens' home, even the *servants* have servants!)

Cissie took her position at the door and stood at attention. How she could stay so perfectly still while dressed in such a tight-waisted uniform and bal-

anced on spindly 4 1/2" heels, I'll never know! I stood in the adjoined room out of sight.

While Miss Stephens and her guests talked and relaxed, Cissie and I stood and waited, just in case they needed something. It seemed kind of unfair. Why couldn't they have us wait in the kitchen where we could sit down? Miss Stephens could ring for us there just as easily.

But I guess having cute Cissie standing off by the door quietly at attention with her hands folded on her apron was part of the atmosphere. It was obvious that Miss Stevens and her guests were spoiled and truly considered themselves socially superior to the "help." To them, servants like Cissie and I were just meant to wait on women like them. And if we have to stand in high heels for an hour or so just to provide a touch of atmosphere, they couldn't care less!

The other thing I don't think they cared about at all was the fact that Cissie and I were both *sissies* and not actually "regular" maids. To women like Miss Stephens and her guests, servants are servants. The fact that Cissie and I may have tight little gaffs on under our panties would be of no concern to women like them. And even if they *did* think about us as sissies, we were even *less* sexually interesting to them as a *girl* would be! I had learned already that to most women sissies are sort of the lowest rung on the sexual ladder. (In fact, we are so low as to not even be *on* the ladder!)

After an hour Miss Stephens motioned to Cissie. I came to her assistance as she freshened the girls' tea.

One of the girls asked Miss Stephens about me. As I heard my name, I almost jumped! She asked whether or not I was a student, and if I already had an employer.

"Yes, Bobbie is a student," Miss Stephens answered. "And he'll be working for a successful Wall

Street girl starting in a few months. Isn't that right, Bobbie?"

"Yes, Miss," I said as I felt myself blushing.

Miss Stephens asked the girl if she was looking for a sissy maid.

"You've certainly come to the right place, if you are!"

The girl told Miss Stephens that she wasn't looking for herself, but she said her sister was looking for help.

"You know, just a sissy to do the housework and laundry --- not much serving, really," she said.

Miss Stephens told the girl to have her sister call the placement office sometime.

"We still have a few nice, unspoken-for sissies here that would make perfect housemaids and laundresses."

After the tea broke up, I helped Cissie wash all the tea things. As I waded to the sunroom from the kitchen to gather up the last few dirty cups and things, I saw Miss Stephens in her den. She was talking on the phone with someone and laughing. A maid (presumably her personal one) was sitting on a tiny bench in front of her carefully putting a coat of polish on her toenails! What a *life* these women lead. I didn't know such luxury still existed. But apparently it's coming back into style with the advent of sissies like us to do all the work!

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31: I finally ironed a pleated skirt properly today! It's taken me so long to get it just right, I'm kind of proud of the accomplishment. The instructor held up the little tennis skirt I'd done as an example of just how straight and sharp all the pleats should be.

I still think all that tedious ironing seems like a lot of work just so our employers can wear natural-fiber pleated skirts. But I guess that's why we are being hired. Since we will receive full-time salaries

and be live-ins, the fact that it might take us two hours to iron one skirt perfectly will be of little concern to the women who employ us!

This morning I helped in the school kitchen again. I **hate** it! I spent most of the time on either scrubbing greasy pots and pans or on my knees scrubbing the floor. Even with my big rubber apron and gloves, I still got all messy! The permanent kitchen staff treats me like *dirt*, too. They're always ordering me around and calling me "sissy!" They're frustrated that they are where they are, and take it out on students like me. I'm sure they would all rather have a position working in some young woman's home, but unfortunately they got stuck here somehow.

FRIDAY, APRIL 2: My body has been changing slowly all year. But now I've sort of reached a point where it's been the same for awhile. The hormones have done their work, though. And the exercises and skin lotions and depilatories have too, I guess.

My whole body is softer somehow. Everything is just "rounder" everywhere. My shoulders and arms are smooth and look unmuscled. And my bottom is somehow plumper and curvier — like a girl's. Panties seem to fit me perfectly, and I figure regular "male" underwear would be big in the waist and tight across my bottom, (and *very* loose in front, of course!)

I'm not really a "girl", of course — just "girlish." I still have to wear silicone inserts in my bras. But my chest feels soft and tender, and there is a noticeable swelling under my nipples. I wonder if they will continue growing to where I *need* a bra? Some of the 'femmes' have and I have to admit real breasts look nice in tight uniforms.

Oddly, I sort of like the way I look. I am sort of between being a "boy" and being a "girl", I guess. But with the clothes and everything, I'm probably closer to looking like a girl. If someone had to guess my sex, they'd probably guess "girl". But they might just



guess “sexless”, because that is really what’s perhaps the most accurate thing to say.

The hormones have also affected my “sex” life, such as it is. I still get erections of a sort. But they are much smaller and softer than before. In a sense, I just sort of “swell” there. And my crescendos are gentle and quiet and sort of more introspective.

Worst of all, I guess, is that I can tell that I would be worthless in bed with a girl. I just do not get “stiff” enough anymore to really make love to a girl. This is hard to accept, but I don’t know why. Anyone as girlish as I am becoming won’t be going to bed with girls anyway!

SATURDAY, APRIL 3: Today I started attending the last seminar. It’s entitled “Understanding Mistress’ Sexuality.” I don’t look forward to it. Even the introduction today was sort of hard to take.

It’s all about how young women like our future employers have natural needs and desires and how they will fulfill those desires. Basically, there’s lots of discussion about boyfriends and dating and lovers and everything. One thing the instructor today said that I didn’t like was that our proper place will be “in a young woman’s kitchen and laundry room, and not in her bedroom!”

Once again, they are doing all they can to remove what little sexual identity we have left. They plan to replace it with what they call “sissy sexuality.” This is really just a euphemism for totally self-absorbed, solitary fooling around of the most juvenile sort. But that is actually what they think is “appropriate” for sissies like us.

SUNDAY, APRIL 4: It was a little warm today, and I felt spring in the air. This makes me feel apprehensive, however. Graduation is approaching, and my life as Miss Stephanie’s live-in maid is also approaching. I’m not sure I’m ready for it!

I wore a breezy pleated miniskirt and a pink oxford-cloth blouse to the laundry room today. I even put on 2-inch heels! Underneath I wore the pink lace bra and matching panties that Miss Stephanie sent me. I put silicone inserts in my bra to help round out my blouse.

It was so windy as I carried my laundry basket back to the dorm that my little skirt blew up around my waist. I'm sure if anyone was looking they got a good peek at my lace panties! Boy, I am beginning to realize what *girls* have to go through. (But actually it's kind of exciting, in a strange way!)

TUESDAY, APRIL 6: We had a mock tea party today in Formal Serving Etiquette class. We all got to dress in our nicest uniforms and highest heels. We got a lot of practice curtsying and saying "Yes, Miss" in a soft, meek voice.

To help us start getting used to serving at "mixed" events, several guys came in for the tea. Several were just the instructor's boyfriends, and a few others were from the school security staff.

It was really weird having to curtsy to them and say "Yes, Sir" to their requests. I could feel myself blushing. But the guys took our respectfulness in stride. Even they were apparently used to being waited on by sissies, and thought little of it.

I don't really mind being in a short little petticoated maid's dress, lacy apron, and high heels in front of the instructors. And it doesn't bother me to be dressed like that in front of some *sissy*. But somehow it's particularly embarrassing to be dressed like that in front of regular *guys*!

I find myself wondering whether these guys know how pitiful my sex life is. I certainly hope they don't know about *everything*!

The instructors somehow seem to think it's "cute" to see us be so respectful with the guys.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9: My classes are going along O.K. It looks like I will do good in all of them except Basic Secretarial Skills. I'm certainly no typist!

Also, I am having a little trouble with Advanced Personal Service. It is difficult to keep all the clothes and everything straight. There's just so much detail to remember.

Tonight I 'played around' for maybe the thousandth time since I've been here. I still feel like such a complete *sissy* when I do it, too. Wearing such girlish outfits all day tends to tantalize me. Sometimes I actually forget I was ever a man. After class, I slipped into a black wool blend skirt that was just above the knee. Adding black patent pumps and a pink silk blouse and I felt more girlish than ever. I think I like myself in pink.

Sometimes I think the Academy has thought of everything, and knows just how to train us to be "good little *sissy* maids." In a way it's frightening to think they know so much about us and to see how easily they are transforming us into servants.

MONDAY, APRIL 12: I turned in my final Housework Schedule today in Advanced Housekeeping. I am pretty good at the organizational stuff. Somehow I like figuring out how to get everything done while making sure nothing noisy or bothersome is done while my "employer" is home and everything. "No conflicts --- very well done!" was the comment my instructor wrote on my last assignment.

It's getting close to the end of the year, and I'm getting a little nervous. I feel I could learn a lot more -- like how to iron more professionally; and how to cook things faster, (I'm O.K. in the kitchen, but *slow*!) Ready or not, it's only another six weeks 'till graduation!

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14: I worked in the kitchen again this morning. I still hate it, but I try to just sort of "zone out" and get through it. The work

is hard and sort of demeaning. I often find myself on my knees tied in a pink rubber pinafore scrubbing some corner of the floor ---- or standing over a big, hot sink scouring piles of pots and pans. It's domestic work at it's most basic and lowest, I guess.

Later I was happy to help clean the dorm public rooms. I wore a starched white pinafore with frilly ruffles around the edges and on the shoulder straps. I felt like Mary Poppins or something as I flitted about dusting and vacuuming.

FRIDAY, APRIL 16: Tonight in the instructor's lounge I saw two of the girls fight over some guy. It was not a fun thing to see; it was almost violent. I never knew women were so competitive! And all over some stupid guy! I mean, I'm right here in front of them, and they never even look at me. What's so wrong with me. (Of course, I'm writing this while sitting in my little dorm room wearing a pink T-shirt and white nylon panties with a little satin bow in front! I know what's wrong with me in the instructor's eyes ---- I'm a *sis*sy, and not someone they'd ever be interested in dating or anything.)

SUNDAY, APRIL 18: It was warm again today. It's been an early spring, I guess. Anyway, I wore the pink short-shorts Miss Stephanie sent me and my ribbed cotton sleeveless top to the laundry room. I guess I sort of turning into a real "femme" ---- but most of us have sort of turned into femme's recently.

My new pink shorts are so brief and tight that they fit snugly flat in the crotch and almost reveal my rear. You could tell I was wearing panties under the shorts because you could see my pantyline. This is something that would have made me change several months ago. But now I think it's O.K. All the students are in panties, of course, so what's the big deal?

I felt girlish and almost sexy as I walked on campus in my little short-shorts and tight top. I don't even mind anymore that they zip up in back.

Being back-zippered seems to make them fit better. And it's sort of more appropriate for them to be back-zippered in the powder room too, since I always sit when I pee now. If they zipped in front, they'd fall off my knees and maybe drag the floor in the stall. But since they zip in back, they drape across my knees nicely and stay in place.

I always suspected that one of the reasons girl's short-shorts zip in back is so they have that sleek, feminine look in front at the crotch. But now I know that the *other* reason is that it just makes more sense in the powder room!

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21: This evening we had another session of our "Understanding Mistress' Sexuality" seminar. Once again, it was all about how the young women we will be working for naturally like guys and everything. We even had to take a quiz at the end. The subject of the little test was: "Not Being a Pest When Your Employer's Lover is Around." It was all about how to "read the signals" so we would know when our employers wanted to be alone with their boyfriends.

I don't know about all this "boyfriend" business. I certainly hope Miss Stephanie doesn't have one. I will find it very hard to deal with seeing some guy flirting and making out with her while I'm washing the dishes or doing the ironing or something.

Although we are supposed to always be available to wait on our employer's at a moment's notice, we are supposed to know when to "pull back" when she's entertaining a man she likes. They say sissies eventually become good at this, but I have some doubts myself.

THURSDAY, APRIL 22: Just after Formal Serving Etiquette I was called to the office. Miss Stephanie was on the phone for me! I was glad to speak with her, even though she did most of the talking. She told me she was getting my room ready. She had bought a "nice little single bed" for me, and



had some ruffled pink chiffon curtains being sewn up. It sounded like a cozy room ---- but awfully sissyish, too.

She also announced that she was going to try to make it to my graduation.

I felt sort of strange. The phone call brought home to me the fact that I was going to become a maid soon --- a domestic servant. But I was also sort of proud of my work at the school and wanted Miss Stephanie there to see me graduate.

Basically, my feelings are all screwed up, I think. Am I "proud" of being able to do housework perfectly? Don't I mind having my sexuality basically taken away from me. I don't know --- sometimes I feel very confused.

SUNDAY, APRIL 25: This afternoon in the instructor's dorm I got an eyeful of skin. The girls were taking advantage of the unseasonably hot weather and were sunbathing on the flat roof that overhangs the entrance. They had me go get some chaises from the basement and set them up out there.

Before I knew it, I was surrounded by about a dozen pretty girls wearing the tiniest little bikinis I'd ever seen! Some of them were nothing more than brightly-colored Lycra G-strings. WOW!

I was dispatched to go get suntanning lotions from their rooms, along with towels, a boom-box, sunglasses, and all the other stuff girls like to have when they're working on their tans. One by one the girls whipped off their tops. Basically, except for a skimpy triangular patch of nylon between their legs, they were nude. They seemed to be overly concerned with minimizing their tan lines.

It embarrassed me at first, but they seemed so casual about being topless and nearly nude that I calmed down. Some of the girls had me rub lotion into their pretty backs. And some of them even had me rub it on their butts! It was heaven and hell all

at once. They didn't seem to care at all that I was seeing them topless. In fact, they didn't pay me any attention at all other than to order me off to fetch things for them.

Eventually they'd all had enough sun and moved back inside. I just had time to clean everything up before I was off at 7:30.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28: Classes are beginning to come to a close. We've taken the last of our little tests ---- only finals remain.

I spend the evening studying in the library. I study Formal Serving Etiquette and Advanced Personal Service the most. I also need a little practice in ironing, since I will have to press a knife-pleated wool skirt *perfectly* to pass the lab section.

FRIDAY, APRIL 30: Today we all got to spend time studying instead of going to classes. We also could request special tutoring in subjects we felt unsure about. I requested tutoring in ironing. One of the most femme students was assigned to tutor me. According to the instructors, Jamie is one of the best sissies at an ironing board they've ever seen.

Anyway, he helped me a lot. He showed me the right way to get all those tedious pleats pressed exactly straight. Ironing pleats is still a pain in the ass, however. I pray that Miss Stephanie doesn't have too many pleated skirts.

This evening in the instructors lounge they had another little party. Some of the girl's boyfriends were there, but I am more used to serving guys now, so it didn't really bother me.

It still makes me feel kind of sad and lonely when I see one of the instructors kissing and making out with her boyfriend. If I see the guy slip his hand down her back and caress her rear and everything, it drives me crazy. Doing stuff like that is totally "off limits" for a sissy like me. And according to what we

are being taught here, it will *always* be off limits, for the rest of our lives.

Like I do nearly every night, I 'luxuriate' in my little bed when I get home from serving at the instructor's party. It also makes me feel strange to realize that the instructors probably know what I'm doing. To them, it's "just what sissies do," and is not seen as any big secret or anything.

SUNDAY, MAY 2: Finals begin this week! And graduation is not far behind. I'm not at all sure I'm ready, though I must admit that I am much more skilled at housework, laundry, cooking, and serving than I ever thought possible.

It was warm today, and I wanted to get a little exercise. I wore my gym uniform to the laundro-mat so I could run a little while my laundry spun around in the washer. The gym uniform is just a tight pair of pink nylon briefs and a matching little pink nylon sleeveless crop top. Since my hair is much longer now, I easily tie it back in a pony tail with a white satin ribbon so it wouldn't swing around in my eyes. I had on my new white Nikes and a pair of slouchy cotton exercise socks.

It used to bother me to run with my tight gaff on. But now it doesn't so much. I guess I'm used to it. And the hormones have made things much smaller and softer there, too. It still embarrasses me to glance down and see how much like a girl I look like in the little gym briefs.

As I run in my sissified little outfit, I sort of expect the instructors to laugh at me or something. They don't, however. To them sissies are just sissies.

They think it is quite normal and fitting that we are gaffed. In a way, they don't see us a sissified males. They kind of consider us as a third gender. There are males, like their boyfriends; females, like themselves, and *sissies*, like the students here at the Academy.

When I don't think about such nonsense, it feels good and natural to run. The breeze on my smooth, hairless legs; the sun coming through my snug nylon briefs and warming my bottom; and my ponytail slapping in rhythm against the back of my neck.

THURSDAY, MAY 6: Today I took my first final exam. It was for Ironing and Mending class. The written part was pretty tough, but I think I did O.K. The lab part had two sections. I had to sew buttons on a blazer in one section. That was easy. And, of course, I had to perfectly iron a knife-pleated skirt in the other section. I worked on it for the entire 90 minutes allowed. Sweat beaded up on my forehead. I was worried I wouldn't get it right, but I passed. The instructor told me that it wasn't *perfect*, but was so close that my small errors wouldn't be noticed when the skirt was worn.

SATURDAY, MAY 8: This morning was the final session of the "Understanding Mistress' Sexuality" seminar. It was disheartening to realize that everything I've learned in the lectures could soon be happening. I still have no idea how I will react when I have to wait on some guy and watch him go off to bed with Miss Stephanie.

At the beginning of the year I would have never imagined I could accept such a thing. But now it seems like it's sort of going to just be part of the job. But I don't think it will be a very pleasant part.

The instructor has made it clear all spring during her lectures that accepting the fact that the girls we'll work for will have boyfriends and everything is the essence of being a sissy.

Well. . . we'll see. . .

MONDAY, MAY 10: My "Advanced Housekeeping" final wasn't too tough. I don't know how I did yet because it hasn't been graded, but I'm sure I passed. I feel confident that I can successfully organize a household and plan my work schedules to best serve my employer.

This evening I spent studying for my other exams. Mostly I worked on Formal Serving Etiquette and Advanced Personal Service.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12: Today was my last day to help in the kitchen. Hooray! When I finished cleaning up, I took off my rubber pinafore and gloves triumphantly and tossed them in the closet. The sissy bitches in the kitchen won't have ME to order around anymore!

Today I also had to take my Advanced Cooking and Serving final. It was unfortunate I had kitchen duty and the final the same day, but it was just one of those things. I did O.K. on the final, I think. I'm not the best cook in the class, but I can hold my own in the kitchen. Besides, Miss stephanie lives in New York, so she probably dines out at restaurants a lot anyway.

FRIDAY, MAY 14: Today I had my Formal Serving Etiquette final. The written part was kind of short ---- just a few questions on how to address guests and things like that. Then we had a sort of "practical" part of it focused on how we'd hold a tray, how we'd bend to serve, and how we'd respond to various orders from guests. We also had to perfectly lay out a place setting as for a formal dinner party. We were seperated and lined up outside several rooms for the test. And then we were brought in one at a time, so that no one could see how the others did everything. We didn't have to wear our formal serving uniforms, but we did have to do everything in our new 4 1/2" spike-heeled patent pumps!

This evening was my last evening waiting on "the girls" in the instructor's residence. It was sort of sad to think I wouldn't really be seeing some of them anymore. When you are around girls like that where they live, and help them dress and hear them talk about their boyfriends and everything, you sort of get close. This is something that has surprised me, but it's true.





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The girls said they were sad to see me go, too. But they'll just have another sissy to wait on them next term, so it's no big deal. I hate to even say this here, but I almost *cried* when I said goodbye at the end of the evening.

Miss Kathryn, who I sort of have a crush on, hugged me briefly. Then she gave my bottom a firm "smack" and wished me "good luck!" As I left, one of the other girls wiggled her finger at me and said, "Now you be a *good* little sissy now --- and obey your new mistress!" Kathryn said it with a stern tone in her voice, but she was smiling at the same time.

SATURDAY, MAY 15: Today was probably one of my last trips to the laundro-mat. I dressed in my pink short-shorts and a white cotton bodysuit. The bodysuit snaps under the crotch, like a girl's might. It's actually kind of practical since it keeps everything very "tucked in" and neat. The white cotton is so thin that my bra showed right through it! But I don't really mind. All of us have been wearing bras for so long it's not like it's a surprise or anything.

It's strange, but I kind of *like* walking around campus in the warm weather in my short-shorts. I secretly kind of like showing off my curvy little rear. Unfortunately, this is another aspect of my personality that seems to make me that much more of a sissy.

MONDAY, MAY 17: The final for Advanced Personal Service was given today. It was tougher than you'd think, especially since this class is considered one of our easier ones. There was a written part and a sort of "lab" section. The written part was tough, since it had lots of fashion-related questions concerning which exact styles of lingerie would be expected and needed under various casual and formal outfits. The questions were worded so you had to read them very carefully.

The "lab" section was actually easier than the written portion. I must admit I am sort of looking forward to helping Miss Stephanie dress for parties and everything. The clothes and lingerie are kind of interesting to me. Feminine dressing, done properly, is a very intricate business. All the little snaps and hooks --- and the various lingerie, and silks and satins. Women wear shorts, trousers, culottes, skirts, and dresses --- blouses, bra tops, open jackets, and soft sweaters. The variety is amazing, when compared to the relatively limited and boring clothing menwear.

TUESDAY, MAY 18: This is my first Tuesday night in a long time I have to myself, since I am not

expected to serve in the instructor's residence. I spend most of the evening studying for tomorrow's Basic Secretarial Skills final. I'm not very good at typing and filing, but I think I'll at least pass.

THURSDAY, MAY 20: Today was the last day of classes. All my exams were over yesterday, but some students had their last one today. I said goodbye to my teachers, including my cute gym instructor. Grades will be posted Saturday morning. . .

SATURDAY, MAY 22: I hurried over to see my grades after breakfast. Once again, like at the end of first semester, we all crowd around and wait impatiently to see the grade list.

My grades are:

Ironing and Mending: B-

Advanced Housekeeping: A-

Advanced Cooking and Serving: B

Formal Serving Etiquette: B

Advanced Personal Service: B+

Basic Secretarial Skills: C

This gives me a semester average of just over 84%. Combined with my first semester average of 83%, I'm a solid "B" student. There are certainly some students who have done better than I have, but there are more who have done worse. The overall average for graduates is 80%. Actually, one of my instructors explained to me that the school pretty much *knows* the overall average will be 80%. Apparently, sissies hold few surprises for the people in charge of the Academy.

SUNDAY, MAY 23: Graduation is next Saturday. We have nearly a week to "relax" and mentally prepare for our new lives as maids. There are a few lectures scheduled, but they are technically optional. There's a big one Wednesday night all about the latest trends in women's fashion that I think looks good, though.

The gym instructors will also be giving aerobics classes everyday, and I will probably go to most of them. Unfortunately, my own gym instructor has left already. I asked one of the instructors about her when I saw she would not be leading any of the aerobics sessions. Unfortunately I was told she had made plans to leave as soon as finals were over to go on vacation with her boyfriend.

This is information I'd rather not have, to be honest. I have to face the fact that to her I was just another sissy, and not anything special. Like the other instructors here, her real affections are for her lover, and not for some pantied little sissy like me!

TUESDAY, MAY 25: It's pretty quiet here on campus now. Many of the instructors are already gone. Today I even helped one of the gardeners for awhile, since I was a little bored.

The gardener showed me how to use the "weed wacker" and had me trim under the wrought iron fencing that was at the edge of the campus. It was down by the street, and I felt slightly odd being there dressed in my pink Lycra gym uniform. As I took a little break, two "townie" girls walked by. I blushed and they giggled a little. One of them looked over her shoulder and said, "Hey, sissy, how 'bout coming over to my place and doing my laundry and ironing when you finish your chores here?"

The other girl thought this little question was hilarious. I didn't answer, of course.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26: The fashion lecture was pretty interesting. There's just so much to learn about women's clothing!

Miss Stephanie called today and said she was planning on coming to graduation. She is not planning to be here Friday evening, like some of the other student's employer's are. But she said she'd be up Saturday morning. She also told me to be all packed and ready to go, since she planned to drive me "home" Saturday.

“The Maid’s Room is all ready for you, Bobbie. You’ll be sleeping there Saturday night,” she informed me.

SATURDAY, MAY 29: Today was the big day! Miss Stephanie arrived about 11:00, driving her brand new Mercedes. She looked great in her elegant sunglasses and her light wool spring suit with a nipped-waist jacket and long, body-hugging skirt. I was just in my pink short-shorts and a white lace bodysuit. It was going to be hot enough in my graduation gown without having lots on under it!

I finished packing and brought most everything down from my dorm room and put it in Miss Stephanie’s trunk. I kept a few things in my room so I could change for the drive to New York later.

Miss Stephanie went to the Administration building and filled out a few forms and things. She also socialized with the other employers quite a bit. Most of them were young, successful professional women. Almost all of them were fashionably dressed and quite attractive, too. There were a few housewife-types there too, however.

I heard one of the women say, “Well, I just hope they’ve taught the sissy to *iron* properly!” The others seemed to agree with her whole-heartedly.

Miss Stephanie said I looked “cute” in my short-shorts. I blushed, of course. Basically, I am still shy and a little tongue-tied around her. But I guess once I’m living with her I’ll be more relaxed.

At about one o’clock we all went to the cafeteria to have lunch. Miss Stephens was even there, sitting at a special table up front. Of course, her table had a linen table cloth on it and china and silver and everything.

Two sissies in pink rompers and little white nylon aprons hovered around serving her and her guests. The rompers even had puffed sleeves and rows of ruffled pink lace across their tight-fitting seats.



They were very “sissy.” Miss Stephanie elbowed me and nodded towards one of the sissy servants and said, “Maybe I’ll get you a uniform like that, Bobbie!”

Once again I blushed. Miss Stephanie just looked at me and smiled, leaving me guessing as whether or not she would really uniform me in such a sissified outfit.

All of us students were led out after lunch to go get dressed and ready for graduation. The employers stayed in the cafeteria to hear a little talk that Miss Stephens was going to give to them. The talk was supposed to be about how we had been trained and how they should best utilize our talents in their households.

I got dressed in my graduation gown. Like everyone else’s, it was just like one would wear at a high school or college graduation. Except, of course, it was *pink*.

I was nervous as I sat with the other students all in a group beside the big stage that had been set up. Miss Stephens and the Head Instructor both gave speeches about how all of us were “changing the future.” The Academy staff was congratulated for training us, the employer’s for hiring and sponsoring us, and the students themselves for accepting their “new place in society.”

It seemed like a long time before the first student was called up to the podium by Miss Stephens. All the employers, including Miss Stephanie, were sitting out on the lawn in folding chairs. It was an absolutely beautiful day, so the ceremony was being held outside. The employers looked like they were all waiting anxiously for their sissies to graduate, so



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they could take them home and get them busy with the housework.

Each student's grade-point average was called out, as well as the specific seminars and internships the sissy had attended and served in. As each name was called, the student would get up and walk quietly to the podium to receive his diploma. The diplomas were rolled up and made of white parchment. Each was tied in a roll by a big pink satin ribbon, however.

Finally my name was called. I walked up and shook hands with Miss Stevens as I accepted my diploma. The employers applauded us all as we graduated.

After the ceremony, there was a tea served out on the lawn. Students, employers, and the few instructors still around all mingled and talked. I got to say goodbye to a few of my teachers, which was nice.

I felt sad to be leaving. About 6:00 Miss Stephanie told me to go change and bring the rest of my things down and put them in her trunk. I went to my dorm room and changed into a pair of black Lycra stirrup pants and a light-weight aqua sweater. I wore matching aqua socks and white tennis shoes, too.

I packed up my stuff and stood at the door for a moment. The room seemed so bare and lonely. As I was supposed to, I had stripped my bed when I'd gotten up. One of the sets of rubber sheets was folded neatly in one of my suitcases down in Miss Stephanie's trunk. They were all clean and ready to go on my *new* bed in the maid's room at Miss Stephanie's.

I said goodbye to a few of the other students as I brought my last bag down. Although I had gotten friendly with a few of them, I'm not really all that close with any of them. The Academy is a sort of a strange place to try to make close friends, I guess.

Miss Stephanie was talking with some other women when I came down. Cars were being packed up and students and their employers were driving off together. A few rich women had even arrived in chauffeur-driven limousines to pick up their new maids. Or just sent their limos for them, if they were busy in the city or something.

I was glad Miss Stephanie was here to pick me up. At least I'd get to know her a little better in the car during our drive to New York.

It was nearly 7:00 when Miss Stephanie and I drove out through the gates of the Academy. I looked back briefly and the manicured grounds. I giggled a little as I wondered if there would ever be some sort of homecoming or alumni get-together.

We cruised smoothly down Highway 9 towards New York City. I caught a glimpse of the Hudson now and then through the trees. It was nice to see some scenery. Since last August, except for my trip to New York for Christmas break, I'd been on or very near the campus of the Academy in Peekskill.

Miss Stephanie talked with me a little about what I'd learned and if I felt ready to "dive into" my work. She also talked a little about what types of uniforms she thought would be nice for various duties and times of day. She mentioned she'd already bought a few of the more basic ones for me. She told me that she wanted me to be aproned at all times, day and night. But I would be permitted to wear tights or Lycra bike shorts sometimes instead of a maid's dress.

I listened to her talk, and offered a small comment now and then.

Soon we were rolling down the Hudson Parkway, nearing Manhattan. The lights in the big buildings were just beginning to twinkle on as we cruised by mid-town. In the distance I could see the twin towers of the World Trade Center, which is near where

Miss Stephanie's apartment is. Of course, her apartment will be my home, too.

I wondered about my future — my future as a maid; a servant; a *girlish sissy*. It will certainly be an adventure, but my experience at the Academy has prepared me for it, I think. It's like a dream — not all bad like a nightmare — but not all great either. I know I'll be kept quite busy with housework and waiting on Miss Stephanie. And really accepting my new social position as a true servant and publicly-acknowledged sissy.

Well. . . on to the future. . .

**THE END**

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### ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

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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!

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

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

**DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48  
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Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice- dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

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

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

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

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

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

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

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

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

**MOTIER'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 I & 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, Randy 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??. . .

### **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 CHRISSIE #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!

### **TITILLATING 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.

#### **CRVEX - 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.

#### **TV SERIALS MAGAZINE**

#### **AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND**

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:**

#### **ONE, TWO, THREE**

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

#### **MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1**

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

#### **PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2**

#### **POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3**

#### **"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE**

A young man finds "domestic bliss" as a fashion model's sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

#### **FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1**

**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2**  
**BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

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!

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY**  
**BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

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.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC**  
**BOOK#3)**  
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**  
**-#5**

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!

**THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS**  
**ONE & TWO**

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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