

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY"



A CLASSIC TALE OF A YOUNG MAN
TAKING HIS SISTER'S PLACE!

VOLUME 01

Published By

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

P.O. BOX 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

TV FICTION CLASSICS

VOLUME 1

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY I

"YOU WILL BECOME A GIRL"

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FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY

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Contact Sandy Thomas for information.
P.O. Box 2309
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QUOTE BOARD

"Sexy lingerie is like art.

**Most of it is pretty bad, and the
good stuff is out of your price range."**

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY I

"YOU WILL BECOME A GIRL"

CHAPTER 1

I am a California boy, 23 years old, but I have had the unusual experience of living as a girl for the last seven years.

This has been an experience so unusual that I have decided to write my autobiography and tell you about my strange life as a girl; a life to which I am now, after all these years, so accustomed that I think of myself as a girl.

I love my long, pretty hair, pretty soft feminine clothes and have no wish to go back to a boy's life.

Yes, thanks to my mother, I have become thoroughly feminized, and not only do I look completely like a girl, but a strikingly pretty one at that! This may sound boastful, but it is the truth.

My mirror tells me so, and I have been told so hundreds of times by admirers and lovers and by my mother, who regards me as her daughter and for years has always called me by a feminine name: Lucille.

But an autobiography should begin at the beginning and I will go back seven years to the time when I was sixteen, and the transformation started. Mother is a strong willed, dominating woman, who has always intimidated me. So much so that I have never dared to disobey her.

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My father died some years before, and when I was sixteen, my pretty, only sister, Lucille, died in Los Angeles at the age of nineteen. At her loss, my mother was heartbroken. We left Los Angeles and moved to the suburban town of Beverly Hills, where Mother, who is wealthy, bought a large villa with extensive grounds, surrounded by a high wall.

She constantly bewailed the loss of her daughter, looking at her picture, which she kept always before her.

One day as I sat in the room with her, I noticed that she stared at me in a way that made me feel very uncomfortable. She would scrutinize my face and then refer to my sister's photograph.

"Do you know, Fred," she said, "you look very much like Lucille did?" And she continued to look at me intently and then at the picture.

"Yes!" she said. "The resemblance is remarkable." As I found out later she spoke the truth, for I am delicately built, have small hands and feet, a small framed body, large eyes, regular small features and a girlish complexion. In fact, I may as well confess it, I looked girlish and effeminate, but I did not feel that way at the time. I felt as a full-sexed boy should feel.

Finally Mother said, "Fred, do not have your hair cut. I want you to let it grow long." I protested that I did not want to have long hair like a girl's, but my mother told me that I was to do as I was told, and I must not think of having my hair cut without her permission.



I became a little nervous when Mother
told me to stop cutting my hair.



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For six months my hair was allowed to grow and it was now shoulder length. I was ashamed of it and shrunk from going out in public and tried to hide my hair under a hat.

The household help, I could see, ridiculed me behind my back, so I begged my mother to let me have the hateful hair cut like a boy's. She would not listen to it. "Your hair is very pretty, like Lucille's, and it reminds me of her, so you must not have it cut."

I was miserable, but helpless, as I did not dare to oppose my mother's will.

One day she came into my room and announced that she was going to dress my hair, which up to that time had hung lankly down my back. She had with her a curling iron, flat iron, curlers and all the apparatus of a hairdresser.

She seated me in a chair and went to work on my hair. She waved it, curled it and fussed with it until it looked exactly like a girl's hair. It looked very attractive, if you were a girl, but I didn't like it as it made me look exactly like a girl. In fact, just like my dead sister, Lucille.

Mother was delighted with the effect and insisted that I was the image of her daughter: her dead daughter. I told her I was a boy and didn't want to look like a girl, but she insisted it gave her comfort and pleasure. It was as if Lucille was back, and that I would have to continue to dress my hair that way.

I wanted to scream, "What about Fred? What about what he wants?" But I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed, and even hurt, especially when I had to appear at the table, with my girl's head on a boy's shoulders.

I knew the housekeepers were making remarks. With my hair fixed in this girlish style, I shrunk more and more from going outside, and only ventured out to get a little exercise in the garden.

I lived in constant dread that somebody, a neighbor, would see me and laugh at my hair. But, as usual, Mother had her way, and every morning she dressed my hair to resemble that of Lucille's and she instructed me on how to do it myself.

After a number of lessons and trials, I at last learned to do my hair perfectly and every morning when I got up was obliged to spend some time in front of my mirror doing my hair, which of course was constantly growing longer.

My mother always came in and inspected my hair before I was allowed to leave my room, so I did not dare to slight it. My hair was often shampooed and treated with lotions to make it soft and silky. It is a pretty blonde color, a shade that any girl would love to have, but at first I did not appreciate its beauty, and hated it.

But I gradually grew to like my long tresses, so long as I was at home where nobody could be surprised to see a boy with a girl's head, but I dreaded to go outdoors, for I realized how strange I looked and knew that strangers would laugh at me. And I was extremely sensitive.

Mother had been gradually transforming my bedroom into a girl's room, and one morning, as I was doing my hair, she came in with a lot of feminine articles for my dresser, including a complete makeup kit with powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, eyebrow pencil and puffs along with several creams. What did a boy need with all that stuff?

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"You will look more like Lucille with a little makeup," she said. The idea of wearing any makeup was extremely distasteful to my boyish mind. I was being turned into a girl, and not just ANY girl. She was trying to turn me into my dead sister. I resented it bitterly, as any normal boy would have done.

But I realized that makeup went well with my girlish hair and I was curious to see how I would look when painted and powdered, so I made no protest when Mother proceeded to make up my face very carefully.



**I realized that makeup went well with
my girlish hair.**

She then led me in front of the mirror, and I was astonished at what I saw reflected. Could that pretty girl, my sister, Lucille, to all intents and purposes, really be me, a mere boy?

But when I moved, the vision moved. When I raised my hands to give my hair a pat, the vision also raised her hands and patted her hair. Yes, it was I, transformed into a girl to all intents and purposes.

As she had done in the case of my hair, my mother now came in to make me up every morning. She taught me how to do it myself, so that soon I became expert and could do a perfect job.

This, of course, required still more time before the mirror every morning. Also at times during the day I would go before the glass to touch up my makeup and fix my hair.

I soon became very interested in my appearance and enjoyed fussing before the mirror. I got so that I took a pride in and admired my prettiness. About this time Mother started calling me Lucille, and always referred to me as if I were a girl.

I preferred to be called "Lucy" and if my mother was in a good mood, or if I did something right, she would use this name. But when she was angry or scolding me about something I had done badly, it was always "Lucille."

I actually at times began to think of myself as a girl, for my mother forced me to live an entirely feminine life. I learned to sew, embroider and do other fancy work. Nothing of a masculine nature was allowed for me.

Mother was succeeding in her efforts to feminize me and against my will at first I was succumbing. But I

was still wearing my boy's clothes and they were a great comfort to me.

But one day what I was dreading most happened. Mother came into my bedroom with an armful of Lucille's clothes. She had carefully and lovingly kept them as a memento of Lucille.

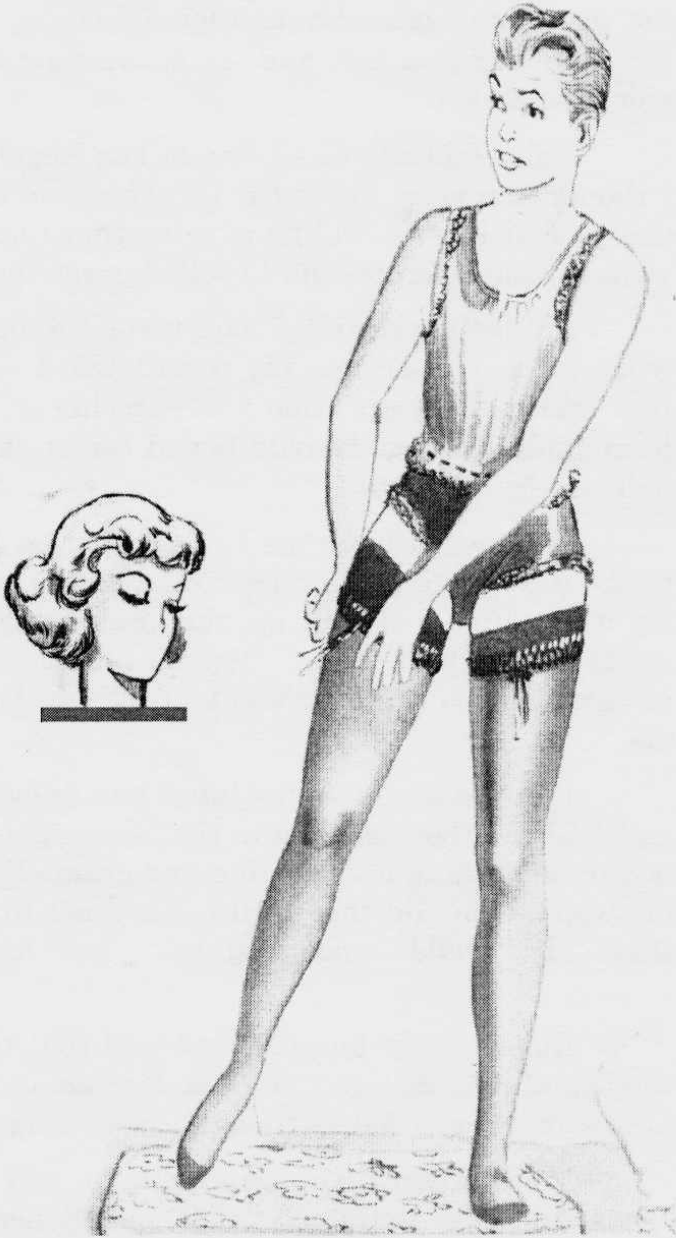
"I want you to try on some of your sister's clothes," Mother said, "Just to see how you would look in them."

How I would look in them! What was she thinking? I knew exactly how I would look in them. I would look like an idiot. I would look like a boy in his sister's clothes. His dead sister's clothes!

But I knew it would do no good to object, and I also was a little curious to see how I would look dressed as a girl. So naturally I submitted.

I even got a glow of pleasure, a strange but pleasant sensation, as I drew on Lucille's sheer, soft silk stockings and a silken vest, which caressed my skin as it fell over my body.

Next she handed me a pair of little lace-trimmed panties that were delicate, pretty and ultra feminine. I pulled them up over my legs and they rested softly against my skin. She asked my to lift my arms then she slipped one of Lucille's dresses over my head, and tried to hook it up.



**Despite all my mother's efforts I still
felt like a boy with a girls head on my
shoulders.**

But my waist was altogether too big and it would not go around me. My mother didn't say a word, but took the things away, and let me resume my trousers, shirt and jacket.

She said she was going to Los Angeles shopping. I thought no more about the occurrence of the morning, except that I had a feeling of relief that Lucille's clothes were too small for me and I couldn't wear them.

My feeling of relief soon turned to one of dismay when Mother came into my room while I was doing my hair and making up. She was carrying in her hands a formidable looking, heavily boned corset that appeared to be a very small size.

Mother ordered me to again put on Lucille's silk teddy and stockings, and then clasped the corset around my waist, and hooked it up, the laces being well let out so that it went on easily. "Exhale and make your waist as small as you can by drawing it in," Mother instructed me.

I let the air out of my lungs and drew in my waist, and I felt Mother drawing in the laces. This she continued to do, pulling and tugging and gradually drawing in my waist. She did this until I asked her to stop, saying that I could not stand it any tighter.

But she only laughed and said that this was only the beginning. She continued to lace me in until I could hardly breathe. I felt as though I was being cut in two.

My mother then brought in a pair of Lucille's shoes that had extremely high spiked heels. I could barely move or bend over on account of my severely laced stays, so Mother knelt down and forced my feet in the shoes.

While they were long enough for my foot, they were far too narrow for my feet. Right now my feet were uncomfortably squeezed.

"I can't possibly wear these," I told my mother. "I will never be able to walk in them. They're way too small and hurt my feet too much! Why on earth would anyone wear shoes like this? Especially me? A boy? If you want me to pretend well to be a girl I should at least be able to walk properly. I'll just trip along in these silly things!"

I went on and on hoping to convince my mother of the stupidity of wearing high heels. My argument however was in vain. There was no reasoning with her on this matter just as there was no reasoning with her on any feminine matter.

I decided to let it go. She would eventually come to her senses and tire of all this. She would be reminded that I was her son, not her dead daughter. I was Fred. I was not Lucille and never really could be. It didn't matter what I wore, how I styled my hair or how I put on makeup. I would never, ever, truly be Lucille. She needed to let her go.



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As I looked down at my feet I was shocked that my mother wanted me to wear such foolish shoes.

"You won't have to walk much, and you soon will get used to them," was all she said. She hadn't heard a word I said.

And once again she slipped one of Lucille's dresses on me, and this time, thanks to my corset, the garment fit nicely and could be readily hooked up.

Now I felt that the transformation really was complete. As I looked in the long mirror I could not deny that I truly looked the image of my dear, departed sister.

I even had a glow of pleasure and satisfaction as I looked at my reflection and saw what a pretty girl I looked. Of course Mother was entranced.

"You really are Lucille," she whispered softly. "You are now a girl and will always be one from this day forward. My dear daughter has come back to me. She is even more beautiful than ever. You have her hair, her face and her wonderful figure. You are she."

The reader can readily imagine my feelings of distress as my mother said these words. I was appalled at the idea. From that time on I was to be a girl...and a dead girl at that!

Apparently I was to dress as a girl and continue to live as one. I was doomed to wear corsets and high-heeled slippers that were like stilts, all the time...from then on! How was this happening?

I could hardly stand up in those shoes I had on and my corset was already distressing me. It was compressing my body and making me feel very stiff and helpless and weak. Already I was longing to take off that stiff harness and told my mother I couldn't stand it any longer.

But she only smiled and proceeded to try all of Lucille's dresses on me. There was one after the other, while I stood there helpless, like a mannequin.

Finally lunchtime came and I begged Mother to let me take off the dress, corsets and shoes and other feminine things. I also had on a complete set of Lucille's lingerie each item delicate and lace-trimmed.

"Don't be silly," said my mother. "Of course you must wear those clothes to lunch"

"But I'm uncomfortable in this tight corset, and I won't be able to eat anything. My waist is so small and besides the housekeeper will laugh at me."

"You must not think about your corset or the help," Mother replied. "You will soon get used to it. After your body has adjusted itself to it you will love being laced in. You will also soon learn to walk easily in your high heels. All young ladies do." I couldn't believe my ears.

"As for the household help," she continued, "pay no attention to them. Anyway, now that you are a full-fledged girl, I am going to let the help go. It's time to hire a new lot who will think you are a girl from the start. They will not laugh at you, but admire you for the pretty girl that you are."

I knew I was in for it but didn't give up the idea of being able to persuade Mother to let me resume wearing my boy's clothes. I would convince her to let me cut my hair and become a boy again after I had played the part of Lucille for a while. I would just go along for the time being.

Perhaps she would get tired of it. Perhaps she would realize how ridiculous it was to turn her only son into her dead daughter. Perhaps she'd have another

child. Perhaps the child would be a real girl. Perhaps pigs would fly.

Even with these thoughts I was in very low spirits and felt very embarrassed and self-conscious as I awkwardly tripped along to the dining room.

The heels were so high that I felt as if I were walking on the tips of my toes and was compelled to take tiny, mincing steps. The corset also contributed to this and I could not have taken a full man's step to save my life.

The swishing of my skirt also bothered me and altogether I was very miserable. I finally reached the dining room and managed to sit down in my chair. I found that my stiff corset made me sit very erect. There was no let up in the pressure and I could get little relief from it by shifting my body to various positions.

I found it best to sit perfectly straight. How could I ever stand it to wear corsets all the time? I had only been laced for a few hours and already I was suffering; truly suffering. My corset took away my appetite and I couldn't eat anything. I knew instinctively that if I put food into my stomach, the corset would feel even tighter.

I complained bitterly to my mother, but it fell on deaf ears. She would not yield to my desire to loosen the laces. She said I might as well get used to it for this was how I was to be dressed for the rest of my life. She told me of a well-known French saying. It went, "To be beautiful is to suffer."

"And you know Lucille, you are beautiful!" This somewhat mollified me. Every girl wants to be beautiful, and I was virtually a girl for now, at least in my appearance. At least Mother found me beautiful. What a relief!

CHAPTER 2

MY FIRST CORSET

In the first chapter of this, my autobiography, I told how my mother, in her determination to change me into a girl, into my sister Lucille, whom I resemble very much, had laced me very tightly in a stiff corset.

She put a pair of tight, extremely high-heeled shoes of my sister's on my feet and dressed me in one of her dresses.

Then I told you how I had gone to lunch so clothed, and had been able to eat scarcely anything, owing to my constricted body.

This lack of food naturally made me feel weak and I trembled and felt as though my legs would give way as I rose from the table and tottered on my spiked heels.

Mother took me by the arm and helped me up the stairs to my room. Here she changed me into a street dress and placed upon my golden head a large straw hat with a wide brim.

"We're going for a walk in the garden," Mother said. "You must have some exercise. Whenever you go out of doors, you must always wear a broad-brimmed hat to protect your complexion. It would never do for you to get sunburned or, God forbid, tanned. Your fair skin would burn very easily and I want you to keep it nice and white the way God made you!"

It was true that I had a perfect girlish complexion, which, as I said in a previous chapter, had been protected and enhanced for the past six months by a judicious use of make-up. Also by frequent massages and the application of creams and skin food.

My skin was so fair that I really did not need much make-up. Just a touch of rouge, powder and lipstick, but my eyes required the careful use of mascara and pencil to make them look larger and more feminine.

Every day for those six months my mother and I had spent at least an hour on my complexion and make-up with the result that any girl would have been proud of. My skin was smooth and flawless.

Mother was entirely satisfied with it and said repeatedly that it was as nice as Lucille's had been and that more and more I looked like her.

It was the first time I had ever put on a girl's hat and as it was adjusted before my mirror I observed the effect and had to admit that I looked very pretty in it. My nice golden blonde hair just showed a little around the edges. I looked really cute.

My eyes were becomingly shaded and a glow of pleasure and pride went through me as I contemplated myself and saw how girlish and pretty I looked. For the time being I forgot about my squeezing corset and too tight shoes. I even forgot for the moment that I was a boy as I admired myself in the glass, and had a girl's pride in my beauty.

There could be no doubt that my mother's never ceasing effort to feminize me was succeeding. She had succeeded in making me take an interest in my looks, as any girl would do. She had actually succeeded in making me, for the moment; think of myself as a girl. And she had succeeded remarkably well in making me look like a girl in face and form, even a pretty girl, much better looking than the average run of real girls.

But I digress. Naturally this was pleasing to me, for I thought that since I was forced to wear feminine clothes and live the life of a girl, how very nice it was

that I made such an attractive girl. It would really suck if I were ugly!

My sister Lucille had always been considered a real beauty, and had plenty of male admirers. At the time of her death she was engaged to be married. I looked so much like her that I satisfied Mother, and in her eyes took my sister's place.

Undoubtedly Mother thought of me as her daughter. Mother, has a strong mind and dominating personality but she is mentally normal (well, sort of) on every subject except what concerns Lucille, and myself as her successor.

Her idea of transforming me into my sister was with my mother, an obsession. A mania. I have always thought that her mind is touched when it comes to my life as a girl. She thought about it night and day. It was her whole life and her will was absolutely indomitable and inflexible. She's relentless.

She talked with me about it constantly and was always planning for my future...as a young lady. My mother is kind in ordinary matters and very fond of me, but in the pursuit of her mania of making me into a girl she undoubtedly treated me with great cruelty and forced me to live a life wholly unnatural for a guy.

The cruelty was most marked in the way she laced me so tightly in corsets and forced me to wear extremely high heels right at the start, instead of leading up to it gradually. Small steps would have been my preference but leaps and bounds were more her personality.

But she was extremely impatient for me to begin wearing Lucille's clothes, and, as I have said before, I could not do that without wearing the corset to reduce my waist to the size of my sister's. All of this just to get

into her dresses. All of this just to get a boy into her dresses!

Mother told me that I was going through the same experiences of every young girl. Well, every young girl with a big waist. They all had to start wearing corsets sooner or later, and of course they were as uncomfortable as I was at first.

But I pointed out to my mother that I was a boy and did not want to wear corsets or dress as a girl, while a girl wanted to do so, of course, and so was reconciled to being tightly laced. My logic makes perfect sense to a sane person.

She assured me that I soon would become reconciled to it, not mind my stays at all, and, in fact, get so that I liked them and would not want to take them off. As if!

But of course, it was impossible for me to believe that. How could I ever get accustomed to that squeezing pressure? Why on earth would I want to?

"You are starting on a course of figure training," said mother. "It won't be long before your supple young body will get adjusted to your corset and will be molded into perfect feminine lines. As soon as you get adjusted to them, you will forget that you have them on."

"But mother," I said, "isn't it injurious to wear such tight corsets and won't some of my organs be displaced?" I said this with as much conviction as I could muster. I may have even batted my eyes.

"Don't worry about that," she replied. "Women have been wearing tightly laced stays for hundreds of years without ill effect, and if they can do it, so can you. I don't want to hear any more objections or protests.

Come along. We will go for our walk in the garden. Now!"

I had a terrible feeling of helplessness and clung to my mother's arm as I staggered down the stairs and out into the garden. I really believe I would have fallen, in my weakened and restricted state, if she had not supported me.

I could take only tiny, mincing steps, hampered by my corsets and high heels, and so my walk in the garden with Mother was very uncomfortable and more than unpleasant for me.

Mother did her best to distract my attention from my corsets and tight slippers by telling me about her plans for my future.

Soon I was to have new lingerie and new shoes; also new hats, which I should try on to be sure that they were becoming. But all this did not distract my attention very much, as at the time I had no desire for new clothes of any feminine nature.

All I could think of was an ardent desire to loosen the laces of my compressing corset and to take off those stupid, tight shoes. I wanted, with all my heart, to return to the freedom of boys' clothes. I longed to cut off my long, girlish hair, put on comfortable, loose male garments, and live life and dress as a boy, and do away with all feminine foolishness.

I told Mother of these wishes, and she immediately became very angry. Anything that tended to interfere with her obsession, her mania to convert me into a girl, into her dead daughter, aroused her anger, as I soon had reason to learn.

With eyes blazing with wrath, my mother said, "Lucille, how dare you talk like that? Don't you ever

dare to talk like that again, or I will punish you severely. So long as I live you will be my daughter and my companion and will dress as you are, like a girl,' she was beginning to shout.

"Never speak again of your boys' clothes. They are gone forever. You must now make up your mind that you are a girl and are to live as one. I know that you do not like your corset and your feminine clothes, but you will soon get used to them and like them. You give me great pleasure in being my darling daughter, Lucille, and if you love your mother, you will be glad to be my little girl, my comfort and my delight!"

For the first time I sensed my mother's mania and I experienced a feeling of fear as I realized that at least on this subject she was not mentally sound...she was bound and determined that I should be Lucille, or Lucy as I would choose to be called.

From that determination to this day she has never wavered, as I well know my sorrow. I never have gotten over that fear and as a result, have submitted to her will all through these years, though it has cost me much physical and mental suffering.

I have never dared to disobey her. She dominated me completely and weakened me so that I had no will power of my own.

After our brief walk, we went to the family room where Mother gave me another piano lesson. She was a skilled pianist, and for some time had been giving me lessons. She saw to it that I played and practiced every day. I was becoming quite a good player.

For some time Mother also had been giving me singing lessons with the idea of making my voice feminine. She always insisted that I sing high soprano parts.

My voice naturally was high pitched, but at first it was rather strained to sing soprano songs, and I suppose it was actually falsetto, but my vocal chords gradually became trained so that I was a real soprano.

I enjoyed my piano and singing lesson...goodness knows, I had few enough distractions living the sheltered life I did with my mother as my sole companion...and so I welcomed any diversion, whatever it might be.

Before dinner, Mother changed my dress to a simple little satin evening frock, and she also dressed for dinner, as was our invariable custom from that time on. After the meal, we returned to the family room and did embroidery work until bedtime.

I had been longing for bedtime to arrive, so that I could undress and take off my hateful corset, but Mother kept me up until our regular time of retiring, which was 10 o'clock. She then went to my room with me and helped me take off my dress.

What a blow was in store for me! Instead of loosening my stays, Mother produced a strong leather belt, which she clasped tightly around my waist, and locked with a small padlock through a hook at the back, before I realized what was happening.

With a feeling of dismay, I realized that I was not to be allowed to take off my corset. It had become actually painful, and I suffering from the continued suppression, which I had endured all day. I felt that I had reached the limit of endurance.

I burst into tears and begged Mother to let me take off my corsets.

"I cannot stand them any longer. They are killing me!" I told her.

"Lucille!" she replied, "What I am doing is for your own good. You do not understand it now, but you will thank me for it later. The only thing for you to do is to wear your corset night and day. If you took it off to-night, it would let your body expand and tomorrow it would be even more uncomfortable and painful for you to be laced up again," again she shouted.

"Make up your mind to put up with it for a few days, and you will find that mother is right. I have to put this belt around your waist because I know that the temptation to loosen the laces during the night would be irresistible. This way you cannot do it."

"Try your best to forget your corset and think of other things...what a pretty girl you are and what pleasure you are giving me in being my Lucy. Try to think of yourself as a girl and remember that all girls have to go through a course of figure training such, as you are experiencing. And remember the saying which applies to all girls and women: To be beautiful is to suffer!"

Never will I forget the agony of that night. Shift my position in bed as I would, there was no let up to the constant compression of my waist.

I thought next morning that I had not slept a wink, but no doubt I had had some fitful slumber. But my mind seemed to dwell continually on my enforced masquerade and to worry about the future.

Here I was, a normal boy, being feminized and brought up as a girl. I was sunk in the depths of despair. I wanted nothing more than to live the life of a carefree boy, to play boys' games, to wear a boys rough clothing, to go to a boys school, then to college and to study law and become a lawyer, as my father had been. That's all I wanted. I don't think I was asking for too much. I wanted nothing more, nothing less.

How I loathed, with all my soul, the idea of wearing girl's clothing and living the sequestered life of a girl. I hated being in my mother's company, constantly under her watchful eye, playing the part of a girl, dressed in pretty clothes, powdered and painted. She was always fussing with my hair and I was always under the necessity of thinking about my appearance and looking my prettiest. How much could I take?

My whole being rebelled against this picture of my future, but particularly against the corset, which I knew, I must wear, and which at the moment was torturing me. I detested the idea of a life laced in corsets. And how I reviled the idea of wearing high heels, which were crippling and prevented free walking. My future seemed unfeasible, and I was dreadfully depressed.

But in some way I got through the night and when morning came I stayed in bed waiting for my mother to come and give me her instructions, feeling very down.

She came in with a very cheery air and asked me what dress I chose to wear that morning. I told her I had no choice, so she picked out one from Lucille's extensive wardrobe.

Noting that I looked tired and wan, Mother said she would do my hair for me that morning. That was gratifying to me, for I loved to have her comb and brush my hair and fondle it with her soft, caressing fingers and do it up in a manner more flattering than I ever was able to accomplish.

There was a feeling of comfort and nearly sensual as I sat in front of my mirror and watched her handle my blond tresses. She never failed to praise my hair and I knew her praise was deserved for I could not help knowing that my hair was unusually attractive. It had the golden blonde shade that is often attained by the use

of dye, and which shade seems to be the desire of many women. With me it was of course wholly natural.

My hair was (and is) plentiful, soft, and silky and with a sheen that added to its beauty. It was growing rapidly, and while not yet the desired length that would permit it being dressed at the nape of the neck in a bun, it was suitable for a young girl of 17, worn in clusters of pretty curls.

At such moments, looking at my beautiful hair in the mirror, I was very proud of it, and it gave me a glow of pleasure. At such moments, the girl in me not doubt predominated and I was feminine, as Mother would have me be.

She was having her way with me and succeeding with her plan to feminize me. Today, as I write these lines, I am completely feminized and always think of myself as a girl...but now I'm getting ahead of my story.

After my hair had been dressed most becomingly by my mother, she put a nice little dress on me, first removing the tight leather belt in which I had slept. The dress was hooked at the back and was a snug fit over my corset.

After breakfast Mother told me she was going in to Los Angeles to do some shopping and she laid out for me a program that would keep me busy during her absence. I was to practice the piano and singing, was to do some sewing and was to take a walk in the garden before she returned in time for lunch.

During the long night I had felt rebellious and had made up my mind that I would not submit to Mother's scheme of turning me into a girl. All sorts of plans flitted through my head. I would cut off my hair, up on my boy's clothes and run away. I would get a job somewhere as a boy and live the life of a boy. I positively

would not live the life of a girl in girl's clothes. I could not stand it any longer. The idea was abhorrent.

But when I tried to figure how I could do it, I was at a loss and a feeling of impotence came over me. I was helpless and dismayed. My mother had disposed of my boy's clothing, and I knew there was not a single article of male attire anywhere in our house. How could I run away, dressed as a girl? It was impossible.

I shrunk from the idea of appearing in public in feminine attire, feeling sure that everybody would penetrate my disguise, and know that I was a boy. And what could I do as a girl? I was untrained and could not earn my living. I had not a cent and no way of getting any money. Brought up as I had been, tied to my mother's apron strings and sheltered from the rough outside world, I knew nothing about the world and was absolutely unfitted to earn my living, either as a boy or a girl. I would starve. I had to give up the idea of running away. Perhaps later on I could do something, but for the moment I would have to submit to Mother's tyranny.

Mother left for Los Angeles in the car and, left alone, I could think of nothing but the torture of my corset. I had now been laced over 24 hours and it seemed impossible to stand the compression any longer. I felt that I had reached the limit of my endurance. (How little I knew then what the human body could stand. How well I know it now!) I went to my room and let out my corset about an inch.

What a relief! It actually felt loose. Then I got out a dress which I had noticed was looser at the waist than the one I had been wearing (I had tried it on the day before) and managed to hook myself into it, after quite a struggle.

I felt much more comfortable and followed out my mother's program. I practiced singing and piano playing and took a walk in the garden for exercise. I did some fancy needlework and so passed the morning. However, in the back of my mind I dreaded the time when Mother would return.

I hoped that she would not notice that I had changed my dress and let out my corset, but I had no confidence that my hopes would be realized. Mother was too sharp and observing for that. And I realized that when she discovered what I had done, that I had disobeyed her, she would be furious.

So it was with fear and trembling that I heard her enter the house. I tried to keep out of sight, but she had no sooner entered the room than she called: "Where are you, Lucy, darling?" I came reluctantly forward. "Lucille, you have changed your dress. Why? Get me the tape measure." I knew I was discovered and in for it. I could see the look of anger on my mother's face. I brought the tape, as ordered, and she put it around my waist.

"I thought so!" She said. "You have let your stays out over an inch. You know that you were forbidden to ever touch the laces. I am terribly angry with you and you will be punished. I am going to give you a lesson so that you will never dare to go against my will again. You are a bad, naughty girl. You will be sorry that you ever disobeyed me!"

I had noticed that when Mother came in the house, she had under her arm an oblong box, which I recognized, all too well, as a corset box. I was filled with dismay, for instinctively I knew what was in store for me. I knew Mother's obsession for tight lacing me. It was going to be worse than ever.

Sure enough. She ordered me to go to my room and undress. She followed me and ordered me to take off my corset. Then she took the new corset out of the box, and, after letting out the laces, made me hook it on. She then proceeded to lace me in. I could do nothing but submit, though I felt as if I was being cut in two. When she finally finished lacing me, the corset met at the back and I had a tiny wasp-waisted figure.

"There," said my mother, "now you know what it is to be really laced. Your waist is an inch smaller than it was before, which is your punishment for letting out your other corset. You will wear this one for the rest of the day and I do not want to hear a word of complaint from you or you will wear it all night. You must pay for your disobedience and for trying to thwart my will."

This punishment seemed to me to be unbearable, but worse was to come for Mother led me to her closet, pushed me in, and locked the door. I was in utter darkness, and in misery.

On my feet was a pair of very tight high-heeled slippers, in which I could hardly stand. I sank to the floor. But I found that position even worse, in fact, unendurable, for my extremely tightly laced corsets, which reached from just below my armpits far down over my hips, were tight their whole length, so when I sat on the floor, I felt as if I were being cut in two at the waist, and the bend caused oh, so much pain.

It would be better to stand on those squeezing torturing slippers. It was the lesser of two evils.

But when I tried to get up, I found to my dismay, that I could not do so. My high heels slipped and went out from under me when I tried to get up on them, being restricted by feminine garments that I could not even get up off the floor. I was heart-broken, and I wept, at the

same time calling as loudly as I could for Mother to come and help me.

But if she heard me, she paid no attention. She had put me there to be punished and to suffer, and I soon gave up crying out for her, realizing that she would not come in any event.

I soon dried my tears, my manhood asserting itself, and felt ashamed that I had given way to tears, just like a girl. I was fast getting to have the feelings of one, owing to constant feminine influence, but usually the male in me would come to the front, in those early days of my feminization, although my spirit and grit were pretty well broken by the tight lacing and feelings of helplessness.

By now I got hold of myself, and determined to get to my feet somehow or other. I drew myself along the floor with my hands until I came to a corner of the closet, and here, with the help of my hands I managed to edge myself up until I could get my feet under me and stand up. Standing erect was the least uncomfortable position for me in that terrible corset.

I now slowly began to move around in the dark, feeling my way. Soon I came in contact with my mother's clothes on a long row of hangers. She has always been a good dresser, with a large wardrobe of beautiful dresses, and here I found myself among them.

Mother always used a strong perfume, the odor of which I liked very much. I also, since my hair was first dressed in girlish style, had used a powerful perfume, but of a scent different to Mother's.

I preferred hers to mine, but of course she would not change with me. I now got whiffs of her perfume from her gowns, and it intrigued me. I began rubbing against the soft silks, satins and velvets of her wardrobe,

and it gave me a peculiar and extremely pleasant sensation.

It was a strange, voluptuous feeling, which I did not understand at the time, but now know had something of a sex sensation in it. It was the same feeling I had experienced when I had stood in front of my mirror and saw how pretty I looked as I put on a girl's hat for the first time.

It had come to me at other times as I gazed at myself in the glass, and considered how charming I looked as a girl. At those brief moments I loved being a lovely looking young lady. I believe I actually was in love with myself, or at least with my reflection.

And so now I fondled my mother's scented clothes and forgot my misery...my corsets and tight shoes. I was actually happy. I longed to put on all of those lovely gowns, one by one, and feel them softly clinging to my body. But I knew that that could not be done.

For Mother is a much larger woman than I and her dresses would be far too big for me. I am only 5 ft., 4 inches tall, and weigh only 112 pounds. Mother, on the other hand is a strapping, powerful woman, much taller and stronger than I.

She must have weighed at least 150 pounds at the time, and while she was always snugly corseted and had a fine figure, her waist was several inches larger than mine.

No, I could never wear her clothes, and would have to continue wearing Lucille's until the time came when I should have a wardrobe made for myself, and to my own individual measurements.

At times, I wished for that time to come, for I thought that my own fitted clothing would be more com-

fortable. But then I shrunk from the idea, for it would mean being measured and fitted by strangers, and all sorts of contact with the outside world, and this I lived in dread of.

For in spite of my mother's assurances, I could not get it out of my mind that everybody I met would penetrate my disguise and know I was a boy masquerading in girl's clothes and laugh at me, so that I would nearly die with embarrassment and chagrin.

My mirror told me that there was no fear of this, that I looked and acted like a girl, but I could not convince myself that I could get away with the disguise in public. In this way hours passed, and then Mother came and released me from my prison. She noticed that I had been crying and I think she was secretly pleased. This was a girlish sign and also showed her that the punishment had been severe enough.

My tears had played havoc with my complexion, and my hair had been mussed from contact with Mother's dresses. She ordered me to go to my room and repair the damage and then come down to the family room and join her.

Of course I obeyed her, and in half an hour I appeared with hair and complexion in picture perfect form. As I gave my hair a final pat before the mirror before going downstairs, I again felt that strange flush of pleasure at beholding my pretty self in the glass.

Mother was now all kindness and did her best to distract my thoughts from my torturing clothing. She began paying me compliments (as if), which she knew always mollified me. I had become feminine enough for that already.



“Lucy, darling, you are looking very lovely today. I think you are actually getting prettier every day.”

"Lucy, darling, you are looking very lovely today. I think you are getting prettier every day. You have done your hair beautifully, and mother is very pleased. Did you look at your figure in the mirror while you were doing your hair? It's charming. Don't you just love your tiny waist? Any girl would love to have it, and would envy you." Blah, blah, blah...spoke my mother.

I knew Mother would be pleased at my appearance.

"But mother," I replied, "my waist was small enough in my regular corset. This one is too tight and I can hardly stand it. It is hurting me. Can't I change to my other corset?" I begged as femininely as I could.

"Yes, when you go to bed tonight," she answered.

We played and sang and she read to me from the fashion magazines, and somehow dinnertime came around and it was time to dress.

I changed to black velvet, low-cut evening gown with severe lines, which clung closely to my figure and fitted tightly at the waist. I had not had it on before; as the waistline was smaller than the other dresses, which I wore with my regular corset.

I looked very nice in this dress. Black velvet went beautifully with my bright golden hair and I stood in front of the mirror and admired myself before going down. Mother was delighted with my appearance and extravagant in her praises, even calling me "beautiful," so that my feelings were soothed and I found that I was not minding the corset so much as at first.

And so dinner and the evening passed, and it was bedtime before I knew it. Mother helped me undress

and take off those compressing stays. What a relief it was! I was in heaven. But it was not to last long, because I had to put on my regular corset and be laced in it as usual before going to bed.

This was always well laced in and I had always before thought it extremely tight, but now, by contrast with the corset I had just taken off, it actually felt not at all tight. But only for a little while.

My body was sore and I passed a restless night, tired as I was from a day that had been one of suffering and of emotions.

The next three months, occupied with my figure training, as well as all sorts of training and disciplines to make me into a girl, were months of suffering for me. I actually hate to think about them even now.

Mother watched me like a hawk, and could read my every thought. After a while she noticed that my body had become so adjusted to my corset, that it no longer bothered me much, where at she promptly laced my waist in another inch. This time in what I called my "torture" corset, as it was the one I had been placed in for punishment.

My waist was now less than 19 inches. After a time, I got used to this pair of stays, which of course I wore night and day. My body gradually conformed to it. The flesh was forced from my waist down, so as to enlarge and round out my hips, while it was also pushed up to my bust larger. My buttocks were also rounded out by the corset and bulged out in true feminine form. My figure had assumed permanent feminine form.

After a time I was once more forced by my mother to wear a still smaller corset, and now my waist was down to 18 inches and Mother told me that at last she was satisfied, and that was to be my permanent meas-

urement. It was a nicely rounded little waist, and though I suffered until my body got used to it, it was not long before I felt fairly comfortable in it.

I became reconciled to it, and actually proud of my wasp-waisted form. Mother said that it was my permanent waist, but she added, "except, of course, when you wear evening gowns. Then of course you will wear a size smaller. But you won't mind it for a few hours, an evening only."

To show how feminized I had become, the idea actually appealed to me. I was now thoroughly accustomed to corsets and tight lacing and rather looked forward to wearing an evening gown with a 17-inch waist.

All these months of tight lacing had, I was sure, displaced some of my internal organs. At first I used to have dizzy spells, and sometimes felt faint, from my laced figure, but I gradually got over those attacks, as my body became adjusted to my stays.

I presume that today my organs are permanently out of place, but it does not give me any pain or inconvenience. It is wonderful what the human body can stand, and how it will adjust itself to whatever clothing is worn, no matter how tight.

During those tree months of training I was constantly under my mother's eye, her constant companion. She was untiring in her effort to make my feminine.

She taught me how to walk gracefully in my high heels. Back and forth across the family room she would have me walk, day after day, correcting me if I did not walk gracefully and in a girlish manner. I soon mastered it and it became second nature to me, so that I did not have to think about it.

Then I practiced sitting down and getting up from a chair gracefully and in a ladylike manner. At first this was hard to do in my tight corsets and high heels, but at last practice made perfect. I was taught how to hold and move my hands. At first I missed my boyish pockets, but soon got used to the lack of them, and it was a help to carry a bag in one hand. It contained my vanity case, powder, rouge, lipstick, mirror, etc.

I was taught to eat daintily at the table, to pour tea or coffee gracefully, and all the little feminine graces of a lady of fashion. I was taught how to put on my hat as a girl does it. I had long since learned to do my hair, and my motions in the operation were entirely feminine and satisfactory to my mother.... and that meant perfection.

Nothing else would suit her. I learned to dress myself, to pin on a flower, to adjust ribbons and all the accessories of the feminine toilet. Mother insisted that I always wear a pleasant, smiling expression, so that I should get the habit and always look pretty and animated automatically.

She said girls always tried to look pretty in public, but I should do so at all times, as it would improve my looks. At first this was difficult, being so uncomfortable in my extremely tight clothing, but Mother never ceased to remind me to look pleasant. I practiced it before the mirror for hours, when doing my hair, making up and just in general, dressing.

I also practiced smiling. I have pretty pearly white teeth, which looked very nice when I smiled. After a bit, the pleasant expression became second nature to me, and is to this day. I think that is one reason I have today the reputation of being a pretty girl and a pleasant one.

It was at this time, when I started dressing always in girl's clothes, that Mother discharged all the household help, who knew that I was a boy in girl's clothes, and engaged a new group who thought I was a girl. This was done for my sake, and added much to my peace of mind.

Mother promised me that later on, when my training was complete, I should have my own personal assistant but I did not relish that plan. I knew it would be nice to have somebody skilled in hairdressing to wait on me, but I had had as yet no contact with the outer world, in my girlish guise, and dreaded it. So I shrank from the idea of having someone to serve me, knowing it would be embarrassing, especially if she were to learn my sex. But more of that later.

But I may say here, in passing, that I have now had my own personal maid for several years, and she has never discovered my sex, and thinks I am a girl, owing to the careful plan my mother and I devised.

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Chapter 3

I Am Measured for My Clothes

Now that my three months of figure training was complete and my body had been molded into its permanent feminine contour by the use of corsets; now that I had an established eighteen inch waist; now that Mother's training had taught me to act like a girl, and to look like a girl; to wear my high heels with grace and confidence, it was finally decided that it was time for me to be measured for a complete outfit of girl's clothes of my very own. Something that had never been worn by a dead girl before. Brand new, all mine!

During the course of the training period, my mother and I had studied the many fashion magazines she subscribed to. Nothing but magazines appealing to the feminine was allowed in our house. No "Popular Mechanics."

I was not allowed to read anything that could or would be of any interest to a male. Even our books were feminine. Having so little to read, and being encouraged by my mother, I got into the habit of studying the feminine styles, and actually got interested in them. We would look over the illustrations together and Mother gradually developed in me a taste and judgment of styles. We particularly studied the styles for young girls of my age, which at this time were seventeen. Mother would see something in the way of a dress that she liked and pointing it out to me would say:

"You would look very nice in that little frock, Lucy. It would be very becoming. And this one is very chic. It would compliment your style and beauty."

Then I would note it carefully and picture myself wearing it. I soon got to know what would be pretty on

me and what would not. I was fast developing a feminine sense of style and an overall good feeling for clothes. It was all part of my feminization.

We also carefully studied the styles of hats, shoes, lingerie and all the feminine accessories that were available. This included jewelry (which I love), cosmetics, hair supplies, hairstyles, and with Mother's constant help, I acquired a good knowledge of all of them. Well, at least as much as could be learned from illustrations and explanations by Mother.

But as to the matter of hairstyles, Mother would not consider anything except the styles of my departed sister Lucille. Mother had many photographs of her, taken at various ages, and she always consulted these and compared me with them. At the time my hair was styled exactly as it had been done with Lucille's when she was my age, seventeen.

It was in a becoming girlish style, with a mass of pretty golden curls at the back of her head. Later on the photographs of Lucille showed, at the age of nineteen, when she passed away, the hair done in a knot at the nape of her neck. My hair was too short for that now, but it was growing rapidly, and Mother was sure that when I reached nineteen, it would be long enough to do it like it was styled in my sister's photographs. Whoo-pee! I couldn't wait!

During this period Mother did her utmost to train my mind and thoughts to think along feminine lines. She had succeeded in making my body appear entirely girlish and now she left nothing undone to make me feel feminine mentally.

I soon stopped referring to myself as a boy for that angered Mother and she absolutely forbade it. I was

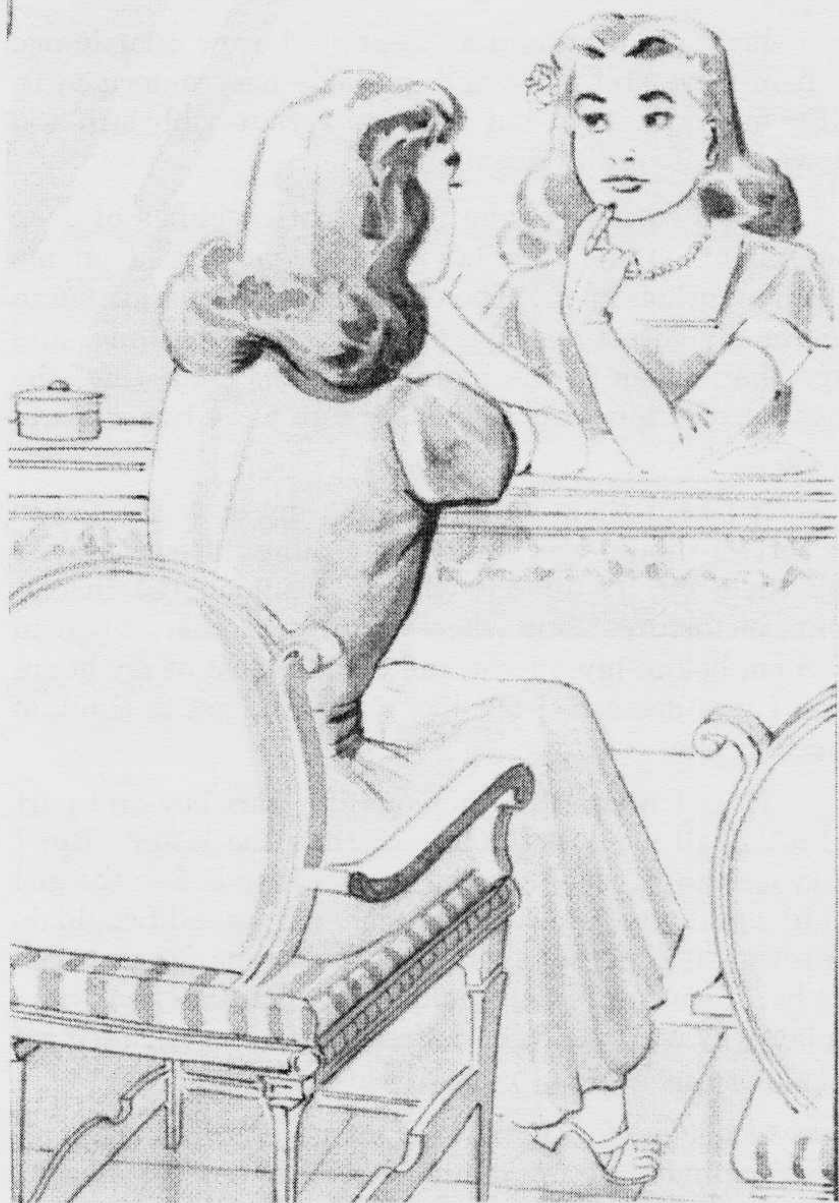
constantly in an intensely feminine atmosphere and had not come into contact with a boy or a man for many months.

The household helps, of course called me "Miss Lucy," and when Mother did not call me Lucy or Lucille when she was pissed, called me daughter or girlie or sweetheart. In all our conversation, which was wholly on matters of a feminine nature, I was always referred to as a member of the female sex.

All this had a tremendous influence on my youthful, unformed character and easily influenced mind, and I got so that when I was with my mother, I thought of myself as a girl. I also thought of myself as a girl when in my room in front of a mirror, doing my hair, making up and dressing. I loved to pose in front of the glass and move about to observe the hang and swing of my rustling skirts and admire my figure, my wasp-like waist, my small feet, my beautiful hair, my pretty face and my nice clothes.

At this period, while Mother had succeeded in totally feminizing my body, she had been only partially successful in feminizing my mind. She may not agree but I was more boy than girl mentally. Especially in bed at night I usually felt all boy, especially when I had an erection. I spent many wakeful hours pondering over my fate, and I resented with all my heart and soul being turned into a girl and having to dress like a girl.

I loathed and despised it. I was terribly downcast emotionally and what made me the more resentful was being forced to wear my tightly laced corsets at night, so that I never had any relaxation or comfort. I had no release from the constant pressure and compression the corset caused.



**I also thought of myself as a girl when
in my room in front of a mirror.**

It is true that as time went on, I grew accustomed to them more and more and my body had conformed itself to my tight stays, but yet they were terribly stiff and allowed me no really free motion.

And so I would lie in bed with feelings of deep resentment against the life Mother had forced on me with her ruthlessness. The only time I was permitted to remove my corset was for the purpose of bathing, and after that, when I was again laced in, for a time the stays felt tighter than ever. So there were two sides to it.

If I kept them on continually my body seemed to get sort of numb, and had little feeling. However, if I took them off, I suffered when I resumed the instruments of torture. But when with my mother, when in my room before my mirror and during most of my hours when I was dressed, I felt like a girl and got to think of myself as one.

Thus I was a dual personality, part boy and part girl although more of the former than the latter. But I could see that it would not be so very long before the girl would dominate, gain control of me, despite all I could do to prevent it. Mother's will was too strong for me. Beside her, I was weak and could not prevent her from having her way with me. The course she had taken with me had sapped my strength and all my will power.

I believe few boys, brought up as I had been, always dominated by my mother, and for the past months forced to dress and live as a girl, could have done any differently.

I could not understand at that time my strange pleasure in viewing myself in the mirror. It gave me a

delightfully sensuous feeling to look in the long mirror and see myself reflected there like a pretty girl.

I liked to run my hands over my curvy figure and stop and linger at the places that were beginning to bring me pleasure. It was as though I, a boy, was looking at an attractive girl, able to caress her bosom with my hands, be with her all-alone in my bedroom without any chaperone. It made my body glow all over with a sensation that was almost sexual. It was so thrilling.

I loved my looks, my hair, my clothes, and my figure with its small waist, and my tiny feet in their extremely high heels. Was I a boy looking at a girl, or was I a girl, experiencing all the pleasure a girl has in knowing that she is pretty? Why was I getting this extreme satisfaction and pleasure from this fact? I didn't know, and could not figure it out. But as a result of this pleasant sensation, I spent lots of time in front of my mirror; both fully dressed and disheveled, when in my fluffy, frilly, dainty silk lingerie.

To me the lingerie and dresses of Lucille had seemed to fit well enough, but Mother was not satisfied. She said the fit was not perfect, for while I was practically the same size as Lucille had been, when she was alive; there were some slight differences in our measurements.

My shoulders were a trifle broader, and my hips were a little narrower. And so my mother reached the decision that I should have my own lingerie that had only been worn by the living. She wanted some dresses made to my exact measurements, and sent to one of the leading shops in Los Angeles for a representative to come to our home and measure me and make to order what was required.

Then one evening she announced to me that a woman would be there the next morning to measure me for my new wardrobe. This filled me with dread. Up until this time nobody except our own household had seen me in my girlish clothes. The idea of coming into contact with strangers dressed like girl filled me with fear and embarrassment.

I was sure my cover up would be penetrated, that they would know I was a boy disguised as a girl, would laugh at me, ridicule me, and I would shrink from them and feel like sinking through the floor! Oh, the drama my feminine self was starting to cause! Who has ever sunk through a floor? Or spontaneously combusted? Who? Just name one person!

One morning a few weeks before this time, when Mother was hooking my dress in my bedroom, she noticed that the dress seemed to fit unusually tight. She measured my waist with her ever-handy tape measure, and I could see a look of displeasure come over her face.

"Your corset has stretched a full half inch, Lucille," she said. "It is now eighteen and one half inches. That will never do. I will have to get you some new corsets, which will prevent your pretty little waist from expanding. This must not happen after all the trouble I have had in reducing it!"

All the trouble she'd had! I was the one who suffered. Not here. She inflicted all my pain. Yet once again, it's all about her.

And she proceeded to take careful measurements over the corset I was wearing, my old one that had now become fairly comfortable. She put the figures down on a slip of paper and that day went to Los Angeles and or-

dered two pairs of stays made to my measurements. They had been delivered that day and put in my dresser.

While I was alone in my room, I got the tape measure and measured the waistline of my new stays, which were not marked with the size, as is the case with ready-made ones. I was disturbed to find that the waist of one pair was only seventeen and one half inches, while the other pair had a waist of a scant seventeen inches.

I had a sinking feeling, and a feeling of resentment against my mother. She'd lied. She had assured me that eighteen inches was to be my permanent waist size, and now she had bought smaller corsets. Was she going to continue to reduce my waist? Would she never be satisfied?

I knew that she would force me to wear the seventeen and one half inch size, and later the seventeen-inch pair. Would it be size sixteen next, I wondered, or even smaller until I was almost cut in two in the middle?

The boy in me arose to the surface and I was filled with anger. I also felt an apprehension at the idea of being still tighter laced, when I had thought the limit had been reached.

I was very nervous and anxious about the ordeal of meeting strangers in the morning dressed like girl. It did not seem possible that they would not discover that I was a boy disguised as a girl. I went to the mirror and examined myself very critically, to see if there were any traces of the boy in my looks. I could find none. My reflection was wholly girlish and feminine. But perhaps something would give me away.

I went to bed filled with apprehension and rolled restlessly for some time, unable to get to sleep, worrying about my enforced masquerade and the trial that awaited me tomorrow. My thoughts were most distress-

ing. Always I had kept in the back of my mind the plan that some day I would throw off my girlish disguise, and again become a boy.

But as time went on and my mother succeeded in her feminization of me, I began to think, with a feeling of helplessness, that it would be almost impossible for me to resume my natural boy's role.

My hair, face and body, to the naked eye, were those of a girl. My face was constantly growing more girlish and pretty and my body had been molded to a feminine form so that I would look strange in boy's clothing.

I would look like a girl disguised as a boy. But I consoled myself with the thought that perhaps I would change later and become masculine looking, even though I was so small, slender and delicate. And so I lay in bed and worried, and tossed and turned for some hours before I was able to fall asleep. Then I sank into a deep slumber of exhaustion and only awoke when Mother entered my room in the morning and roused me.

"Time to get up, daughter," she said cheerfully. "The woman and her girl helper from Los Angeles will be here to measure you at ten o'clock. I will help you to dress and do your hair since I want you to look very nice for these strangers."

She then slipped my nightgown off and began to unlace my corset, which, as usual, I had worn all night. Taking off the stays, she told me to take off my teddy, which I always wore under my corset. Now, my mother and I had been very intimate.

She had usually helped me to dress from the time I first began to wear corsets and had seen me in various stages of undress. And I had often been in her room and seen her only partially dressed. In fact I had often

hooked her up and otherwise helped her. She, of course, looked on me as her daughter, and I had gotten so I thought of myself as a girl on those occasions. But neither of us had appeared nude before the other.

I shrunk from standing before her without any clothes on at all in all my nakedness. That, however would not be strictly accurate, for I always wore between my thighs a tight garment of elastic webbing closely drawn down so that there should be no bulge at that place where no girl would have a bulge, and I had this garment on as usual. But I hesitated to obey my mother, and take off my teddy, as I was filled with a feeling of shame.

Mother quickly removed the garment and there I stood before her, stripped. I could feel myself getting hot all over as a deep blush crept over my entire body. My mother noticed this and was greatly annoyed. You, dear reader, must remember her obsession that she thought of me as a girl, her daughter, her Lucy.

"Why are you blushing, Lucille?" she asked annoyed. "Don't be so silly. It is perfectly natural for a young girl to be naked with her own mother. You have nothing to be ashamed of. I simply want to look over your figure without your clothes on." This said, she inspected me very carefully. She led me in front of the mirror and pointed out to me the good points of my girlish form. She was satisfied with my waist, my hips and my buttocks. My legs were white, straight, nicely rounded and symmetrical and very feminine looking.

Her only criticism was my lack of breasts. With my corset on, I had quite a nice little maidenly bust, but of course on my own, girlish breasts were lacking. Without my corset my chest was too flat for a girl.

"Never mind," said my mother, "a young girl's breasts are often slow to develop and I can see signs that yours are starting to bud."

I thought she was going to tweak my nipple. She insisted on considering me as a girl, owing to her pet mania, but of course I knew, or at least was quite sure, that I never ever could have feminine breasts of any size.

After her inspection, my mother started to dress me, and, as I had feared, brought out one of my new corsets. I do have to say that it was a pretty garment. It had a brocaded silk finish, a nice pink shade, very heavily boned and strongly made to withstand tight lacing.

Of course it was also very rigid and I dreaded the discomfort I knew was in store for me. I recalled the first time I had worn a corset, a new one of course, and how I had suffered. But well I realized that it would do no good to protest against my mother's grim determination and inflexible will. She would have her way, and anything I said in protest would only anger her.

I dreaded her wrath. And so I hooked on the stiff corset, the laces being well let out, and after the garters had been tightly hooked to the tops of my silk stockings, my mother proceeded to lace in the corset, tighter and tighter until it was entirely closed at the back. Taking the tape, she measured my waist and a look of pure pleasure came over her face.

"That is fine, Lucy," she remarked, cheerful again. "Look in the mirror and see what an adorable little waist you have. It is 17 ½ inches. I made it a little smaller than your old corset, to allow for stretching. I will allow you to take this one off at night, and you can wear your old one to sleep in. But be sure that it is fully laced in, and put on this one every morning when you get up. I will come in and lace you."

I looked in the mirror and saw that my waist indeed did look small. Mine was a real hourglass figure. The girl in me was now to the forefront, and I could not help admiring my form as I saw it reflected in the glass. I finished dressing, and my mother did my hair and daintily applied a little powder, rouge and lipstick to my face.

Thanks to constant attention and treatment, my complexion and become very smooth and girlish, and needed very little make-up. My eyes were carefully made up and after my mother had given me a final inspection, we went down to breakfast.

As ten o'clock approached, I became more and more nervous, and in dread of the nightmare that was before me. At last I heard the doorbell ring and the woman and girl from the shop came into the house, and were ushered into my mother's sitting room, where the fittings were to take place.

My mother called me, and with reluctant, dragging feet, and a feeling of shame and degradation, I entered the room and stood before the two strangers in my feminine attire.

I could feel myself blushing as the woman and girl stared at me. Surely, I thought, they would see through my masquerade, and discover that I was nothing but a young boy dressed like girl. Surely they would laugh at me, if not openly, then secretly, and when they left they would spread the news that in that strange house a boy was living completely dressed like girl. A dead girl!

But the woman's first words were reassuring to me, and put me somewhat at ease. "May I be so bold, Madam," she said to my mother, "if I compliment you on having such a charming daughter? She is very pretty, and it is going to be a pleasure for our house to make

clothes for her, as I know she will wear them with distinction."

The girl in me leaped to the surface, and I felt a warm glow at hearing her use the words "charming" and "pretty" while speaking of me. Like a girl, I was greatly pleased at being praised for my good looks, for I had, even then, a girl's vanity, excepting when the boy in me was dominant.

At such times, I despised being celebrated for looking "pretty." But now I felt utterly feminine, and listened with interest while my mother and the woman decided what lingerie should be made for me. A list was made out, which included all the pretty under things a girl should have.

I was really beginning to like underwear. I wanted my panties to match my bra or I wouldn't wear them. I was very specific about the material they used. I really only wanted silk panties. Silk felt so nice as it was slipped up my legs. The material always felt cool against my groin and caressed my buttocks. My teddies also had to be silk. The softness and coolness of the material against my breast was such a turn on.

This was however, information I kept to myself. There were some things my mother just didn't need to know. She just might start wondering why I was taking so long to get ready. But again, I digress.



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Every garment was to be made to measure and was to be of the finest quality. Nothing was too girl for this little girl.

Every garment was to be made to measure and was to be of the finest quality. Nothing was too girl for this little girl. I was to have things for daytime and for evening wear. Nothing was omitted, and the list was quite a long one.

And now came the time for me to be measured and again I was embarrassed as I was obliged to take off my dress and lingerie, and stand before these people clad in my corset, stockings and high heeled slippers. No doubt I blushed as the woman placed the tape measure around various parts of my body and called off the measurements to the girl, who recorded them on a slip of paper.

She exclaimed when she measured my waist. "Oh my goodness, only 17 ½ inches. That is indeed chic, and so fashionably small." I know women in Hollywood who work out for hours and starve themselves for a figure like yours!"

Next came a discussion, in which I joined, as to the dresses to be ordered for me. Finally we decided on what my mother wanted, naturally, and further measurements were taken. The two then left, saying that they would return in about a week for the first fitting.

The next few days were unpleasant, because of my unusually tight corset. Surprisingly I gradually got accustomed to it. I was so used to being tightly laced, for all these months, night and day, that I had learned to ignore it for the most part. And I found it a relief to change to my old corset at night. It now measured 18 ½ inches, thanks to its having stretched, and seemed almost loose after my tight day corset. But every morning it was an ordeal when my mother laced me again into my new small stays.

As I have said, I often helped my mother with her toilette when her assistant was busy at something else. My mother made me do this as a part of my feminization. I would lace her corset, hook her dress and help her draw on her silk stockings and slippers. One day she asked me to do her hair. I had never handled long hair and did not know how to do it, but my mother decided that I should learn.

Some day, she said, my hair would be as long, and if I learned now how to handle long hair, I would later have no trouble. My mother has beautiful, heavy, wavy, coal-black hair that hung in a dark mass nearly to her waist. I had always greatly admired it. And so I now took great pleasure in handling it, combing and brushing it, and learning to do it up in a pretty manner, and so well that my exacting mother would be satisfied.

My little white hands were equipped with supple, deft fingers and due to my training at fancy work, embroidery, etc., they were as skillful as any girls at delicate work, so now after a few trials, I soon got the knack of doing my mother's hair. I could place the hairpins in the proper places actually where they would stay in.

From that time on I did my mother's hair at least once a week, even asking for the privilege. It gave me pleasure, and it also gave me something to occupy me, for my life in my home was extremely drab and uninteresting.

I studied hairdressing styles in our fashion magazines, and, with my mother's help and cooperation, I experimented with various styles of dressing her hair, many of which were becoming to her. I gained great skill, and my mother preferred my work to that of her own stylist. I recall that one style was doing her hair in a long, thick braid, and then pinning it around her head

in a coronet braid. This was most effective, and harmonized with my mother's style of beauty.

The next week the woman came back with my new clothes half made. I stood like a mannequin for what seemed hours while they were being fitted.

The clothes were practically formless, and I could not take any interest in them, so I was very bored and tired with standing still so long on my narrow high heels. What a relief it was to go to my room, sit down, take off my slippers, and rub my poor feet.

Thanks to my sister's narrow slippers, my feet had been gradually changed in shape, and I noticed that my great toes had been permanently shaped to point inward, and the same was the case with my small toes, so that my feet assumed a pointed shape. This made it much easier for me to wear the pointed styles.

The shoes also had stretched somewhat, which also made it better for me. But I was never comfortable in any of my slippers, for they all had unusually high heels and, while I got used to them and could walk in them gracefully enough, they always were restricting and unpleasant on my feet, if not painful.

But my mother would not allow me to wear lower heels, and I had none of my own anyway. She was of the opinion that the high heels made my feet look small and elegant. And in this she was right, and I often admired my tiny-looking feet, in spite of the fact that my slippers were uncomfortable.

Up to this time, I had, of course, occupied my own bedroom. It was the same room that had been mine all my life. It had been feminized and turned into a young girl's bedroom but I am sure my mother was not satisfied with my staying there. She knew that I had boyish thoughts and memories in the room and could not at all

times think of myself as a girl because of this. This was a detriment to my feminization.

So my mother, in her wisdom, decided that I should move into the pretty, luxurious bedroom of my dead sister. Ech! Up to now my mother had regarded this room as a shrine to the memory of my sister, but as I grew into her Lucille, and took her place in her mind's eye and thoughts, she decided that I should occupy Lucille's charming room. I must admit it was larger and even more feminine than mine.

There were a set of three full-length mirrors, crystal clear, and to these were added one directly opposite on the wall and two on the other sides of the chamber. Stronger lights were installed, and my mother bought for me a special makeup mirror, with convex surface, so the that features were magnified when looking into it, and the makeup could pass the closest inspection, and any defects discovered.

As a result of all these mirrors, wherever I looked I could see my image reflected on all sides. I was constantly reminded of how I looked. Like a girl, slender, attractive and graceful. It was difficult to think of myself as a boy when I constantly saw myself as a pretty girl in face and form.

My head was crowned with a glory of thick, glossy golden tresses, of which any girl would have been proud. Even as I lay in bed, when it was light, I could see my pretty head lying on the pillow, my white face in a halo of golden hair, and my round white arms extended on the silken comforter that covered my girlish bed.

This was only another means my mother took to help along my feminization, and it was an effective measure, for I found myself more and more thinking of myself as a young woman. All my clothes were moved

into my new room and also my other things. They were all arranged in an orderly manner, on which my mother insisted. Everything had to be in its proper place. Everything had a place and there was a place for everything! That was part of her training and discipline. She was bound and determined to make me a neat and orderly woman.

After another week, the time for another fitting of my new clothes came, and, with a few minor changes, this was the final fitting, for which I was heartily glad. It was very irksome for me to stand and act like clothing model. And this time it was even more tedious for me. After I had tried on the day clothing, leaving my two new evening dresses to the last, a number of the best of sister's clothes were put on me so that they could be altered to fit my new figure, especially at the waistline. Once again, the dead girl's clothes!

This took more time and finally we were ready for the evening dresses. Another ordeal was in store for me, for I found that my mother had ordered them made with a 17-inch waist. This necessitated a change of corsets, so my mother took me to my room, helped me off with the corset I was wearing and laced me into the 17 inch one, which I had never worn before.

Now, half an inch does not seem much, yet it is a lot when deducted from a waist that is already very tightly laced. And so once again I felt as if I were being cut in half as my mother ruthlessly drew in the laces until the stays were completely closed at the back. I told my mother I could not stand them so tight, but she said that it was nothing, and that I would only have to wear them for a few hours at a time. Only when I was dressed in my new evening clothes.

And so I was forced to endure those gripping stays, and went to my mother's room and was fitted to the evening frocks.

After that, my mother permitted me to let my waist out half an inch, which was a blessed relief.

In a few days my new clothes were delivered and I began to wear them. I felt more at ease in them than in my sister's old things, which had not been such a good fit. Also, let's not forget the fact that she was dead!

The tailors had paid special attention to the details. I had been very specific about the materials to be used in my outer clothes just as I had about my underwear.

I didn't want any materials that were scratchy. Everything had to pass "my face" test. This was where I rubbed each and every material across my face. If it scratched me or felt at all uncomfortable, it wouldn't do. Everything had to be soft and smooth.

If I was going to have to wear this stuff it was going to have to feel good. I was actually more interested in the feel of the clothes than in the look of them. I left that up to Mother. She could pick the styles as long as I had total say over the materials.

Although I couldn't explain it to my mother I knew exactly what I needed. The beautiful dresses had to feel good against my skin for me to feel good looking in them. I wanted to be caressed by the clothing. Stroked like a soft kitten. Wrapped securely in the silky materials loving embrace.

I would not tolerate anything made of wool or any kind of "blend." I didn't even like Rayon. Everything needed to be made of silk or the finest cottons to be found. If they weren't soft I wasn't going to wear them.



In a few days my new clothes were delivered and I began to wear them.

And now came another trial for me, something that I had been dreading. It is true that I had passed the ordeal of meeting the two women from Los Angeles without too much distress, but now my mother announced that we were going to drive in to Los Angeles and do some shopping.

Now that I had proper clothes and had been sufficiently trained in my deportment as a girl, she decided that I should start going out into the world and gradually meet people and get used to my feminine role in public. Some day I should make my debut, and I must train for it.

I was filled with apprehension at the idea of appearing in public in my feminine disguise, and in spite of what I really knew, I could not help feeling that people would discover, somehow, that I was really a boy in disguise.

I could not rid myself of this obsession try as I would. And so I dreaded exposing myself to the gaze of the people in the streets and in the stores. The boy in me abhorred the idea of going out dressed in girl's clothes. I was a boy, and didn't want to be a girl, or to look like one, or be taken for one or mistaken for one! But there was nothing I could do about it. My mother had made up her mind and her decision was final.

So the hateful day came when I was to go to Los Angeles. I had a feeling of dismay as my mother helped me dress. She took particular pains with my hair, and chose one of my prettiest street dresses for the occasion. I wore a pair of practically new shoes, which my mother had been saving for this occasion. Of course, they had extremely high heels, and were narrow and tight for my feet. What was with my mother and too small shoes?

But mother wanted me to look well groomed and chic when I made my first public appearance and I felt the same way myself. I wanted to look as girlish and a pretty as was possible, so as to avoid the detection I so feared.

When I was dressed, I put on my head a pretty, broad-brimmed straw hat, trimmed with tiny flowers and as I looked at myself in the mirror, I could see that I really did look very nice and that the hat was very becoming.

It shaded my face and made it all the more feminine. As I studied myself and adjusted the hat, trying it at various angles, my mother clasped a small string of pearls around my neck. I liked them. They looked very nice and were an added girlish touch.

Finally, with my hat at an attractive angle and my hair nicely arranged under it, I applied my powder puff lightly to my face, a touch of soft lipstick, picked up my bag, and voila, I was ready.

My mother looked me over carefully and could find nothing at all to criticize in my appearance. Shock! I looked in the mirror and turned this way and that to observe every little feminine touch. What I saw was a most satisfactory vision. Yes! I was a vision to behold.

My costume was flawless and again I felt that strange, pleasant, voluptuous glow steal over my whole body as I saw what a charming girl I looked. I tingled with the knowledge that I was beautiful. I was the perfect picture of a young maiden and my slender little figure and ridiculously tiny waist gave me a feeling of pride.

My little waist looked so nice that I was proud of it and, for the first time in my life, I was glad that I was laced in a tight corset. I made up my mind that I would

never again object to wearing a corset, no matter how tight, for the effect was well worth it. I even began to actually enjoy the feeling of being tightly laced. I believe now that that moment was an important turning point in the process of my feminization, for never, ever, since then, up to the present moment, have I minded wearing tight stays. This was my Epiphany!

"Epiphany: [e piph'a ny] a sudden intuitive leap of understanding, especially through an ordinary but striking occurrence."

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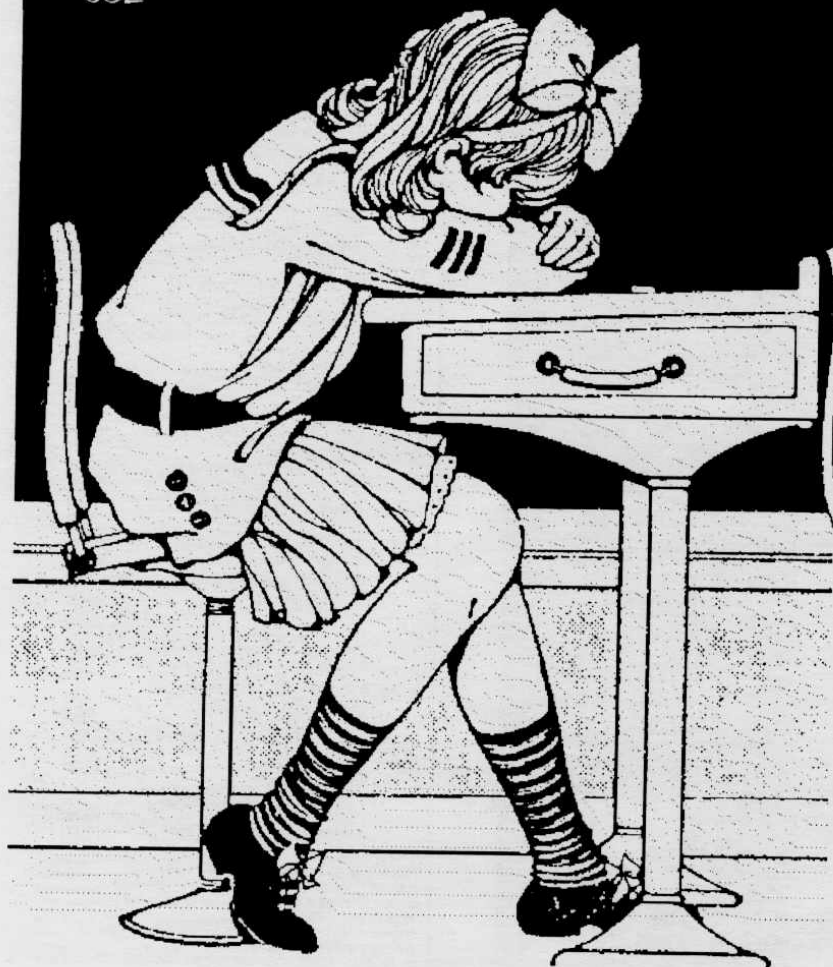
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OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With 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 & 49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 & 51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS &

BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady!

His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE

MOM #65 & 66

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

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

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

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

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels!

Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

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

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

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

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

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

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

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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

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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

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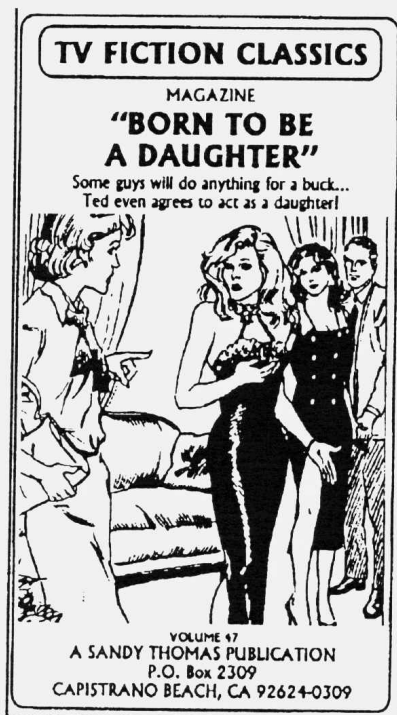
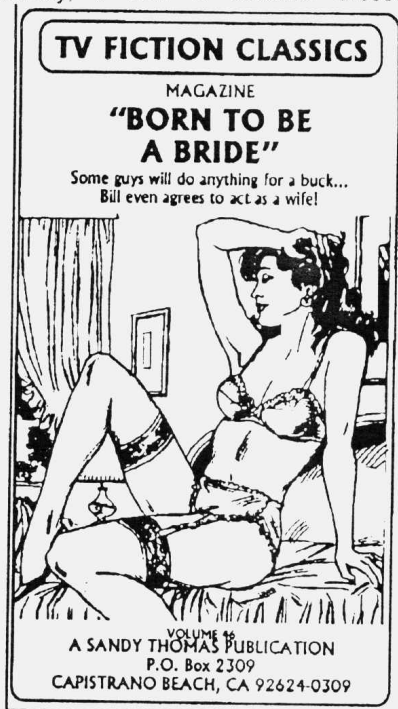
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