

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY II"



A CLASSIC TALE OF A YOUNG MAN
TAKING HIS SISTER'S PLACE!
VOLUME 01B -- PART TWO

Published By
SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
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"YOU WILL BECOME A GIRL"

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**"When a thing ceases to be a subject of controversy,
it ceases to be a subject of interest."**

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY II

"YOU WILL BECOME A GIRL"

CHAPTER 1

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

Few boys have been more miserable than I was as I reluctantly followed my mother out of the house to the car for our trip to Los Angeles. I was filled with embarrassment at the idea of appearing in public in my feminine attire and I dreaded the ordeal, which my mother was forcing upon me.

I had a feeling of hatred for her and bitterly resented the cruel way she treated me in forcing me to dress as a girl.

I felt "all boy" and hated my costume and longed to wear my natural boy's clothes. I hated my severely laced corset, my tight high-heeled shoes, my dress, my big picture hat, and my made-up, pretty girlish face.

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I loathed and despised being made to look like a girl. The whole thing was utterly distasteful to me, except for one thing. I liked my girlish hair. It was soft, silky, golden and rich. It had grown down to my shoulders, and I wore it hanging loose.

I wore little ringlets at the ends of my tresses, a most becoming style for a young girl. In spite of my boyish feeling, which was very strong at the time, I actually took pride in my pretty hair, and the idea of ever cutting it was very distasteful. It looked really cute peeking out from under my big, stupid hat.

It was a beautiful spring day, bright and sunny, so my mother ordered the top of our convertible to be opened. I had hoped it would be left up and thus afford me at least some protection from the gaze of the public as we drove along.

But that was not to be, and I was exposed and in full view of passers-by. It was my first appearance in public as a girl, and I shrank from the idea of having people see me in my feminine clothes. For, feeling entirely like a boy, I could not help feeling that everybody who saw me would see at once that I was a boy, dressed as a girl, and would laugh at me and ridicule me, and wonder why I was in that silly disguise.

I could not rid myself of that idea, though I tried to assure myself by recalling how I looked when I stood before the mirror just before I left my room. For what I saw was reflected was a girl, and a pretty one at that, and by no stretch of the imagination could anybody see anything resembling a boy when they looked at me.

And yet I had the feeling and consciousness of being a boy, and was unable to rid myself of the thought that everybody would take me for a boy disguised as a girl. I grew hot all over and could feel myself blushing violently. I really knew that I looked like a girl, but feeling all boy I was sure, in spite of myself, that people would recognize me as a boy.

As we rolled smoothly along from Beverly Hills toward Los Angeles, I was filled with humiliation, embarrassment and dread. I imagined that everybody we passed was looking at me with amusement, and laughing at me.

I did not dare look around, but kept my eyes straight ahead. I longed to shrink through the floor and disappear. My mind was in a whirl, and I was suffering deeply.

As we approached Los Angeles, through Hollywood there were more and more people, and soon we were stopped at an intersection by the traffic.

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Out of the corner of my eye I saw two men staring at me. Suddenly one made a remark to the other. Next they both appeared to laugh. I blushed furiously, for I was sure that they had penetrated my disguise and were laughing at me.

My mother was watching me closely, and as we started on again she asked me why I was blushing and acting so embarrassed. I told her that those men back there had been laughing at me. This angered my mother and I could see that she was disgusted with me.

"What a silly girl you are, Lucy," she said. "Those men were not laughing at you. And why should they? I might as well tell you now, though it may make you vain, that you, with your golden hair, nice complexion and cute little figure, are an attractive girl. A very pretty girl who is bound to attract the attention of people, and especially men, wherever you go." She went on and on.

"Those men were smiling at you, and with looks of admiration. You might as well get used to it, for it will be your lot in life."

Naturally my mother's remarks reassured me, and gave me some confidence, and yet I could not get over my resentment at her determined efforts to turn me into a girl.

I did not want to be a pretty girl who would attract the attention of men. I loathed the idea. I wanted to be a normal boy, dressed in boy's clothes and living the life of a boy, instead of the restricted feminine life my mother had forced on me now for several months.

At the moment I hated my mother and wondered if I could not suddenly jump out of the car and make my escape. I wanted to get away from her and be my natural self. But of course, I realized that such a plan was impossible. How could I run away? How, dressed as I was in my severe corsets, tight dress and extreme high heels?

I could not run a dozen steps. I was as much imprisoned by my clothes as though I was in the local jail. I was practically helpless.

I could only totter along trippingly in my high heels, and an attempt to run or even walk rapidly in my compressing stays left me breathless. The reader can readily understand how I, a normal boy, resented being trussed up in feminine garments and unable to move in a free and natural manner.

My naturally boyish spirits were repressed and I could not have any fun, or indulge in any athletic pastimes or sports. In my tightly laced corset and extreme high heels I found it impossible to take anything but short, mincing steps. I could not walk like a boy to save my life.

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And my mother had forced me to live the confined and restricted indoor life of a girl, directing all my thoughts and actions along feminine lines. I was only allowed to think about sewing, fancy work, beauty, culture, clothes, hats, hair-dressing, cosmetics, jewelry and constantly being reminded about my appearance and clothing.

I was always fussing with my hair and makeup and always striving to look as attractive as possible and being egged on by my mother, herself a beautiful woman who had been all her life a slave to her looks and beauty. She had always been tightly laced in corsets from her girlhood days, and told me that she formerly had had an 18-inch waist.

Now, as I knew, her waist measured at least 20 inches, giving her a most majestic hourglass figure, through severe lacing. (*Note: this book was written some years ago, when the small waist was "de rigueur," and every woman strived for an 18-inch waist.)

Soon we were stopped again by traffic, and though I still felt very timid and self-conscious, I summoned up enough courage to cast a glance at the passers-by on the sidewalk.



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I wanted to assure myself that the men were not laughing at me and that they took me for a girl. As I turned my head my eyes fell on the face of a good-looking young man standing near the curb. He quickly smiled at me and I could not miss the look of admiration in his glance.

I quickly dropped my eyes but a feeling of relief ran through me. At last I was convinced that my mother was right. I was taken for an attractive girl and nobody suspected my real sex.

I was able to relax and to take note of people passing on the street. My mother chatted with me and called my attention to the fact that many of the women we saw had dyed their hair. They were artificial blondes with black eyes and highly made up complexions.

My mother showed me that these blondes, with a choice of color for their hair, had chosen for the most part, the shade of my own natural vivid blonde golden hair. She thus proved that this was the most desired color and that I was most fortunate in having this shade naturally.

I had inherited my hair and complexion from my dapper, rather effeminate English father, who had been a decided blond, with pink cheeks. He was a small, slender man like myself.

I now watched the passing girls and soon learned to spot those who were natural and

those with dyed hair. Occasionally we saw a natural blonde, but usually she appeared to be of German or Scandinavian descent. Most local girls appeared to be brunettes.

My mother and I also discussed the clothing, hats and figures of the women and girls, and I found myself picking out the dresses and ensembles, which would be becoming to me. I was again in a feminine mood and really enjoying the drive, fresh air and sights of the big city.

But as we approached downtown, where we were to do our shopping I once more felt "all boy," and dreaded getting out of the car and walking across the sidewalk, in close contact with the crowds. Surely, I thought, if they saw me so closely, they will see that I am a boy, and not a girl at all. And I dreaded going into the shop, with its crowd of customers, and being fitted in shoes by a clerk, who would be able to inspect me so closely.

Would my secret be discovered? I took my little mirror from my bag, and glanced at myself. I was reassured and as I powdered my nose I was entirely confident that I looked like a girl and nothing else.

We exited the car in front of a large and fashionable shoe shop. As I daintily tripped in my high heels across the walk I noticed glances of admiration from two or three men. I even ven-

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tured to smile a little and was pleased to see that I was successful in my feminine role.

I even thought that in the future I would have some fun deceiving the men I came into contact with. How funny it would be to fool them, as they can be such fools. I could toy with them and flirt with them all the while them thinking I was a girl. I chuckled to myself and my spirits rose.

Soon I found myself in a chair in the shop and the clerk, a young man, a handsome man I'll add, was kneeling before me and taking off my shoe. He told my mother, "The shoes she's wearing are too small. They are a size too narrow."

My mother acted confused but remarked, "Her feet are still growing." She began making excuses saying that after all, this was why we were in the store in the first place. To replace my shoes that had become too small. And she noted that we had come in a car and that I had not had to walk too far.

The clerk measured my feet and went into the back to see what he had in my size. He brought out several different shoes that were very similar to what I had worn in. They were, of course, a snug fit, and had the same extremely high heels as my old ones. The good news was that these were wider and more comfortable in comparison to the tight shoe of my

sister Lucille that I had been forced by my mother to wear.

Any other boy, putting on these high-heeled shoes for the first time, would have voted them extremely uncomfortable, but to me they felt delightful.

In contrast to what I had been wearing these were fabulous! I was filled with pleasure at the idea that from now on I would be wearing shoes that were a fit and did not tightly squeeze my feet. Ah, the simple things.

Mother naturally ordered several different pairs to go with my various outfits. In fact, when we left the store I was wearing one of my new pairs of shoes, which felt very comfortable and roomy. I did not mind the heels, being used to them.

My mother also ordered a pair of pretty slippers for me to be worn with my negligee in my bedroom, but they had the same high heels as my other shoes. I had hoped for something lower, but Mother would not consent to that.

We now walked along the street, window-shopping, and I found myself feeling thoroughly feminine. I was beginning to take an interest in the beautiful things we saw displayed. Mother and I discussed the styles and I pictured to myself which of the dresses would look good on me.

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As a climax to our day, we went into a trendy new hat shop and I had the thrill of sitting before a mirror and trying on various hats. Mother let me select two or three that we liked and that she felt were attractive on me.

This was a new experience for me and I was intrigued by having the pretty salesgirl adjust the hats on my golden head. I was pleased when she told me that my hair was very pretty. She even complimented me further about my makeup and clothes. Me, a boy!

I thoroughly enjoyed inspecting myself in the mirror wearing all the different hats. I got a very pleasant sensation when seeing how much I looked like a pretty girl especially after fooling a real girl.

I felt completely feminine, and thought of myself as a girl, and forgot that I was nothing but a boy. Obviously my mother's efforts to feminize me were paying off.

My confidence in myself in my girlish role was now fully restored and I knew that I could play the part without any fear of detection. In fact, ever since that day, up to the present time, through all the years that I have been a "girl," my real sex has never been discovered or even suspected.

Nobody has ever dreamed that this pretty girl is in reality a boy, though I have many times

been in close contact with people, especially women, who would be quick to detect my disguise if it were not perfect.

So naturally I lost all fear of detection and felt perfectly natural as a girl. I think I most enjoyed playing the part in public better than when at home.

After leaving the hat shop we strolled leisurely along the boulevard. We stopped to look at the window display of a fashionable jewelry store. Both Mother and I admired the pretty baubles offered for sale. My mother had given me some simple jewelry that was suitable for a young girl my age.

She gave me a necklace, bracelets and finger rings, and I very much liked to wear them. Of course, I had no earrings, as my ears were not pierced.

I was determined that my ears should not be pierced, and would resist it with all my power. I felt that if once my ears were pierced, it would be a lasting mark of my feminization.

At that time I had not given up the idea that some day I would become a boy again and dress in my natural boy's clothing. No one ever said I was the smartest!

I knew that pierced ears would look ridiculous on a man and that I would be branded for life. Mother had never said anything to me

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about wearing earrings but as we were looking at a display of them in the shop window, I noticed that she was looking first at the earrings and then glancing at my face and ears.

I knew instinctively that she was thinking how I would look with earrings. I had a feeling of apprehension and fear, for I knew my mother's strong and ruthless will only too well. I knew that if she decided that I should have my ears pierced and wear earrings; I would have a terrible struggle to prevent it. But she said nothing and I soon forgot my fears.

After window-shopping we went to a fashionable restaurant for lunch. After my mother introduced me to the mysteries of the ladies' room, where we powdered our noses and repaired our makeup, I found myself actually enjoying following the head waiter down the aisle to our table in my feminine guise, conscious of the admiring looks of other customers.

That was my first time in a public restaurant as a girl and I enjoyed the delicious meal that we ordered and felt quite at home and contented at being a girl, at least in looks. I ate heartily for I had become so accustomed to my tightly laced corset that I could do so without being distressed as I had been when I first donned corsets.

I looked around me at the people at the other tables and at the next table, directly facing me I noticed a nice looking boy about my own age. He was staring at me with what I took to be a look of admiration. I was filled with a spirit of mischief and decided to have some fun with the boy. I couldn't help thinking what a joke it was to fool him.

It would be so amusing to flirt with him as though I was a real girl. I would test my powers as a girl. And so I looked him straight in the eye and smiled coyly. I quickly lowered my lids until I could feel my long lashes sweeping my cheeks. I knew instinctively that this was very attractive to a male.

After that I occasionally glanced his way and could see his ardent looks of admiration. It was great fun for me and I chuckled inwardly to think how stunned he would feel if he knew that the attractive girl he was trying to flirt with was nothing but a boy, like himself.

Soon we left the restaurant and stopped at a perfume store. My mother always used a certain individual perfume, which she loved. Up until this time, since I had been dressing as a girl, my mother had allowed me to use it. Now Mother told me that I should choose my own personal perfume, which I should always use. It would be distinctive with me, and the scent was

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one, which people would always identify with me.

There was a huge variety of bottles all of various scents. Most of them seemed to be French and were very strong. I smelled many of them and finally found one that smelled delightful to me. It had an odor I was sure to enjoy.

The perfume I chose was very strong and pungent and was called *Nuit de Noel*. My mother bought me a bottle of the perfume and also a face powder with the same scent. It had a light color, which my blond complexion required.

From that day until the present time I have never changed from the scent in my perfume and powder. I always use it liberally, as it makes me feel more feminine and attractive. But I did not think of that at that time. My real desire to become feminine and more attractive came later as the reader will learn if he or she continues to read this, my autobiography.

Next we got into our car and drove home in the glorious sunshine. I found myself enjoying the ride and the fresh air and change of scenery. It should be remembered that I had been practically a prisoner in our home ever since the time, several months ago, when I had begun wearing my dead sister's clothes. I had never been allowed outdoors except in our garden enclosed with its high wall.

I truly hoped that this would be only the first of a long series of trips to Los Angeles and that I should have some interesting experiences and adventures in my role as a girl and young lady. Girls just want to have fun.

I felt that never again would I mind wearing feminine apparel in public, being sure that nobody would suspect my real sex and thus embarrass me and make me ashamed of my disguise. I knew now that I could pass as a girl and had complete confidence in myself, and even felt proud of the fact that I could take the part of a girl so perfectly, and even be considered pretty. Yes, it would have really sucked if I were ugly!

That evening, as I was changing from my day clothes to an evening gown for dinner, as was my invariable custom, I stood before my mirror in my bedroom. As I brushed and combed my hair, I reviewed the events of the day in my mind, and found that my thoughts were in a confused state. I could not decide whether I wanted to be a boy or a girl.

I recalled how I had felt "all boy" when we left the house that morning, how I had hated my feminine role, and how I had dreaded being exposed to the public gaze dressed as a girl.

And then I remembered how later on, after I had bought my new shoes and was trying on hats, I had changed and felt "all girl," and re-

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mained in that mood for the rest of the afternoon.

I recalled the looks of admiration and downright lust on the part of some men and my flirtation and apparent conquest of the boy in the restaurant. What fun it had been to deceive him like I did!

Though I was at the time innocent and uninformed on such matters, I realized instinctively that I actually had sex appeal as a girl. How strange that seemed to me. Did I want to be a boy or did I want to be a girl in the future? I could not make up my mind. Part of me was “boy” and part was “girl.” I wondered which would win.

I realized that the girl had been constantly gaining ground in me, owing to my mother’s methods of feminizing me. It had never ceased since the day I donned my first corset. How I had hated it all at first. But now there were long periods when I thought of myself as a girl and liked to be one, or at least to be dressed as one and live the life of one.

The boy in me tried hard to fight off the desire of being a girl, but I knew that it was apt to be a losing battle, though I did not for some time give up the struggle. And so I finished my evening ritual and surveyed myself in the mirror in a critical manner to see if anything was amiss.

And what I was was entirely satisfactory to the girl in me. There could be no doubt about it.

I certainly looked the part of a pretty girl, and it gave me a distinct glow of pleasure to see what an attractive girl I appeared to be. Yes, I admired myself and realized how vain I was becoming. There was danger of being conceited about my looks, but what the heck. I was just plain beautiful!

But then I realized that my severe mother would do all in her power to prevent that. What she wanted in me was a very feminine, modest and subdued daughter, who would obey unquestioningly her every wish, whim and command. Remembering her past punishments and her ability to punish me in the future and my helplessness and weakness in her hands, I feared that as long as she live she would absolutely dominate me and force me to do just what she wished.

And that, as I knew only too well, was to make me into a girl. I knew that she was succeeding in her obsession, in spite of all I could do to resist it. Was it worthwhile to resist further, or should I yield to the feminine instinct, which was constantly growing stronger in me? The boy in me said "no" and so I decided to fight it off, and not give up the hope of some day becoming a boy again.

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With these thoughts in mind I completed my dressing and with a final glance in the glass I went down to dinner. I was in high girlish spirits after my exciting day in the city and had not felt so happy since my days as a boy. My mother noticed my vivacity and was very much pleased to see it. She knew my every mood and could read me like a book. She at once recognized that fact that I was all feminine in my feelings and appeared to be glad that I was a girl.

And for the time being I was. We chatted gaily during dinner and my mother complimented me on the way I had conducted myself during my first venture in public. I had pleased her and she said she was very proud of her pretty little daughter. It pleased me in turn, to be called pretty, which showed that my feelings were those of a girl.

For as a boy, I would have resented being called "pretty," as any normal boy would do. My mother had noticed the little flirtation I had carried on with the boy in the restaurant...nothing escaped her vigilant eye. While she did not forbid me from doing likewise in the future, she warned me to be very careful and not overstep the bounds of a well-bred young lady.

We retired to the family room and passed a pleasant evening. I went to bed early, being somewhat tired after the excitements of my first day out in public. After saying good night,

Mother told me that we would again go into Los Angeles in the morning and I should dress myself accordingly.

I was delighted with the plan, for I loved to get out and away from our prison of a house and see something of life and people outside our dull home.

MY SECOND VISIT TO LOS ANGELES

I was up early the next morning and took unusual pains with my dressing in anticipation of my second visit to the city. I put on one of my pretty new hats, which I thought very pretty, and a pair of my new comfortable shoes.

I wore a little form-fitting black dress that set off my figure with its tiny waist to the best advantage. I was proud of my 17-inch waist and wanted my dress to fit tightly so as to show it off. Why have such a neat little waist, I thought, unless people could see and admire it?

It was another lovely spring day and I greatly enjoyed the drive through Beverly Hills then over the hill into Los Angeles. At one point we passed some tennis courts where I saw girls playing tennis. I noticed that they were dressed really cute and played well and gracefully. I wondered if I could also learn to play for I longed for recreation and exercise.

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I spoke to my mother about it, but she promptly put her foot down. She said she did not approve of tennis or other athletics for girls, as it tended to make them masculine and developed unsightly muscles. And don't forget the sun! I thought of my arms. Through lack of exercise they were free of any bulging muscles such as a boy would have.

My arms were round, smooth and creamy white like a girl's. I was disappointed for I had hoped that perhaps my mother would some day let me play tennis or indulge in some other sport suitable for a girl.

But evidently it was not to be. I was to be brought up delicately and in a genteel feminine manner, like a hothouse flower.

My mother had not mentioned what we were going to Los Angeles for, except to say that we were going shopping. I knew it was no use to ask her what we were going to buy, for if she had wanted me to know, she would have told me. I knew that it would anger her if I asked questions.

As we drove along I was entirely at ease in my girlish role in sharp contrast to the way I had felt the day before at the beginning of our drive. I was enjoying myself and looked about at the people, the traffic and the general street scenes. I noticed that my mother and I attracted

a good deal of attention on the part of passers-by, as on the previous day but this time I was not embarrassed or ashamed of being dressed like a girl.

I knew that I looked pretty and attractive to the men who stared at me, and occasionally I ventured to smile at one of them discretely, and watch the reaction, which was always favorable. This was very amusing to me and even gave me a little thrill. The same as any girl feels when she attracts the favorable attention of one of the male persuasion.

I was a boy and yet more and more getting to have a girl's thoughts and feelings. My living as a girl was slowly but surely changing my nature, and my mother was having her way with me. I found myself feeling surprised that the "boy" in me did not greatly resent it.

We passed through the streets and finally Mother instructed our driver to stop at a jewelry store, a very well known shop, where we had window shopped the previous day. We entered the shop and Mother went at once to the counter where earrings were on display and began to examine them.

I at once felt a premonition and a feeling of fear and distress. Was my mother going to buy earrings for me? That would mean having my ears pierced to which I had decided I would nev-

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er consent. And I found that my fears were well founded for my mother asked me to look at the earrings and select the ones I liked best.

I told her I did not want any earrings and refused to pick out any. I could see that she was angry with me but she did not want to rebuke me before the clerk. Instead she chose three pairs, one of small pearls that would be close-fitting to the ears, another of gold of medium length and the third pair, a long and dangling set with small diamonds, and as I noticed in spite of myself, quite flashy and attractive. These were suitable to wear with an evening gown.

I feared what was coming, and, to my dismay, my mother asked the clerk if there was a place in the store where ears were pierced. He directed us to the second floor, and with dragging, reluctant feet I followed my resolute mother into a room where there was a woman in charge.

A glance at the table showed me what I instantly recognized as the instruments for the piercing of my ears. There were needles, lamps to heat them, cotton and bottles of disinfectants.

"I want you to pierce my daughter's ears," my mother told the woman.

"Certainly," she said, "sit right down in this chair and we will do it in a jiffy."

A wave of anger surged through my body. I would not submit to this humiliation. I would not have my ears pierced. It would brand me forever as a girl.

Some day I wanted to be a boy again. How could I with the telltale holes in my ears? No man could go about in public with pierced ears without being laughed at, ridiculed.

How could he explain it? He could not say that he had lived as a girl. Nobody would understand that. And so he would constantly be ashamed of his pierced ears. No, it was impossible. So summoning all my courage, with my face blazing with anger, I said:

"I do not want to have my ears pierced. I will never let anybody do that to me. I refuse to submit to it!"

"Why Lucille," said my mother, restraining her temper in the presence of the lady. "Of course you want your ears pierced so you can wear earrings like other girls. You are now old enough to wear them and they will be very becoming and I know if you try them you will love wearing them."

My feelings were overwrought, and I am ashamed to say that instead of acting like a boy, I acted like a hysterical girl and burst into angry tears.

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"No, no, no," I sobbed. "I will not have my ears pierced. You can't make me do it. I won't stand for it. I won't hold my head still. I refuse to have it done. I don't want to wear earrings. I won't have holes in my ears. You must leave me alone. You can't do it. I won't let you!"

And this I protested passionately, with all the courage of my boyish instincts, yet crying and sobbing like a girl.

Both the masculine and the feminine in me were at work. I was inwardly ashamed of my girlish tears, which rolled copiously down my cheeks, but I had been so feminized that I found it impossible to restrain them. And so I cried and sobbed as any young girl might have done when greatly distressed, as I was.

As I look back on that scene today, as I write these lines, having now been totally feminized for some years and having long since lost all my masculine traits; it is difficult for me to comprehend my boyish feelings at the time and to think why I should object to having my ears pierced. I marvel at the courage I displayed in resisting my mother.

Today, as a girl, I find it impossible to picture myself as a boy and to understand a boy's feelings. It does not seem possible that I could have refused to have my ears pierced, for I love to wear earrings. I have worn them for years. I

find it impossible to imagine myself not want to have my ears pierced so that I could wear earrings.

But at that time I really was a boy, and the boy in me predominated and with all my soul I loathed the idea of being more feminized by having my ears pierced for earrings.

Today, it seems to me, who has been completely transformed into a girl, except in one important physical aspect, that it was laughable the way I resisted.

My memory is vivid, and I can assure the reader that it was to my boyish senses far from a laughing matter. In fact, it was a dire tragedy, and I believe no boy ever suffered more mental anguish that I did at that time.

The lady, of course, did not know the secret of my sex (nobody ever has except my mother) and so misunderstood my objections.

"Don't be afraid, dear," she said. "There is very little pain, and it will be over soon. You will hardly feel it. I have pierced the ears of hundreds of young ladies and they did not object. Surely you can stand a little pain. You can stand as much as those other girls, none of whom ever whimpered. It will be over quickly and think how nice it will be to put on pretty earrings in a day or two," she tried to convince me.

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"They will look very nice on you, I am sure. They'll make you look prettier and more like a young lady. You will look more grown up and when you see yourself with earrings on, I know you will be delighted with your appearance. You will thank your mother and me for having made it possible by piercing your ears. Now, just sit still and do not move your head and it will quickly be over."

But I continued to sob passionately and repeat that I would not have it done, so finally the lady and my mother gave up. Mother stood up quickly and stormed out of the store with me in close pursuit.

I could see that my mother was furious with me. Her eyes blazed with anger. I had disobeyed her and embarrassed her in front of a stranger. This was something that she would not take from me.

We made our way to our car and drove towards home. Not a word did Mother utter during the entire trip. She was fuming and boiling over with rage. All the while I was still boyishly defiant, yet I was filled with dread of the consequences of my rashness in refusing to yield to the wishes of my mother.

As I have said before, it was an obsession of my mother's to turn me into a girl to replace my dead sister, Lucille. I now realized more than

ever that my mother's mind was really unbalanced on any subject that had to do with me.

My father had died when I was fifteen and his death was a great shock to my mother. Lucille's death was an additional shock, which I now know, unbalanced my mother's mind. I knew this was where she got the obsession of turning me into my sister, which to her became a life's work.

Her every thought and effort hinged upon making me into a girl. Nothing would deter her. I had now been living as a girl for several months, and had been the unwilling and suffering victim of her obsession.

In an earlier chapter I told how I suffered agonies from being laced, night and day, in terribly compressing corsets. My mother had ruthlessly drawn me in until I finally achieved an unusually small waist. It was small, even for a girl, measuring but 17 inches.

From the day that my mother first put me in dresses, she, in her mental state, had always thought of me as a girl. I was her daughter Lucille. Of course there can be no doubt that deep in the back of her mind she knew that I really was a boy, but she suppressed that idea and fostered in her mind the one that I was truly Lucille.

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Nothing would make her more angry, in those early days, than for me to refer to myself as a boy. I was punished for it so often that I ceased doing it for it angered her so. For she was cruel and had no pity on me when it came to transforming me into the image of her beloved Lucille.

And so from force I came to act the part and, dressing and living as a girl and always being treated as lone, I soon got t feel like one, and lately, for long periods, I thought of myself as a girl. I completely forgot that I was really a boy.

The earring episode had brought back to me my male feelings, and they stayed with me for some time, as I am about to relate.

And so, as we drove back to Beverly Hills, my feelings were all masculine and I loathed being dolled up as a girl. For the first time in a long while, I was acutely aware of my tight corsets. How I hated their discomfort. How I hated wearing skirts and a silly hat. I hated my tight high-heeled shoes. I even hated my long curls, which before I had been so fond of. I hated my pretty, girlish face with its dazzling complexion.

I hated being made up, scented and beautified like a girl. Was any other boy in the world so cruelly treated I wondered? Was he being made to look like a girl when all he wanted was to be a natural boy?

I could see that I was being stared at, as usual, by passers-by, and could not help seeing their looks of admiration. But this time they made me angry and burning with shame. I loathed being taken for an attractive young girl, and with all my soul I longed to change to masculine clothing and to be a boys. This was my natural right.

Any boy or man who reads this can readily understand my feelings, which were entirely natural for a boy. No doubt they, and women readers, too, however, will fail to understand my feelings when I considered myself as a girl. And I confess that I do not understand them myself, but the fact remains.

The best explanation, as I mulled the matter over, seemed to be that I had my father to thank, or blame for it all. I decided that it must be a matter of heredity. I remember my dear father very well. He was an Englishman, small, dapper, with light hair and a fair complexion. I had always adored him but now I realized that he was an effeminate man much as I hate to use the word in connection with him.

Of course, I was now extremely effeminate myself, and as I thought it over, I became convinced that I had inherited the trait from my father. Her was a very handsome little man and he appealed to my mother because he was diametrically the opposite of her.

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Being a big, dominating woman, she wanted to take care of him. When she met him and married him, I am sure that the maternal instinct in her was what induced the step. It was a love match and they were very happy together. My mother, being somewhat of the masculine type of woman, liked her opposite, the feminine type of man.

My father loved to be dominated by her and she loved to do it. This is why it was a perfect match and they lived in complete harmony up to the time of his sad death. My father was wealthy, having inherited his money, but he engaged in his own business, which was successful and increased his fortune.

In England, as a boy, my father had attended a prominent school and I recalled how he used to delight in telling me how he had taken part in the school's plays and had always been cast for the part of a girl. He told me with much pride, that he had been "leading lady" in these plays for the six years he was there. He said he had been very successful in the roles and had invariably made a hit.

In fact, so well had he impersonated girls that the boys in the school had always called him by the nickname of "Rosie." Strangely, he had not resented this nickname, but was rather proud of it thinking it referred as much to his

rosy complexion as it did to his remarkable ability to enact feminine roles.

He once told me that in spite of the fact that he was so girlish looking (through no fault of his own,) he was very popular at school. He was so small and delicate that he never got involved in any fights, and he was always under the wing of the big boys of the school, who admired his ability to take feminine parts in the shows.

I still have some photographs of my father taken at school in feminine costume, and there can be no question that he made a very pretty girl. In the pictures his hands and feet look small and his tapering waist shows that he was tightly corseted.

So it appears that undoubtedly I inherit from my father my small stature, my small hands and feet. Also my golden hair, my blue eyes, my small, regular girlish face, my light complexion; in short, my feminine looks and my ability to take the part of a girl so well all come from my father.

My father was thoroughly masculine, though he had a rather feminine appearance. I had inherited his feminine appearance, but was I masculine? That question tormented me greatly. I wished to be masculine, but slowly but surely I was becoming feminine in thought and looks.

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Could I do anything to prevent it? I decided that I would do my utmost.

While these thoughts flashed through my mind, I was acutely conscious of my angry mother sitting beside me, not uttering a word. I was in a defiant mood, but at the same time filled with apprehension. I was sure that my mother would not let my disobedience and refusal to carry out her wishes, in regard to having my ears pierced, go without punishment.

And I dreaded her punishment. I knew from past experience that it would be cruel and very humiliating to me, as a boy. And so I worried and wondered what she would do to me. I tried to summon my boyish courage and make up my mind that I would endure her punishment without whimpering. Whatever it was, I would be brave.

We arrived home and ate lunch in silence. I was in disgrace. Right afterward my left for another visit to the city. I would have loved to go with her for the ride but I did not dare ask her. I knew that she would refuse. I did not know, of course, what the object of her trip was but I had a sinking feeling that it had to do with me and my punishment to come. It made me very anxious.

So I spent an uncomfortable afternoon at my usual feminine tasks: sewing, fancy work and

piano lessons. I could not take my mind off the future and what my mother would do to me for having defied her. I was an unhappy "girl" and the hours dragged. My mother returned before dinner so I dressed for the meal. However, it was a dreary affair for my mother maintained her silence and only spoke to me when it was necessary.

I passed a bad night, rolling and tossing in my bed worrying. How I hated my cruel mother. I longed to run away and escape from her clutches. A dozen plans entered my mind as they often had in the past months. Somehow, I planned, I would obtain some boy's clothes and run away to Los Angeles and get work. I was sure with my skill that I could get work as a hairdresser or in a beauty parlor. But how was I to get the boy's clothing? I had no money and no friends who would help me. I dare not ask the household staff.

Then I thought that I would run away as a girl and get work in Los Angeles. With my figure I would make a good mannequin in one of the ladies' dress shops. Or I could be a model in a corset shop. I would live as a girl for a time until I could save up enough money to buy a complete outfit of male clothing. Then I would make the change to my proper sex.

But there were so many difficulties. I was sure that my mother would pursue me and hire

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detectives to find me. And how could I get to Los Angeles? I had not a penny and no chance of getting any money. It was too far to walk in my high heels, and my mother would chase me in the car and soon catch me if I went on foot

Another plan was to go on the stage, either as a girl (I thought I was pretty enough) or as a man doing a female impersonation. But who would believe that I was a man? These and other plans flashed through my mind as I lay in bed trying to go to sleep. I finally did but only to dream.

I dreamed that I was a boy again, dressed in my comfortable clothes, running, skipping about, playing and having a good time with other boys. It was a delightful dream but then I suddenly woke with a start. Before I was fully awake I wondered if I really was a boy again. But alas, no!

I felt my long girlish hair about my face and on my pillow. I felt my silken nightdress and I was acutely aware of my tight corset squeezing my waist. For my mother insisted that I continue to wear my stays, night and day.

I switched on the light flooding the room and glanced at my reflection in the several mirrors on the walls. Of course, what I was was a girl, without the slightest resemblance to a boy.

With a sad sigh I turned out the light and went back to sleep.

For three or four days I was very unhappy. My mother's angry attitude continued and she never spoke to me except when necessary, to give me orders and to tell me what to do. During these days I was filled with a feeling of apprehension, a dread of the future. I felt sure my mother would not let me go unpunished. What form would the punishment take, I kept wondering.

It was constantly on my mind, and I worried by day and had difficulty in sleeping at night. Thoughts of escape were always in my mind, but I could not decide upon any plan that was practical or that might possibly meet with any success.

Then one morning my mother again went into Los Angeles without me on some mysterious errand. What could it be? After she left the house, I went cautiously to her room. I wanted to see if she had left some money there. If I could find a sufficient sum, I thought I would take it and run away. I could pay my fare by train or bus to some place where I could go into hiding and perhaps get some work to earn my living.

I would not go anywhere near our home because my mother would surely search for me

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nearby. No, I would go to some other area, perhaps south to San Diego where she would not be likely to look for me.

With these thoughts in mind, I began to go through the drawers of her dresser where I knew she sometimes kept her purse.

While I was in the midst of my search, rummaging through a drawer, the door suddenly burst open and my mother's personal maid entered. I was caught in the act and I could feel myself turning red and behaving in a very guilty manner.

"What are you up to, Miss Lucille?" she asked me. "I know you are looking for money. You are trying to steal from your own mother. I shall tell her about it the minute she returns, you bad girl!"

Now, this maid hated me, as I knew very well. She was large and strong, dark and ugly, but a skillful lady's maid. She did very well for my exacting mother. However, her dislike for me was due to the fact that often my mother had dismissed her from the room and let me do her hair.

She often told the maid that I did it better, and so she was jealous of me. She felt this reflected on her skill as a hairdresser. But, as I told in a previous chapter, I had become very skillful at hairdressing, and my mother pre-

ferred my work. The doing of my mother's hair had been one of my few pleasures since I had begun living as a girl.

I had loved to brush it, comb it, handle the dark silky mass and do it up in a pretty coiffure. Now that I was in disgrace, would I ever be permitted to do it again?

I told the maid that I thought some of my things were mixed in with my mother's and I was looking for them. I begged her not to say anything about it. But she said I was not to be allowed to rummage in my mother's room while she was away. She was sure that I wanted to steal something, maybe money, and that she felt it was her duty to tell my mother what I had done.

With that she left the room. I went to the family room and tried to distract my mind with my embroidery, but found it impossible. The report of me going secretly to Mother's room would make her all the more angry with me, if such a thing was possible. I feared that my punishment would be all the more severe, so I worried myself sick and was very unhappy.

After a time, I heard the car drive up and I peeked out the window and saw my mother coming in with some mysterious looking bundles. What could they be, I wondered? Did they concern me? I was sure that they did and imagined

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all sorts of things. One package was long and slender, the shape of a corset box. Had she bought me a new corset?

Then there was a round, bulky package and one that looked like a box of something. My mother went at once to her bedroom and was followed in immediately by her maid.

I crept into the hall and listened near the door. I could hear the maid telling my mother about my intrusion into her room and how I had rummaged in the drawers of her dresser.

I went quietly back to the family room and was busily at work with my embroidery when my mother came in. I tried to appear innocent. I was expecting an outburst of wrath from my mother, but she did not say a single word.

MY MOTHER PIERCES MY EARS

Next morning, while I was still in bed, my mother came to my room and ordered me to get up. She brought with her the box I had seen her bring into the house the day before. It was the shape of a corset box.

Mother ordered me to take off the corset in which I had slept, and so with trembling fingers I untied the laces. I let the corset out and unhooked it. My mother unwrapped the new cor-

set. It was a heavily boned one such as I had always worn since I had begun to lace. I could see by the box that it came from the manufacturer that made to order all of my own and my mother's stays.

I gave a hurried glance at the marks on the box, where the size is given. I had a sinking feeling, for I saw that it was marked Size 15. Now as the reader knows, I had been regularly wearing a Size 17 corset, which required snug lacing, and I felt that I could not possibly stand anything tighter. But alas, how well I knew my mother.

This was to be my punishment. My waist was to be laced in to 15 inches. I was to be tortured, to be nearly cut in two. This was her way of subduing, of conquering my spirits, of making me meek and girlish and obedient, and practically helpless.

I dreaded the ordeal, the pain, for well I knew, from my earlier experience, the torture of excessively tight lacing. Before hooking on the corset, the laces of which had been let out several inches, so that it would go around me, my mother went to the closet and returned with a pair of slippers. These I recognized as a pair of my late sister's.

Before I got my new shoes, I had worn this pair a few times with a dinner gown. They were

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tighter than any of the rest and had extreme high heels with pencil pointed toes. I remembered that they were very tight and uncomfortable and hard to walk in. I had avoided wearing them.

My mother ordered me to put on these slippers, which I did, squeezing my feet into them with difficulty. This then was to be my punishment, in addition to the tight lacing. I was filled with dismay, but knew it was useless to protest to my cruel mother. She was bound to have her way with me.

Next she clasped the corset around me, and laced me in. It was not bad down to my accustomed 17 inches, or course, but she continued to draw on the strings and I could feel, and see in the glass, my waist getting smaller and smaller. The force of the lacing caused me to totter and stagger on my high, narrow heels, so I was obliged to hold onto the bed to brace myself while my mother continued to lace me. When she stopped, the corset met at the back.

I had a 15-inch waist. I could span it with my two small hands. Probably no boys, and few girls, were ever laced so severely as I, I thought. I suffered extreme discomfort and some pain, and felt that I could never stand wearing that instrument of torture for any length of time. If I did, I felt that I would faint.

My legs felt numb, and I doubted whether I would be able to walk, owing to the tightness over my hips. My mother ordered me to dress and do my hair and then come to breakfast. I did these things after a struggle, and by taking tiny steps, managed to go down to the dining room. But I was unable to eat, and could only drink a cup of coffee.

My tight corsets were so stiff that I could only sit rigid on the edge of my chair. All I could think of was loosening the laces. I longed to undo them, to let up on the terrible pressure, the unbearable constriction.

I kept thinking that I could not endure it another minute, and yet the minutes passed and I had no relief. Surely, I thought, my mother has picked a fiendish way to punish me. But I had to sit there until my mother had finished her leisurely breakfast.

Finally she arose and told me to follow her to her bedroom, which I did as best I could. With the aid of the banisters I managed to climb the stairs and went into my mother's room. My heart sank to my shoes at what I saw there.

For spread out on a table were the implements for ear piercing. I recognized these only too well, having seen them in the jewelry store the day I refused to permit the operation on my ears. There were the needles, the little heating

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lamp and the bottles of disinfectants. Everything was ready. My mother had secured the tools in Los Angeles for the express purpose of piercing my ears.

I determined that I would not yield without a struggle, but first I decided to plead with my mother and try to persuade her to forego piercing my ears. So I begged her not to do it. I told her I would do anything she asked me to, if she only would not pierce my ears. I promised to be her obedient daughter as long as she lived. But I told her that after she was gone, and I was getting old and had lost my good looks, I would want to become a man again, and then I could not have pierced ears.

I would look ridiculous, and everybody would laugh at a man with holes in his ears. It was the mark of a woman. I was willing to be a woman, but without pierced ears. Surely I could be a girl without wearing earrings. Or perhaps earrings could be fastened on in some other way, without piercing my ears.

I watched my mother's face closely, but there was no sign of her relaxing. I could see the grim determination and fixed purpose. I could also see a look of anger, and I knew that it was caused by the fact that I had mentioned sometime being a man. From the time that she had begun dressing me as a girl, she had never allowed me to refer to myself as a male.

Nothing made her angrier, as I had previously found out. To her I was a girl, her daughter Lucille. For the last three months I had played the part to her satisfaction and the first hitch had come in my refusal to have my ears pierced. My mother was still very angry about that and about my going into her room and looking through her dresser drawers. So my pleadings fell on deaf ears. She was absolutely adamant and filled with determination to pierce my ears as I soon learned.

"Lucille," she said, in a severe tone of voice, "I am going to pierce your ears, whether you want it done or not, so you might just as well be a good girl and sit quietly and let me do it. It will do you no good to resist, for I have made up my mind." I squirmed uncomfortably as she spoke.

"I cannot understand why you do not want your ears pierced. You are a pretty girl, growing prettier all the time, and the wearing of earrings will add to your attractiveness. After you have put them on, you will love them and not want to go without them," she tried to convince me.

"I have planned a great future for you. You are going to develop into a beautiful woman. You have a good voice, which I am going to have trained. I am convinced that some day your voice will be so good that you can go on the stage and become a prima donna, famous and beauti-

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ful, and the toast of the town, admired and sought after." Now I thought she was really reaching.

"Who ever saw a prima donna without earrings? I don't want to hear any silly talk about you ever becoming a man. You will not lose your looks for many years. You will always be a woman and as soon as I can get some of the foolish ideas out of your mind, you will be a happy and contented young lady, glad to be one, glad to be my daughter Lucille and live with me the luxurious life of a young lady of fashion, with beautiful clothes and jewelry, and everything the heart can desire. So be a good girl, sit in that chair, hold your head perfectly still and it will all be over very quickly." I was dizzy from all her words and my tight corset.

She pointed to a chair with a high straight back and once again suggested that I sit.

But my mother had not changed me. All the manhood in me arose and I summoned all my courage to resist my mother. I would not yield; never would I have my ears pierced willingly. I would struggle against it with all my strength.

But alas, what little strength I had, with my body compressed in my tight corset! My mother had planned well to overcome my expected resistance. I was weak, as weak as a real girl, and rendered weaker by my cruelly laced stays. I

was tortured by their pressure, and by my shoes that hurt my feet. But in spite of all this, I would not yield. I would fight to the limit of my strength.

And so I defied my mother, and told her she could not pierce my ears and I would not sit in the chair.

Without a word she rang the bell and immediately her maid appeared. "Get the rope," my mother commanded. She left and shortly came back with a coil of strong cord.

The two strong women grabbed me and forced me to sit down on the chair. I became hysterical, like a girl, burst into tears, and sobbed again and again that I would not have my ears pierced.

"Tie her feet," my mother ordered the maid.

As she reached down and tried to grab one of my feet, I kicked out viciously with my dangerously spiked heels and had satisfaction of kicking the maid and inflicting a wound, which made her blood run.

This made her very angry and determined, and in spite of my kicking, she managed to seize my feet in her strong arms, and bind them with the rope closely together. The rope was then fastened to the lower rung of the chair, very tightly, and so my feet were rendered absolutely immovable.

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Next they seized my arms. I struck out with my hands and tried to hit the maid and even my mother, but they were too strong for me and forced my arms behind the chair and tied them together there so that I could not move them at all.

They wound a piece of the rope around my waist very tightly. My waist already was compressed to what I thought was the limit, but the rope bound it still tighter, and I thought I was about to faint. The rope was tied to the back of the chair, and I was practically helpless and immovable.

But I would not yield. I could still move my head, and shouted, in my agony, that I would not let them pierce my ears.

My mother put a stop to that by forcing a handkerchief in my mouth, to gag me. But my head was still free, and I kept moving it from side to side.

To stop this, my mother took a large bandage and put it around the top of my head and over my eyes to blindfold me then tied it tightly to the back of the chair, thus rendering me immovable.

I was absolutely helpless. I could not move any part of my body a fraction of an inch. It was a terrible feeling. I was undone. My manhood was slipping from me, and in spite of all I could

do; my ears were to be pierced. I was to be completely feminized. I was to be branded as a female by reason of pierced ears, which would remain with me for the rest of my life.

Perhaps some of the men who read my autobiography will understand my feelings and sympathize with me. Here I was, a normal boy, and desiring with all my heart and soul to be a boy, and nothing else, being forced by my cruel mother to dress as a girl and to become a girl and live as one, as far as physically possible.

For months I had lived as a girl and become gradually feminized in spite of myself, due to my dominant mother. And now I was in her bedroom, trussed up like a thief in a straight jacket, unable to move, and about to have my ears pierced for earrings. And I was helpless and could not prevent it. I am sure that any boy or man would have resented it bitterly, as I did. But I was doomed. The hot tears ran down my cheeks and I was filled with a feeling of utter despair.

My mother was busy with her preparations, heating the needles, and soon I heard her approach me and order her maid to hold my head.

I could feel her strong hands grasp my head and force it back against the back of the chair. I next felt a burning sensation in my left ear, and could faintly smell burning flesh. There was not

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much pain, but I realized that my left ear had been pierced.

I was undone. Further resistance was useless. I was branded as a girl for life. Soon I felt the needle piercing my right ear, and I knew that the operation was over. I had pierced ears to live with the rest of my life.

I was suffering mentally and physically and felt that hereafter life was not worth living. I even thought of suicide, so low-spirited was I at the time.

My mother and her maid now quickly unbound the ropes and released me. I was so unstrung and weak from the ordeal that I was unable to get up from the chair. My mother and her maid helped me to my room, unlaced my terrible corset, undressed me, and put me to bed. I remained there the rest of the day. At dinner-time I had recovered sufficiently to dress (but now in my usual corset) and go down to dinner.

I found that I was hungry, after my all day fast. My ears burned a little, but I was feeling much better and my mother was very kind to me, treating me as she would have treated her real daughter Lucille. Her anger had vanished.

But I was still in an angry frame of mind, sore in body and spirit, feeling very resentful of the way I had been treated and punished. I bit-

terly resented having pierced ears, which would mark me for life as a female.

I was filled with dismay at the thought that, with those telltale holes in my ears, it would be difficult, if not altogether impossible, to dress as a man. I could not ever go out in public with pierced ears. I would want to hide my head in shame. I felt that I never would be able to face the ridicule as a man with such ears.

Mother was in a happy mood. She had had her way. She had accomplished her purpose and had taken one more step, and an important one, in my feminization.

She had not spared my feelings, but now she was very pleasant and tried her best to cheer me up.

She talked about plans for my future again telling me how much I should enjoy life as a girl and woman. She again told me how much I would enjoy wearing pretty earrings.

She promised that she would see to it that I always had a wardrobe that would bring joy to the feminine heart. I should have heaps of lovely dresses, hats, shoes, lingerie, furs and jewelry. I would have everything that a girl could desire.

I should always be beautifully dressed in the latest fashion. And later on I would make my debut, have many friends and go out in society.

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I would attend balls, the opera, the theater, and dinner parties, always in the role of an attractive woman.

I was fast becoming a young lady and life form me would become more and more pleasant. I was to take singing lessons. I was to go to a private school for young ladies and have my education completed.

In spite of myself, this picture of my future that my mother painted appealed to me in some parts. I confess that already I was so feminized that the thought of all the pretty feminine things my mother promised to buy for me excited my interest.

I have already told how for months I had been studying feminine styles, under the direction of my mother, and I had learned to love pretty dresses and especially lingerie. I knew I would like jewelry and other things that a girl likes. At times, when in a girlish mood, I loved to wear this finery.

But now, smarting under my harsh treatment of the morning, the boyish feeling was uppermost and I remained in a sullen mood.

I went to bed as soon as my mother would let me, and I felt very miserable. I could not get to sleep for along time as I lay thinking about my humiliation and torture at the hands of my cruel mother and her equally cruel maid.

My body was sore from the rough treatment. My waist, wrists, and ankles smarted from the tight ropes that had bound them to the chair. I bitterly resented the manner in which I had been trussed up, unable to move, helpless as a baby. Was any other boy ever treated so cruelly?

At last I fell asleep, and had a troubled dream. I dreamed that again I was a boy in my comfortable boy's clothes playing with other boys. But suddenly I noticed that all the boys started to stare at my ears. They then laughed at me and pointed fingers of shame at me. I quickly felt my ears. To my dismay, I felt that I was wearing earrings. That was what the boys were laughing at.

I started to run but they chased after me, shouting: "Look at the boy with earrings! Look at the boy with earrings!"

I could not escape as they ran as fast as I did. Suddenly I came to the edge of a great cliff. With a loud cry, I jumped! And then I awoke with a start just as I was about to hit the ground and be smashed to pieces.

I was in a sweat and filled with terror. What a comfort it was to find myself in my own bed. I felt my ears to reassure myself that I was not

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wearing earrings. I turned on the light and looked at myself in the mirror.

As usual, I saw only a girl, with a mass of golden hair and a pretty face. I now realized how difficult it was going to be for me ever to dress as a boy, and look like a boy. I was too pretty and girlish looking. And my pierced ears made it worse.

Should I give up and become reconciled to being a girl for the rest of my life? I could not decide at the moment and as I debated the question in my mind, I fell asleep.

I WEAR MY FIRST EARRINGS

The soreness gradually left my body as well as my ears. Under the influence of my mother's pleasantness and kindness to me, my spirits rose. I lost my resentment over my pierced ears and the girl in me predominated. I again became feminine.

One day, late in the afternoon, as I was dressing for dinner, my mother came into my bedroom and placed the three pairs of earrings she had bought for me on my dressing table. They were very pretty and I examined them with much interest. I even admired them.

My mother took up the long pair with the small diamonds and put them on my ears. She

hooked the wires through the holes in my ears. The soreness had gone.

“How nice they look on you,” my mother said. “Swing your head and see if you do not like to feel them against the sides of your head.”

Looking in the mirror, I did as she told me

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I would always want to wear them, and be tightly laced in them so I would have that waistline. I was now very proud of my small waist.

And I loved the earrings and the feel of them as I swung my head from side to side and felt their long dangling stems gently strike against my cheeks. I always wanted to wear earrings, I thought. I never want to be without them. My whole nature seemed to be transformed,

ter I will always be your obedient, grateful little daughter and do everything you want me to do.”

My mother was delighted to hear me say these things. She had succeeded in making me not only look like a girl, but feel like one and want to be one. I now wanted to dress like and girl and to live as one. She had feminized my mind, my feelings, my nature, and made me delighted

60 - FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY II

There were tears in my eyes as my mother kissed me affectionately and I as I returned the same. How sweet it was.

That night, after I had undressed and was about to climb into bed in my pretty nightie, my mother called me into her room and asked me to get into bed with her.

We were a

Beverly Hills. As I glanced in the shop windows as I passed, I saw my reflection that showed I was dressed as a boy. My long hair was stuffed into a baseball cap but showed around the edges in a girlish fashion. Beneath my hat my soft, vivid feminine face showed.

I had on my corset, and the clothes fitted tightly and revealed

62 - FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY II

Suddenly a policeman appeared in front of me and stopped me. The crowd pressed in closely until I was surrounded. I felt the air closing in on me. I was at bay, and terribly distressed. Suddenly the policeman grabbed my hat and lifted it off my head. My hair tumbled down about my shoulders. The crowd began to jeer.

Then I woke up with a shudder. It had been a nightmare, and I was happy to find myself in my own bed and dressed in my proper feminine garments. I reached for my soft bedding and my silky clothes.

I knew that I could never again make a convincing boy and I hoped that I would never again have to wear ugly male clothing.

I hated it. It was coarse and unattractive and makes me look ridiculous. I wanted to look pretty and attractive in soft feminine apparel, which I now loved to wear.

At about this same time my mother went to town and engaged for me one of the city's leading singing teachers. He was formerly on the stage but had established a school for singers. He made more money teaching than he could as a singer.

It was arranged that he would come to our home and give me voice lessons twice a week. I was very excited. I really wanted to perfect my singing voice. I was also excited by the prospect

of a man visiting me regularly. I began to fantasize about what clothes I would wear and how to fix my hair.

The teacher was a dark, good looking dapper man about thirty years old. He took very good care of himself and I thought him attractive. He was also an excellent teacher.

He approved of my voice and assured my mother that it could be trained. He felt I had wonderful possibilities. My voice might even become good enough for the stage one day. All I needed was the proper training and ambition.

As I have said before, my natural voice had been a high tenor, almost feminine. Ever since I had been dressing as a girl my mother had insisted that I pitch my voice high but soft, so that it would sound like a girl.

And so I had learned to talk in a ladylike manner, and it had become second nature to me. I did it now without effort.

My new teacher said that my voice was naturally one that could be trained as a contralto, but my mother wanted me to be a soprano. I was able to sing in the soprano key, but it was rather forced.

The teacher thought he could overcome this, and make me a natural soprano if that is what I wanted to be. It was what my mother wanted and so naturally now, so did I.

64 – *FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY II*

In a later chapter I will tell you all about my adventure with this good-looking singing teacher...how he fell in love with me and was to become my first romance as a girl.

And now came an interesting and delightful period in my life. I was happy and contented to live as a girl. I was on the best of terms with my mother. I was leading a pleasant home life and enjoying my feminine role. I loved my feminine occupations, my feminine clothes and my girlish beauty. I was at peace with my world.

How I loved being a girl. I wondered how I ever could have wished to change back to a boy. I thought with repugnance of the idea of dressing and living as a boy.

How could anybody want to be a boy? Not I. I looked forward with pleasure of a long life wholly feminine. I hoped to grow into a beautiful woman, sought after and admired by the male sex.

I would always wear lovely dresses, jewels, and furs that were in the height of fashion.

I even pictured myself as a beautiful prima donna, singing on the concert stage, perhaps in opera. My mother had put these ideas into my head and now they had become my ambition.

One night, when my mother and I were having one of our heart-to-heart, mother and daughter talks in her bed, she called attention to the

fact that I was fast blossoming into a young lady and would soon be 18 years old.

She said that a young lady of fashion and wealth, like me, should have her own maid, to serve her and keep her perfectly groomed. A maid would give me beauty treatments, take care of and promote the growth and beauty of my hair and look after my clothes and do all those things a maid does for her mistress to make life more pleasant and luxurious.

"Would you like to have a maid, Lucy?" my mother asked me.

"I would love it mother! That would be wonderful. To think of having a maid to dress and undress me, to do my hair, to make me up, to lace my corsets, to take care of my clothes! It would be marvelous. Can I really have one?"

"Yes, my darling," she said. "Tomorrow we will go to an employment agency and see if we can find a maid that will suit you. For, as she is to serve you, I am going to allow you to select her yourself, with the understanding that she must be skillful and have all the qualifications of an expert maid."

Of course, as my mother had a personal maid, I was well acquainted with the work of one. I had often been in my mother's room when her maid was working on her and knew just what a maid's duties were. In fact, at times my

66 - FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY II

mother's maid had gone to my room and waited on me at various times.

In my early stages as a girl, she had often laced me up in my severe corsets and had hooked my gowns in the back. At first I had not been able to reach all the hooks myself. However, with practice my arms had become more supple and I could usually hook up my dresses in the back without help. If I had any difficulty I could always call on this maid or my mother for help.

But how nice it would be, I thought to always have my own maid to do it for me. What a luxury. I would have her serve me my breakfast in bed and if in the mood, I would change my dresses half a dozen times a day. I was thrilled with the plan.

And so it was with a feeling of happiness and pleasant anticipation that, in company with my mother, I motored in to the city. We chatted gaily.

"It is awfully sweet of you, mother, to let me have a maid. It is going to be marvelous, and I'm going to love it. I can't thank you enough for your incredible kindness," I gushed on.

"It is only right that you should have a maid, my darling," said my mother. "You are growing up to be a young lady and I want to have you

always perfectly groomed and well dressed,” she said as she patted my hand.

How wonderful it all seemed. My life was so good now. Could this be the same mother who had treated my so cruelly when I opposed her wishes? Could she be the same mother that had humiliated me and physically harmed me? And could I be the same person who had objected to wearing feminine clothing? I can’t believe I ever thought that it would be better to be a boy than a lovely girl.

Could I ever have been that boy who fought against having his ears pierced? Could I really ever have been that boy who did not want to be a girl? It did not seem possible, now that I had been so completely transformed and wanted nothing so much as to be a girl. The perfect girl!

Stay tuned for Lucille’s adventures when she acquires her own lady’s maid.

Is this the end? Or is it just the beginning? Stay tuned for part three.

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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.

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Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

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

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

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What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

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WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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&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.

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

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

BOY WILL BE GIRL #93

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! 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 young man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

PRETTY FOREVER #73

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. 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!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

#1 NORM:

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

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

controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

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

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

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

THE SARAH SCHOOL

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

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

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

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

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

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS: ONE, TWO, THREE

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

MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1

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

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3

“DOMESTIC BLISS “ONE, TWO, THREE

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

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1

LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2

BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn’t mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

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

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

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

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

SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES

I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC BOOK#1)

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

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)

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

I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC BOOK#3)

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

I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC BOOK#4)

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he’s

now a Princess!

I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER

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

THE SISSY SERIES

SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4 -#5

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtsseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it’s all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS ONE &TWO

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

WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM

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

THE SLIP

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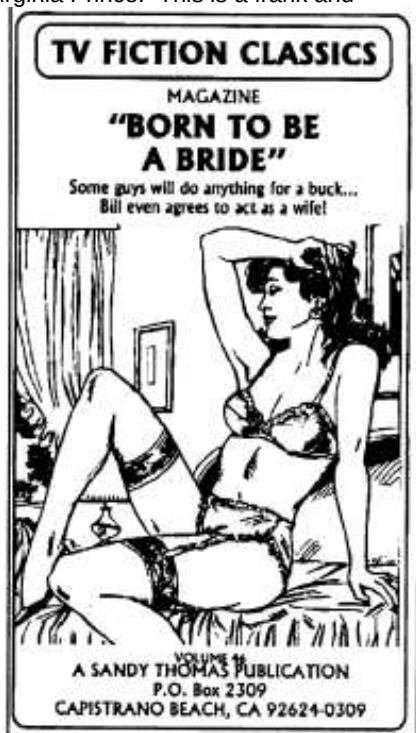
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