

# TV FICTION CLASSICS

**"PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES"**



**MATT AND ANDY HELP THEIR MOTHERS WITH SOME HEMMING. THEIR MOTHERS HELP THEM WITH THEIR HAIR...DID THEY GO TOO FAR?**

**VOLUME 83**

**A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION  
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# **TV FICTION CLASSICS**

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## **PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES**

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# Pretty is as Pretty Does.

By Dawn Bell

Things mothers say...

*"Listen to your mother..."*

There is the genetic factor to consider. The love of beautiful fabrics is probably inherited. Look at the fashion industry leaders and how they pass their fashion creativity down through the generations.

On the two mothers branch of the family, there was a long tradition of skilled needlework, fine sewing, and quilting, passed through the generations in the European manner.

One set of grandparents owned a country store, and even today proudly displayed in their dining room was a primitive quilt made by a child of the family, who patch worked and featherstitched the wool fabric samples that her great-grandparents used to order fabrics for customers at their general store.

Friends for nearly all their life, Wendy and Pam's own early sewing experiences involved their eagerness to try everything. As pre-teens, both always wanted more clothes to wear. Informal sewing instructions at their high school turned to formal training and then to a fashion design school. It was a way to learn to make the things they both wanted.

From designing and sewing their high school graduation gowns to their long white wedding gowns, everything had to be perfect and creative. Wendy's gown design was a dropped waist bodice with a full gathered skirt accented with several rows of wide tucks and a deep hem. It had crinolines and hoops to hold out the skirts. Pam's gown was yards and yards of sheer Swiss cotton organdy.

Both were marrying their high school sweethearts and the future looked like clear skies ahead! And it was for two years of blissful love, and both were with child.

Wouldn't you know...the edge of a small hurricane breezed through one sunny afternoon and the two young husbands, out on their fishing boat, were never heard from again.

The two young mothers wore black, but mourning dresses of their own design.

It was inevitable that the two would continue being close and start a business involving fabrics and design. They set up a route among laundries and took in clothes for alterations. It gave them the freedom to raise their young sons and the chance to catch their breath and decide what they really wanted to do with their lives. It had to be creative, people oriented, and build upon their love of fabrics. Designing bridal and formal dresses was the obvious direction!

**“TWO MOTHER'S DRESS DESIGN”** never really formally opened its doors. It was started and stayed in the two ladies neighboring homes. Within a few years both women had large design and sewing studios built on their homes. Business was good and before long, their studios were full of bolts of lacy fabrics, sewing supplies, evening and bridal fabrics and countless design books, not to mention the patterns and pattern catalogs, an extensive offering of threads and notions, and complex sewing machines, mirrors and accessories...

So it shouldn't have been a surprise but it was...

“You're kidding,” Wendy said.

“Andy made me promise I'd never tell anyone,” Pam admitted.

Wendy shook her head. "Matt has been helping me for years. Matt would kill me if I he knew I told you."

"Andy looked so cute I could die!"

"I can imagine with his thick, full hair and smooth clear skin. Neither of our sons is especially manly."

Pam and Wendy were sitting in Wendy's kitchen that Monday morning having a cup of coffee and enjoying the mid morning sunshine that spilled through the window when this revelation was exposed.

Pam went on, "Well, you know I had pulled out my summer clothes and I wanted to hem some up. They're wearing skirts shorter this season. I tried calling you Saturday morning to see if you could come over and hem them while I wore them."

"I went with Matt to get him some new sports socks."

"It's okay because we ended up having fun. First I asked Andy to put the pins in while I stood on the stool wearing the dresses...but he really didn't have a clue how. Then I realized that he's my size. With a little arm twisting, I talked him into getting out of his jeans and shirt and slipping on the dress."

"Oh, which one was it?"

"My yellow cotton jumper with the flowers."

"I love that one. I bet he looked darling in it?"

"Like a dream! I pinned that hem, and then had him try on a couple more. You know, I think he enjoyed it."

"Why not? Boys never get to wear pretty things. Women can get away with wearing anything out of a guy's closet, but the other way around doesn't fly. At least Andy and Matt haven't had the same exposure to macho men as other boys. With Ben and Jerry gone, we are probably a lot closer to our sons than most mothers would be."



**ANDY...an all American boy.**



**MATT...the other all American boy.**

“That’s true...but you know, Wendy, with my boy standing in front of me in that nice dress, I caught myself thinking he’d look nice with a some curl in his hair and a light shade of lipstick!”

“I bet he would,” sighed Wendy, “my Matt has eyelashes I would die for. If he was a girl, he could do magazine ads for mascara!”

“I know! I thought only I noticed it! I thought you would think me nuts if I mentioned it to you!” Pam laughed.

“Face it, girl, as two single moms with teenage sons, we’re starting to dream about what it would be like to have daughters.”

“Maybe you’re right, but I don’t think I would be too keen on having teenage daughters now. Not with all the troublemakers out there.”

“Yeah, but it sure would be fun to have a daughter to dress up, teach makeup, do her nails, play with her hair...not to mention take over the store so we can retire someday.”

“You mean like a life-sized Barbie dolls, right?”

“Right, all the fun without all the other real world headaches of having to worry about a teen girl in today’s world.”

The two women paused in thought as they sipped on their coffee. Pam looked at her lifelong friend and caught a kind of mischievous grin forming. They had known each other since childhood and had an almost telepathic feel for each other’s thoughts.

“Why do I think that look is caused by one of your hair-brained, wild ideas?” Pam said as she gave Wendy a squinty-eyed glare.

“Now, Pam, why do you think I have a wild idea?”

“Because, I’ve known you for almost thirty years, that’s why.”

“Ah, come on. I was just thinking how much fun you had...well, and how boys these days are more sensitive and in tune to females. I was just thinking that it wouldn’t do our boys any harm if we kind of let them experience a little more of what we girls experience....”

“You mean like Andy helping you with your sewing?” Wendy looked like she wanted to tell her friend something.

“What is that look for?” Pam said.

“I never told you this because I thought you’d think I was crazy, but let me tell you what happened with Matt.

We had a big alteration job when Matt was about thirteen. Both you and I were going crazy trying to get everything ready in time. While I slaved away, I saw Matt watching TV. I asked him if he would help me hem one of the dresses, since I knew he was the right height.

I was surprised that he agreed and said that he felt that it was the least he could do. The next afternoon, after school, I asked again and had several dresses ready to be hemmed and taken in.

Initially he just removed his shirt and pants, but the dress didn’t hang right, so I put a stuffed bra on him so that the dress fell properly.

I began hemming the dress. He was very quiet and I absolutely loved his help.

The next day I suggested that I could get a better idea of how the dresses would look if he wore the “dyed-to-match” bridesmaid’s high heels.

He smiled. I think he enjoyed being my little helper, so I pressed him into wearing the slip and stockings. There Matt was completely dressed in my wonderful creations helping me do alterations.

I took my time and gave him a gown of mine to wear over his slip when we took breaks for some hot cocoa and cookies. I caught him posing in front of our three-way mirror.

It was wonderful! From that day on, whenever I get behind on a big wedding party, I have Matt help.”

“Oh, Wendy! You have to take some pictures!”

“Matt would never let me, but you should see him. He looks so pretty in our dresses. Matt has been struggling with his long hair. It’s shoulder length already, and when he’s in a dress, it looks so girlish. I’m not going to let him cut it.”

“Maybe he should have it styled?” Pam giggled.

“You’re the hair expert,” Wendy smiled. “Maybe you could ‘help him’ and show him a few tricks?”

Pam laughed as she began to understand the crazy idea her friend was beginning to contemplate. “That would be fun. Maybe our boys wouldn’t mind showing a bit of a softer side when they’re alone with their mothers.”

“Maybe not,” agreed Pam. “Andy is really skittish. I don’t know if he’ll ever help me again.”

“We have to take it slow,” Wendy thought. “We need a plan to help them appreciate some of the finer things we females have access to...”

“Just in the privacy of each our homes, of course,” Pam added. “We don’t want to turn them into sissies.”

“Of course not.”

“We might have to at first?”

“What, you mean ‘at first’?”

“We have to get them interested in girl’s things...we’ll want them to stay home, help with the housework, and learn how to cook, bake, do laundry, iron, fold, AND of course, how to sew!”

“Oh, Wendy,” Pam gushed, “Do you really think we could get them interested in sewing? Not having a daughter to teach breaks my heart.”

“Nothing should stop us from handing down generations of feminine skills to our sons...”

“Oh my,” Pam sighed, “Do you think that they would appreciate these ‘skills’ outside of our homes?”

“First step is to get them comfortable and willing to explore their femininity in our homes.”

“How do we do that?” Pam questioned.

“Gradually, my dear...gradually. Do you remember in Psychology classes back in college the concepts of operant conditioning using positive reinforcement?”

“Sure. Skinner’s classic work.”

The two mothers talked for hours and made a plan. Both were beautiful examples of modest femininity even though both had raised families without men. Both strongly believed in women being keepers-at-home and being chaste and modest, but both would occasionally wear low necklines and short shorts. “Feminine” to them meant wearing a skirt and a pink sweater, never jeans except for camping. Neither wore pants much, only dresses and skirts, taking joy in being a woman!

## II

*“Stay out of the sun.”*

Andy and Matt were best friends. It was an advantage that their moms were also best friends and that they lived next door to each other.

Just starting high school, both were in that awkward age. Both boys were quite short and thin, a lot like their mothers. They weren’t part of the popular crowd at school, but that was okay with them. They liked each other’s company, and neither had a clue that things had changed...

The next week, the mothers did less. That is, the house was just a bit disheveled and the dishes were not done. Both spent more time sewing and chatting about 'not having enough time and needing help with the alterations.'

Day One: Sunday

Matt and Andy couldn't find their favorite clean shirts.

Day Two: Monday

After school, both boys were asked to help with hemming. Pam was able to get Andy into the high heels, and during a break, the mothers (with sons help) made cookies. Both mothers pinned up a new spring skirt. Little did the boys know that the skirts were being fitted just for them!"

Day Three: Tuesday

Again the mothers begged for help with hemming and baked banana bread between making last-minute adjustments to dresses before sewing. *'If you ever want to know what's going on in your daughter's life, make banana bread.'* It takes a long time to bake and it gives you all the time you need to chat about anything! Mothers and sons in lingerie made bread and had a great talk!"

Day Four: Wednesday

By Wednesday, the boys fell into the new routine. Only this time between alterations, they did the laundry and chopped vegetables for dinner. Both boys kept on their high heels "for practice."

Day Five: Thursday

The plan was to get the boys into feminine dresses when they got home and sprinkle the evening with alterations on a dress or skirt. Pam was working on a special dress that she called 'her universal'. She wondered if Andy noticed how well this dress was being made to fit him and how slow his mother suddenly was in sewing.

She only finished half the dress and ran out of time each day. Day Six: Friday

Cleaning Day!! On Friday night, the boys dressed to help, and then mother and son spent most of the evening cleaning. They vacuumed, dusted, swept the whole house, and cleaned all the bathrooms. Both boys by now had a special housedress to wear between fittings. Surprisingly they wore them without complaint for the cleaning, cooking, etc!

Day Seven: Saturday morning

The boys went out to play and the mothers compared notes. Pam gushed, "What a blessing it had been. Andy has complained a few times, but not like I expected. We are beginning to work together like a mother and daughter...lovely ladies working and learning throughout the week."

"Matt has been a joy also," Wendy giggled. "See how even the most mundane tasks can be made beautiful when they are done with a feminine glowing expression!"

"So what do we do now?"

"More of the same...why don't you come over for dinner tonight and bring your scissors."

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Before supper, Wendy noticed her son's hair continually falling forward over his face. It was mostly all one length and fell to around the bottom of his chin.

"Matt, your hair is driving you crazy."

"Nah, just sometimes."

Wendy watched him for another minute. "It sure is long. It could probably use a trim."

"It's okay, mom, it doesn't need a trim."

"You need to learn to take better care of it now that it's so long. A quick shampoo doesn't work anymore. You ei-

ther get a haircut or I'll have Pam trim the ends and even it off. She really knows hair.”

At that very moment, Pam was working on Andy's hair. She cut the bottom blunt and even across the back in a girlish angle knowing it would make his hair look fuller and longer.

After dinner, Pam trimmed Matt's hair. “Not too much off!” he moaned.

“You have to keep it healthy or it just breaks off,” she chided. “I'll help Andy and you grow your hair out as long as you want, but only if you do what we say.”

Wendy said to the boys, “I bet your hair could be as long as ours in a year.” Neither boy said a word. Long hair was cool, but like your mother's was not.

Sunday morning, Matt allowed the dress to be carefully draped over his head; any thoughts of resistance had left him utterly now. He felt his mother zip up the back, and he was placed in front of a full-length mirror.

The deep pink dress was beautiful with a sweetheart neckline and sleeves that bunched up at the shoulders, and finished with white lace cuffs. The skirt was short and had a sewn in petticoat that held it out, giving a good view of his legs.

He stood quietly as his mother worked about the hem. She said, “I need to see how it moves. Walk across the room.”

Stiffly, Matt strode across the room. “No, dear, swing your hips a bit.”

“MOM! I feel stupid?”

“You look stupid walking like a lumberjack in that pretty dress. Walk like you are picking up sand with your toes.”

Matt did, adding a natural sway and making the skirt come alive. "See how sweet that is? Leave those heels on tonight and practice."

Matt looked at her funny and pushed his hair out of his eyes. "I can help make your hair stay back during the day."

Matt looked up as again his long bangs fell across his eyes. It was beginning to be more trouble than it was worth. "Really? How?"

Wendy smiled, "I'll show you at bedtime. In the meantime, let me fix it while we work on this dress. She took his hand and led him to her bedroom.

"Have a seat," she said as she pulled her vanity stool away from the mirror. Matt sat facing away from the mirror. He felt a brush slowly pull through his wayward locks.

"You have such thick hair. I love brushing it. Do you mind?"

"No, it feels nice," Matt replied, knowing that in fact it felt very nice indeed.

After a couple of minutes of brushing, Wendy put the brush down and picked up a rattail comb. With the end she ran a line down the middle of Matt's scalp from forehead to neckline. As she did this, she swept his hair on one side of the line to the side. Picking up the brush again, she began brushing the left side upwards gathering it all in her hand above her son's ear. Matt realized what she was doing. She was putting his hair up in pigtails!

"Mom, what are you doing?"

"Just styling your hair out of the way while we work, dear."

"How?"

"Just a couple of pigtails. You'll look cute."

He knew he should complain, but something inside him resisted. He felt a nervous excitement about sitting in a dress and heels having his mother doing his hair in a girlish style. He felt the elastic hair tie tightened around the hair above his left ear. Wendy took the comb and ran it through the bouncy pigtail several times until the pigtail was smooth and hung over Matt's left ear. Moving to the right side, she repeated the process and Matt felt the delicious tickling as the twin pigtails floated about his ears.

"I know I have some pink ribbon somewhere that would match your dress," she said as she rummaged in one of her many sewing materials drawers.

"Mom, I don't need ribbons. I already look silly!" he bemoaned half-heartedly.

"I need to see the dress and accessories as a whole. Pigtails are not complete without some adornment. Ah, here they are."

Matt sat quietly as his mother tied the ribbons in nice bows around his pigtails. "Come! Stand up and take a look!" Wendy exclaimed as she dragged her son to stand in front of the full-length mirror.

As the boy cringed, he almost swooned. His mother seemed so happy feminizing him and staring back at him was a cute teenage girl with her shining hair sleekly pulled up along her head into two curled pigtails neatly tied with pink silk hair bows. His mother had managed to use the comb to twist each pigtail into a spiral.

"Thanks, honey, now I can finish that dress. But first, lets have some lunch."

They had a pleasant mother and son lunch followed by an afternoon of hemming and sewing. He never took out the pigtails. Instead he was asked to change the color of his hair ribbons to match the outfit he was modeling. By the end of the afternoon, he had sets of hair ribbons in

four colors neatly laid out beside his brush and comb in his bedroom. Why didn't he challenge his mother's suggestion to keep the ribbons in his room? Maybe he would need them again?

Later that night as Matt was finishing his homework in his room, he heard his mother take her nightly shower. Ten minutes later she came into his room wearing her bathrobe and a towel wrapped around her head turban style. "Why don't you have a shower and shampoo? Come to my room later and I'll fix your hair."

"What do you mean, fix my hair?"

"I'll fix it so it doesn't fall in your face tomorrow, silly. I'll blow dry it."

Matt closed his books and took a shower. Twenty minutes later, he entered his mother's bedroom. She was tying a hair net over large rollers she used to set her hair. It was a nightly ritual.

She smiled and pointed to a chair in front of her vanity, turning it so he sat with his back to her and the vanity. Putting a towel over his shoulders so water wouldn't drip on him, Wendy began to comb out her son's wet hair with a wide-toothed comb.

She sprayed a large dollop of styling mousse into her hand, and worked the fragrant mousse through his hair before combing through it with a finer comb. Picking up a blow dryer, she dried his hair all over. Matt enjoyed the feeling of the warm, fragrant breeze tickling his ears and cheeks. It brought him closer to his mom than he had enjoyed in a few years.

After a few minutes, she began to comb through the damp front and top hair, combing it to the back. She sectioned off some hair just above his forehead. He felt pulling on that section and soft prickly sensation at his scalp. Before asking what it was, he felt another section beside the first one combed out to the same tightness and the

prickly feeling was there as well. He turned to look in the mirror.

“Mom! What are you doing?” he exclaimed at the two neatly wound, large hair rollers she had set in his hair.

“Relax, I’m just putting a few of these rollers up front to shape your hair to flow back. The rollers won’t bother your sleep, unless you sleep doing a headstand!” she chuckled as she put the third roller in. Matt was too astounded to respond, and soon the fourth and fifth large rollers were in place and bobby pinned snugly to his scalp. He now had a neat line of five jumbo rollers long his front hairline from ear to ear.

Without further talk, his mother continued drying his hair behind the rollers using the blow dryer and a large round brush. After fifteen minutes, his hair was dry and fell down his head in a smooth, shiny curtain. She had used the round brush to give the bottom hair considerable reverse curl.

“There you go. You’ll see how well your hair behaves tomorrow.”

“Mom, I feel really stupid,” he moaned as he looked again in the mirror.

“No need to. Remember what Pam said, ‘If you want to grow your hair out, you have to take care of it.’”

“It’s pretty long now,” Matt said.

“You’ll love it even longer. Why, I bet Andy does more than just blow dry his hair to get it looking so smart.”

Matt eyed his image in the mirror. The neat row of red rollers looked like a tiara on his head.

“One more thing. Let me put this on to keep your hair in place,” Matt’s mother said as she slipped a hairnet over his curlers in front, and then over the rest of his hair. She gently arranged the curled under hair to rest inside the back of the hairnet.

“This is goofy!” the boy snorted, but continued staring in fascination at his reflection. “Won’t my hair be curly in the morning?”

“No, those are really big rollers. They’ll just give you body and shape. Your hair will be perfect tomorrow. C’mon, trust your mom to know about hair.”

With a mixture of trepidation and fascination, Matt went to his room and to bed. It felt weird to lie in bed with rollers in his hair. If he lay on his back, he didn’t feel them, but if he turned on his side, the large curlers pressed against his temples. Eventually, he fell asleep wondering what his friend, Andy, would say if he saw him now.

Little did Matt realize that just next-door, Andy lay in his bed as well, staring at the ceiling. The row of rollers across his bangs made sleeping on his side tough.

The next morning, Matt felt strange brushing his teeth and washing his face with the strange rollers in his hair. After breakfast, his mother called him into her room and had him sit at the vanity again.

“Let’s see how it looks,” Wendy said as she removed the bobby pins and carefully unrolled each roller. His hair sprung back to his scalp in large rolls. He was surprised how his hair curled. Could he go to school like that? His mother saw his expression and smiled. “Don’t worry scaredy cat. Wait until I’m finished.”

She picked up her hairbrush and began to pull it through Matt’s hair from front to back. His tight curls relaxed into smooth waves that tumbled back over his scalp. With hairspray and slight back brushing, Matt saw his normally floppy hair flow back smoothly and elegantly. In fact, it was just how he had been trying to make it look for weeks!

“Wow, mom! That’s neat! It looks kinda cool!”

“I told you so.” his mom beamed. “Didn’t I ask you to trust me?”

“Yeah, gotta give you that one, mom. Thanks.”

As Matt went out the door, his hair moved as he walked. From the back it looked very girlish. She only hoped no one would say anything.”

Matt and Andy met up on the sidewalk in front of their houses. Matt was sure that his friend’s hair looked different this morning. Was wavier than usual? Andy thought that his friend’s hair looked much more swept back than usual.

“That was a piece of cake!” squealed Wendy as Pam sat down at her kitchen table. “He didn’t mind the rollers. What about Andy?”

“I told him I thought his hair was getting wavier since it had grown out, and he agreed to the rollers. He thought it looked nice. I’ll add a few curlers each night to make it wavier. I would love to blow it dry for him after his shower.

“It worked. I had Matt in a few rollers at the front of his head overnight.”

“Oh, what fun. Our boys are wearing curlers to bed.”

“It was just five along the front, but he liked the results, and I’ll see if he asks for my ‘help’ tonight. I bought thirty of those large, salon type rollers yesterday. Once he gets used to sleeping in them, there won’t be any problem.”

“You’re a devil!” laughed Pam. “I think I’ll have some more hemming to do this week. What about you?”

“I have a full set of clothes already sorted and waiting.”

“You know, Wendy, let’s get together for Sunday dinner this week. It gives us a chance to dress up a little,” Pam said with a sly look.

“What a good idea! In fact we should take turns and have Sunday dinners together every week. We can use it to track our progress.”

“Good idea!”

That evening after supper, Andy was in the bathroom examining his reflection in the mirror. He ran his fingers through his wavy auburn locks. He liked the cool waves his mother had created with those curlers last night. During the day, Matt and he had mentioned each other’s ‘new’ look hairstyles. Each admitted that their moms had helped them blow it dry.

Andy completed his homework early and sat in the living room watching TV. His mother sat beside him and placed her manicure kit on the table along with some bottles of nail polish. It was not unusual for her to do her nails before bedtime.

As she removed her polish and used an emery board on her nails to smooth their shape, Andy watched her out of the corner of his eye. His mom always had beautiful nails. She used to trim his nails until he was eight or so. Now he took care of them himself. As he glanced at his hands, he realized that it was quite a while since he had trimmed them. They were getting too long. She must have noticed him look at his nails because she casually mentioned, “While I’m at it, why don’t I file those a little? They could use it.”

Normally, he would have declined right away. For some reason it sounded like a good idea. “Umm, sure if you don’t mind.”

“Of course I don’t mind. I would enjoy it. Let me put on some polish...they’ll be dry in a few minutes.”

Andy enjoyed the distinctive scent of the nail products. They didn’t have that harsh acetone smell of the past. Ten minutes later, Pam’s long nails glistened with clear polish.

“There, dry enough. Let me see those hands.” Andy moved closer and placed a hand on the coffee table in front of his mother. She began to carefully work on his nails with a file and emery board. He enjoyed the pampering, and sat back to watch the TV.

After a while, she asked for his other hand. As he complied, Andy looked at the hand she just finished. His heart skipped a beat! She hadn’t trimmed his nails like he usually wore them. In fact, she hadn’t reduced their length. Instead of being cut straight across, they were now subtly shaped with rounded corners and an ever so slight taper. She had also pushed back his cuticles, so that they appeared actually longer than before.

“Mom, that’s not the way I wear them.”

“They look nice, elegant.”

Andy wasn’t so sure, but for some reason he liked them. When she was done with the other hand, she turned to her son and said, “Put your hands on the table for a minute. I want to put some clear polish on them.”

“Mom, I don’t want to wear nail polish.”

“Andy, when men have a manicure, they put clear polish on their nails. It looks finished and it keeps your nails from breaking. If you don’t like it, we can take it off later.”

With little more resistance, Andy let her complete her task. The feeling of the little brush lapping each nail was new. Soon he was holding his fingers out awkwardly while ‘his nails dried’.

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Meanwhile next door, Wendy had finished setting her hair and was applying a moisturizer to her face. She heard her door open and saw Matt standing in his bathrobe and with a towel wrapped around his head. She smiled at her son, but said nothing as she continued with her face cream.

“Mom,” the boy began somewhat sheepishly.

“Yes, Matt?” Wendy replied without looking up from her work.

“My hair looked great today...and if you wouldn’t mind, would you do my hair again?” he stammered feeling strange to be asking his mother to ‘do’ his hair.

“I’d love to. It looked wonderful. Sleeping with a few rollers in your hair isn’t so bad, is it?”

The boy felt silly, but managed a weak, “No, it’s okay.”

Wendy motioned him to once again take a seat at the vanity. “Your skin could use a good cleaning to,” she remarked as she looked closely at his face. “At your age, you have to keep it super clean or else you can develop acne. Let me show you how.”

Matt watched helplessly as his mother took the towel off his head, and then rewrapped it properly in the turban style as she wore it when she came out of the bath. Taking a makeup remover pad, she showed him how to use liquids to thoroughly cleanse his face.

“Next, you should put on some of this night moisturizer. It soaks into your skin overnight and gives your skin a healthy glow.”

Matt only nodded as his mother quickly applied the fragrant cream over his face showing him how to work it in with his fingertips.

“You finish that and I’ll start on your hair.”

Matt continued massaging with his fingers as his mum combed out his hair and applied the styling mousse. After preliminary drying, she opened a drawer and removed a bag of large hair rollers and a jar of long bobby pins. This time Matt watched in the mirror as his mother sectioned off his hair in front and wound the roller to his scalp. Quickly she placed and secured five rollers up front from ear to ear.

“You know, figuring out the right roller set is a trial and error thing. I think after combing you out this morning that I can improve it a little.”

“What do you mean?”

“The body and shape the rollers gave you ended just a few inches from your forehead. The rest of the hair was a little flat. I’m going to add a few more rollers here,” she said and sectioned off another section behind the first roller. Matt sat in silence as he watched his mother efficiently attach e more rollers. Soon front five front rollers were joined by another neat row of five additional rollers that she pinned to the front ones. From the front he looked like his whole head was set with rollers!

“That will be better. Let me finish drying the back.”

Once again, Wendy used a blow dryer and brush to dry and shape his remaining hair. Tying a hairnet over the rollers, Matt was sent off to bed.

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Early next morning, Pam woke Andy to have his shower and wash his hair. She was ‘too tired’ the night before to do his hair again and suggested that an earlier start the next morning would work better. Like the last time, Andy watched his mother dry his hair thoroughly, but he was shocked when she opened the lid of her hot rollers case.

“Mom, what are you doing?”

“I’m just going to use some of these. What’s the difference? A curling iron or hot rollers, they both add curl to your hair. You’ll love it.”

Andy was doubtful, but let her proceed. He watched as she sectioned and rolled his hair, section after section. Soon his head was covered by the set of warm and heavy rollers.

“Let’s leave those in while you have breakfast and get dressed.”

When she removed the rollers forty-five minutes later, he was amazed at the springy curls that cascaded about his face.

“Mom! I can’t go to school with all these ringlets!”

“Relax, Andy. I haven’t combed it out yet.”

She began brushing through his hair and forming the wavy, curly full style that resulted. Pam realized that those ‘in the know’, namely most women, would recognize that Andy’s hair had been set, but she would take that chance. Giving the style a liberal dosing of hair spray, Pam stepped back and raved, “Wow, that looks fantastic! You’re a doll!”

Andy wasn’t sure. It looked different and felt weird, kind of puffy about his head. But he couldn’t help but like the softness about his face.

“I could pull it back into a ponytail?” Pam suggested as she scooped his hair in back into one hand.

“It’s okay, I guess. This will do.”

“Your hair is great. We’ve got to do it something like that this Sunday when we go over for dinner. It is a dress-up affair.”

“Dress up? Just to go over to Matt’s?”

“His mom and I want to have a chance to dress nice and see you boys dressed nicely for a change as well. I saw that Matt had his hair styled yesterday as well.”

“Uh, yeah. I thought it looked different.”

“I want my son to shine this Sunday, so we’ll do a great job and show them.”

Andy nodded in agreement and headed out the door. When he met Matt, he couldn’t help but notice that Matt’s hair look fuller. Meanwhile, Matt saw fairly distinct curls flowing about Andy’s head

“Hey guy, your hair’s different again,” Matt said to his friend.

“Yeah, so is yours. Your mum again?”

“Yup, yours too?”

“Yeah. She’s really getting carried away with this Sunday dress-up dinner thing.”

“Mine too. Oh well, let them have their fun.” Matt noticed his friend’s hands. His fingernails glistened in the light! Holy smoke, he hadn’t noticed that yesterday. Andy’s nails were coated with clear nail polish! And they were slightly shaped as well.

“Is that nail polish?”

Andy turned red and began to stammer. “Yeah, my mom made me....”

“That’s cool, man. They look neat,” Matt replied to a startled Andy. His friend wasn’t giving him a hard time.

“Thanks.”

Matt was silent for a while as they walked to school. “Andy, how long are you going to let your hair grow?”

“I thought it was too long already, but mom wants me to grow it to her length or even longer.”

“They aren’t like most parents, are they?”

“If our dads were alive, we’d have crew cuts...”

“But they aren’t...” Andy finally offered as he gave a stray curl a flick with his finger for emphasis.

Matt looked around to see if they were alone and out of earshot of any other pedestrians. “Promise to keep this to yourself?”

“Of course,” Andy hissed as if he was about to be told some big secret.

“My mom put rollers in my hair...just in front though, you know for body.”

Andy burst out in laughter. Matt looked angry that his pal was laughing at him. "No, no," Andy sputtered in between laughing, "I'm not laughing at you. It's funny because my mom set all my hair in hot rollers this morning!" Andy whispered, still laughing. Matt joined him laughing.

"Maybe we better get our hair cut. Our moms must be getting soft in the head."

"My mother's been on me about my long hair since I started letting it grow last year. Actually, the last couple of weeks are the first that she hasn't made any nasty comments about it. I've been helping her."

"Doing what?" Matt asked.

He had been acting as his mother's dressmaking dummy, trying on her dresses. "Uh, nothing special, just helping," he lied.

### III

*"Always organize yourself before any big occasion."*

Friday night arrived. At bedtime, Matt was preparing to go for his usual shower when his mother stopped him. "Matt, dear, since tomorrow is Saturday, I wonder if you'd help me do a major housecleaning plus a few other projects I've been putting off."

"I didn't really have anything important happening. Andy and I were going bike riding."

"Oh that's good. Andy's mom has a whole bunch of housework and chores planned for tomorrow. You guys will have to skip getting together."

"Okay, I guess." He turned to leave.

"One other thing, dear. Wait until morning to shower. You'll get a more comfortable sleep without those rollers in your hair. I'd like to try a different set and we can wash

and set hair up first thing tomorrow and it will dry by the afternoon.”

“You mean wear rollers during the day??”

“Sure, in a bit, you won’t even notice they’re there.”

“I guess it’s better than sleeping on them,” Matt muttered and went off to bed. He didn’t see his mother’s satisfied grin as he walked away.

Meanwhile next door, Andy was also getting ready for bed. Pam had asked if he would help once again on Saturday to finish up her clothes hemming.

“Sure. I’ll give Matt a call that I’ll be busy,” he replied. He had a strange, inexplicable feeling of anticipation at the opportunity to be zipped up again in his mother’s creations.

Andy had changed into his pajamas already when Pam popped her head in his bedroom door. “Why don’t you come to my room? I’ll show you how to properly brush out your long hair and prepare it for the night. The set held up reasonably well all day.”

Why would a teenage boy need to get his hair brushed out by his mother?, It was nice that she was suddenly letting his hair grow. Minutes later he was sitting in front of his mother’s vanity as she began to run her brush through his still wavy locks.

“How do you like the curly wavy look?”

“It’s cool, I guess. I’ve received compliments from some of the girls in school.”

“That’s nice,” Pam said, working her way around to what she really wanted to say. “I want to do our hair real nice for this Sunday night. Since it’s just going to be with Matt and Wendy, we can try something special.”

“Special?”

“Yeah, I’m going to do my hair on Sunday, and I want to do yours too. You know, hair, manicure, nice clothes, that kind of stuff.”

“Gee, I don’t have that big a selection of clothes other than my school stuff and jeans,” Andy replied not commenting on the hair and manicure stuff.

“You’re right. We’ll have to see what we can find, won’t we.”

As Pam brushed Andy’s hair she played with it a little. At one point she brushed it all up to his crown and twisted it into a bun. Andy made a “Gee...mom...” kind of face, and she continued to brush it.

“Let’s try something different for the night,” she said as she took her rattail comb and parted Andy’s hair right down the middle from his forehead to his nape. Folding the right half of his hair towards his ear, Pam deftly separated it into three sections.

“Mom, what are you doing?”

“I remember when I was young, my mother used to brush my hair at night. To keep it neat while we slept, she would braid it for the night.”

“Braided?”

“Sure, you won’t feel it during the night. It keeps the hair untangled and it even adds body and waves when you brush it out later.”

“Yeah, but, mom! I’m a boy remember.”

“So? Long hair is long hair. You have to take care of it. Having your hair braided, will NOT turn you into a girl. Will any of your classmates be parading through our house looking at you?”

“No, but braids?”

“You had hot rollers in your hair this morning. What’s the big deal with some simple braids?”

Andy couldn't argue, so he sat sullenly as his mother merrily went to work interlacing sections of hair into a neat braided pigtail. Snapping a small ponytail elastic over the end to secure it, Pam went to the other side and repeated the process. Looking at Andy in the mirror, Pam pulled his new pigtails down towards his chest and said, "That looks nice and will protect your hair. You'll see how nicely your hair brushes out tomorrow."

Saturday morning, Matt woke up and heard his mother bustling around in her bedroom. "Wake up, sleepy head. We have lots of work to do today. Take a shower, wash your hair, and just get into shorts and a t-shirt. It will be warm today. Come to my room when you're done and I'll do your hair," she ordered as she passed his room.

Matt dragged himself from bed and went into bathroom to wash. Thirty minutes later, he was dressed and he entered his mother's bedroom. She had just finished setting her hair and was tying a pretty silk scarf over the rollers.

"Come in and have a seat."

Matt rubbed his towel over his wet hair, sat in front of the mirror, and watched as Wendy rummaged around in a drawer. She retrieved a bag of large, smooth plastic hair rollers, a clear plastic box with long bobby pins and silver hair clips, and another small cardboard box full of small square sheets of thin paper.

"Good thing I've accumulated these over the years," she commented as she spread the bag open in front of Matt. Taking a wide-toothed comb, Wendy began to comb through her son's long, wet locks.

"Since you won't have to sleep with these, we can try something a little different. I noticed that your hair in back could use some lift."

She took a plastic jar off the vanity and opened it. Matt read the label. It read "Dippity Do - Hard to Hold Setting Gel". Sectioning off the first section of hair just above his forehead, Wendy combed it through, and then dipped her fingers in the jar and transferred some of the gel to that hair section. She slid her fingers up the hair then combed through it a few times to distribute it.

"These are called magnetic rollers. They're like the ones they use in beauty salons. They give a real smooth look, but to get a better grip on the hair, I'll use these end papers," she said as she picked up one small square of paper from the box and carefully folded it over the end of the section of hair she was holding. Retrieving a roller, Wendy placed it on the paper at the top of the section, wrapped the hair around it once, and then wound the roller firmly to her son's scalp.

Two long bobby pins were slipped in at the base of each roller to firmly anchor it to Matt's scalp. A second section was parted behind the first and the combing and rolling process was repeated. The second roller was firmly pinned to the first with two silver hair clips. Roller after roller followed as Wendy placed a straight row of hair rollers down Matt's head from forehead to nape.

"Are you putting rollers in the back?" Matt asked as she worked behind him.

"Yes, since you're not sleeping in these, we might as well see how a full set looks. If it looks as good as I think, we'll do something similar for tomorrow."

"You mean you're setting it the same as yours?" he asked, pointing to his mom's roller covered head.

"As a matter-of-fact, exactly like mine. I hoped we could have matching hairdo's tomorrow. Before you know it, your hair will be as long as mine."

"Do you really think I should have the same hairdo as you?" Matt asked. He knew what a whiz his mom was

with her hair. The ladies who came in for alterations were always complimenting her. The thought that she was planning on doing their hair in ‘matching hairdo’s’ confused him.

“Look, honey. Your hair is long and needs some style. I can’t be doing it for you forever.” Wendy took the opportunity to give him some basic setting instructions. “What you need to learn is a basic setting pattern. I roll all your hair towards the bottom and sides. That will make the hair curl under at the bottom and give you as much height and body as we want, depending on how we comb it out.” She picked up another roller and combed out a section just behind Matt’s ear.

“Now if I roll the rollers upwards like this at the back and sides,” she said, “I’m doing a set that would be for an updo,. Understand?” Matt nodded numbly as his mother grinned and redid the roller in the same downwards pattern as the others.

Matt remembered what his friend Andy told him the other day. He felt he should share that with his mother. “Andy said that his mother had set his hair the other day in her hot rollers.”

“I know. Pam told me. What’s the big deal? I hear that guys your age with all that long hair are trying sets and perms all the time. Now that you and Andy have grown your hair long, you must learn how to take care of it.” Wendy said. “Mindy, my hairdresser, said that she does a lot of young guys’ hair lately. You know perms, colors, sets.”

“Really?”

“Of course. You’ve never had your hair looked after properly, since you stopped getting those short little boy cuts at the barber last year. I should make you an appointment next week at Mindy’s.”

“Gee, I don’t know....”

“Pam is good, but you could use a better layer trim to get a better style.”

“Well, as long as they don’t cut it short.”

“I promise, I won’t let them cut it short,” Wendy stated and felt elation at yet another milestone passed. She would call her hairdresser and schedule appointments for both of them next week.

While they were talking, Wendy continued sectioning, rolling and pinning her son’s hair. Three neat rows of rollers flowed from front to back over Matt’s head. His mom was using somewhat smaller rollers along the sides of his head as she captured every part of the boy’s hair. Having firmly clipped the last of the over thirty rollers into Matt’s set, Wendy reached into her drawer and pulled out a large blue and gold silk headscarf.

“What’s that for?” Matt asked apprehensively. He instinctively knew what she had in mind. She said that she was setting his hair ‘exactly like hers’ and she wore a pretty kerchief tied over her rollers.

“You need something to keep your rollers snug. I could use a hairnet and would if you were going to sleep in these, but for daytime, a nice scarf is more appropriate.”

Matt sat silently as his mother carefully draped the scarf over his rollers, lining up the front of the cloth just in front of the first rollers then draping it down over the whole set. She brought the two outside corners of the scarf together underneath the outside rows of rollers, and then tied the scarf snugly underneath at the back of his neck into a large floppy bow.

As Matt stared in the mirror, he realized how girlish he looked. His young smooth face was topped off with a colorful scarf bulging with the outline of all the large hair rollers. As Wendy bent down next to her son, their reflections indeed emphasized how identically they had their hair set.

“We look like twins.” Wendy grinned. “I hope the finished styles look as similar too.”

Matt stood up and felt the quite noticeable weight on his head from all the rollers and pins.

-----Next door, Andy and Pam had finished breakfast and decided that the clothes alterations should be completed first.

“I’ll get dressed, brush out my hair, then meet you in your room, mom.”

“Instead of getting all dressed just so you have to take your pants off again, why don’t you come in now and I’ll find something for you to throw on. Leave your hair like that for now. It’s neat, and besides, those pigtails will go well with a skirt!” Pam teased.

Andy’s cheeks turned a little red, but he didn’t complain. He found trying on his mother’s clothes strangely ‘interesting’, and he was finding the same fun with his pigtail braided hair flipping back and forth tickling his cheeks.

“If you want my help, mom, don’t tease me.”

“I’m sorry. I meant it in fun. I appreciate you helping me with the job. It’s such a blessing. You have no idea how hard I work to keep this family in food.” Pam was playing the guilt card. “I love working with you. It is like what a daughter might help with, if I had one.”

Andy absorbed that comment as he followed his mother down the hall to her studio. She pulled various pieces of clothing from a large chest of drawers.

“Slip into these. These are standard issue undergarments for the clothes I need you to wear.”

Andy stared at the matching white lace-trimmed panties and padded brassiere, shortly joined by a matching slip and tan pantyhose.

“You want me to wear that underwear?!”

“Yes, please,” Pam casually said. “You might as well. You need the panties to...well, be decent. I need the bra to give you the right shape, the slip to judge hem length and the pantyhose so you can slip on some of my heels to allow me to check how the dress hangs. Are you embarrassed or something?”

He was stunned! She needed him to wear these most feminine items of lingerie to do an alterations job. That made it okay, didn't it??

Taking the soft and dainty bundle of clothes, he stepped into the adjacent bathroom and removed his pajamas. He found that the front of the panties had an ornate panel of lace. Andy pulled the panties over his legs onto his hips. He tucked his boyish member demurely downwards between his thighs. Then he picked up the sheer pantyhose and proceeded to roll up each leg as he had seen his mother do.

Sitting on the edge of the bathtub, he slipped a foot into the pantyhose and carefully unrolled them up his leg over his knee. The sensuous nylon caressed his calf as it gently but firmly clung to his skin. Repeating the process with his other foot, he soon had the hose on both legs above the knees. Standing, he continued to unroll the hose until the pantyhose were over his panties and the waistband was hugging his tummy.

The transparent hose made his legs look especially silky smooth. He was a very late bloomer, and as yet had no hair anywhere on his body. Picking up the bra, Andy was puzzled at how he might hook this up himself. He slipped his arms through the straps and brought the cups to his chest. But no matter how he might, he could not contort his arms to connect the hooks and eyes of the two straps in back.

Pam must have heard his quiet grunts of exertion. “Dear? Do you need some help?”

“It’s these silly straps. I can’t do them up.”

Pam opened the bathroom door and looked at her pig-tailed boy now wearing the lacy panties and sheer pantyhose. Her heart beat a little faster. He looked so innocent and feminine! She loved it.

She stepped behind Andy and took the bra straps in her hands. “It takes a little practice. Soon your hands will know exactly where to go to find the hooks and eyes. Keep your hands on the straps as I close them.”

Andy did as she instructed and let his hands follow while his mother fastened the bra behind his back.

“Now you try it,” Pam said as she unhooked the bra. Andy struggled again, but with his mother’s help got it closed. “Again,” she said.

After five more tries, Andy finally managed to guide his arms to fasten the bra himself. “Hey, I did it!”

“Very good. It becomes second nature after awhile.”

Andy didn’t catch the meaning of those words as he proudly looked at himself in the mirror now with a lacy bra across his chest. Pam found a big box of cotton under the bathroom sink. “Let’s pad these padded cups out a little more so the dresses hang well off your bust line,” she said as she stuffed cotton wads into each cup.

“Gee, I feel like I’m giving away an age-old teenage girls’ secret to show you this,” Pam chuckled referring to the stuffed bra. “Good. Let’s see how the slip fits now.”

Andy picked up the white lacy slip. Checking again for the lace, he lifted it over his head and let it cascade down over his shoulders and body. The delicate, thin straps came to rest gently on his shoulders. With a few tugs, it fit perfectly and flowed over his body like fine paint.

Andy looked at himself in the mirror. There stood a teenage girl with pigtails and grown up lingerie. It made him shudder.

“What do you think?” Pam asked.

“Gee...I look like a girl,” he gasped quietly.

“Let’s just say that you are my model for a couple of hours, okay? As a model, I think you need to dump the pigtails. “Come to my room and let me fixed you up.”

Pam took her son’s hand and led him to her vanity. She sat him facing away from the mirror. Andy felt her undo the right side pigtail and brush his hair out. He wanted to ask her what she was going doing, but he felt such a strange tingly excitement with these clothes on that he just sat and let things happen.

After brushing for half a minute, his mother gathered his hair just above the right side of his forehead, followed by tugging and tightness on his scalp. The tightness remained but his mother moved back and above his ear, once again pulling and gently tugging on his hair. The taut feeling remained along the right side of his scalp as she worked her way down the right side of his head doing whatever it was she was doing.

Finally, Andy felt her hold a section of hair away from his head down along his shoulder. It felt like she braiding it into a pigtail again. Finally she snapped a hair elastic over the end.

“There, that side’s done. Now for the left,” Pam muttered as she undid Andy’s left pigtail. He tried to turn his head to look in the mirror, but his mother gently guided him to sit facing away again. “No peeking,” she teased. “You can’t look until I’m all done.”

Pam saw Andy blush and his worried expression. She couldn’t feel his pounding heart g and his tingling senses with nervous excitement like he had never felt before.

As his mother repeated the same process on the left side of his head, Andy struggled inside. He **KNEW** that as a boy he should have put a stop to all this. No boy would be talked into letting his mother put his hair in pigtails

for the night! Certainly, even if he did act as her dress-maker mannequin, he shouldn't have allowed her to make him wear lacy women's lingerie from the skin out. And now, she must be giving him a girl's hairstyle! No boyish hairstyle could possibly require as much time and effort as she was putting in. She snapped the hair elastic on the left side now.

"One more minute and I'm done," she said as she rustled about in her vanity drawers. Andy felt her doing something to the bottom of what he thought must be a pigtail on his right side. Then the same was done on the left. She stood in front of Andy and placing her hands on his shoulders, she looked at him with a huge smile. In fact, he saw tears filling his mom's eyes.

"Oh, that's so cute."

She turned him slowly towards the mirror. Andy's eyes grew as big as saucers as he looked at his image. Above the lacy, well-filled bodice of his gleaming white slip was the face of a young woman. Even without makeup, he looked naturally feminine. His simple braided pigtails from last night had looked pleasantly goofy, but now his mother had interwoven his hair along each side of his head.

"I thought that you would look great with French Braids down each side," she explained almost reading her son's mind as to what this style of hair is called. "Your hair is naturally wavy and so thick that it braids easily. You're lucky."

She watched her son slowly touch one of the white silk ribbon bows that she had tied to the end of each French Braid.

"Well, do you like them?" she asked expectantly.

"They look pretty, I guess," Andy said quietly, unable to pull his eyes away from the mirror. "But they really make me look like a girl."

Pam had to control her excitement. She didn't want to scare her son into rebelling from this glorious path she was leading him on. She composed herself and switched back into her act. "They look lovely and I think they will help me visualize my clothes when you're modeling them. I wanted to try this style to see if I could still braid hair like I used to when I was younger. Let's get to work, dear."

Soon Andy was standing on a stool in a blue sheath dress wearing his mother's black, high-heeled pumps. Pam worked busily examining the hem and pulling and adjusting the back and bodice of the dress. Andy didn't realize that few of these dresses needed alterations. Pam just wanted to see her son in as many as possible. While she worked, Pam kept one eye on the clock. Wendy and her had a prearranged plan this weekend.

As the clock approached 10:30am, Pam turned to Andy. "You can leave that on for a moment. I just remembered that I promised Matt's mum that I would drop one of my recipe books over after breakfast. She needs a recipe for tomorrow. Why don't you make the beds, I'll be back in a jiffy."

Pam pulled one of her recipe books and headed out the back door. Andy waited until she was out the door, then dashed to her vanity and picked up a large hand mirror. Stepping to the three-way full-length mirrors, he drank in his image.

He couldn't indulge in looking while his mother was around without attracting attention. Now he observed his reflection from all sides. He was wearing a light pink cotton housedress with a ruffled neckline and a very full skirt that came to mid-calf.

His mom had asked him to wear a pair of her mid-heel cork sole sandals that laced up his ankles to go with the dress. Andy stepped closer and with the aid of the hand

mirror, he surveyed his head from all angles. His mother had done a very neat job of plaiting his hair in two precisely woven French Braids. Not a hair was out of place. Shining white silk ribbon bows bounced against his shoulders at the end of each braid. The pretty looking girl that looked back at him from the mirror mesmerized him.

Wendy kept watching Pam's back door through her kitchen window. Pam stepped out precisely at 10:30. She stepped along the wall of her house and pretended to drop something. She bent over as if looking for it in the grass, all the while looking towards Wendy's kitchen window. Wendy quickly walked into the living room where Matt was dusting some knick-knacks.

"Matt, dear, please empty all the wastebaskets upstairs into one bag and bring it to the kitchen? I'm about to tie up a garbage bag to take outside."

"Sure, mom," Matt replied and headed upstairs. Wendy rushed to the kitchen window and gave Pam a short wave. Pam stood up and walked to Wendy's back door. Quietly, she opened the door and entered the kitchen. Wendy had a cup of coffee ready for her as she took a seat at the kitchen table. They spoke softly, and five minutes later they heard Matt coming down the stairs.

He entered the kitchen and absolutely froze in his tracks. There sat Andy's mother having coffee with his mother. His face turned red with embarrassment. While he was upstairs, he had examined himself from every angle. He was fascinated with the colorful silk kerchief and neatly wound hair rollers that covered his head. Indeed, it made him look very feminine, just like his mother. Now someone other than his mom saw him. Matt expected laughter any second.

"Good morning, Matt," Pam said barely giving him a second glance. "I see you're busy helping your mom like

Andy's helping me." Matt was confused! Didn't she see the curlers? Wasn't she going to say something?

"Yes, he's such a dear. He's done so much housework already," Wendy interjected. As Matt stood there, the two women began talking about housework, then the weather, and how much yard work was waiting to be done. Nothing about his appearance!

"Why don't you sit down and rest for a minute, dear. I'll get you a glass of milk and some cookies."

The astounded lad slowly sat directly across from Andy's mother. "Well, Wendy, thanks for the coffee, but I'd better get back home. Andy's helping me with my sewing this morning. The poor boy has been in dresses and heels all morning. I've still got to find him something nice to wear for tomorrow."

"Yes, us too. Matt hasn't anything nicer than his school clothes. We'll find something though."

"Yeah, it will be fun!" Pam exclaimed as she rose to leave. "I'm going to do our nails tonight so that we'll have more time tomorrow to work on our hairdo's."

"Have you decided on hairdo's yet?" Pam asked as she stared at Wendy then Matt.

The boy was speechless, but Wendy answered. "Matt and I used the same rollers and setting patterns today and we'll see how it works out, but his hair needs the help of a proper style."

"Yeah, Andy too. I mean it's gotten so long that I've tried my curling iron and hot rollers this week already. He let me French braid it this morning to keep it out of the way when working on the clothes he's modeling. We'll have to experiment with some styles for tomorrow."

With that Pam bid them goodbye. After she left, Matt felt his heart rate returning to normal. Did she say Andy was in dresses? She French braided his hair?

Suddenly, he felt less self-conscious, but still he had to speak his mind. “Mom! Why didn’t you warn me that Andy’s mom was in the house?”

“What do you mean, dear?”

“She saw me with rollers in my hair!”

“So? She saw me as well. I’ve seen Pam with rollers in her hair lots of times. What’s the big deal? Did she say something?”

“No, but...but still.”

“Matt, there’s nothing unusual about seeing someone with rollers in their hair. Didn’t you and she tell me that she set Andy’s hair in rollers the other day?”

“Well...yeah, I guess,” Matt replied.

“Now, Matt dear, why don’t you finish your milk, and then search through your closet for something to wear tomorrow.”

As Pam returned home, she smiled at how well the plan worked. When she saw Matt with the neatly wound curlers in his hair and a nice silk kerchief tied over them, she almost swooned. Wendy’s part of the project was on track, as was her own with Andy.

She found her son sitting demurely in the living room, his skirt neatly tucked under him, reading the comics. “Ready to finish our job?”

“Sure, mom,” he replied and eagerly dropped the paper and followed her to her studio.

Once again, Pam had Andy try on several skirts and dresses. She asked him to try on some blouses with the skirts so that she ‘could see the whole look’. She was glad that Andy didn’t question the need for that.

As 11:30am approached, Pam pulled one of her favorite summer dresses from the closet. It was made of pure white cotton with frilly collars and cuffs and a very full skirt that billowed out when she wore it. She lifted the

dress high over her son's head as he stretched his arms up to slip into the sleeves. It literally floated over his body and settled into a perfect fit.

"Turn around, dear. This one has small buttons up the back."

His mother began to fasten buttons from the small of his back up. There were over twenty buttons to fasten.

"Here, try on these sandals, please. They're the ones I usually show with this dress," Pam said as she presented him with open toe, high-heel sandals. The sandals had thin leather straps that crisscrossed Andy's feet. The heels were quite high and thin.

For the first time he realized the challenge of mastering true 'heels'. For the next five minutes, Pam worked on the hem. Again, she didn't really need to make any adjustments, but Andy would never know.

"There, this one is okay. Let's break for a quick bite. You might as well leave that dress on for now. We're almost done. Just a couple more after lunch."

Andy didn't need persuading to keep the dress and shoes on. His mother suggested that he should go upstairs to the bathroom and wash his hands before lunch. Of course, Andy was more than happy to go upstairs and have another opportunity to examine his reflection closely in the mirror. As he did, Pam went to her kitchen window and made a signal. Instantly, Wendy stepped out her back door and walked across their yards. She quietly entered Pam's kitchen and took a seat.

It must have been ten minutes before they heard Andy's steps coming down the stairs. He had washed his hands and spent five minutes primping and posing in front of the mirror. Andy had even combed out the two inches of hair below the elastics in his braids so that it was smooth and had a little curl to it. He adjusted the

twin bows on his hair ribbons so that they were even and straight.

Andy entered the kitchen and froze much as Matt had done when he entered his kitchen and found Pam there.

“Hi, Andy.”

“H-h-hello, Mrs. Richards.”

Wendy continued her conversation with his mother as if nothing was out of the ordinary. “Don’t you love this dress, Wendy?” Pam asked casually as she pointed to her red-face son. “I designed it two years ago and with just a few changes, it’s up to date. I just checked the length on Andy, and I’ll sell it another year.”

“Oh, it’s beautiful. And I love the hairstyle Andy’s wearing. You’ve got to show me how to do that so I can try it.”

“Sure, it’s easy once you’ve practiced it. I’m still trying to decide how we’re going to do our hair for tomorrow. How are you and Matt doing yours?”

“I think we’ll try matching curly looks. We have our hair roller set the same way today, and I’ll see how it looks combed out later today. We’ll probably try some variation tomorrow. Who knows, maybe I’ll even try an updo.”

“Oh, that would be nice,” Pam replied seriously.

Andy couldn’t believe his ears! Matt had his hair set like his mother? She had a head full of rollers. Did she say she was going to try an updo? On Matt?

“What do you think, Andy, should you and I try something curlier tomorrow too?”

“Uh...uh...I don’t know, mom.”

“Next week I’ve made appointments for Matt and myself at the hairdresser’s. He could use a cut to allow us to style it more like mine.”

“That’s a good idea!” Pam chimed in. “Andy, you and I should make an appointment to get your hair styled too. It could use a trim to get some shape.”

Andy was nervous and confused. The thought of going to a beauty salon was exciting, but he couldn’t just agree to it without a protest. “But I like it long.”

“That’s fine, Andy,” Wendy interjected, “Matt likes his hair long too. I promised him to get a proper hairdresser to work on it. They can trim it for style without losing length.”

“She’s right, dear. Why don’t we see Barb next week. We’ll have Wendy and Matt over for Sunday dinner and compare our new hairstyles.”

Andy was weakening. Matt had agreed to go with his mother to her hairdresser...it couldn’t hurt then. “Well...okay. I guess I could give it a try.”

“Great, I’ll arrange it,” Pam replied!

Later that afternoon, both mothers worked with their sons looking over the boys’ “nicer” clothes. Without any surprise, it was discovered that other than jeans, T-shirts, and other school and play clothes, the boys had nothing nice to wear for a dress-up dinner affair.

It was maybe more of a surprise to the boys, but Pam and Wendy had done thorough checks of both boys’ wardrobes while they were at school and knew what they would find.

The women had devised their suggested ‘alternatives’. In each household a similar conversation was taking place. “Matt, you really don’t have anything suitable for tomorrow.”

“I don’t go anywhere that needs those kind of clothes.”

“It’s about time that you boys learn how to behave at a formal dinner function. These Sunday dinners can be dress rehearsals,” Wendy explained.

His mother scratched her head and looked deep in thought. “I think I have an idea. Pam said that Andy was going to borrow a pair of her dark slacks and a plain white blouse because he doesn’t have anything to wear. I bet you would fit in some of mine too.”

“He’s going to wear her clothes?”

“Sure, why not? He fits them perfectly. When I was over there, the summer dress he was modeling fit him like it was made-to-measure.”

“He was wearing a dress when you went over there?”

“Why not? He was just helping his mother with some alterations. Which reminds me, I have some alterations to do here as well. Let me look through my things and I’ll be back in a minute.”

Meanwhile, next door....

“I know! Wendy said that Matt was going to wear a pair of her plain dark slacks and a simple blouse because he hasn’t got anything appropriate to wear. Let’s try that!” Pam exclaimed.

“Me? I can’t wear your clothes?” Andy replied in surprise. His mother gave him a ‘are you kidding’ look as he stood in the last dress they were altering, a silk cocktail dress in peacock blue with dark hose and black heels. Even his hair had been ‘adjusted’ to get ‘the look’. Pam had pulled her son’s hair back and up into a flawless twist secured with a myriad of craftily hidden pins and accentuated with a sparkling rhinestone comb.

“Oh, I guess you’re right,” he said, and they both broke out in a laugh. “As long as Matt’s doing it, I don’t mind.”

#### IV

*“Never count on a guy being around forever.”*

Around four o’clock, Wendy said to her son, “Matt, I’m going to take down my hair and comb it out. I want you to

try on those clothes we picked for tomorrow. I'll call you when I'm done with my hair. Then I'll finish your hairdo for you."

"Matt, I'm done. Please come in now," she called half an hour later.

Matt came through the door of Wendy's bedroom looking a little sheepish. "Mom, do you think this is alright?" he asked looking down at his white blouse and women's slacks.

"It looks perfect, very elegant. Come here so I can do your hair."

Matt sat in front of the mirror. His mother undid the bow at the back of his head and carefully lifted the scarf from his rollers. He looked at her reflection in the mirror and saw her hair was now styled into a perfect bouffant with a pair of rhinestone hair combs pulling her hair back just above each ear. She looked like a TV newswoman. He turned his attention to his own reflection as Wendy started to remove the long pins and hair rollers, starting at the bottom and working her way up the back and sides of his head. As each roller slipped out, the hair snapped into the shape created by the roller. Soon the three-dozen rollers were out, and his head was covered in shiny rolls of hair.

"Wow, those are tight looking curls," Matt gasped.

"Don't worry, they will smooth out as I do your comb out. That's what we call brushing, backcombing, and styling that you do after you take a roller set down."

Wendy slowly pulled a hairbrush through Matt's hair starting at his forehead and running to the back and bottom of his hair. His hair smoothed and individual roller marks blended, but his hair still stood up a couple of inches. Picking up a rat-tailed comb, his mother selected a section at the front and briskly combed downwards.

Matt recognized the process from when he had seen his mother do her own hair. She noticed his questioning look. "I'm backcombing your hair. I take a roller section, pull it up, and then run the comb down a few times. That tangles the bottom and middle leaving it stiffer and forming a base for the hairdo. Here you try." She supervised as he tentatively followed her directions. She let him do four or five sections before taking over again.

"Not bad. You need to practice and soon you won't need me for everyday styles. Since this is for something special, it's best if you let me do it. We can take time each weekend to practice and I will teach you how to do hair. There are so many styles we can try. Want to do that?"

It was a strange question for a mother to be asking her son, but Matt realized that he was having his hair unrolled from rollers just like a daughter might. He nodded yes to her question.

Wendy smiled and continued with backcombing. Soon Matt's hair stood out all over his head like a wild Afro. She took a can of hair spray and misted Matt's hair. She once again started combing at the top front of his hair and gently teased and shaped his hair. Gradually Matt saw his wild Afro tame out into a smoothly shaped hairdo that stood high with crisp little undulations where each roller had been. His hair was carefully curled under at the back and sides. His ears were completely covered.

As Matt looked at his reflection with his mother right behind him, he realized that his hairstyle was identical to hers except for rhinestone combs.

Wendy opened the drawer picked out two ivory colored hair combs. "Mom, what are you doing?"

"Finishing your hairdo?"

"With those?"

"Yes, they will go nicely with your blouse."

“I can’t wear combs in my hair,” he moaned as his mother deftly pulled his hair back and slid the first comb in firmly behind his right ear.

“Let me finish first and you can take a look,” she said as she inserted the second matching comb behind his left ear. Wendy finished with a coat of hairspray over Matt’s hairdo.

Matt stared at his image. He had a beauty queen’s hair. His “bouffant” was a little larger than his mother’s because he had a little more length on top than her. He touched his hair. It felt strange, like a helmet. His hair resisted his touch almost three inches from his scalp.

“You look so wonderfully cute,” his mother sighed as she rested her hands on his shoulders.

“Boys aren’t supposed to look cute, mom.”

“Well you do and I love you. Your hair is a dream to work with. There are so many styles I am going to teach you. This is such fun for me...please try?”

He could see the unbridled happiness in his mother’s eyes. It felt nice to make her feel this good. “Yeah, it will be fun,” Matt grinned, then playfully added. “Hey, how come you get the shiny combs?”

## V

“Always wear clean panties!”

The next day after a hectic morning and afternoon of preparation, Wendy put the finishing touches on setting the table. She was dressed in a black skirt with a white silk blouse. On her feet she had a pair of black, high-heel pumps. Her hair was beautifully coiffed in a smooth bouffant that flowed and curled under all around at just shoulder level. A pair of ivory colored hair combs pulled her hair back just behind each ear. After much discussion,

persuasion and well-planned half-truths, both mothers had convinced their sons to dress as they suggested.

Little did Andy or Matt know that their respective mothers had said that it was the other boy who had decided to wear his mother's slacks, blouse, and clear nail polish? Luckily neither put up an insurmountable resistance to the women's plans.

There was a knock on the backdoor. Wendy smiled in anticipation while Matt nervously took one last look in the upstairs bedroom mirrors. She hurried to the backdoor. "Right on time!" exclaimed Wendy as she looked over her friend, Pam, who stepped into the house. Pam wore a new, pink top with a ruffled collar and white skirt.

Her hair was different than her usual style. Today it fell in masses of lush curls to her shoulders. At that moment, Matt entered the room, and Andy also followed his mother in.

The two boys stared at each other. Both mothers surveyed their sons as they saw each other for the first time... 'dressed nicely'. Andy looked at his friend, Matt. Matt's hair was fuller and puffier during the last week due to the 'few rollers' he said his mother had put in, but now Matt's hair was very different. In fact, it was just like his mother's, except Matt's hair combs were covered with shiny rhinestones! It was an identical bouffant style with curled under bottom! Wendy could hardly wait to get him to her hairdresser and have his hair trimmed like hers too.

Andy saw that his mother was right about how Matt had agreed to dress, and he was relieved!

Matt was wearing a white silk blouse very similar to Wendy's. It didn't seem to have buttons at the front. It was a turtleneck design with a row of white silk buttons running along one of his shoulders. Andy couldn't see the white silk camisole with the lacy bodice he wore under-

neath. Wendy insisted that the bodice was needed to keep Matt's perspiration off the blouse. A boy's undershirt would be too bulky and clumpy.

Matt's blouse was tucked into black woman's slacks. The waistline had a three-inch wide waistband that closed in front with a vertical row of small black cloth-covered buttons. There was no fly on this garment. The pants flared below the waistband and fell very full down to ankle level. Near the bottom of each pant leg was a row of four black buttons. Sheer black hose appeared below, and Matt wore a pair of shiny black pumps with a one-inch heel!

Andy couldn't see that the hose Matt was wearing was, pantyhose and that he wore matching white silk and lace! "Who is going to see?" Wendy had argued when Matt had resisted wearing them.

Matt looked at Andy. He almost didn't recognize him! Andy's normally shoulder length wavy hair spilled in a mass of springy curls and ringlets just like his mother. The curls made his hair look several inches shorter. Andy too was wearing a white blouse like, but Andy's was very full with a large neckline that exposed the boy's shoulders. Around the neckline was a three-inch wide ruffle that was repeated around the cuffs of Andy's billowing full sleeves.

Matt would have been relieved to know that Andy also wore a lacy camisole and matching panties. Was Andy wearing a floor-length skirt? The navy blue "skirt" was just above ankle length and showed smoky blue hose on Andy's feet. Pam was disappointed that she didn't have pantyhose or knee-high stockings of the right color. Instead she made Andy wear a newly opened package of "stay ups". These thigh-high hose were nylon stockings with elastic that hugged the boy's upper thighs to stay tautly.

Matt noticed that as Andy moved one leg, the “skirt” was in fact pants cut very full to simulate the movement and look of a long skirt. Andy wore a pair of navy blue suede pumps with a low heel and tapered toe. The deeply cut out instep exposed much of the tops of his nylon-clad feet.

Matt remembered his friend’s nails from a few days earlier when Andy had worn clear nail polish. Quickly looking at Pam’s nails, then Andy’s, Matt saw that they were virtually the same. Both were shaped with obvious oval tips. Andy’s looked longer than they were a few days earlier, and they appeared to have white tips where the nails extended beyond his fingers!

Wendy spoke, “Oh, I love the French nails!” She took one of Pam and one of Andy’s hands in hers to see the nails. “Did you do them yourselves?”

“Sure, I bought a kit downtown. It’s not hard. You push back and trim the cuticles, shape the nail, color the tips from underneath, then put two coats of clear polish and a final topcoat of high gloss. Done.”

“Gee, Matt and I feel outclassed with our simple clear polish,” Wendy teased. “I love your hair too!”

“Thanks, I love yours and Matt’s. My gawd, Wendy, Matt looks so much like you!”

“I thought so too,” Wendy said as she put her arm around her son’s shoulder.

Andy was amazed! His friend looked like a younger version of his mother. Their hair was nearly identical. Matt didn’t have any makeup on, but with his young, smooth skin, he looked quite feminine; especially with his feminine hairdo and silk blouse.

“Look at you two,” Wendy continued, “Andy looks like you did in high school.”

“I know...” Pam replied. “I confess that this hairstyle is exactly the same as I wore for my high school yearbook picture.”

“It’s really cute!” Wendy proclaimed.

Andy’s cheeks turned red at the attention being drawn to his likeness to his mother. On the other hand, the compliments thrilled him.

Then, Pam executed the next step of their plan. “Gee, you know that Mother’s Day is only three weeks from now. Wouldn’t it be fun to have a mother-son ‘look-a-like’ contest! It could be just the four of us here at home. A completely formal dinner affair, no holds barred.”

The boys were silent. “Wow, that would be fun!” Wendy agreed.

The women stared at their boys. They had subtly worked on them over the past few days so that they would be ‘prepared’ for this idea.

“But...we already are in a look-a-like mode,” Matt stated with a wave of his hand down his and his mother’s body.

“Oh, we’re just dressed in similar colors and hairdo’s. But this is casual dress. Why don’t we go all out?”

“All out to make us look like your daughters?” Andy asked softly.

“Yeah, head to toe gala affair,” Pam added. The boys looked surprised and somewhat bewildered.

“If the boys do us this little favor for Mother’s Day, how about we take them for a vacation this summer to L.A. You know Disneyland, Magic Mountain, the Queen Mary, surfing on the beach....”

“L.A.? WOW!” Matt and Andy gasped at once. They had talked all winter about how cool it would be to go to L.A. and see all the cool stuff.

“Wow, Disneyland has that new Indiana Jones ride!” exclaimed Andy.

“Yeah, and the coasters at Magic Mountain are extreme!”

Wendy added, “We can’t thank you boys enough for all the help on the alterations. You’ll continue to help us, right? Both boys nodded. Pam and Wendy looked at each other and smiled.

With an unusual lack of opposition to the Mother’s Day idea, Matt and Andy agreed to do it. “After all,” they rationalized, “here’s an opportunity to go to California.”

They had a great evening, and soon the novelty of Matt and Andy’s attire faded and everyone joked and chatted like the close friends they were. Even when the boys went up to Matt’s room to look over some new car magazines that he had purchased, they were just good ol’ Matt and Andy.

Once the ladies were alone, they looked at each other and smiled. “Who would ever had thought?” Pam giggled.

“Aren’t they adorable?”

“I’ll say. I had a ball dressing Andy up in my dresses and playing with his hair. You should see how feminine he looks!”

“You’re lucky. I have to work on Matt a little more slowly, but these Sunday dinners are a great idea.”

“Next week, our house,” Pam said giving Wendy a knowing wink.

“That would be great. I will take Matt a notch or two up for next week.”

“Sounds great. I’ll do the same with Andy.”

The boys sat on Matt’s bed flipping through some magazines, but each had something they wanted to talk about. Each realized that they looked like a couple of

girls. Each wanted to know if the other felt the same way about it.

“So, it’s been quite a day, huh?” Andy finally spoke. “Your hair looks pretty cool.”

“Really? You think so?” Matt asked expectantly.

“Yeah. My mum said that you had to put it up in rollers like your mom.”

“Uh huh. She tried it out yesterday and she thought it looked good, so we did it the same way again today. A week ago if someone has said that I would be setting my hair on rollers, I would have hit him,” Matt grinned as he pointed to his hairdo.

“No kidding,” Andy blushed, admitting, “I’ve worn skirts and dresses a LOT in the past week!”

“Our moms really need our help with the alterations,” Matt said. “It’s the least we can do for them.”

“At first I thought it was weird, but I can see how it gives our mothers a better idea of how their dresses look. It is kind of neat,” Andy confessed looking down at the floor as a blush rose on his cheeks.

“Are wearing everything underneath?” Matt asked.

“Mom said I had to for the clothes to fit in the right places,” he said holding his hands out in front of his chest implying a bosom.

“That felt weird at first, didn’t it?”

“You wore lingerie too?” Andy asked.

“I had to. It wasn’t that bad.”

“Actually it feels better than boy’s clothes,” Andy hesitated then added quietly, “I still have some of the stuff on.”

“Really? What kind of stuff?”

“Everything I guess...that is except for the bra.”

“Cool! I guess I can confess then,” Matt said with a grin as he pulled his pant leg way up exposing his leg to his knee and the black pantyhose that encased it.

“Oh yeah?” Andy laughed and pulled his own pant leg up showing off his own nylon-covered leg. Undoing a couple of buttons of his blouse at his chest, he opened it up to expose the lace-covered bodice of his camisole.

“Hey, I’m wearing one of those fancy undershirts too.”

“I think they are called camisoles,” Andy corrected.

“Okay, camisole,” Matt giggled. “Are we becoming fruitcakes or what? Are you wearing girl’s underwear down below?”

“They were a matching set and...”

“It’s okay, me too,” Matt replied as both boys broke up laughing. “I actually like the feeling.”

“Me too!” Andy exclaimed. “Looks like we going to have to take girl’s gym on Monday?”

“Sorry, my dear, but I have my weekly beauty salon appointment after school,” Matt lisped as he pretended to fluff his hair with his hands.

Soon both boys were holding their middles laughing uncontrollably. There was a mutual sense of relief that they could laugh about their new experiences with a good friend. They were no longer be afraid of showing that they enjoyed these new found pleasures. Both boys agreed to help their mothers as much as possible.

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Once Andy and his mother returned home, Wendy began to clean up the kitchen with Matt’s help. “Matt, slip this apron on, dear. I don’t want food staining that blouse,” Wendy held out a white garment. Matt realized that it was very similar to the one she was wearing with a full, ruffled bodice with a yolk collar. The apron’s skirt was ruffled with a hem that came to just below his knees.

The skirt wrapped around his waist and tied in back. The boy stood as his mother lowered the yolk collar over his head and brought the skirt down. Stepping behind him, she tied the apron strings into a floppy bow at the small of his back. Without further word, they went continued their cleanup chores. Matt would look at his reflection in the mirror whenever he passed. His dark hair bounced and tickled the ruffles around his collar, and his full skirt made a pleasant swishing sound as he walked.

Later, when they were getting ready for bed, Matt quietly entered his mother's bedroom with a towel wrapped around his wet hair. With a nod of her head towards the seat in front of the vanity, Wendy indicated that he should have a seat. They made small talk as Wendy combed out her boy's hair and preceded to set it on large magnetic salon rollers she had used during the weekend. There was no resistance from Matt as his mother taught him to set rollers not just at the top of his head like last week, but over his entire head.

Wendy said, "In a couple weeks, you'll be an expert. I'll give you a hairnet like mine and an extra soft pillow for your head."

Matt managed a quiet, "Thanks, Mom."

## VI

*"Makeup should enhance your best features."*

The boys had a new, shared secret. They complimented each other on their hairstyles on the way to school just as a couple of girls would. Even ragged on a girl at school's "lack of style." On Tuesday morning, Andy swung his wavy blonde mane over his shoulder. "I joined your club last night."

"What club?" Matt replied.

"The sleeping-in-rollers club."

“Really, how come?”

“My mum bought me a set of large rollers to try out. She shampooed my hair and set it for the night.”

“Now you know how it feels,” laughed Matt. “Mom set up a vanity in my room and I’m learning to do it myself.”

Late on Wednesday evening, Matt realized that he had loaned a math textbook to Andy. “Mom, I’m just going to Andy’s to get my math book. I’ll be right back.”

“Okay, dear, but remember it’s late, so don’t stay long.”

Matt crossed their adjoining backyards and knocked on their back door. Pam was working in the kitchen and saw him. “Come in, Matt.”

“Sorry I’m coming over so late, but I need a textbook that I loaned to Andy.” “That’s okay. Go into my studio.”

Matt went to the sewing studio. The door was open and the light was on, so he put his head in and said, “Hey, Andy....”

Matt froze as he saw his friend sitting at a sewing machine. Andy turned to the door and also registered shock. His cheeks quickly turned a shade of pink.

“What ya’ doing?” Matt asked.

“Oh...” Andy ruffled some material that he’d obviously been sewing. Both boys knew how to use a sewing machine. “I was just helping mom.”

Andy’s wavy shoulder length hair normally flowed onto his shoulders. Even when he had it curled, it still billowed to just above his shoulders. Now it was sleekly pulled up along his head into a neatly woven French Braid that ran down the center of his head from forehead to nape!

The end, or tail of the braid, was tucked and pinned underneath and a large, black satin bow barrette was attached at the bottom giving it an elegant and sophisti-

cated look. Matt saw two earrings in Andy's ears. They were about the size of a quarter and had a black and gold enameled design.

But something was different. Andy's lips were coated with a dark red lipstick that matched the color of his nails. He wore a pair of deep, maroon-colored silk lounging pants that flowed like a skirt with a matching long-sleeve top.

Seeing that Matt was speechless, Andy immediately launched into an explanation. "My mom is experimenting with looks for this silly Mother's Day thing, and she asked me to fix something on this dress."

Matt regained his composure and thought that his buddy looked very good. Good, as in good-looking girl!

"That's okay, man. You don't look bad as a chick," Matt replied and gave a good-natured laugh. Dropping the subject, Matt said, "I came by to get that math text you borrowed."

Soon they were talking about homework and the next day's classes. Matt prepared to return home. "I better go now. You know, Andy, you really do look good like that...way better than I do."

Andy blushed at the awkward compliment, but inwardly was thrilled that his buddy thought he looked good. "Thanks, Matt. My mum really gets into it. You looked real cool last Sunday. I liked your hair."

"Mom is teaching me how to set it myself. We'll probably do something special this Sunday?"

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When Matt got home he told his mother what he had seen. "A French Braid, red lipstick and nail polish? Pam is really focused when she gets into something. She said that she had tried some braiding on him. You should let

me braid your hair. Why don't we try right now and see if it is long enough?"

"Well...maybe just for fun."

Wendy could see right through his ruse. He was more than anxious to have her do a clearly feminine hairdo on him.

"Okay, let's go to my room," she said as she led him to her bedroom to the seat at her vanity. "I'll try a couple of styles and if it looks good, I can do your hair like that right after school."

Matt watched in the large mirror as his mother picked up a hairbrush and began to brush through his wavy hair, front to back. It felt nice. "I hope I haven't forgotten too much. I haven't done any braids since high school. Pam and I used to braid each other's hair."

She hadn't forgotten a thing as she proceeded to experiment with several types of braids. Finally, she had Matt bend forwards so she could brush all his hair from the nape up onto the top of his head. Starting at the nape, Wendy did a beautiful upside-down French braid that ended up in a cute braided bun at the top of his head.

"Well, do you like it?"

"Gee, Mom. It's kind of girlish?" he said quietly.

"It wouldn't look good on many boys, but it looks good on you. I'd love to teach you to do it?"

"Where would I wear it?"

"I'm not suggesting you wear it to school tomorrow," she teased, "but you and I could do our hair alike when we are working together."

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Sunday morning, Matt entered his mom's bedroom with a towel wrapped around his wet hair. From the past week's experience, he noticed that his mother's hair was

set in a different pattern. There were smaller diameter rollers on the crown and large rollers all around. The sides and back were rolled up.

Wendy hummed to herself as she combed out Matt's wet tangles. On the vanity beside them a variety of small and larger curlers stood ready. Combing through some setting gel, Wendy began rolling her son's hair on the crown. Matt noticed that she was using smaller rollers than usual.

"Those are kind of small, aren't they?"

"Tonight is our special dinner. Smaller rollers give a tighter curl. I'm trying something a little different today."

"Like?"

"It's a surprise."

Matt sat quietly and expectantly. Once his crown was covered in about 15 smaller rollers set in a somewhat random pattern, he held his breath as his mother picked up the first large roller and combed out a section of hair above his right ear. She placed the roller on the top of his hair and began to roll UP. Her words from last week echoed in his head, "*if I roll the rollers upwards like this at the back and sides, I'm doing a set that would be for an updo.*"

His heart pounded. Should he say something? Why was he staying quiet? He continued to watch as his mother rolled his hair upwards in neat rows along the sides and back of his head.

"There," Wendy said, "almost done. I'm going to put this hairnet on to hold things in place." She hesitated then asked softly, "Honey, tonight would you mind wearing that skirt we were hemming? I want Pam to see it on someone..."



**That night the two boys couldn't take their eyes off each other. Matt said to Andy, "I thought I'd shock you?"  
"Hardly," Andy laughed.**

*“If you settle for less that’s all you’re going to get.”*

The next week went quickly. On Monday, Pam and Wendy had a fun day of shopping. They hit all the fashion stores looking for just the right dresses and accessories for their substitute “daughters”.

“Isn’t this fun! I love buying things for my Andrea,” Pam squealed with excitement as she browsed through a rack of nightgowns.

“Andrea?”

“Oh, yeah. I forgot to tell you, I like to think of Andy as Andrea when he’s dressed up. I haven’t broken it to him yet but I thought I might give him a heart, locket necklace that said ‘Andrea’ is the time is ever right.”

“Sweet idea. I’ve always liked the name Madeline...or Maddie,” Wendy said with a sly smile. “They’d die!”

“Maybe not.” Both ladies had phoned their hairdressers and made appointments for themselves and their boys for the following Saturday.

“I’ve almost talked Andy into joining me for standing weekly salon appointments,” Pam said over coffee. “If he had a weekly beauty salon appointment, his brows could be managed. He seems to like me working on his nails. If he’s careful and doesn’t break a nail by Mother’s Day, we won’t need to get him acrylics.”

“Oh my, a weekly beauty appointment? That would be so fun and feminizing. I’ll work on Matt...last night, I talked him into shaving his legs.”

“Andy used Nair and has silky smooth legs and underarms,” Pam smiled proudly.

“Are we doing the right thing,” Wendy moaned. “At some point they are going to have problems at school. It’s pretty liberal, but you know teen boys?”

“I’d rather Andy be comfortable putting on bra than be obsessed with taking one off every girl in school.”

“I guess you are right. He hasn’t objected much. I have an idea, but first we need to get through Mother’s Day,” Wendy said.

Finally, Mother’s Day weekend arrived. Both boys were equally excited and scared of what they had gotten themselves into. Dressing up in girl’s clothes and having girl’s hairdo’s in the privacy of their homes was nerve-racking enough, but today both boys were scheduled for beauty salon appointments with their mothers. Though they were going to two different salons, the ladies doing their hair, nails, and makeup were fully aware that they were sons and not “daughters” accompanying their moms for this most feminine of feminine activities!

Matt and Wendy arrived precisely at 11am at Mindy’s Beauty Parlor. Matt was not at all happy when he realized that it was Saturday and Mother’s Day, causing downtown to be especially busy. Consequently, they had to park a block and a half away and walk down Main Street to reach the salon.

Matt wore his hair tied back in a low ponytail and had put on dark sunglasses. The loose fitting cotton blouse and jeans he wore gave him an androgynous look. However, what if they ran into someone he knew? He never wore a ponytail to school, so that would be different already. But if he ran into a friend at the salon or on the way back to the car, he would be looking very feminine. In fact, with fancy hair, nails, and makeup, he would stand out in his simple blouse and jeans. He was quickly slipping into a semi-panic state as these thoughts raced through his mind. Why had he agreed to this??

As they stepped through the door of Mindy’s, he felt like he had arrived at a temporary sanctuary. But as he

looked around, panic returned. The salon was packed! Not like the last time when he and his Mom were the only customers. There were ladies under the dryers, ladies in the waiting area, and ladies in the salon chairs being worked on by Mindy and her partner Rachel. Matt saw the other clients looking their way as they walked into the waiting area and took a seat.

“Good morning, ladies, I’ll be right with you,” Mindy said as she escorted her customer towards the hair dryers. Matt cringed at being called a “lady”, but all in all, perhaps it was a good thing.

When mother and “daughter” left the salon that afternoon, Matt was in shock. Even though Mindy “knew”, they had treated him like a girl and had given him the works! Since there were so many ladies, it was impossible to put up any male resistance.

He moaned, “This makeup, it’ll come off, right?”

“Don’t be silly,” his mother said.

“And the eyebrows?”

His mother cringed, “I don’t think they will grow back overnight, but they look pretty.”

Suddenly Wendy felt a bit sorry for her son. Maybe she’d gone too far. The wispy bangs that Mindy had cut called attention to his perfectly girlish plucked arches. Even Wendy was surprised how it feminized his face.

Across town, Andy was equally in shock. His eyebrows were plucked into high, girlish arches too, but that wasn’t his main concern. They had colored and highlighted his hair into a beautiful, blonde.

“How will I be able to look like a boy at school?” Andy asked.

His mother smiled, "That's not our problem today. Today, our job is to make you look and feel as girlish as we can..."

Andy was short of breath. He was fascinated by everything they did to him from his wavy blonde hair and made up eyes to his perfectly painted toenails. Today he was dressed in a simple but elegant outfit, his rose-colored blouse tucked neatly into black pants. His toenails were the exact color of the blouse.

"You get that from your dad, you know," Pam told him.

"Get what?"

"Always worrying about the day after next. Relax and enjoy today. You would think you were the only boy who'd ever been blonde, the way you are carrying on," Pam muttered.

At home both boys felt the same. Pam had Andy change into a comfortable flowery, housedress. Seeing himself and his made up face in the mirror, he muttered, "*I swear to Gawd, mom. NO WAY you're ever going to put me in this position again. Never!*"

Andy smoothed away any possible wrinkles in his dress and went to look at himself in the three-way mirror. He looked pretty, but he couldn't help but worry about looking boyish again. His mother came in. "What do you think they did to Matt?" he asked softly.

"Oh, if I know Wendy, she didn't hold anything back." His mother reached into her purse for a hairbrush and started gently brushing his luxurious blonde hair. She said, "Why don't you work on your dress? Matt is going to be so surprised that you are sewing yourself a dress."

-----

Wendy and Matt returned home once they were done. Wendy gave Matt a big hug and thanking him for being such a good sport.

At home, Matt wanted to change into his jeans, but his mother said, “I just spent a small fortune on that hair and face, I want to see you in a dress!”

“Aw, mom?” Matt moaned. She had him change into a simple shift minidress for the afternoon. He blushed at the amount of leg he was showing with his high heels. Around his neck, he wore a fine gold chain and in his newly pierced ears, a pair of faux diamond earrings, not that they could be seen amidst all the hair.

Matt took the bag of makeup to his vanity knowing that he’d already forgot everything they had tried to teach him. He wasn’t even sure that he’d ever wear it again. He looked in the mirror at the pink blush on his cheeks and rosy lipstick. He was impressed with the impression.

-----

The appointed hour of six arrived. Matt slipped his lipstick into the purse his mother gave him to match the dress. He had spent the last twenty minutes practicing putting on lipstick. He took one last look at his reflection (which still didn’t look like him), and left his bedroom to join his mother.

As they walked through the yard to Pam’s, Matt put a bit of bounce into his stride and tried to appear more confident than he actually felt.

The back door opened just as they reached it, but before they could step inside, they recognized the occupant. “Andy!” Matt gasped, astonished at how beautiful he looked.

“Mom’s been calling me ‘Andrea’,” he said brokenly.

Wendy gushed, “Oh, my dear. Look at that hair...you have certainly become an Andrea...”

Andy moved back into the house and let them in. He cleared his throat and in a high girlish voice, said, “Wel-

come to our Mother's Day celebration. I see that we have both given our mother's the gift of 'daughters'!"

As they followed Andy into the family room, Matt was so distracted by the sight of his friend's blonde hair and girlish wiggle that he almost forgot how he was dressed.

Matt's mother had piled his voluminous dark hair on top of his head and held it with the antique silver-handled combs that she wore only on special occasions. This was certainly special!



**Matt squirmed feeling very warm; both aroused by the way Andy was looking and embarrassed by what he was thinking.**

“Sorry to keep you waiting,” Pam said as she walked into the living room. “My! Well, don’t you look nice!” said Pam to Matt. “Doesn’t he look pretty, Andrea?”

Andy grinned and nodded. Pam said, “Well, everyone sit and renew acquaintances. Andrea will be serving dinner.”

“I might need your help, mother,” Andy said, not taking his eyes from Matt.

Matt sat next to his mother on the couch. He crossed his legs and the blue dress rode up so the lacy top of his stockings showed. Andy’s eyes devoured his legs. Matt squirmed in his seat feeling very warm, both aroused by the way Andy was looking and embarrassed by what he must be thinking.

As they chatted, Andy kept his voice high and soft, so Matt tried also in keeping with his adornments.

Pam asked Matt, “So, how’s your school year going? Do you have Miss Shaw?”

Matt nodded, “I hate her class. There are just too many students at our school...”

Suddenly a bell went off in the kitchen and Andy announced, “Dinner is served!”

Before long, they were all seated and Andy came into the dining room with a tray piled with food. His hair, like Matt’s was now piled on top of his head, held by a lacy white kerchief. The rest of his outfit consisted of ‘little French maid’ apron, dark stockings, and black pumps with stiletto heels.

Andy was placing the food on the big antique cherry wood dining table. He was so demure and sweet looking, the perfect daughter.

“It looks lovely!” Matt said girlishly.

“Oh, you’re very, very welcome!” gushed Andy. “It was fun getting ready and preparing the meal.”

“Shall I bring the wine?”

“Yes, Andrea, that would be lovely,” Pam told him, and with another curtsy, he spun on his spiked heels and retreated to the kitchen. Andy returned with a bottle of red wine and minced about the table filling their glasses and displaying a cheerful girlishness Matt had never seen.

After dinner, the four sat in the living room and had coffee and little cookies. The boys gave their mothers gifts, and in turn, their mother’s had gifts for them.

Each boy was given a heart shaped locket inscribed with “Love forever, Mother” inside. Andy’s said “ANDREA.” Matt’s said, “MADDIE!”

It was a wonderful and magical evening.

### TRYING TO GO BACK....

*“Don’t accept what you can live with – accept only what you can’t live without.”*

Matt woke early, unbothered now by his head full of rollers. He looked over the pile of feminine lingerie folded up on his chest of drawers and felt a twinge of excitement when he saw his “Mother’s Day” dress hanging on his closet door. It had been fun, but he had no time to reminisce. He had a lot to do to get ready for school.

Matt laid out a pair of jeans, cotton shirt, a sweater, cotton underwear, white cotton socks, and tennis shoes on the bed. He looked over at the white, full cut nylon panties and matching padded bra he wore yesterday. Seeing the bra’s lacy cups, he almost missed its restrictive yet caressing sensations.

Matt lifted one of his finely arched eyebrows as he saw himself in the full-length mirror in the bathroom. He unhappily stared at his face that still had traces of makeup. He ran a finger over his highly arched brow. He sighed

and began to take the rollers out of his hair. As he worked on his hair, his heart began to pound. With the professional styled cut, his hair fell easily into place, looking almost like he'd spent the day in the beauty salon!

He tried to brush his new bangs over his eyebrows, which only highlighted how girlishly they arched over his disbelieving eyes. He gasped as it suddenly dawned on him that there was no way he could pass as a boy, no matter what he wore.

Until he was able to do something about his face and hair, he was going to look like a girl. It was worse than he'd ever imagined. He tried again to make his hair "calm down", but each sweep of the brush called even more attention to his wonderfully feminine hairstyle.

With growing panic, he put on his school clothes in hopes that would make it better. It didn't. With that realization, Matt for the first time began to think clearly. He was in big trouble. He would have to cut his hair and do something about his ridiculous eyebrows.

"I can't go to school today," he told his mother. "Look at me?"

Wendy sized up her son. "Why? Your hair came out wonderfully? Just like mine!"

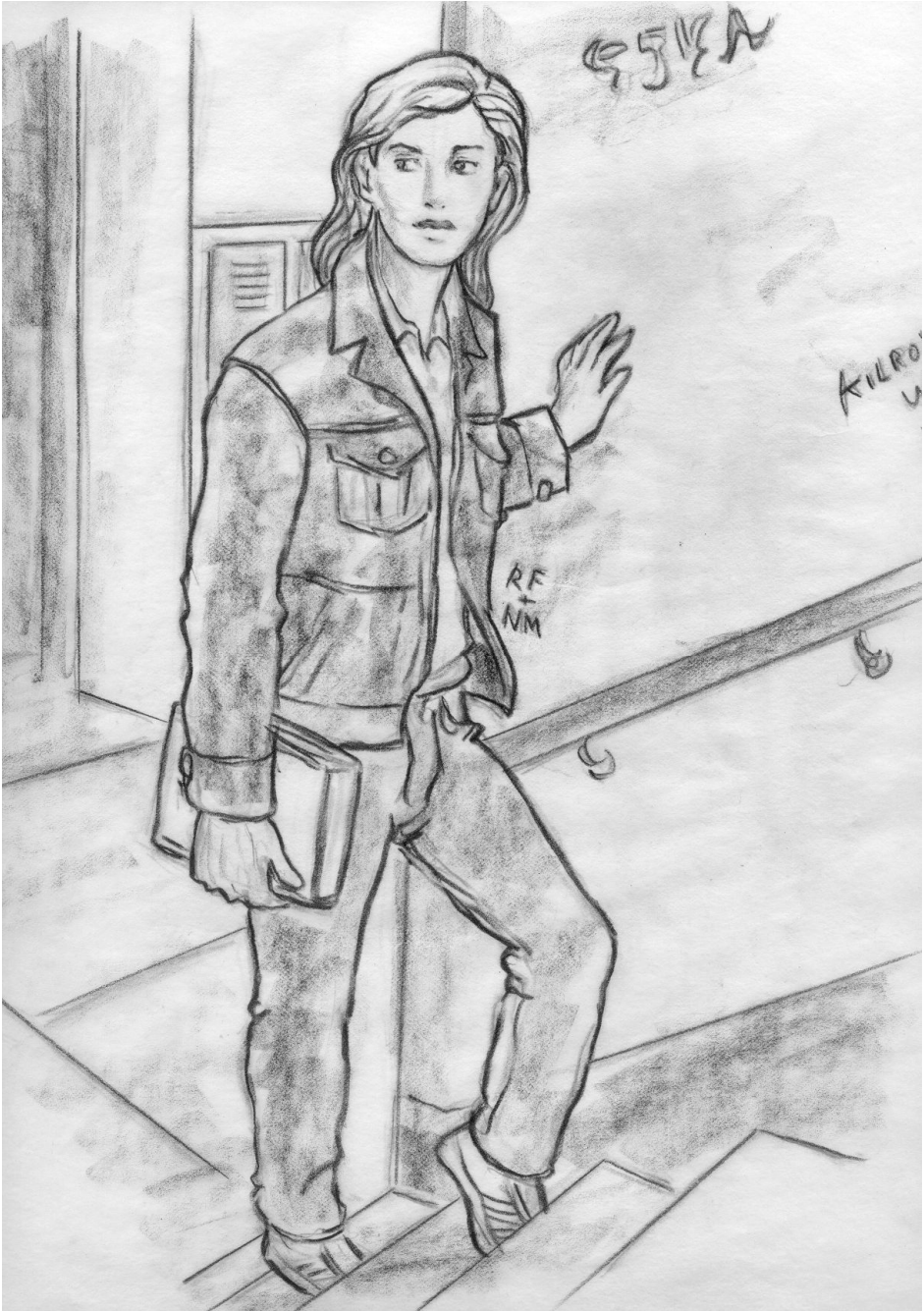
"I look like a girl!" he moaned. "Are you happy now?"

"Have a seat, doll-face," Wendy said, handing him an orange juice.

"I can't go school looking like a sissy! The guys will kill me."

"You didn't look like a sissy last night. You made a very pretty girl."

"Mom, we've gone too far. You can't keep pretending I'm your daughter."



**Matt imagined himself at school. Even in demin jeans and boy clothes, his face was that of a girl! The guys would kill him or worse!**

"I thought you liked it? I even made you another hair appointment at Mindy's for this Saturday? She'll be disappointed!"

"Mom, I'm a boy. I can't keep fooling with all this girl stuff."

"What a shame. You are so good at it. You've got a flare for doing your hair. A week or two of practice and you'll have the makeup down too."

"Look at my face!" Matt pleaded, trying to get her to understand. "A girl's face and boy clothes won't work in my *real world*?"

"No, you certainly can't dress like that, dear. And I don't think you want to wear a dress to school..." she joked, but no one laughed.

"Mom? What do I do?"

"We could go back to Mindy's but her shop is closed today. Let me call Pam and tell them you aren't going to school. Maybe she has an idea."

-----

Wendy picked up the phone and was not surprised when Pam said that Andy was "sick" too.

Pam said to Wendy, "I think you both should come over right now..."

"They want us to come over," Wendy said. She hesitated but added, "You really look odd. Why don't you put on something more appropriate."

"Mom, I'm in my school clothes...even girls at school wear jeans?" Matt was confused and trying to salvage his masculinity.

"Honey," Wendy answered, "with that hair and face, wouldn't you be more comfortable in a skirt and blouse?"

"More comfortable in a skirt?" Matt moaned but turned and went to his bedroom to change.



**“Now doesn’t THAT feel better,” his mother asked Matt. He moaned, admitting to himself that she was right.**

Twenty minutes later, Matt was back. "Now isn't that better, sweetie?" his mother said. "Let's head across the yard."

Andy opened the door. He was wearing a pink sweater and a short pleated skirt...looking like a cheerleader. "Look at us!" he laughed, flipping his long blonde hair about his shoulders. "What's next? Boyfriends?"

Matt was wearing a simple but feminine gray plaid skirt that hugged his hips then dropped to just above his kneecaps. A creamy white blouse with long sleeves covered his pert looking padded brassiere.

He was also wearing natural foundation, light blusher, and a smear of pink lipgloss. His bangs emphasized the girlish arch of his eyebrows. Both boys were wearing their new heart lockets.

Pam stated, "Wendy and I need to figure out what to do with you two."

Andy gushed to Matt, "Mom gave me a purse to hold my makeup. Want to see?"

Matt was almost in tears. "NO! I don't want to see your purse...I want to be a boy again."

"Well you don't have to get all huffy!" Andy spat.

"Easy LADIES!" Wendy laughed then said seriously to her son, "I'm worried that the only way we can make your hair look like a boy's now is to chop it off. I mean a crew cut...with your eyebrows, even a pixie cut would be 'too cute'."

Matt moaned, "Maybe I should drop out of school!"

"There's only a couple months left," Wendy said.

Pam smiled. "I have a solution. It's called the Apprentice Home Study program. You work with us and do independent study to finish the year's work...you two could learn to sew and help us with our business?"

.....

*Our mothers are our earliest teachers. And often—at least regarding some things—they are our best teachers. Not surprisingly, a good number of them are passing their femininity down to their sons.*

**THE END**

*“You can’t change someone who doesn’t want to change.”*

If you would like to hear more about Matt and Andy, let me know!

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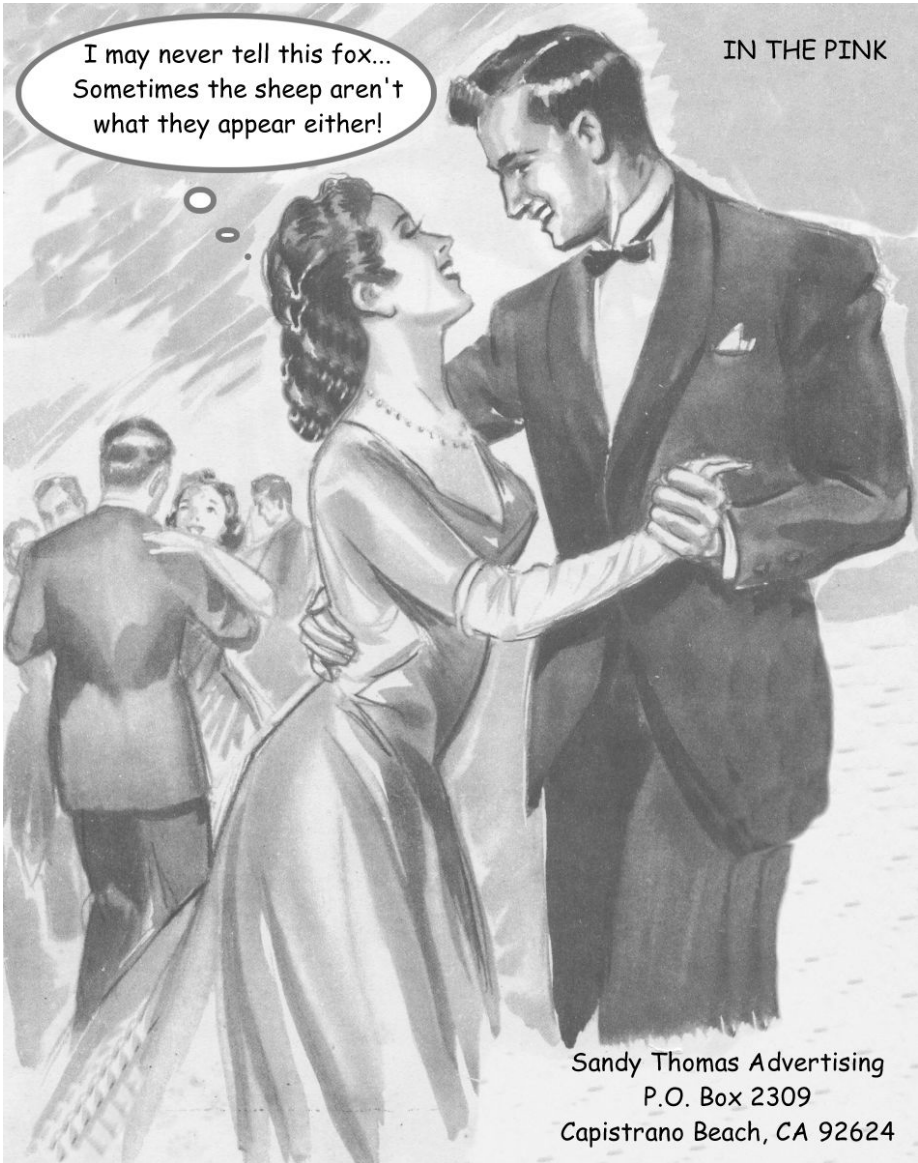
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**By the end of the school year, both boys were comfortable with girl's things and were looking forward to their summer.**



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