

# *Tales Of The Butterfly Salon*

## **Beauty and the Beastly**

by Keshara





Many thanks to all of you who follow my work and special thanks to all at TGComics who make it possible for all of us to enjoy!

Keshara



City of Bullchester - North Side

*Celia Stonebridge had found times hard lately. Her reputation as a lecturer and teacher was admired by those who believed that a direct and strict approach was essential in dealing with pupils, and the much-journeyed teacher had never wavered from her attitude toward students and the adults she dealt with from day to day.*

*However, reputations can come at a cost, and for Ms. Stonebridge, hers had never placed her in a title higher than Assistant Department Head, and with the changing attitudes towards modern teaching firmly outdating her own, she now found herself out of work.*

*Until today...*



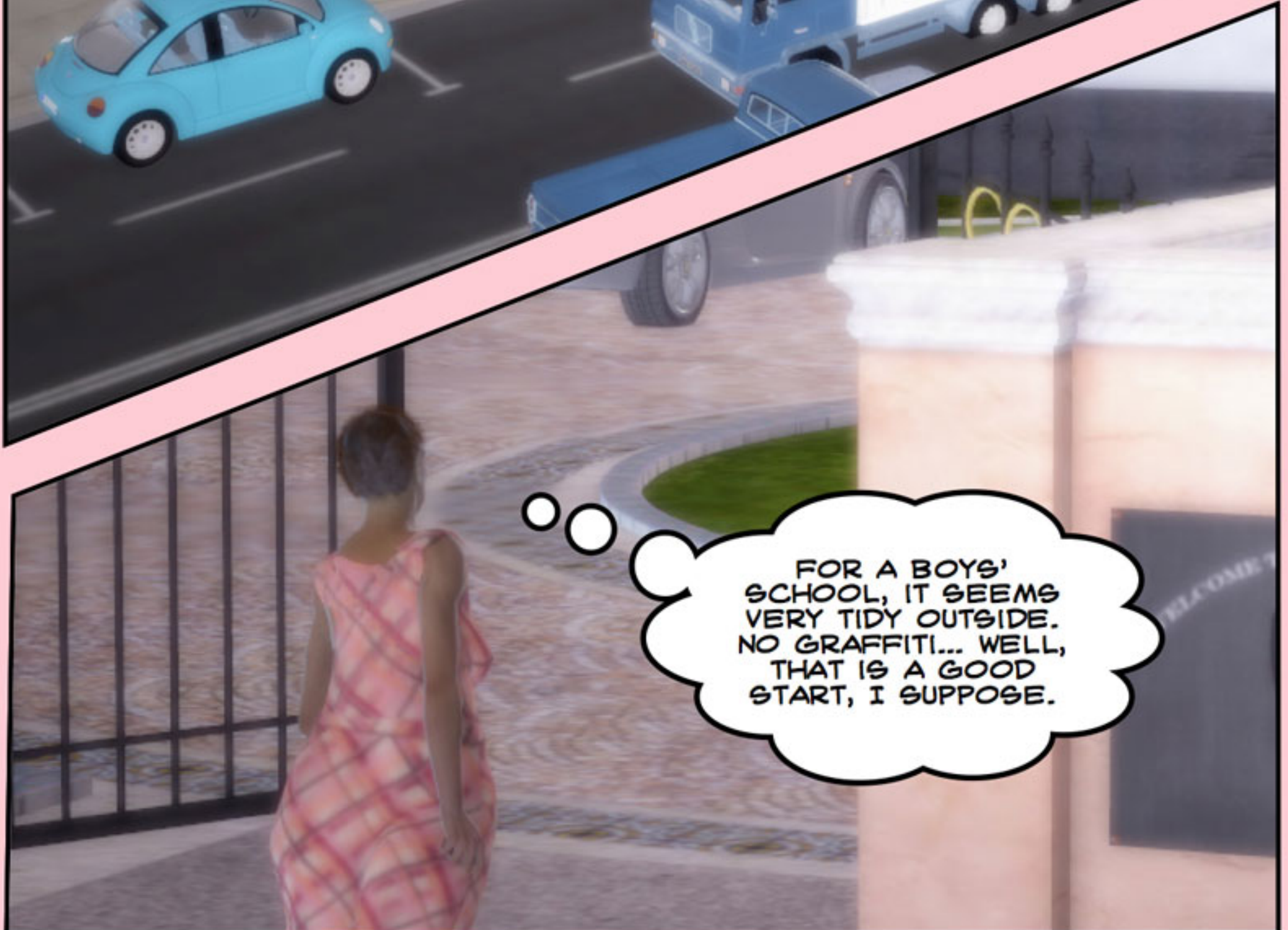


HMM, NOT A  
VERY NICE AREA  
FOR A SCHOOL.  
NO WONDER THEY  
NEED SOME  
DISCIPLINE.



I WON'T USE THEIR  
PARKING LOT IN CASE  
I GET BLOCKED IN. I'VE  
GOT A FEELING MY STAY  
HERE WILL BE SHORT.  
JUST THE LOOK OF THE  
AREA... IT'S VERY  
OFF-PUTTING.





FOR A BOYS' SCHOOL, IT SEEMS VERY TIDY OUTSIDE. NO GRAFFITI... WELL, THAT IS A GOOD START, I SUPPOSE.



Serene, calming music sounded throughout the corridors...

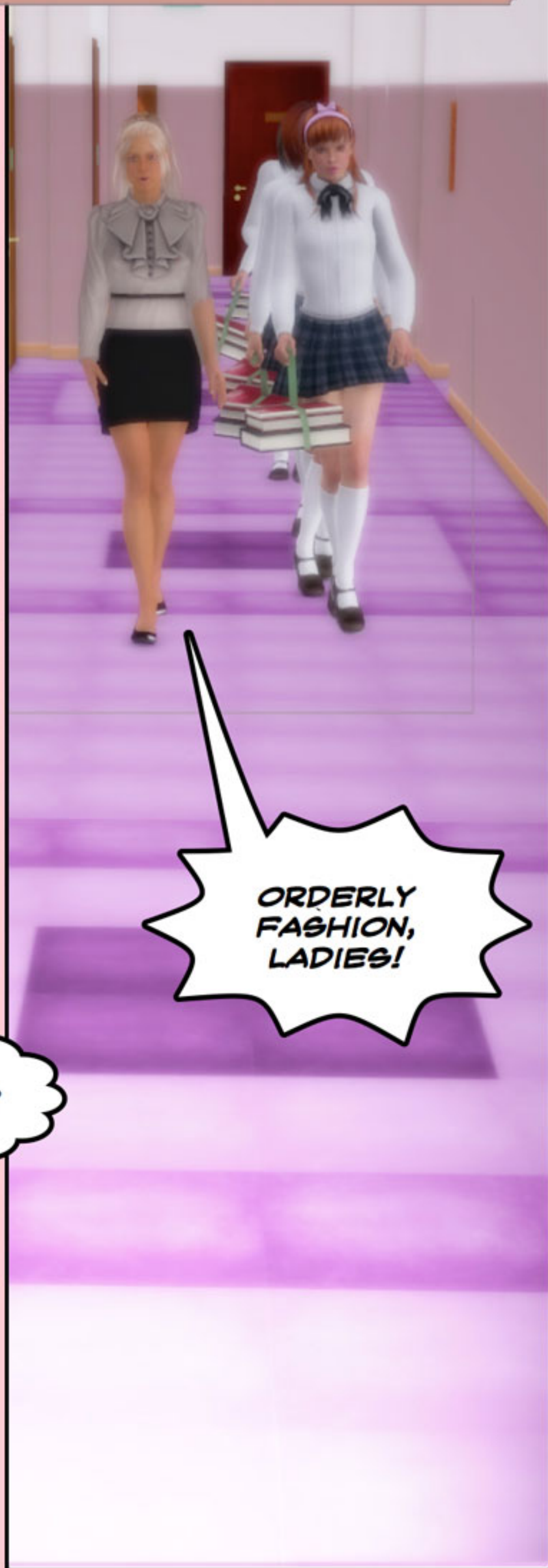




Entering the school, Celia noted the tranquil music playing over the PA system.



GIRLS?



ORDERLY FASHION, LADIES!




MAY I BE OF SOME ASSISTANCE, MADAME?

YOU HAVE GIRLS ATTENDING THIS PLACE?

UH, YES, WE DO. WE ALLOW GIRLS INTO OUR SCHOOL DURING THE SUMMER BREAK. IT HELPS PAY THE BILLS. MAY I ASK WHO YOU ARE, MADAME?







I AM MS. CELIA  
STONEBRIDGE, THE  
NEW TEACHER.

IT'S GOOD  
TO MEET YOU.  
I'M JAYNE.

I'M CONFUSED  
AS TO WHY GIRLS  
WOULD BE ATTENDING  
THIS SCHOOL. I WAS  
UNDER THE  
IMPRESSION IT WAS  
ALL BOYS HERE.

IT WAS A  
REQUIREMENT OF  
THE SCHOOL BOARD  
OF TRUSTEES.

AND YOU FEEL THAT  
HAVING HORMONAL GIRLS  
MIX WITH BOYS SERVES  
THEIR REQUIREMENTS?

I'M JUST A TEACHER  
LIKE YOU, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE. BUT TO BE  
HONEST WITH YOU, I PREFER  
TEACHING GIRLS. BOYS ARE  
MORE DISRUPTIVE, DON'T  
YOU THINK?





LADIES,  
PLEASE  
HALT!

BOYS ARE ONLY  
DISRUPTED BY WHAT  
INFLUENCES THEM. THIS IS WHY  
BOYS AND GIRLS SHOULD NEVER  
MIX! YOUR HEADMISTRESS SHOULD  
REVIEW THIS POLICY IF SHE  
WISHES FOR THIS COLLEGE,  
SCHOOL, OR WHATEVER IT IS  
TRYING TO BE TO  
SUCCEED!

I AM AN ADVOCATE OF  
MRS. MOORE'S DIRECTIVE,  
AND HER WORK HERE IS  
EXEMPLARY. I DO KNOW SHE HAS  
ASPIRATIONS OF MAKING THE  
CHANGEOVER TO A MIXED  
SCHOOL FOLLOWING THIS  
TRIAL.

AND THIS  
SILLY MUSIC.  
WHAT ON EARTH  
DOES THIS  
ACHIEVE?

THE MUSIC HAS A VERY  
CALMING EFFECT ON THE  
STUDENTS HERE. YOU ONLY NEED  
TO LOOK AT THESE GIRLS TO SEE  
THE SUCCESS WE HAVE HAD  
SINCE IT WAS IMPLEMENTED!



WHO DOES  
THIS OLD  
WINDBAG THINK  
SHE IS? I'LL  
SHOW HER!

GIRLS, WHAT DO  
YOU THINK OF THE  
MUSIC THAT PLAYS IN  
OUR HALLWAYS?

IT IS  
BEAUTIFUL,  
MISS WALLIS!

WHAT UTTER  
NONSENSE!




MISS WALLIS...  
MRS. MOORE IS  
WAITING TO SEE MS.  
STONEBRIDGE, IF YOU  
COULD SEND HER  
ALONG, PLEASE!

YES,  
GEMMA!

HELLO,  
MISS  
SCHULZ!

PERHAPS THEY  
SHOULD PUT THE PA  
SYSTEM TO MORE  
PROPER USE?






MA'AM, THE  
NEW BEAUTY  
TEACHER IS  
HERE!

THANK YOU,  
GEMMA. IF YOU  
COULD RETURN  
TO THE BOYS,  
PLEASE!

OH,  
YES, OF  
COURSE,  
MA'AM!



A woman with short dark hair, wearing a sleeveless dress with a pink and orange geometric pattern, stands with her back to the camera. She is in a room with a wooden bookshelf filled with books and a window in the background. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, and another is below her.

AH, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
WELCOME TO  
FEETHAMS...  
PLEASE TAKE  
A SEAT.

NO, THANK YOU,  
MRS. MOORE, I WOULD  
RATHER STAND. I HAVE  
BEEN DRIVING SINCE SIX  
A.M.... IT TOOK ME OVER  
THREE HOURS TO GET  
HERE!



OF COURSE. WELL,  
MAY I AT LEAST CALL  
YOU CELIA?

I PREFER MORE  
PROFESSIONAL TERMS.  
I AM A STICKLER FOR  
TRADITION.

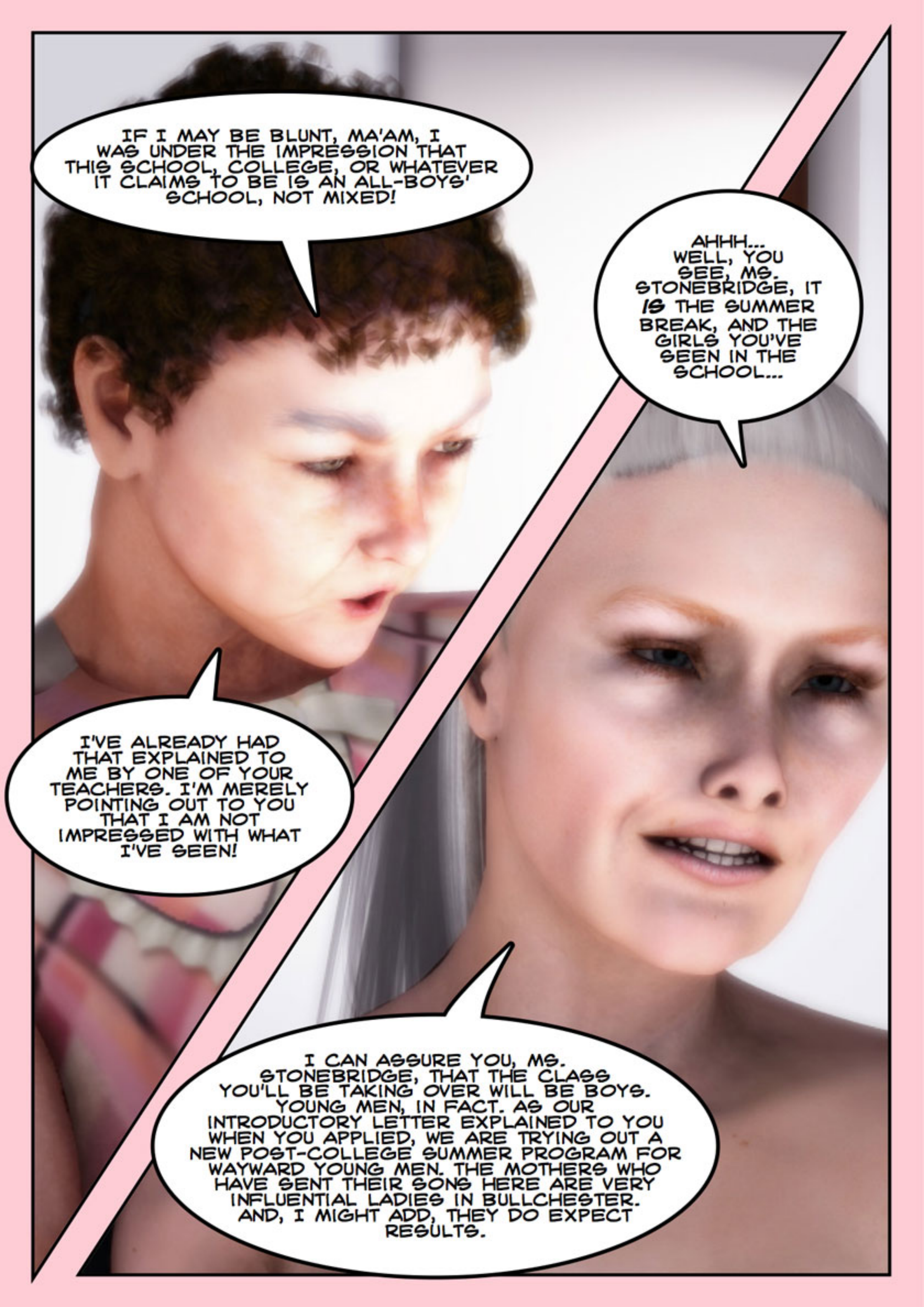
INDEED YOU  
ARE, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE, AND  
IF THAT'S THE CASE,  
THEN YOU WON'T  
MIND CALLING ME  
"MA'AM"?

NOW,  
THEN...

SO RUDE... I AM  
GOING TO ENJOY  
WATCHING THIS ONE  
TRANSFORM!





A young man with curly hair is looking down at a woman. The woman has blonde hair and is looking up at him. They are in a room with a window in the background.

IF I MAY BE BLUNT, MA'AM, I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THIS SCHOOL, COLLEGE, OR WHATEVER IT CLAIMS TO BE IS AN ALL-BOYS' SCHOOL, NOT MIXED!

AHHH... WELL, YOU SEE, MS. STONEBRIDGE, IT IS THE SUMMER BREAK, AND THE GIRLS YOU'VE SEEN IN THE SCHOOL...

I'VE ALREADY HAD THAT EXPLAINED TO ME BY ONE OF YOUR TEACHERS. I'M MERELY POINTING OUT TO YOU THAT I AM NOT IMPRESSED WITH WHAT I'VE SEEN!

I CAN ASSURE YOU, MS. STONEBRIDGE, THAT THE CLASS YOU'LL BE TAKING OVER WILL BE BOYS. YOUNG MEN, IN FACT. AS OUR INTRODUCTORY LETTER EXPLAINED TO YOU WHEN YOU APPLIED, WE ARE TRYING OUT A NEW POST-COLLEGE SUMMER PROGRAM FOR WAYWARD YOUNG MEN. THE MOTHERS WHO HAVE SENT THEIR SONS HERE ARE VERY INFLUENTIAL LADIES IN BULLCHESTER. AND, I MIGHT ADD, THEY DO EXPECT RESULTS.



RESULTS ARE WHAT I ACHIEVE, MA'AM, AND THAT IS THE REASON I APPLIED AND TRAVELED SO FAR TO BE HERE TODAY.

YOUR METHODS AND STRATEGIES ARE WHAT APPEALED TO US, MS. STONEBRIDGE... YOUR REPUTATION DEFINITELY PRECEDES YOU.

I TAKE NO PLEASURE FROM COMPLIMENTS. I JUST DO MY JOB.

MM-HMM. HOWEVER, MS. STONEBRIDGE, I MUST POINT OUT THAT IT WAS NOT ONLY YOUR REPUTATION THAT MADE ME CONSIDER YOUR APPLICATION, BUT MORE YOUR SITUATION. AFTER ALL, YOU'RE NOT A YOUNG WOMAN, AND I'M SURE YOU'RE FULLY AWARE THAT YOUR METHODS ARE SEEN AS SOMEWHAT OUTDATED.

JUST WAIT UNTIL SHE SEES HER CURRICULUM... HA HA!

MY METHODS WERE, AND STILL ARE, THE ONLY WAY TO ACHIEVE RESULTS! STERN AND STRICT, THAT IS MY MOTTO... AND I HAVE NO INTENTION OF DEVIATING FROM MY BELIEFS, EITHER!



Headmistress Mrs. Irene Moore sat listening as her new recruit continued to express her thoughts and what was, to her, a thoroughbred reputation that no one would ever surpass...

THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I'M RELYING ON YOU, MS. STONEBRIDGE, TO PULL THESE TROUBLED YOUNG MEN THROUGH.

I'M CONFIDENT YOU'LL KEEP THEM ON THEIR TOES.

BUT I MUST STRESS THAT THE DISTRACTIONS OF THESE GIRLS WILL NOT HELP.

I TRUST THE CURRICULUM IS STANDARD AND THESE YOUNG MEN ARE OF SOUND EDUCATION?

THIS WOMAN IS A PAIN! I CAN'T WAIT TILL SHE VISITS THE SALON. THEN WE'LL SEE HER ATTITUDE CHANGE... HA HA!

ALL FOUR OF THEM ARE ALUMNI OF THIS SCHOOL AND HAVE HAD AN EXCELLENT COLLEGE EDUCATION. THEY WERE ENROLLED IN THIS PROGRAM BECAUSE THEY'VE EACH CHOSEN TO DIVERT FROM THE PATHWAYS ORIGINALLY CHOSEN FOR THEM BY THEIR LOVING MOTHERS.





FOUR?

YES, MS. STONEBRIDGE. WE HAVE DEVISED A SPECIAL CURRICULUM FOR THEM THAT WILL LAST JUST UNDER THREE WEEKS... PLENTY OF TIME FOR A TEACHER OF YOUR CALIBER TO ACHIEVE THE DESIRED RESULT, WHICH ALSO GIVES YOU TIME AND ME THE SCOPE TO DECIDE WHETHER YOU ARE SUITED TO THE TASK OF HELPING THE NEXT INFLUX OF YOUNG WAYWARD MEN WE WILL TUTOR.

I HAVE NO DOUBTS CONCERNING MY ABILITIES, MA'AM, BUT I WAS EXPECTING TO TEACH A FULL CLASS!

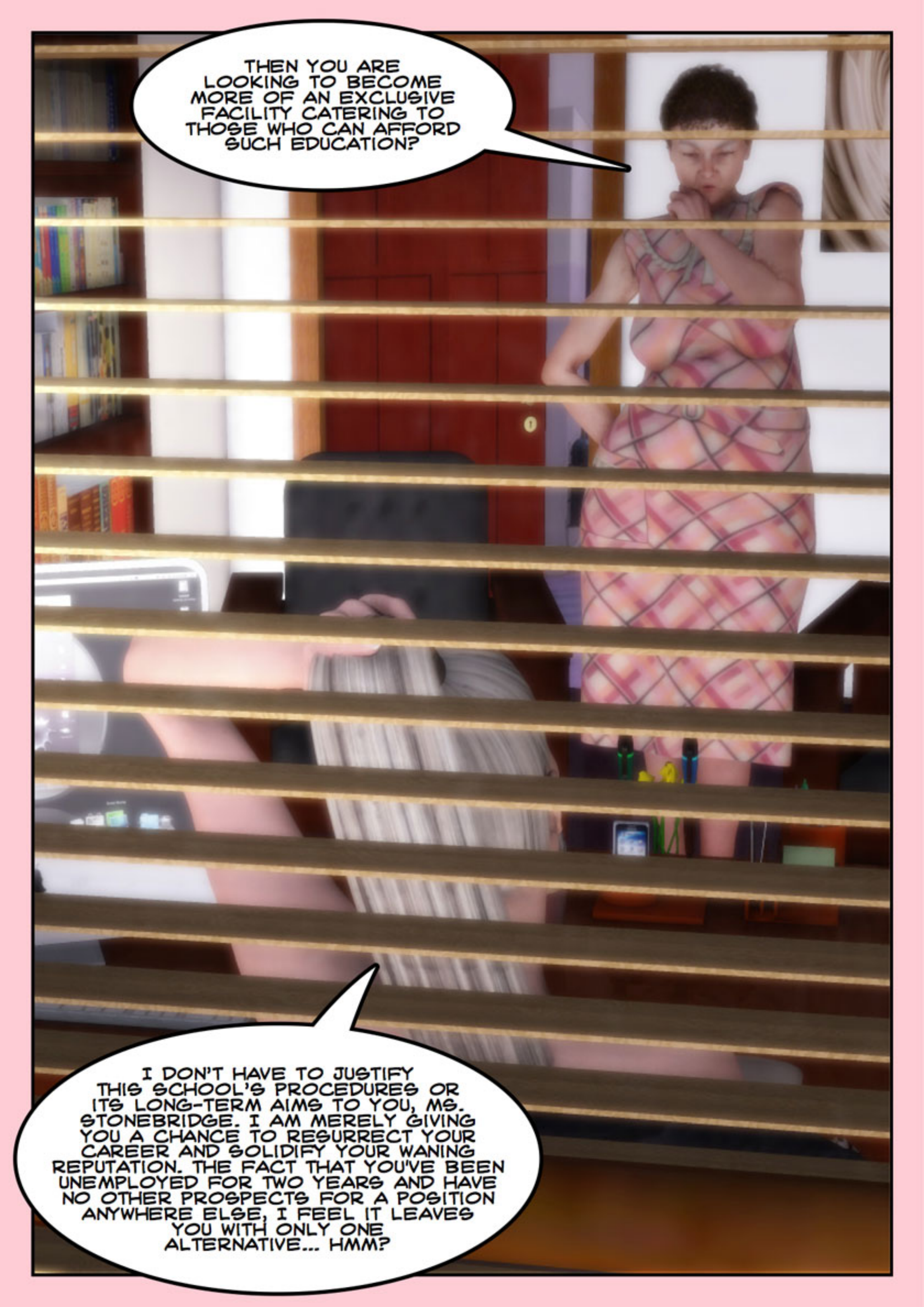


Irene was beginning to tire of Celia Stonebridge's endless self-opinionated remarks, and her agitation was beginning to show...

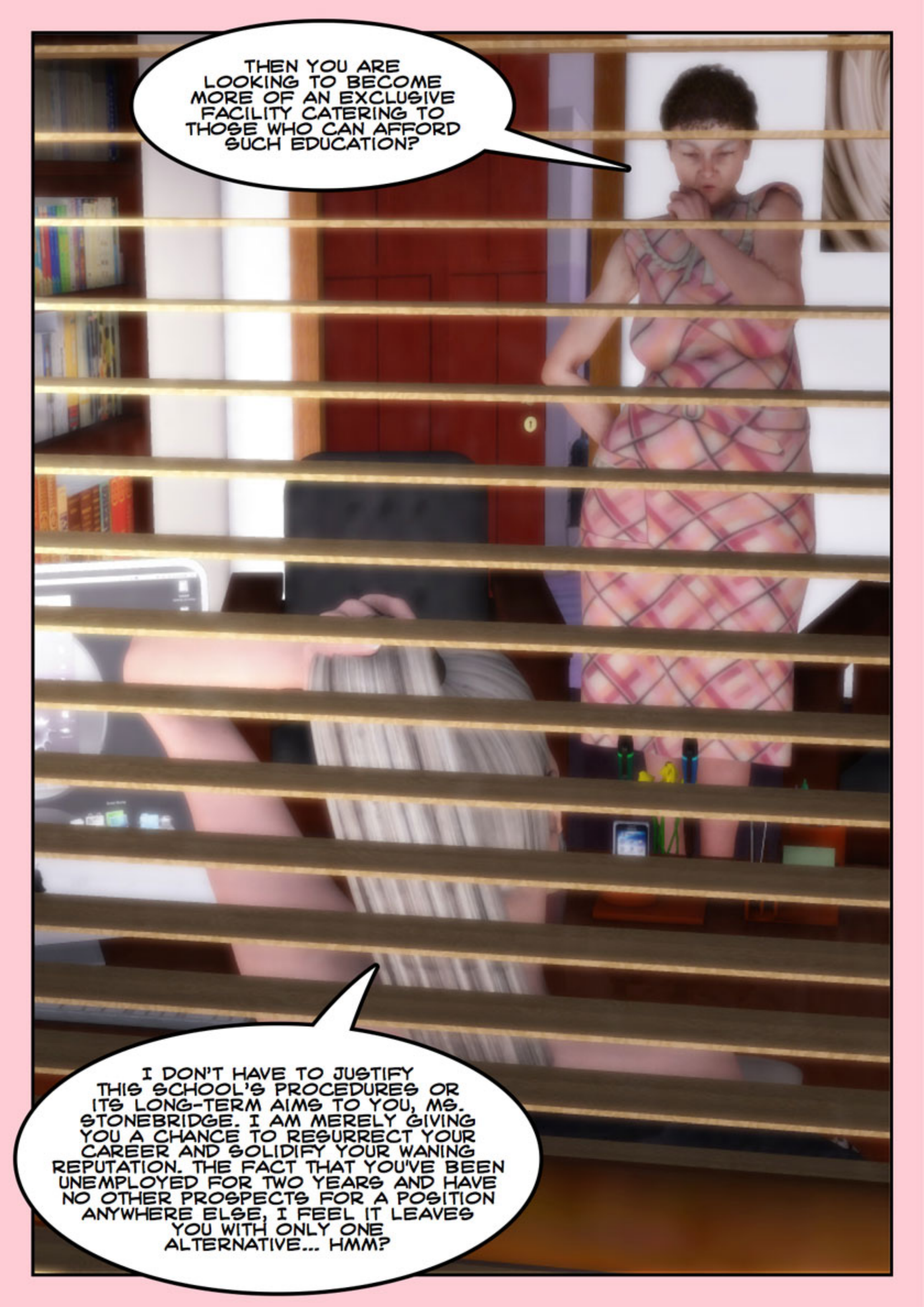


THE METHODS WE ADOPT HERE SERVE US WELL, MS. STONEBRIDGE... CLASSES OF TWENTY OR MORE ARE FOR **PUBLIC** SCHOOLS. WE'VE SUCCESSFULLY IMPLEMENTED A SIX STUDENTS TO ONE TEACHER RATIO. I'M PROUD TO SAY IT HAS ENABLED US TO TAKE THIS **PRIVATE** FACILITY FURTHER, FROM JUST A HIGH SCHOOL TO A COLLEGE AND NOW TO A CONTINUING EDUCATION AND FINISHING SCHOOL!



A woman with short dark hair, wearing a pink and white patterned dress, stands behind horizontal window blinds. She has her hands clasped near her chin, looking down with a thoughtful expression. The scene is set in an office or library, with bookshelves visible on the left and a red door in the background. A speech bubble is positioned above her.


THEN YOU ARE  
LOOKING TO BECOME  
MORE OF AN EXCLUSIVE  
FACILITY CATERING TO  
THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD  
SUCH EDUCATION?

A woman with long, straight blonde hair is seated at a desk, viewed from behind. She is wearing a light-colored top. Her hands are clasped on the desk in front of her. The desk has a laptop and some office supplies. A speech bubble is positioned below her.

I DON'T HAVE TO JUSTIFY  
THIS SCHOOL'S PROCEDURES OR  
ITS LONG-TERM AIMS TO YOU, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE. I AM MERELY GIVING  
YOU A CHANCE TO RESURRECT YOUR  
CAREER AND SOLIDIFY YOUR WANING  
REPUTATION. THE FACT THAT YOU'VE BEEN  
UNEMPLOYED FOR TWO YEARS AND HAVE  
NO OTHER PROSPECTS FOR A POSITION  
ANYWHERE ELSE, I FEEL IT LEAVES  
YOU WITH ONLY ONE  
ALTERNATIVE... HMM?



Celia could not deny that the two years out of work had crippled her financially, and the threat of being evicted from her home hung heavily on her.



NOW, IF THAT'S ALL, I'LL CALL FOR MISS SMITH TO ESCORT YOU TO THESE YOUNG MEN!

YES, MA'AM?

CAROL, PLEASE SEND GLORIA TO MY OFFICE. MS. STONEBRIDGE WISHES TO MEET HER CLASS!



MA'AM?

AH, GLORIA, PLEASE TAKE MS. STONEBRIDGE TO HER CLASS. I FEEL POOR GEMMA WILL BE PULLING HER HAIR OUT TRYING TO GET THEM UNDER CONTROL.





HELLO,  
CELIA... I'M  
GLORIA SMITH,  
THE DEPUTY  
HEADMISTRESS.

IT IS "MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,"  
THANK YOU VERY  
MUCH... I INTEND  
TO CARRY ON AS  
I ALWAYS  
HAVE!

WHAT AN  
ICE-COLD  
BITCH.



Gloria played along perfectly, and her choice of attire could not have been more appropriate. The look on Ms. Stonebridge's face and the wry smile on Irene's told Gloria she had chosen well...



WHAT SORT OF PLACE IS THIS WOMAN RUNNING HERE? A DEPUTY HEAD DRESSED SO PROVOCATIVELY? ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTING!

MS. STONEBRIDGE MAY POSSIBLY JUST BE EMPLOYED AT THE SCHOOL FOR THE DURATION OF THIS TRIAL RUN, MISS SMITH.





I RUN GYMNASTICS AND ORGANIZE OUR NEWLY FORMED CHEERLEADING SQUAD. NOW, OUR LIBRARY IS DOWN HERE...

OH? MATHEMATICS, YOU MEAN?

WELL, IT'S A CLOSED SUBJECT DURING THE SUMMER, SO I DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THOSE CLASSES.

DO YOU ALWAYS PARADE YOURSELF AROUND THE SCHOOL LIKE THAT?

VERY UNUSUAL FOR A DEPUTY HEAD TO BE INVOLVED IN ANYTHING OTHER THAN HER PROPER JOB.

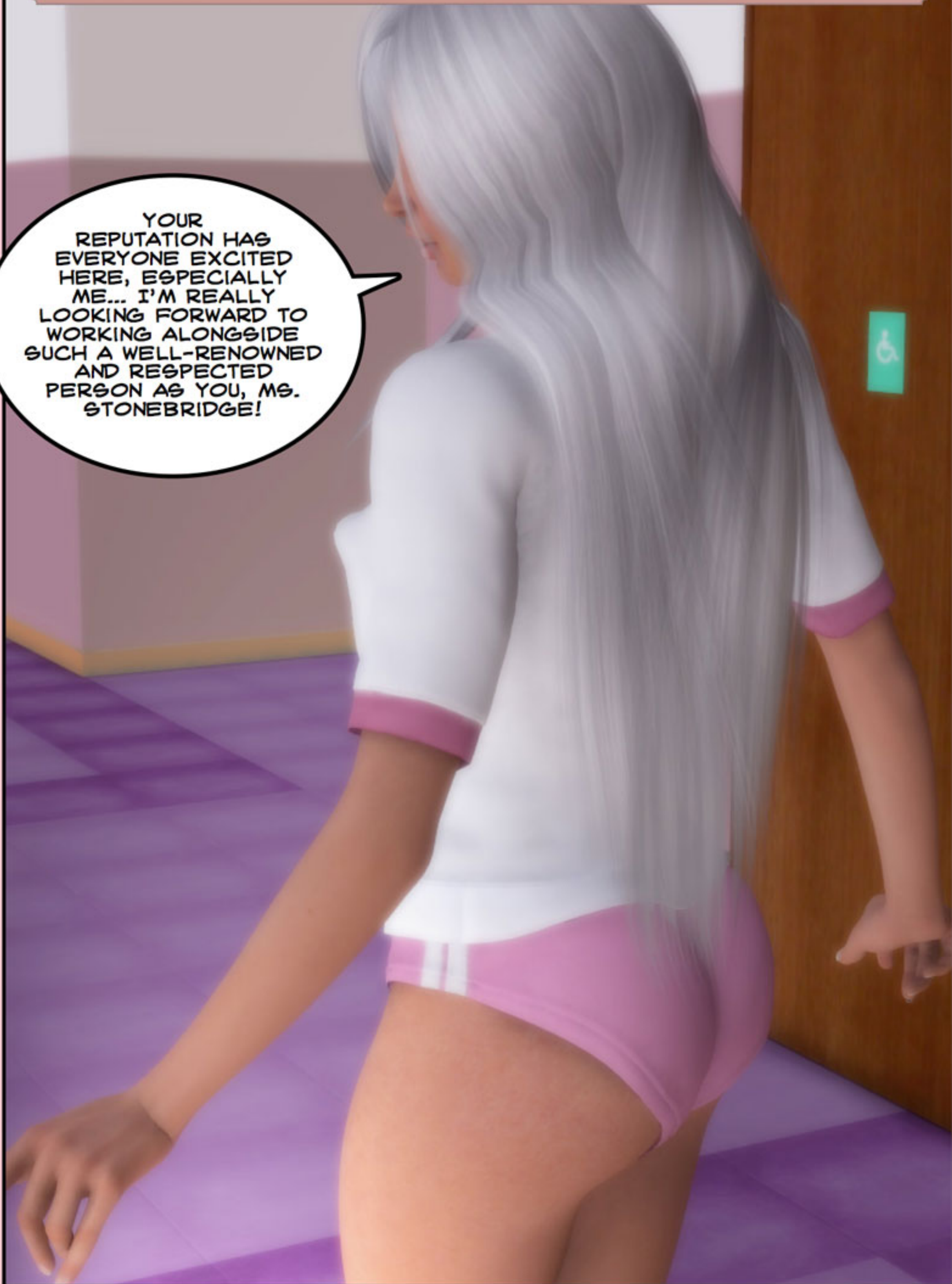
IF THAT IS WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TEACHING, YES.

TOLERANCE, CELIA... YOU NEED THIS... THIS DEPUTY HEAD HAS NO CLUE, HONESTLY... PFFFT...




Gloria was enjoying every moment of walking in front of this new recruit. The further they traveled the corridors, the more she accentuated her wonderful sexy figure by wriggling her hips deliberately...

YOUR REPUTATION HAS EVERYONE EXCITED HERE, ESPECIALLY ME... I'M REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO WORKING ALONGSIDE SUCH A WELL-RENOWNED AND RESPECTED PERSON AS YOU, MS. STONEBRIDGE!








I BUILT MY REPUTATION ON BEING FIRM AND STRICT, AND FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN OF THE TEACHERS HERE IN THIS COLLEGE, SCHOOL, OR WHATEVER IT IS TRYING TO BE, IT NEEDS A COMPLETE OVERHAUL!

I CAN SEE US ALL BENEFITING FROM YOUR WISDOM, MS. STONEBRIDGE.

I'M SURE WE WOULD ALL BENEFIT FROM YOU WEARING A BRA UNDER THAT SHIRT... YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! YOU'RE THE DEPUTY HEAD, AFTER ALL, AND STANDARDS SHOULD BE MET!

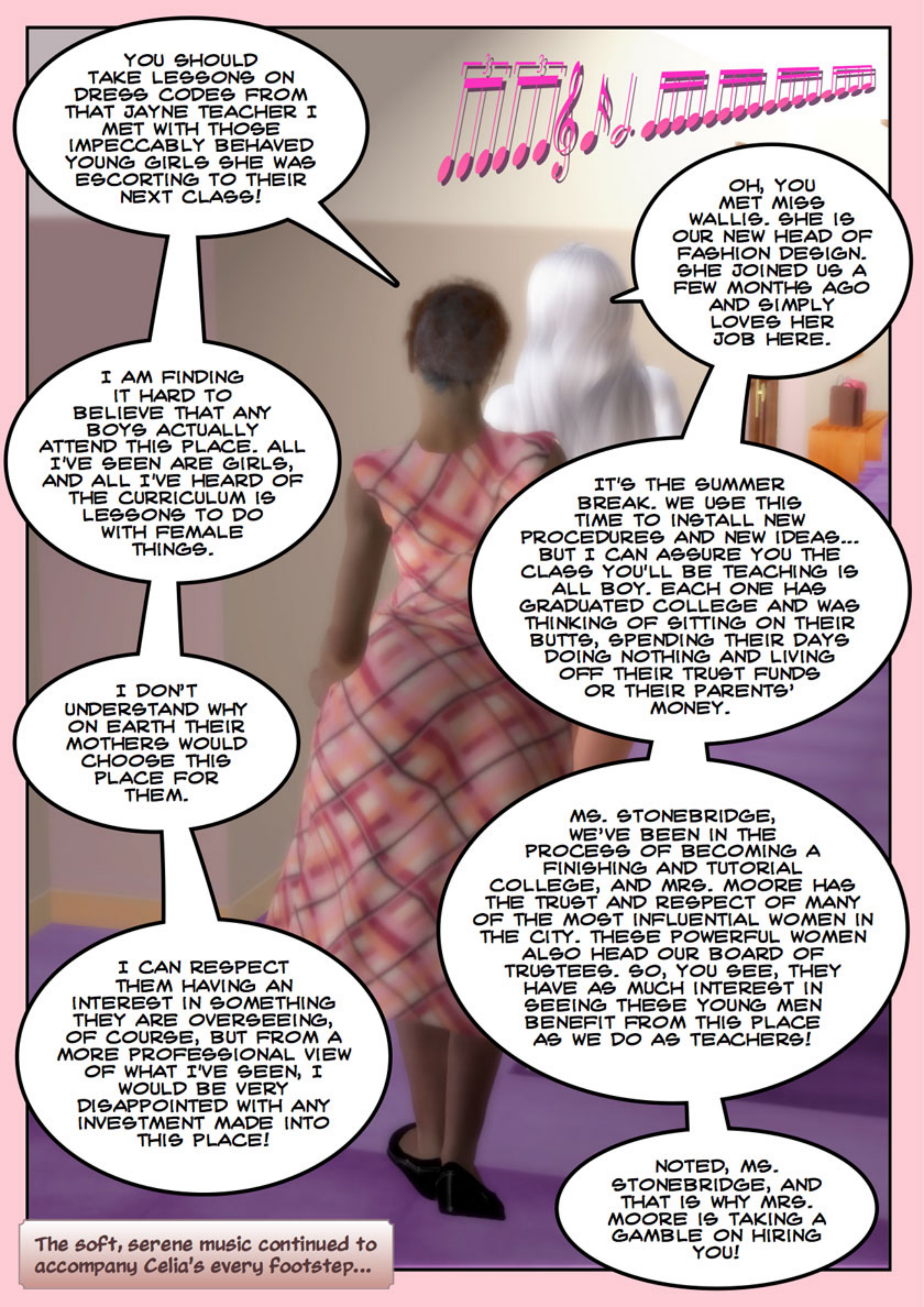




I'LL TAKE YOUR  
ADVICE, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE.  
THANK YOU.

I ABSOLUTELY  
ADORE THIS WOMAN  
ALREADY... A TOTAL  
BITCH!





YOU SHOULD TAKE LESSONS ON DRESS CODES FROM THAT JAYNE TEACHER I MET WITH THOSE IMPECCABLY BEHAVED YOUNG GIRLS SHE WAS ESCORTING TO THEIR NEXT CLASS!

I AM FINDING IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT ANY BOYS ACTUALLY ATTEND THIS PLACE. ALL I'VE SEEN ARE GIRLS, AND ALL I'VE HEARD OF THE CURRICULUM IS LESSONS TO DO WITH FEMALE THINGS.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY ON EARTH THEIR MOTHERS WOULD CHOOSE THIS PLACE FOR THEM.

I CAN RESPECT THEM HAVING AN INTEREST IN SOMETHING THEY ARE OVERSEEING, OF COURSE, BUT FROM A MORE PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF WHAT I'VE SEEN, I WOULD BE VERY DISAPPOINTED WITH ANY INVESTMENT MADE INTO THIS PLACE!

The soft, serene music continued to accompany Celia's every footstep...


OH, YOU MET MISS WALLIS. SHE IS OUR NEW HEAD OF FASHION DESIGN. SHE JOINED US A FEW MONTHS AGO AND SIMPLY LOVES HER JOB HERE.

IT'S THE SUMMER BREAK. WE USE THIS TIME TO INSTALL NEW PROCEDURES AND NEW IDEAS... BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU THE CLASS YOU'LL BE TEACHING IS ALL BOY. EACH ONE HAS GRADUATED COLLEGE AND WAS THINKING OF SITTING ON THEIR BUTTS, SPENDING THEIR DAYS DOING NOTHING AND LIVING OFF THEIR TRUST FUNDS OR THEIR PARENTS' MONEY.

MS. STONEBRIDGE, WE'VE BEEN IN THE PROCESS OF BECOMING A FINISHING AND TUTORIAL COLLEGE, AND MRS. MOORE HAS THE TRUST AND RESPECT OF MANY OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL WOMEN IN THE CITY. THESE POWERFUL WOMEN ALSO HEAD OUR BOARD OF TRUSTEES. SO, YOU SEE, THEY HAVE AS MUCH INTEREST IN SEEING THESE YOUNG MEN BENEFIT FROM THIS PLACE AS WE DO AS TEACHERS!

NOTED, MS. STONEBRIDGE, AND THAT IS WHY MRS. MOORE IS TAKING A GAMBLE ON HIRING YOU!





IS THAT THE  
NEW BEAUTY  
TEACHER?

OH,  
HI, MISS  
SMITH!

HI,  
RACHEL!

O.M.G.! SHE  
HAS TO BE...  
SHE IS SOOO  
FIERCE!


I CANT WAIT  
TO SEE THIS  
BITCH  
HOOKED!

GIRLS  
EVERYWHERE!  
WHAT IS GOING  
ON HERE?

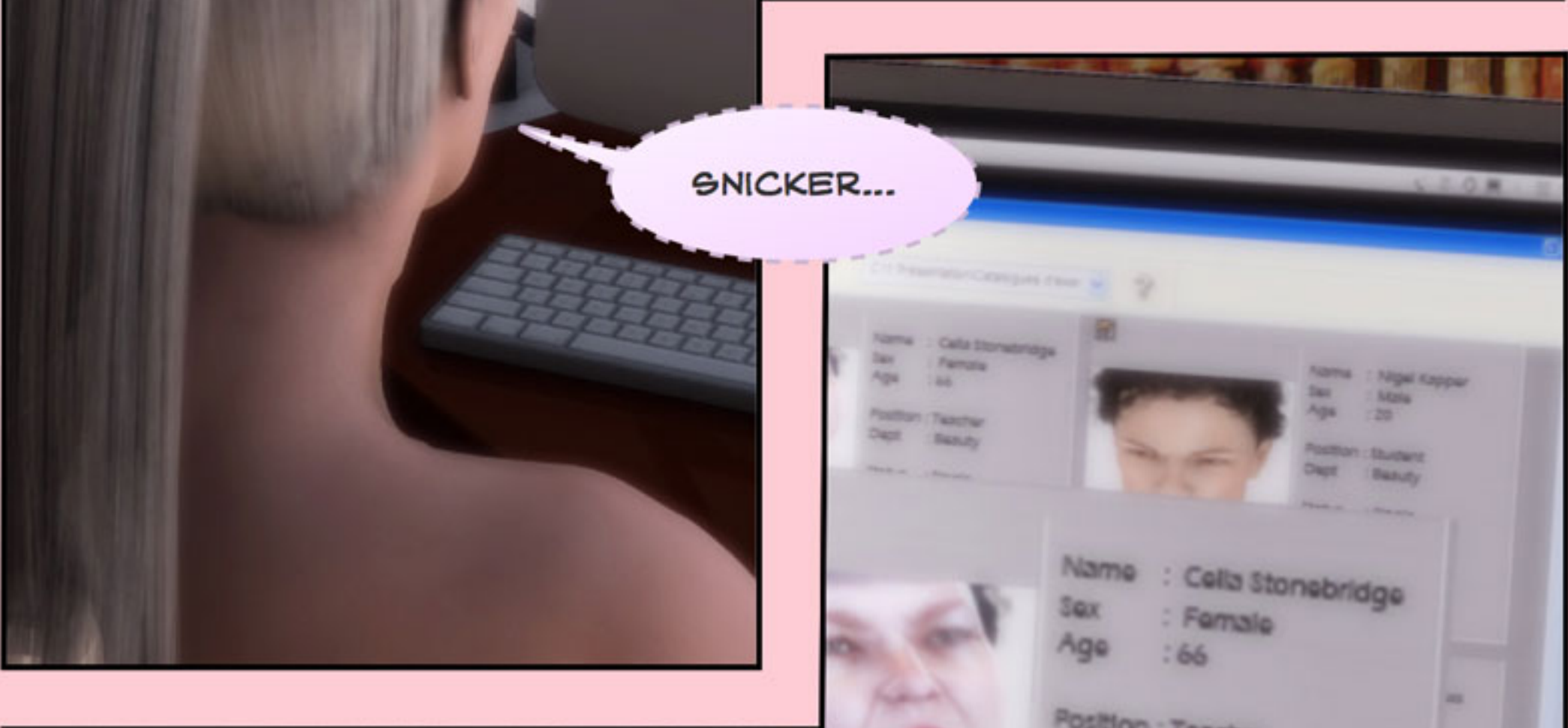
With most of the building covered, Gloria finally brought Ms. Stonebridge to her class corridor...




Looking at Celia's profile, Irene could see similarities to her own past. However, this woman was far more high-profile... almost a legend, in fact. But those days of crushing egos and breaking balls were over now, especially considering she had been unknowingly enrolled in an advanced behavioral adjustment program...



EXCELLENT ACQUISITION WE HAVE HERE... AND THIS LITTLE TROUPE WILL BE IDEAL FOR YOU.



SNICKER...



NAME : Celia Stonebridge  
SEX : Female  
AGE : 66  
POSITION : Teacher  
DEPT : Beauty  
STATUS : Single  
ADMISSION : Hired

HMMM... "MS. STONEFACE"... LET'S SEE WHAT THEY CALL YOU THREE WEEKS FROM NOW... HA HA!



LOOKS LIKE ALL OUR MOMS THREATENED TO TAKE OUR TRUST FUNDS AWAY IF WE DIDN'T DO THIS STUPID PROGRAM, HUH?

MY MOM CAN'T TOUCH MY MONEY, BUT I WANTED HER OUT OF MY HAIR...

MY MOM'S A BITCH! AIN'T NO WAY SHE'S EVER GONNA GET ME TO CHANGE MY WAYS... BITCH!

SCRATCH

YEAH, BUT IT DON'T MEAN I GOTTA DO AS THEY SAY HERE, DOES IT...

I TRIED CALLING MY DAD, BUT HE DOESN'T ANSWER HIS CELL AND HIS SECRETARY KEEPS SAYING HE'S BUSY. BESIDES, THREE WEEKS WORKING OUT IN THE GYM HERE CAN'T HURT... HA HA HA!

I'M JUST GONNA RIDE IT OUT... I CAN GET INTO MY TRUST FUND IN A MONTH, SO MEANWHILE I'LL TRY THIS AND HOPEFULLY BE A LITTLE LESS **BORED!**

GONNA HAVE ME A SIX-PACK NO GIRL CAN RESIST!







YAWN!

DID YA SEE  
THOSE BABES  
AT THE SCHOOL  
RECEPTION?  
FUCKIN' MASSIVE  
TITS THAT LITTLE  
ONE HAD!

YEAH, AND FROM  
WHAT I CAN TELL,  
WE'RE THE ONLY GUYS  
IN THIS PLACE... I'VE  
ALSO HEARD A RUMOR  
THAT THE NEW DEPUTY  
HEAD HAS THE BODY  
OF A **FITNESS  
MODEL!**

MAN, WHERE  
WERE ALL THOSE  
HOTTIES WHEN WE  
WERE IN SCHOOL  
HERE? THEY ARE  
GONNA REGRET  
LETTING US  
LOOSE... HA HA!





HELLO,  
CLASS, IF YOU  
COULD ALL JUST  
TAKE A SEAT,  
PLEASE.






WHOA!  
A CHICK,  
GUYS!

I AM MISS  
SCHULZ,  
BOYS.





HEY, BABY!  
YOU COME TO  
TEACH US?


OH, NO!  
I'M THE  
RELIGIOUS  
EDUCATION  
TEACHER.

WHAT  
ELSE DO  
YOU DO?

YEAH! YOU  
LOOK WAY  
TOO CUTE TO  
BE A RELIGIOUS  
NUT... HOW 'BOUT  
ME AND YOU GO  
AND CONVERT  
SOMEWHERE  
ELSE, HUH?

OH, MY!  
SUCH  
CRUDE  
YOUNG  
MEN!




A woman with vibrant red, curly hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a white button-down shirt. She is looking towards a man whose dark, wavy hair is visible in the foreground on the right. Her hands are clasped together in front of her. The background is a simple indoor setting with a light-colored wall and a framed picture.

I TEACH THE GOOD  
WORDS OF OUR  
BLESSED LADY... SHE  
WELCOMES YOU WITH  
AN OPEN HEART!

WHAT DID YOU  
SAY YER NAME  
WAS, BABY?

MISS  
SCHULZ!





SCHULZ BE  
ON MY COCK  
AND SUCKING  
IT... HA HA!

NICE ONE,  
CRAIG!

**BWAH-HA-HA-HA**

THE ONLY  
THINGS WE'D  
LIKE TO BLESS  
IS THOSE TITS  
OF YOURS,  
DARLIN'!





PLEASE,  
I'M ONLY  
HERE TO..

I BET YOU'RE  
HIDING A CUTE PAIR  
OF TITTIES UNDER  
THEM CLOTHES. WHY  
DON'T YOU GO  
TOPLESS LIKE NICK  
HERE?





OH, MY.  
I COULDN'T!

AWWW, C'MON!  
SHOW OFF  
THOSE PERKY  
LITTLE THINGS,  
BABY!






YOU BETTER  
WATCH HIM,  
MISS. HE COULD  
SWEET TALK A  
TURTLE OUT OF  
ITS SHELL!

PLEASE! I  
ONLY CAME  
IN TO...

AWWW, C'MON,  
BABY! THEY'RE ONLY  
MESSIN' WITH YA...  
AND, BESIDES, ONCE  
YOU AND ME GET TO  
KNOW ONE ANOTHER, I  
CAN TELL 'EM WHAT  
YOUR TITS ARE LIKE,  
CAN'T I?





WHAT IN THE SACRED LADY IS GOING ON HERE?

OUR BLESSED LADY WILL MAKE YOU REPENT YOUR SINS, YOU FOUL AND OBSCENE CREATURE!

WHOA, BABY! RELAX... I WAS ONLY MESSIN' WITH YA!

TAKE YOUR BLASPHEMOUS HANDS OFF ME, YOU UNCLEAN SINNER!

YOU PISSED HER OFF NOW, JAKY BOY... HAHA!

YOU SURE AIN'T FAR FROM THE TRUTH THERE, HECTOR... HA HA HA HA HA!



As laughter belowed out from the classroom...

**STOP THIS  
INSOLENCE  
THIS MINUTE!**

**NOW THIS  
IS MORE  
LIKE IT.**





SHE CAME IN  
HERE BLASTING US  
WITH ALL HER  
MUMBO-JUMBO  
RELIGIOUS CRAP!

DID SHE  
REALLY,  
MISTER...?

JAKE,  
MISS. IT'S  
JAKE ROSS...  
AIN'T THAT  
RIGHT ABOUT  
MISS SCHULZ,  
GUYS?

LOOKS  
LIKE I AM  
JUST IN  
TIME.

The others all agreed with Jake's story...



**TAKE THESE  
SINNERS AND  
CAST THEM OUT,  
O BLESSED  
LADY!**

**WE CAN VOUCH  
FOR HIM, MISS...  
THAT RELIGIOUS  
NUTTER WAS OFF  
HER ROCKER!**

**SHE WAS  
HARASSING  
ME... WASN'T  
SHE, GUYS?**


**WE TAKE  
SEXUAL  
HARASSMENT  
VERY SERIOUSLY  
HERE, MR.  
ROSS!**

**ARE YOU  
THE DEPUTY  
HEAD, MISS?**

**WHAT? YES...  
YES, I AM!**

**I TOLD  
YOU SHE  
WAS FIT!**





I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS!

YOU WAS RIGHT, HECTOR. SHE CERTAINLY IS... ANYWAY, SEXY, WE WAS JUST TALKING ABOUT HOW WE CAN ALL GET INTO SHAPE DURING THESE NEXT FEW WEEKS... WEREN'T WE, NICK?

YEAH, THEN SHE STARTED SPOUTING OFF HER CRAP!

DO NOT CALL ME SEXY! I AM MRS. SMITH... GLORIA SMITH! DEPUTY HEAD TO YOU.

YOU'RE FAR TOO PRETTY TO BE A DEPUTY HEAD, SEXY!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MY BICEPS, MISS?

NO, I WOULD NOT! AND FOR THE LAST TIME, MR. ROSS, STOP CALLING ME SEXY!

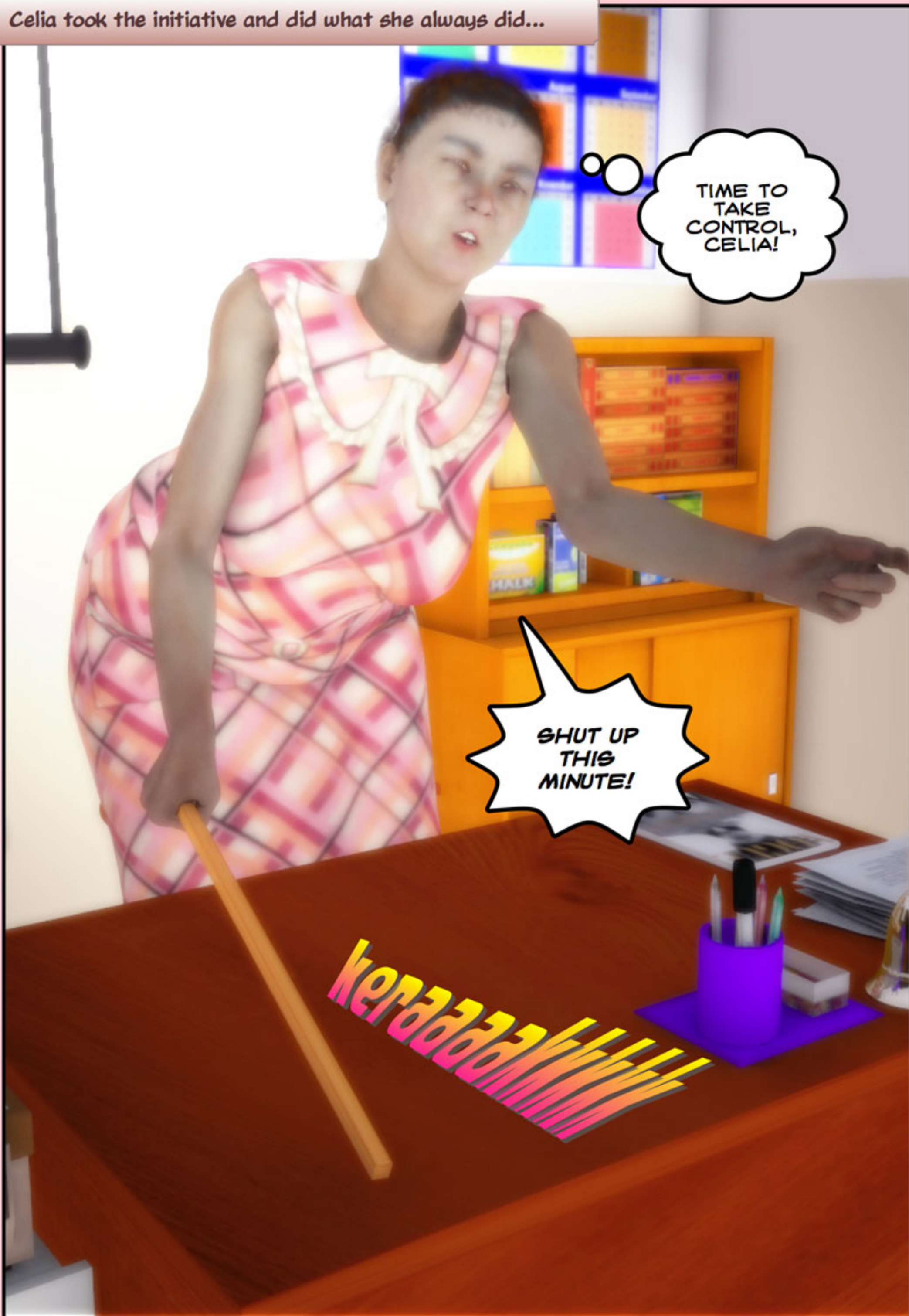


Celia took the initiative and did what she always did...

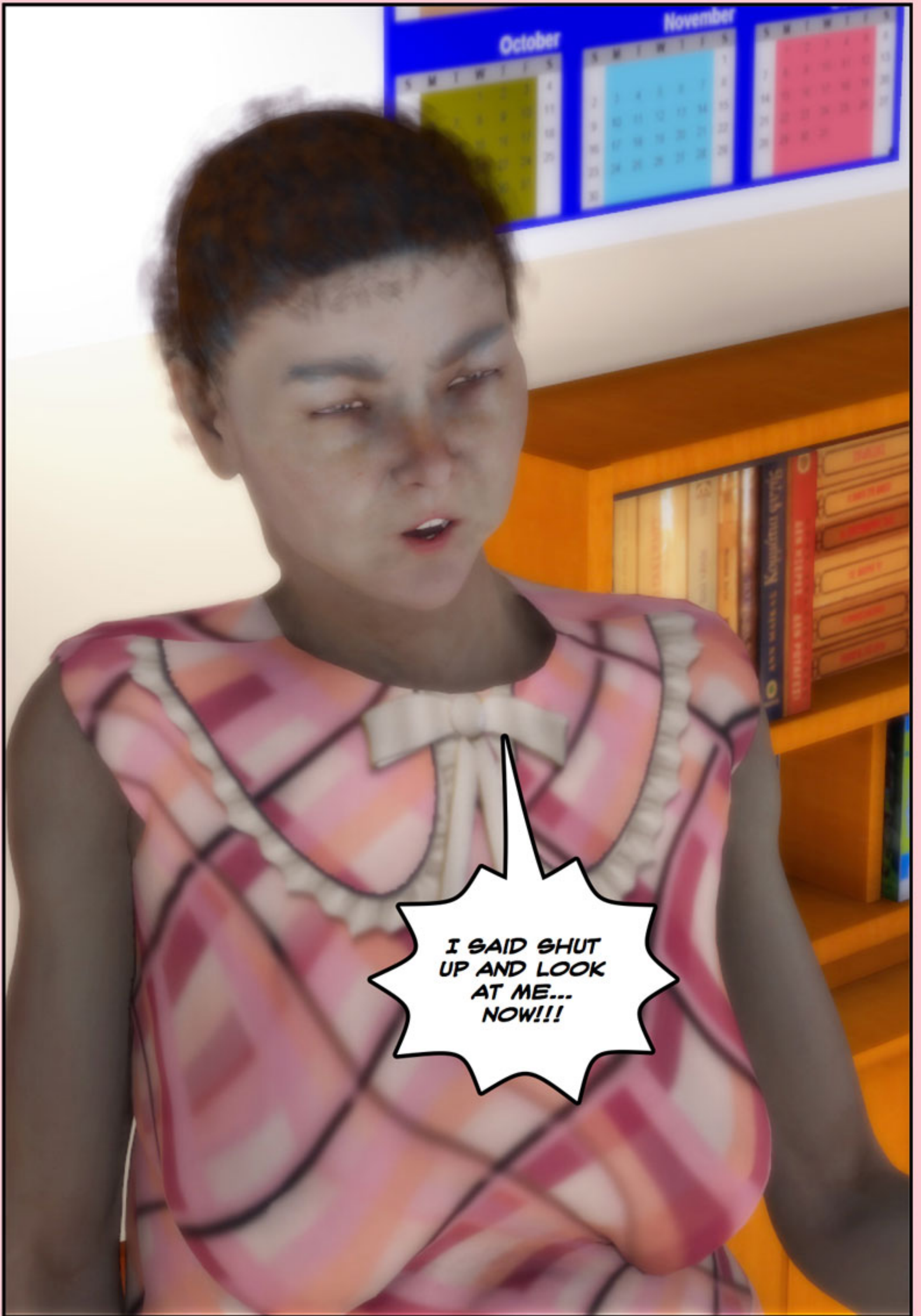
TIME TO  
TAKE  
CONTROL,  
CELIA!

SHUT UP  
THIS  
MINUTE!

Keradaaaa








**I SAID SHUT  
UP AND LOOK  
AT ME...  
NOW!!!**





RIGHT, YOU MORONS! IT'S TIME TO STOP THESE SHENANIGANS AND GET DOWN TO BASICS!

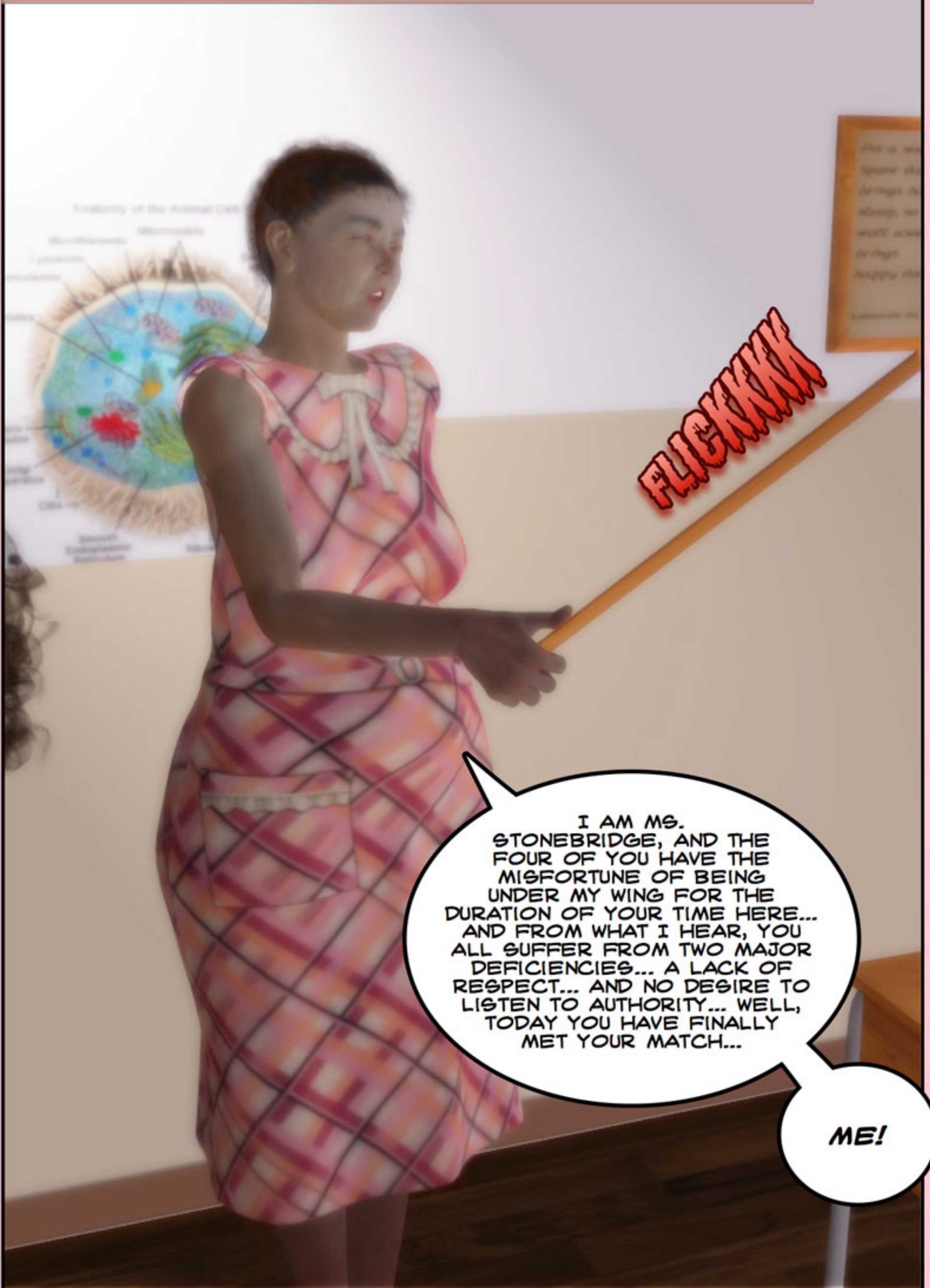
HUH?

WHO THE FUCK IS THAT OLD BITCH?

FANTASTIC!



Celia began to take control of her environment just as she had always done...



**FLICKNNNN**

I AM MS. STONEBRIDGE, AND THE FOUR OF YOU HAVE THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING UNDER MY WING FOR THE DURATION OF YOUR TIME HERE... AND FROM WHAT I HEAR, YOU ALL SUFFER FROM TWO MAJOR DEFICIENCIES... A LACK OF RESPECT... AND NO DESIRE TO LISTEN TO AUTHORITY... WELL, TODAY YOU HAVE FINALLY MET YOUR MATCH...

**ME!**



NEXT TIME  
YOU ENTER MY  
CLASSROOM, MRS.  
SMITH, DEPUTY HEAD  
OR NOT... YOU WILL  
BE MORE SUITABLY  
ATTIRED!

*SNICKER!*

WHAT A  
TOTAL BITCH...  
THIS IS GONNA  
BE FUN!

UH... YES,  
MS. STONEBRIDGE.  
OF COURSE!




WHAT SORT OF  
EXAMPLE DO YOU  
PORTRAY TO THESE  
SUSCEPTIBLE YOUNG  
MEN, DRESSING SO  
INADEQUATELY?

MAY I ASSUME  
THAT THESE  
YOUNG MEN  
ALREADY HAVE  
SOME KIND OF  
UNIFORM TO  
WEAR?

YES, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
THEY DO... THEIR  
MOTHERS SHOULD  
HAVE PACKED  
THEIR UNIFORMS.



A woman with short dark hair, wearing a pink and orange patterned dress, stands in a classroom. She is looking towards a woman with curly brown hair wearing a blue and white striped top. The woman in the dress has her hand near her face. In the background, there is a large diagram of a cell on the wall. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.

YOU WON'T  
GET *ME* TO  
WEAR A STUPID  
UNIFORM!

AND YOU  
ARE, YOUNG  
MAN?

CRAIG  
WILSON... IF  
IT'S GOT  
ANYTHING TO  
DO WITH YOU,  
THAT IS.






**ARGHHHH...  
FUCKIN' BITCH!**

**THWAK!**





WRONG ANSWER,  
MR. WILSON...  
PERHAPS I SHOULD  
MAKE MYSELF MORE  
CLEAR!

I DON'T TAKE  
FLAK FROM  
ANYONE! YOU ARE  
MY STUDENTS, AND  
YOU WILL ALL  
ENDEAVOR TO DO AS  
I SAY... SO ONCE  
MORE, MR. WILSON,  
WHO MIGHT YOU  
BE?



THE CLASS  
CAN'T HEAR YOU  
YOUNG MAN...  
SPEAK UP!

I AM  
**ARGGH...**  
UH... CRAIG  
WILSON.

CRAIG  
WILSON  
WHAT?

CRAIG WILSON,  
MS. STONEBRIDGE!

**PROFESSOR**





YOU...  
HANDS OUT OF  
POCKETS... WHAT'S  
YOUR NAME?

HANDS  
ARE OUT, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE... I'M  
HECTOR... HECTOR  
BURGESS, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
MA'AM!

"MA'AM" IS  
THE CORRECT  
TERM TO FOLLOW  
MY NAME.  
WELL DONE,  
HECTOR...

AND  
YOU  
ARE?

UH, MA'AM... UH,  
MS. STONEBRIDGE,  
I'M JAKE ROSS!

ARGGH...  
PLEEEZEEE... MS.  
STONEBRIDGE!!



Celia continued to impose her authority on the class...

NICHOLAS  
KAPPER, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
MA'AM!

VERY  
IMPRESSIVE!  
SHE GOT THE  
CLASS UNDER  
CONTROL WITHIN  
MINUTES!


GOOD!  
NOW I WANT YOU  
ALL IN THE  
APPROPRIATE  
UNIFORM!

WE WILL  
ALLOW JEANS  
TO BE WORN WITH  
THE JACKET AND  
SHIRT, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE!

HMM, I WILL HAVE  
WORDS WITH MRS.  
MOORE ABOUT THAT.  
VERY WELL, CLASS, YOU  
KNOW WHAT I EXPECT.  
NOW GO AND PUT ON  
THE PROPER  
CLOTHING!

Celia Stonebridge dismissed her class until they had put on the right clothing... her well-documented style and talent to command her students was amazing to witness, yet what she did not know was that like the four young men she was hired to tutor, she too was part of the experiment... And like her students, she too would be learning all about beauty...





WHAT IS THIS  
NONSENSE,  
MRS. SMITH?

NONSENSE?

THIS CURRICULUM I  
AM SUPPOSED TO BE  
RUNNING WITH THESE  
YOUNG MEN.



Gloria Smith knew that Celia had been under the influence of the soft music in the hallways and hoped she would be a lot more compliant...



HERE  
GOES.  
WISH ME  
LUCK!





THESE YOUNG MEN  
ARE NOT HERE TO  
LEARN ALGEBRA OR  
ANYTHING THAT THEY'VE  
ALREADY LEARNED... THIS  
CURRICULUM WAS CREATED  
TO HELP THEM UNDERSTAND  
COMMUNICATION AND  
BETTER SOCIAL  
ETHICS.





BUT  
FASHION?

*Lessons for today*

*Monday*

*9am Induction*

*10am Fashion*

*12pm Break*

*1pm Field work*

*4pm Fashion catch up*

I UNDERSTAND  
YOUR FIELD OF  
EXPERTISE IS WITH  
YOUNG LADIES AND  
GIRLS, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE?

I'VE TAUGHT AT  
SOME OF THE  
MOST PRESTIGIOUS  
BOARDING SCHOOLS  
ACROSS EUROPE,  
MRS. SMITH!

WELL, OF  
COURSE, YES. BUT  
I'VE HAD SOME  
EXPERIENCE WITH MALE  
STUDENTS... IT'S ALL  
DOCUMENTED, MRS.  
SMITH!

TEACHING  
MOSTLY  
FEMALES,  
YES?

YES I'M AWARE OF THAT,  
MS. STONEBRIDGE, BUT WHAT  
I'M TRYING TO EXPLAIN IS...  
THESE YOUNG MEN NEED HELP  
UNDERSTANDING WHERE THEY'RE  
GOING WRONG, AND SHOWING THEM  
THE PROCESSES AND THE  
COMMITMENT THAT FEMALES ENDURE  
TO MAKE THEMSELVES SPECIAL...  
THIS NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT TO  
THEM... YOU SAW HOW THEY  
TREATED MISS SCHULZ?





WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO HERE?

BUT I KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT FASHION AS THEY DO... HOW ON EARTH DO YOU EXPECT ME TO TEACH THEM ANYTHING?

LEARN WITH THEM, MY DEAR... BECOME THEIR MOTHER, AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, BE THEIR BEST FRIEND!

THIS IS SO UNLIKE ANYTHING ELSE I'VE EVER TAUGHT... I, UH... REALLY DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS.



Gloria could see that the music had taken hold of Ms. Stonebridge...

CELIA, THIS IS THE LAST CHANCE YOU GET TO DO THE ONE THING YOU LOVE, AND IF IT MEANS YOU'VE GOTTA LEARN WITH THEM, THEN THAT IS A SACRIFICE YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE... YOU ALREADY HAVE CONTROL OVER THEM, SO NOW YOU NEED TO SHOW THEM THAT EVEN YOU ARE PREPARED TO ADAPT WITH THEM!

I DON'T NEED TO ADAPT TO ANYTHING... I BUILT MY REPUTATION ON BEING STRICT AND DOING IT MY OWN WAY, AND AS LAST CHANCES GO, CHANGING MY STYLE OF TEACHING WILL NOT HAPPEN, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

AND WALKING AROUND LIKE THAT DOES NOT HELP THESE YOUNG MEN, EITHER, SO PERHAPS YOU SHOULD ADAPT!

OK, OK... POINT TAKEN, MS. STONEBRIDGE.

...but not enough.





SHE IS NOT GONNA BE A PUSHOVER... WHAT A BITCH!

WHAT'S WITH THIS MUSIC, DUDES?

The four young men considered their options...




A woman with short dark hair, wearing a white short-sleeved button-down shirt, is shown from the chest up. She has a look of concern or fear, with wide eyes and a slightly open mouth. Her shirt is being pulled open by two hands from the left, one pointing to her chest and the other clenched into a fist. The background consists of a red wall and blue panels with horizontal lines.

LOOK, WE'RE  
HERE FOR  
THREE WEEKS,  
THEN IT'S  
OVER!

MY MOM  
HAD HER AS  
A TEACHER...  
SHE SAID SHE  
TAKES NO  
PRISONERS!

None of them realizing...





I'M WITH JAKE.  
THREE WEEKS AND  
WE'RE DONE, AND  
THEN THINGS WILL BE  
BACK TO NORMAL!  
**HA HA HA!**

That they could all just walk out whenever they wanted!





THE SOCIALIZING WAS GOOD AT MED SCHOOL... BUT THOSE LECTURES... BORRRRRRINNNGGGG!

THREE WEEKS IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THAT INTERNSHIP MY MOM WANTED ME TO DO!

MY MOM TRIED TO GET ME INTO MILITARY SCHOOL... AND, NOPE, IT DIDN'T WORK. HA HA!

I'M DREAMING OF THAT HOTTIE WITH THOSE BIG TITS ALREADY!

YAYYY, TITTIES!!!





With her class seated, Celia began what she had decided would be her one and only day at Feethams...



THEY CAN PLAY THAT SILLY MUSIC ALL THEY WANT... I AM OFF AT FOUR O'CLOCK AND NEVER COMING BACK!


WELL, TODAY WE ARE GONNA START WITH SOME LIGHT READING.

**GROAN!**

... for today  
... today  
... today  
... today  
... today  
... today  
... today







WHAT  
KIND OF  
READING  
IS THIS?

IT'S LIKE  
GOING TO  
THE DENTIST  
OR THE  
DOCTOR!

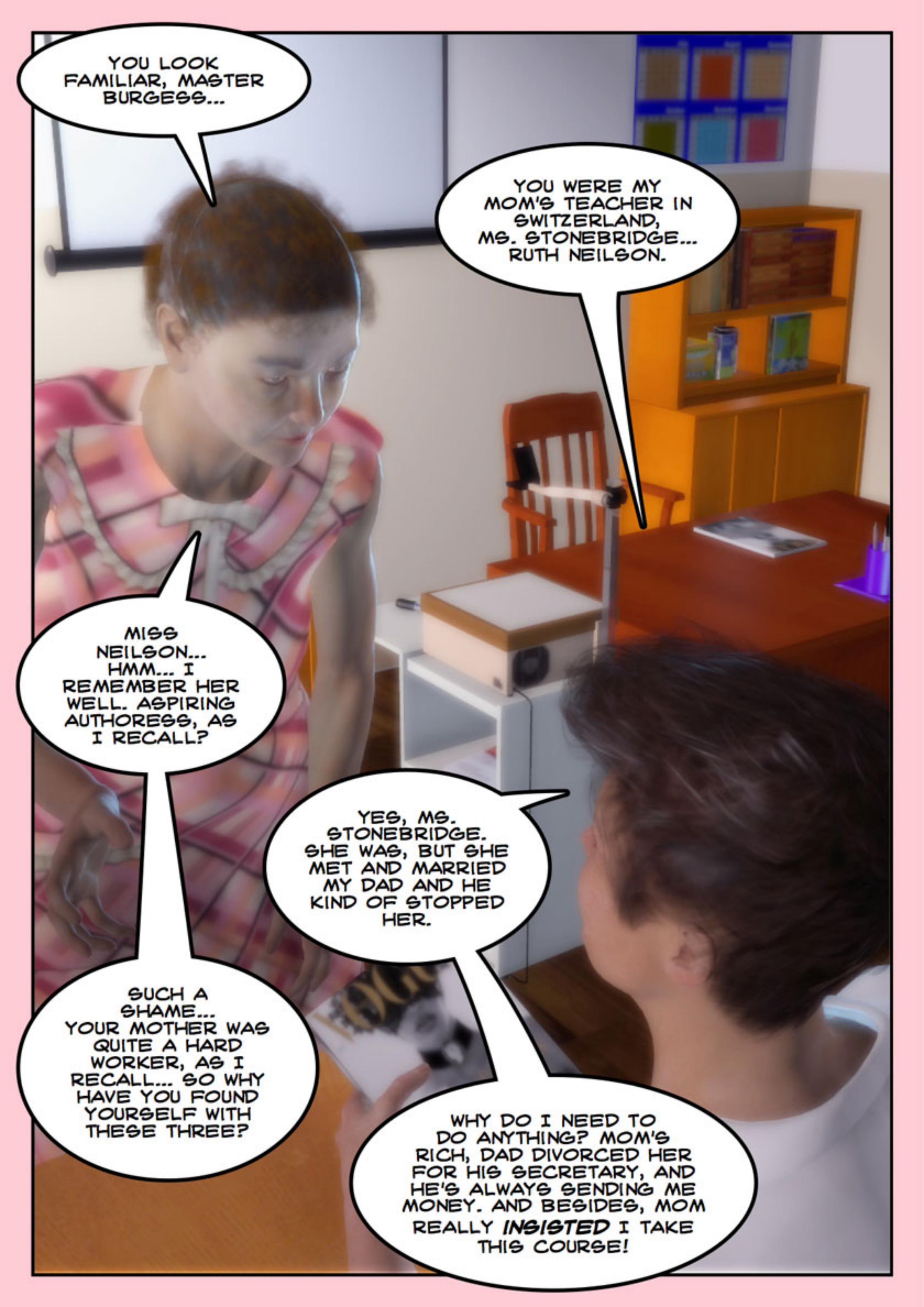
SUPERMODELS...  
COOL!

YOU ARE HERE  
TO LEARN MANNERS  
AND MORE ABOUT  
YOUR FEMALE  
COUNTERPARTS...

I ALREADY KNOW  
MY WAY 'ROUND THE  
FEMALE ANATOMY,  
MS. STONEBRIDGE!

I AM SURE  
YOU DO, MASTER  
ROSS... BUT I AM  
SURE WE ARE ALL  
AGREED YOU KNOW  
NOTHING OF WHAT  
GOES ON INSIDE A  
WOMAN'S HEAD,  
DO YOU?





YOU LOOK FAMILIAR, MASTER BURGESS...

YOU WERE MY MOM'S TEACHER IN SWITZERLAND, MS. STONEBRIDGE... RUTH NEILSON.

MISS NEILSON...  
HMM... I REMEMBER HER WELL. ASPIRING AUTHORESS, AS I RECALL?

YES, MS. STONEBRIDGE. SHE WAS, BUT SHE MET AND MARRIED MY DAD AND HE KIND OF STOPPED HER.

SUCH A SHAME... YOUR MOTHER WAS QUITE A HARD WORKER, AS I RECALL... SO WHY HAVE YOU FOUND YOURSELF WITH THESE THREE?

WHY DO I NEED TO DO ANYTHING? MOM'S RICH, DAD DIVORCED HER FOR HIS SECRETARY, AND HE'S ALWAYS SENDING ME MONEY. AND BESIDES, MOM REALLY *INSISTED* I TAKE THIS COURSE!



Celia decided to find out more about the four students...

WELL, YA  
KNOW... DAD RAN  
OFF WITH HIS  
MISTRESS, NEVER  
FOUND MUCH POINT IN  
LEARNING ANYTHING.  
ITS LIKE HECTOR  
SAID, RICH MOM AND  
DAD, WHY  
BOTHER?

WONDER HOW I  
CAN SWING IT SO I  
CAN GET TO SEE  
THAT CHICK WITH  
THE TITS?



Celia easily found a common ground in each and every one of the young men here. All four had wealthy mothers who had lost their husbands to younger women...

SO, GENTLEMEN, CORRECT ME IF I AM WRONG, BUT DO YOU ALL IDOLIZE YOUR FATHERS?

MY DAD HAS ALWAYS GOT A HOT NEW GIRLFRIEND IN TOW... HE ALWAYS SAYS WHY GET A NAGGING BITCH TELLING YOU HOW TO LIVE WHEN YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT... RIGHT?

YEAH, MY DAD CAN GET ANY WOMAN HE WANTS!

CAN'T SAY MUCH ABOUT MY DAD. HE RAN OUT WHEN I WAS FIVE... MOM'S ALWAYS NAGGING ME, SO I CAN SEE WHY HE WANTED TO LEAVE!

THESE MODELS ARE COOL.

IT'S THEIR FATHERS WHO SHOULD BE TAKING THIS COURSE, NOT THEM!





Celia let the conversation drift on, adding small quotes to get them all talking about their fathers in such a way that it made it seem as if their mothers were solely responsible for their husbands' adultery.


WHATEVER THEY  
ARE TRYING TO  
ACHIEVE HERE WILL  
NEVER WORK...

OK, GENTLEMEN,  
WE BREAK FOR  
LUNCH, THEN WE ALL  
MEET AT THE FRONT  
ENTRANCE... WE HAVE  
A FIELD TRIP THIS  
AFTERNOON!





With lunch over, Celia and her four students were soon on the designated field trip, which all of them found to their amazement was a trip to Rubies shopping mall and to the Butterfly Salon, a trip that was solidifying her intent to depart by the end of the day...

An aerial view of a school bus lot. A yellow school bus is parked in the center. To its left is a gold SUV, and to its right is a white van. The bus lot is bordered by a low wall and a black metal fence. In the background, there is a multi-story brick building with several windows. A thought bubble is positioned above the yellow bus.

THIS IS ONE  
JOKE AFTER  
ANOTHER... A SALON?  
WHAT COULD BE  
NEXT?



# RUBIES MALL

DUDE!  
CHECK OUT  
THOSE TWO!

WHAT IN  
THE WORLD?

OH, MAN!  
LOOK AT  
THAT ASS!

THIS IS MY  
KIND OF FIELD  
TRIP...

MINE TOO!  
HAHA!

if Celia thought a trip to the mall would be a trip back to normality, she was wrong....



Walking into the mall, the Butterfly Salon was easily located, and something familiar was also sounding throughout the mall...

# Butterfly Salon



WHAT IS  
IT WITH THIS  
MUSIC?  
PFFFT!

MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
CAN WE STAY  
HERE, PLEASE?





OH, YES! I'M  
DEFINITELY IN  
LOVE NOW!

ARE YOU  
THE OWNER  
OF THIS  
PLACE?





THIS GETS BETTER AND BETTER!


IT SURE DOES... THAT CHICK IS AWESOME!

MRS. ROBINSON IS THE OWNER, MADAME... CAN I HELP YOU?

WE ARE APPARENTLY SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!

I HAVE NO IDEA WHY!






I'VE NEVER  
SEEN SO MANY  
HOTTIES IN ONE  
DAY...

WALL TO WALL,  
MY FRIEND!

FEETHAMS  
SCHOOL IS  
BOOKED FOR A  
NAIL SESSION,  
MISS ROBINSON!





OH, PLEASE  
FORGIVE ME...  
I WAS EXPECTING A  
TEACHER AND FOUR  
GIRLS. SO, SO  
SORRY!

I KNOW IT'S  
NO EXCUSE, BUT  
WE'VE BEEN  
UNDERGOING A LOT  
OF REFURBISHMENT  
AS THE HAIR SALON  
HAS MOVED TO  
BIGGER  
PREMISES.





BUT NOW  
THAT YOU'RE  
ALL HERE, I  
WANT TO  
WELCOME YOU  
TO THE  
BUTTERFLY  
SALON!

THANK YOU, BUT I  
REALLY DON'T  
UNDERSTAND WHY  
WE'RE HERE.


FEETHAMS  
HIGH IS  
EXPANDING AND  
TRYING TO BECOME  
A BEAUTY COLLEGE,  
AND WE SPECIALIZE IN  
EVERYTHING  
CONCERNING BEAUTY,  
WITH NAILS BEING  
THE PRIORITY IN  
THIS CASE,  
MRS....?

IT'S MS.... MS.  
STONEBRIDGE...  
DID YOU SAY  
NAILS?

YES, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
WE ARE NAIL  
SPECIALISTS!

MANDY HERE WILL  
BE TEACHING YOU  
THE FUNDAMENTALS  
OF NAIL CARE...





PLEASSED TO MEET  
YOU ALL... SO I GUESS  
IT'S JUST YOU WHO'LL BE  
THE GUINEA PIG FOR  
YOUR CLASS, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE?



OH, MY  
GOODNESS!  
WHAT HAVE I  
GOTTEN MYSELF  
INTO?

OH,  
NOOO!  
I'M NOT...

I  
COULDN'T...


AWWW, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
MA'AM?

YEAH,  
C'MON, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE! US  
GUYS CAN'T HAVE  
OUR NAILS DONE,  
CAN WE?

COME ALONG,  
MS. STONEBRIDGE.  
IT DOESN'T HURT!

Celia had no choice...






I AM GOING TO  
LEAVE THAT SCHOOL  
AS SOON AS THE DAY IS  
OVER! HONESTLY, WHAT  
POSSIBLE LESSONS CAN  
THESE YOUNG MEN  
LEARN FROM THIS  
RUBBISH?

THERE,  
SITTING DOWN  
WASN'T SO HARD,  
WAS IT? NOW, WHAT  
DO WE HAVE  
HERE?





DO YOU DO  
NAILS TOO,  
MISS?

I DO,  
YES. WOULD  
YOU LIKE TO  
HAVE *YOUR*  
NAILS  
DONE?

NO WAY!  
HA HA!

I COULD DO  
HER ANY DAY...  
SNICKER...

AS LONG AS  
SHE'S NAKED!  
HA HA!



SO YOU BOYS ALL  
GO TO FEETHAMS,  
THEN?

WE AIN'T  
BOYS, WE'RE  
*MEN*, BABY!

JERKS,  
MORE LIKE...

WE'RE JUST  
PLACATING OUR  
MOTHERS FOR  
THREE WEEKS...  
THEN IT'S BACK TO  
DOING NOTHING!

FEETHAMS  
IS A GREAT  
SCHOOL. I WAS  
A STUDENT  
THERE, TOO!

NO WAY!  
REALLY?

BUT IT'S A  
BOYS' SCHOOL...  
OR WAS?

SHE'S  
PULLING  
YOUR LEG,  
HECTOR!  
HA HA!

AHEMMMM!



A woman with dark curly hair, wearing a light blue polo shirt, is examining the hand of a young girl with dark hair wearing a pink and white striped dress. The girl is sitting at a table with a purple cloth. Another woman with long brown hair is seen from behind in the foreground. The scene is set in a room with a window and a plant.

PAY ATTENTION,  
BOYS! PLEASE...


WHAT AM  
I DOING?

YES,  
MISS!

THESE FINGERS  
ARE A DISGRACE!  
REGARDLESS OF YOUR  
VOCATION OR AGE, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE... IT'S A  
GOOD THING YOUR  
SCHOOL SENT YOU  
TO ME!

I AM A  
VERY BUSY  
WOMAN,  
MISS!





EVERY ONE OF YOUR NAILS NEED WORK, MS STONEBRIDGE! A.ND BITING THEM DOES NOT HELP, EITHER! THEY ARE ALL UNSIGHTLY AND IRREGULAR!

MRS. MOORE WAS RIGHT ABOUT HECTOR. HE IS SUCCUMBING NICELY, AND HIS ATTITUDE IS PERFECT! I WILL DEFINITELY TAKE HIM UNDER MY WING SATURDAY. HE'S GOING TO BE FANTASTIC TO WORK WITH. BUT AS FOR THE OTHERS, NICK IS THE MOST SUSCEPTIBLE, IF I HAD TO GUESS. THOSE OTHER TWO JERKS ARE JUST SO STEREOTYPICAL...

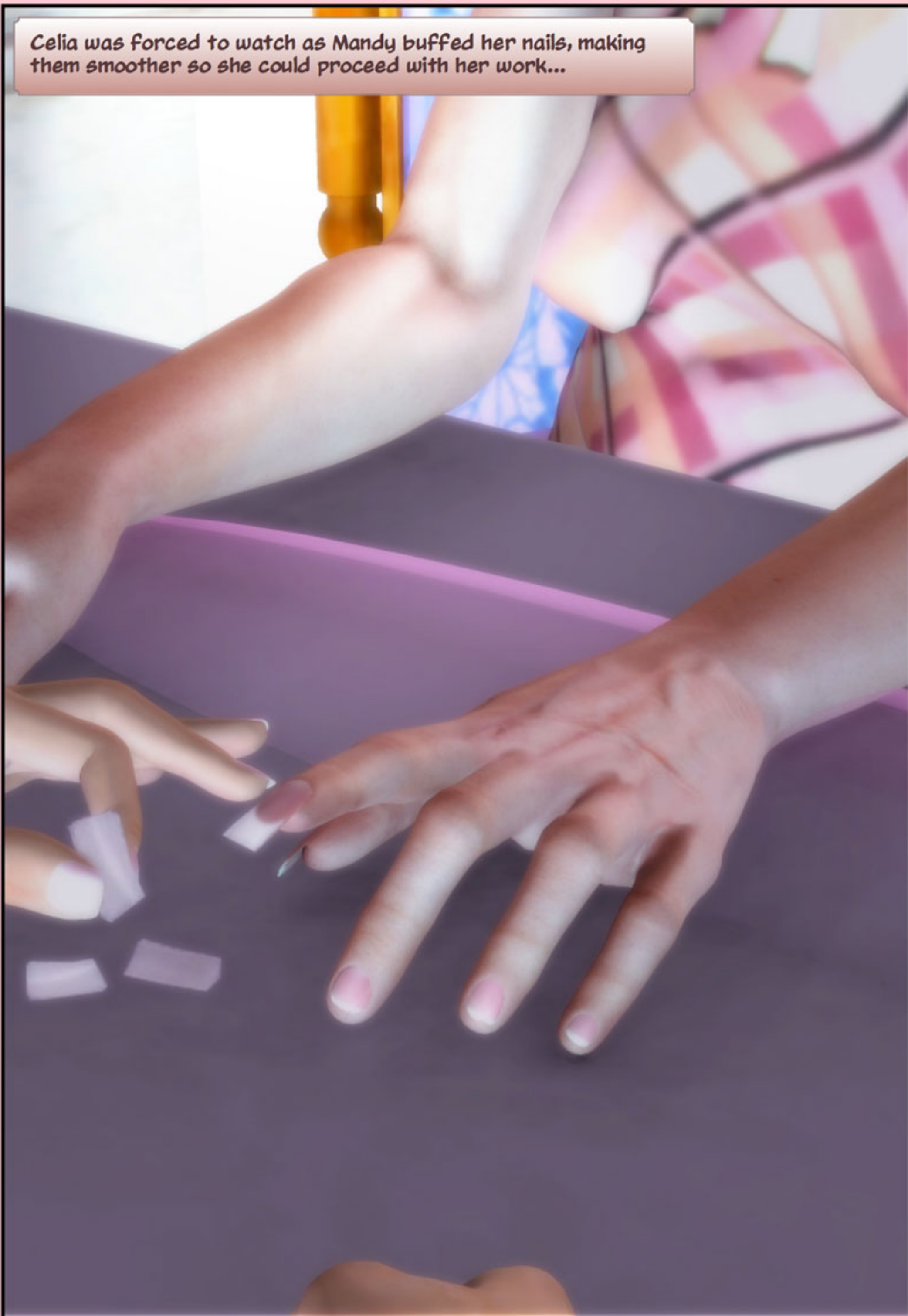
SHE SMELLS WONDERFUL!

YOU SEE HOW MUCH HARD WORK GOES INTO BECOMING A WOMAN, BOYS?

Celia was stuck, and she felt embarrassment creeping up on her as the salon assistant continued to discuss her disregard for nail care...



Celia was forced to watch as Mandy buffed her nails, making them smoother so she could proceed with her work...





HOW COULD A  
WOMAN POSSIBLY  
ENJOY THIS SORT  
OF THING?

NOW WE TRIM  
THEM TO A MORE  
MANAGEABLE SIZE...  
I'M SURE YOU'D LIKE  
TO HAVE THEM LONGER,  
MS. STONEBRIDGE, BUT  
TODAY I'LL LEAVE  
THEM AT A MORE  
SENSIBLE  
LENGTH...

SNIPAAA

WE ALWAYS START WITH NAILS,  
BOYS... IT'S MUCH EASIER TO  
PROGRESS FROM THERE!





Mandy continued to work her magic on Celia's nails...

WHEN I'M DONE FILING THEM, WE'LL APPLY SOME CLEAR POLISH TO HARDEN AND STRENGTHEN THE NAIL UNDERNEATH, SO THAT WE CAN MOVE FROM ACRYLIC TO A NATURAL NAIL...





MAY I?

AS YOU CAN SEE, BOYS, AN INSTANT IMPROVEMENT THAT CAN NOW BE BUILT UPON!

WHO DOES THIS GIRL THINK SHE IS?

AND WEARING LONGER SKIRTS WOULD BE AN IMPROVEMENT ON YOU, TOO, MY DEAR!



PERHAPS IT WOULD  
SERVE YOUR STUDENTS  
BETTER TO DRAW  
ATTENTION TOWARDS MY  
COLLEAGUE'S WORK, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE...?

WHAT A  
BITCH!

AHHHEMM...  
Y.. YESS... YES,  
IT WOULD...

*squeeeeeeee*

AND HOW DOES  
IT FEEL TO HAVE  
BEAUTIFUL NAILS  
FOR ONCE, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE?

Celia could feel her face blush further...






OH, GOD,  
PLEASE LET  
THIS DAY END...  
PLEASE!

THEY LOOK  
NICE, MY DEAR.  
NOW, IF YOU  
COULD REMOVE  
THEM...





WE CAN'T REMOVE THEM UNTIL SATURDAY. YOUR REAL NAILS NEED A LITTLE TIME TO GROW. BUT I'M PLEASED TO TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE BOOKED FOR ANOTHER SESSION TOMORROW. DEPILATORY LESSONS, MS. STONEBRIDGE!

OH, YES! I AM GONNA *ENJOY* WAXING YOU, YOU BITCH!

DEPILATORY?

YES! HAIR REMOVAL TECHNIQUES ARE VERY ESSENTIAL IN COSMETICS AND BEAUTY!




Returning to the school, Celia's day was about to get even worse...

NO WAY AM I  
STAYING TO HAVE  
THAT LITTLE SMART  
ASS REMOVE MY HAIR...  
STILL ONLY AN HOUR OR  
SO TO GO, AND I'M...  
HOLD ON... WHAT  
THE...?

HEY,  
THAT'S MY  
CAR!



A woman with dark hair is shown in profile, looking out a window. A hand is placed on her head. The scene is set inside a bus, with window blinds and a railing visible. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.

**DRIVER,  
PLEASE STOP  
THE BUS... MY CAR!  
WHAT ARE THEY  
DOING?**

**SORRY,  
MA'AM.  
REGULATIONS  
STATE I MUST LET  
PASSENGERS  
OUT AT A SAFE  
STOP!**

**OHHH,  
PLEASE DON'T  
LET THIS DAY  
GET ANY  
WORSE!**







ALL OF MY CLOTHES AND POSSESSIONS ARE IN THERE!

YOU CAN PICK IT UP FROM THE IMPOUND LOT, MS. STONEBRIDGE!

NICK IS RIGHT! YOU COULDA GOTTEN RUN OVER!

IT'S NICE THAT THEY'RE SHOWING CONCERN FOR ME...

SEEMS I MAY HAVE UNDERESTIMATED SOME OF THESE YOUNG MEN.

YEAH, MS. STONEBRIDGE. GO INTO THE SCHOOL AND TELL 'EM... I'M SURE THEY'LL HELP!

YES, YES, YOU'RE RIGHT! AND THANK YOU, HECTOR AND NICK!

*Celia did not want to show the two concerned young men how she really felt, so she kept her calm...*



With the day becoming more and more frustrating for Celia, she left her class to read fashion magazines and went to the school reception desk to ask about her car...

THIS IS THE WORST JOB I HAVE EVER APPLIED FOR...

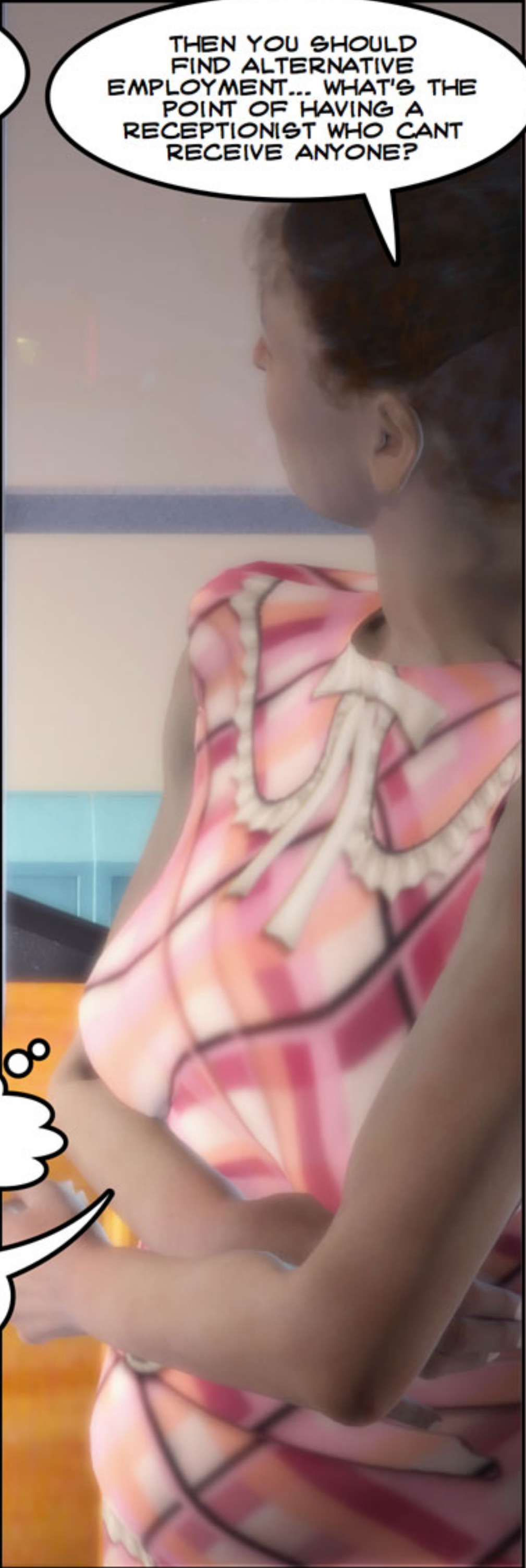
TEACHING MEN ABOUT WOMEN. WHAT NEXT?







PHEW! SORRY FOR THE WAIT, MA'AM... CARRYING THIS BABY IS NOT TOO KIND TO MY BLADDER. *HEE HEE!*



THEN YOU SHOULD FIND ALTERNATIVE EMPLOYMENT... WHAT'S THE POINT OF HAVING A RECEPTIONIST WHO CANT RECEIVE ANYONE?


OH, I'M ALMOST DUE, AND MY WIFE LIKES ME NEAR HER AT ALL TIMES. SHE'S AFRAID OF MISSING THE BIRTH OF OUR DAUGHTER!

DID I HEAR CORRECTLY?

"WIFE"?

YES, I'M MARRIED TO IRENE MOORE!



A woman with dark hair, wearing a pink dress and a white apron, is shown in profile from the chest up. She is looking down at a nameplate on a desk. The nameplate is purple with white text that reads "Mrs Carol Moore". The desk is covered with a yellow cloth. In the background, there is a light blue vertical element, possibly a door or wall panel. The scene is set in what appears to be an office or a reception area.

"CAROL MOORE"...  
YOU MEAN YOU ARE  
MARRIED TO THE  
HEADMISTRESS?

YES, I AM!

HOW DID SHE EVER  
BECOME HEADMISTRESS?  
SUCH AN UTTER DISGRACE!  
AND TO HAVE HER WIFE  
WORKING SIDE BY SIDE, AND IN  
SUCH A CONDITION... THIS PLACE  
IS A HAVEN OF DEBAUCHERY...  
THE SOONER I GET MY CAR  
BACK, THE QUICKER MY  
EXIT!





IRENE, WHATEVER  
HAVE YOU HIRED  
HERE?

WE'VE BEEN  
MARRIED FOR  
TEN MONTHS!

WELL I'LL  
HAVE TO  
IGNORE THAT  
FACT...

NOW... WHAT I'VE  
BEEN SO PATIENTLY  
WAITING FOR, MY DEAR,  
IS THE WHEREABOUTS  
OF MY CAR!


YOUR  
CAR?

YES! MY CAR  
WAS PARKED  
OUTSIDE, AND IT  
WAS TOWED  
AWAY!

YOU DIDN'T  
PARK IN OUR  
PARKING  
LOT, THEN?

HONESTLY,  
MISS MOORE,  
MRS. MOORE, OR  
WHATEVER YOU  
CALL YOURSELF, I  
HAVE HAD MY CAR  
TAKEN BY SOME TOW  
TRUCK, AND ALL I  
WANT TO KNOW IS  
WHERE IT WOULD  
HAVE BEEN  
TAKEN TO!



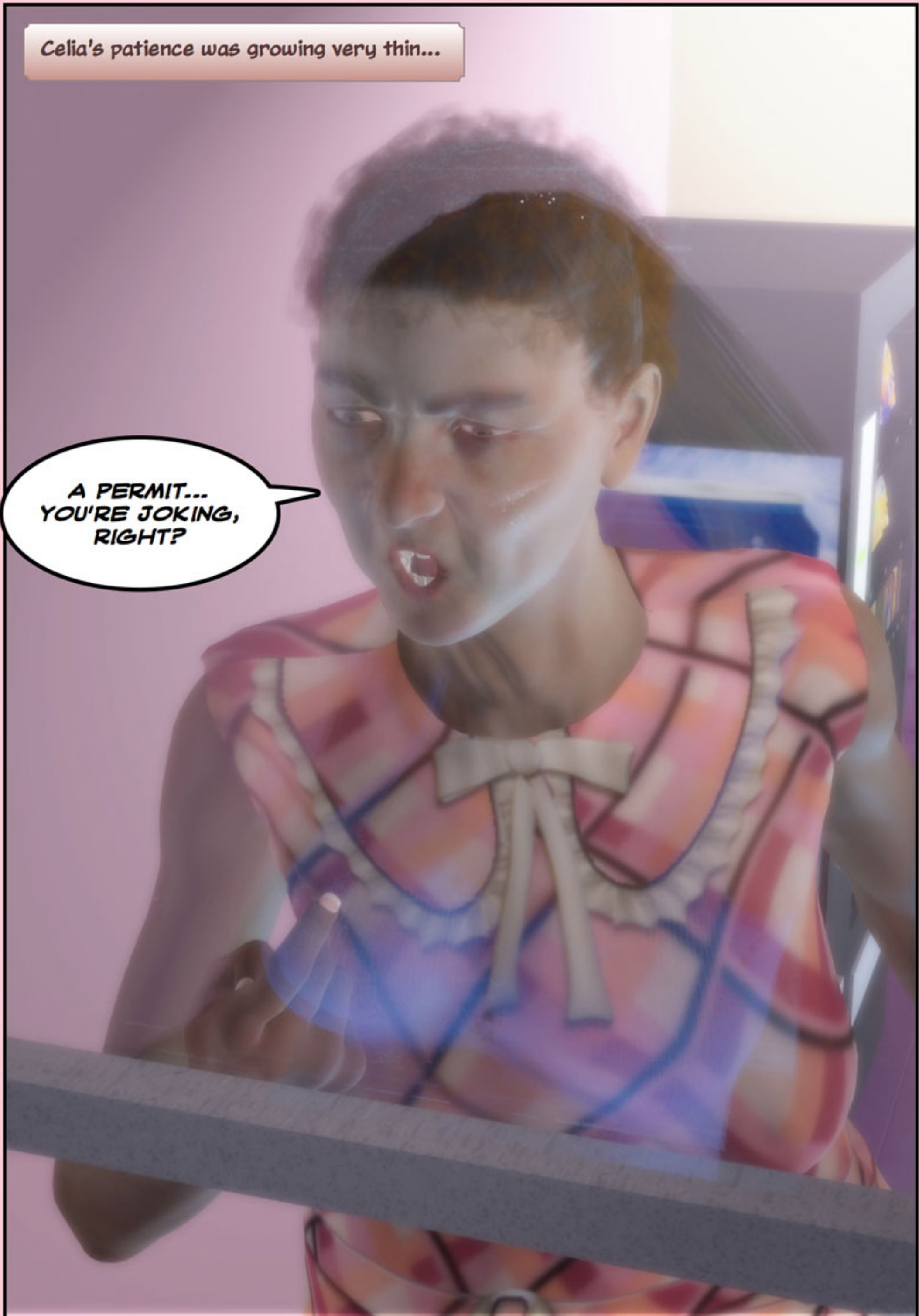


"CAROL" IS OK... AND AS FOR YOUR CAR, IF YOU PARKED ON THE STREET OUT FRONT, THEN YOU'D NEED A CITY PARKING PERMIT!

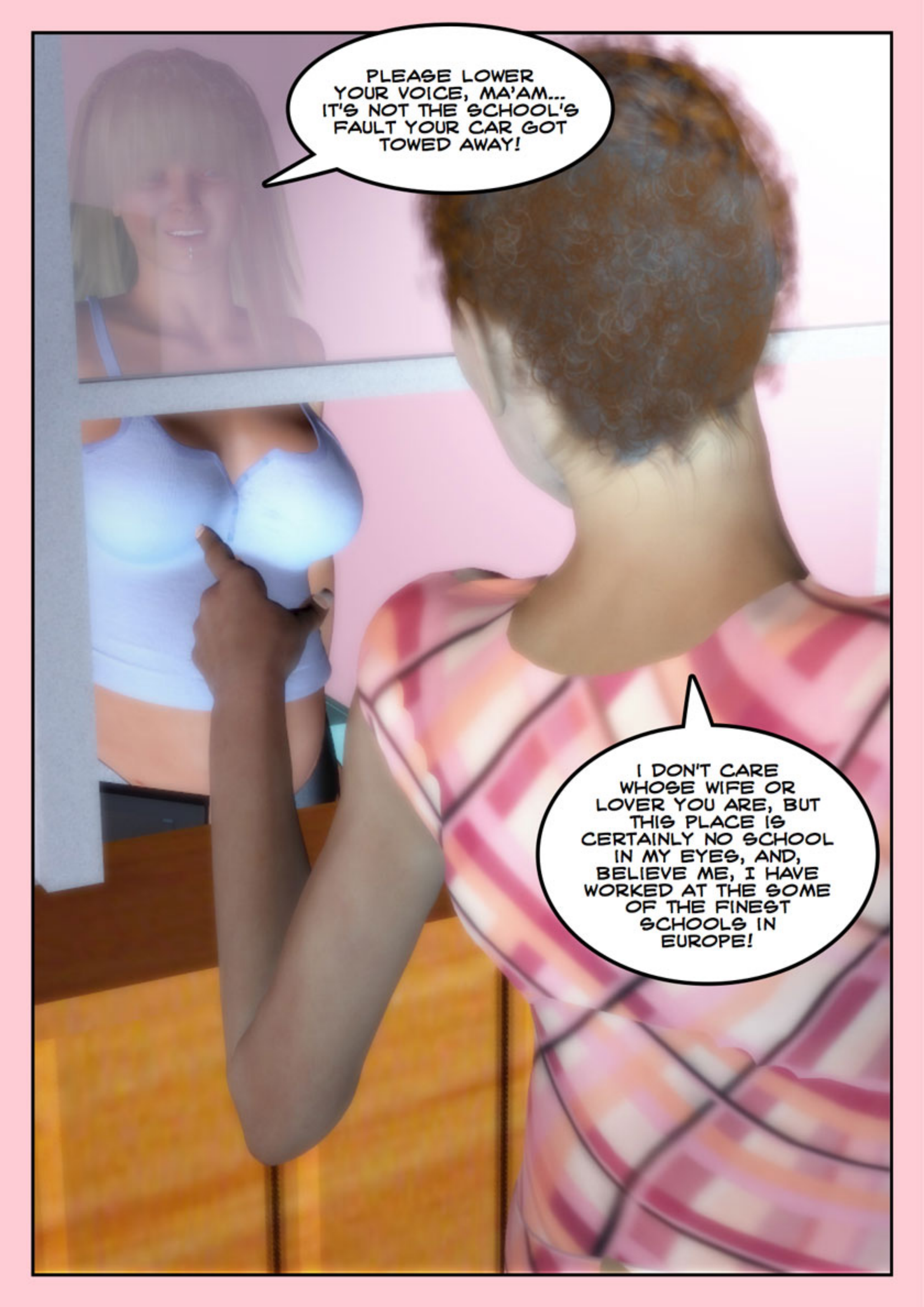


Celia's patience was growing very thin...

**A PERMIT...  
YOU'RE JOKING,  
RIGHT?**





A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a white bra, is standing in a room. A man with short brown hair, wearing a pink and white striped shirt, is standing in front of her, pointing at her bra. The scene is set in a room with a wooden floor and a white wall. A speech bubble is positioned above the man's head, and another speech bubble is positioned to the right of the man's head.

PLEASE LOWER  
YOUR VOICE, MA'AM...  
IT'S NOT THE SCHOOL'S  
FAULT YOUR CAR GOT  
TOWED AWAY!

I DON'T CARE  
WHOSE WIFE OR  
LOVER YOU ARE, BUT  
THIS PLACE IS  
CERTAINLY NO SCHOOL  
IN MY EYES, AND,  
BELIEVE ME, I HAVE  
WORKED AT THE SOME  
OF THE FINEST  
SCHOOLS IN  
EUROPE!



Celia's raised voice began to travel down the corridor, gaining the attention of Gloria...

**GIVE ME  
THE PHONE  
NUMBER OF  
THE TOW LOT!**

WHAT IN  
THE WORLD  
IS GOING  
ON?






Celia explained her problem...

OH, DEAR... YES,  
I UNDERSTAND, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE.

HOW DO I  
GET THIS  
SOLVED?

PLEASE CALL  
THE CITY PARKING  
OFFICE IMMEDIATELY,  
CAROL, AND HAVE THEM  
SEND US THE TICKET. WE  
SHOULD HAVE INFORMED  
MS. STONEBRIDGE IN THE  
WELCOME PACKET OF  
THE STREET PARKING  
RESTRICTIONS!





BUT THEY'RE ONLY  
OPEN ON THURSDAYS  
DURING THE SUMMER,  
MRS. SMITH!

OH, MY  
GOODNESS!  
THAT'S TRUE...  
OH, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
I AM SO, SO  
SORRY!

THIS IS  
JUST GREAT...  
WHAT A  
NIGHTMARE OF  
A DAY!

SO WHERE  
DOES THAT  
LEAVE ME? ALL  
MY CLOTHES AND  
BELONGINGS  
ARE IN MY  
CAR!

HMMM... NO  
COMMENT ON  
MY CHOICE OF  
ATTIRE...



Gloria hid her smile well...

WE HAVE A SCHOOL  
APARTMENT THAT YOU CAN  
STAY IN, MS. STONEBRIDGE...  
IT IS THE BEST WE CAN  
OFFER YOU CONSIDERING  
THE CIRCUMSTANCES...

CAROL, PLEASE  
CONTACT MRS.  
WELSH AND  
ARRANGE FOR MS.  
STONEBRIDGE'S  
STAY...






Celia had no option but to reluctantly accept Gloria's proposal of help...

I AM  
VERY SORRY  
FOR RAISING  
MY VOICE, MRS.  
MOORE... I  
HAVE NOT HAD  
THE BEST  
OF DAYS.

DO I  
HAVE A  
CHOICE?







YOU'RE  
WELCOME, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE... I'M  
GLAD WE CAN BE  
OF SOME HELP...

WHAT A TOTAL  
BITCH... IF IT HAD  
BEEN MY CHOICE, I  
WOULD'VE LEFT HER  
TO HER OWN  
DEVICES!



As Celia finished her lesson in the classroom...

THE MUSIC IS WORKING ON THE BOYS!

YES... THE WAY CELIA TOOK CONTROL OF THEM SO EASILY, IT SHOWS THE MUSIC HAS OPENED THEIR SUBCONSCIOUS TO US.

YES, IT HAS, BUT WE STILL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL. JAKE ROSS IS SHOWING SIGNS OF DESPONDENCY, ALONG WITH CRAIG, AND AS GOOD AS THE SUBLIMINAL MUSIC IS, WITHOUT THE PROPER EQUIPMENT INSTALLED, JAKE WILL BECOME MORE AND MORE LETHARGIC. I WANT YOU TO MEET HIS MOTHER AND CONVINCING HER THAT WE NEED TO DELIVER THE NEW BEDROOM FURNITURE TO THE ROSS HOUSEHOLD AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.


I TRUST YOU CAN IMPRESS UPON MRS. ROSS THE URGENCY OF THE SITUATION.

OH YOU KNOW ME, IRENE. I CAN MAKE QUITE AN IMPRESSION.

YES, I DO KNOW YOU!

BUT, IRENE, I'M A LITTLE CONCERNED WITH CELIA. HER DISLIKE FOR THIS SCHOOL AND EVERYTHING CONCERNING IT MAY PREVENT US FROM PROGRESSING WITH HER.





SHE IS GOING TO  
BE A TOUGH NUT TO  
CRACK, BUT GWYNN HAS  
ALREADY OVERSEEN  
JAYNE AND DELILAH'S  
TRANSFORMATIONS, AND  
I WANT TO USE SHOCK  
TO OPEN CELIA'S  
SUBCONSCIOUS!


AND,  
SPEAKING OF  
SHOCK, HOW DID  
SHE RESPOND TO  
THAT SEXY  
LITTLE TENNIS  
OUTFIT OF  
YOURS?



SHE WAS  
OBLIVIOUS TO IT...  
BUT TALKING WITH YOUR  
DUMB WIFE PROBABLY  
TOOK THE EDGE OFF  
THE WAY I'M  
DRESSED...








YES, AND  
CAROL DESERVED  
HER DUMBING DOWN.  
CELIA IS A DIFFERENT  
COOKIE, THOUGH... SHE'S  
THE ULTIMATE CAPTURE FOR  
US HERE, DESPITE HER  
PALLID PERSONALITY, BUT  
IT'S THAT AFFLICTION THAT  
WILL MAKE HER CHANGE  
SO MUCH MORE  
ENJOYABLE!

HER  
ANGER WILL  
BE AN  
OBSTACLE,  
I FEAR...

YOU MAY  
WELL BE RIGHT,  
GLORIA... BUT GYWNN  
WILL BREAK HER.  
SHE HAS HISTORY...  
AND A SCORE TO  
SETTLE WITH  
CELIA!





IS THIS  
YOUR  
CAR?

YEP... ISN'T IT  
A BEAUT?

A SPORTS  
CAR LIKE THIS...  
I THOUGHT IT  
MIGHT BELONG  
TO YOUR  
HUSBAND.

NO. MR. SMITH  
PASSED AWAY,  
SWEETIE.

OH... I'M SO  
SORRY!

IT WAS OVER  
FIFTEEN YEARS  
AGO, MY DEAR. I DO  
CHERISH HIS  
MEMORY...



Celia was a little apprehensive, and it showed...

I APPRECIATE  
YOUR HELP,  
BUT I...

CELIA, PLEASE!  
WHERE ELSE ARE  
YOU GONNA STAY?

HOP IN!

HOW DID I  
GET MYSELF  
INTO THIS  
SITUATION?

I CAN UNDERSTAND HOW  
YOU FEEL, BEING A TOTAL  
STRANGER TO THE CITY AND  
ALL, BUT YOU CAN'T SLEEP IN  
THE SCHOOL!



Celia finally conceded to the fact that Gloria was right...

YOU MUST BE  
DRAINED!

IT'S  
CERTAINLY  
BEEN A LONG  
DAY, YES.

AND IT'S  
GOING TO GET  
EVEN LONGER! WHY  
COULD I NOT JUST  
ACCEPT THAT MY  
TEACHING DAYS  
WERE OVER?

BUCKLE  
UP!

VADARRRVRODDM



I DO UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL, SWEETIE... I WAS ONCE LIKE YOU. BUT THIS SCHOOL CHANGED ME AND MY LIFE ENTIRELY, AND IT'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU. TRUST ME!

NOT A CHANCE! WHEN I GET MY CAR BACK, I'M OUTTA HERE!

YOU'RE GONNA SIMPLY LOVE GYWNN. SHE IS SO ADORABLE!

GYWNN?

YES, GYWNN. SHE USED TO BE A TEACHER HERE, TOO, BUT HER OTHER JOB TOOK HER AWAY FROM US...

ANYWAY, YOU GOT ANY HOBBIES WHEN YOU'RE NOT TEACHING?

HOBBIES?

OH, MY LORD. WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO?





CAN YOU  
DRIVE IN  
HEELS?

SURE CAN,  
SWEETIE!

VRRROOOOM VRRROOOOM

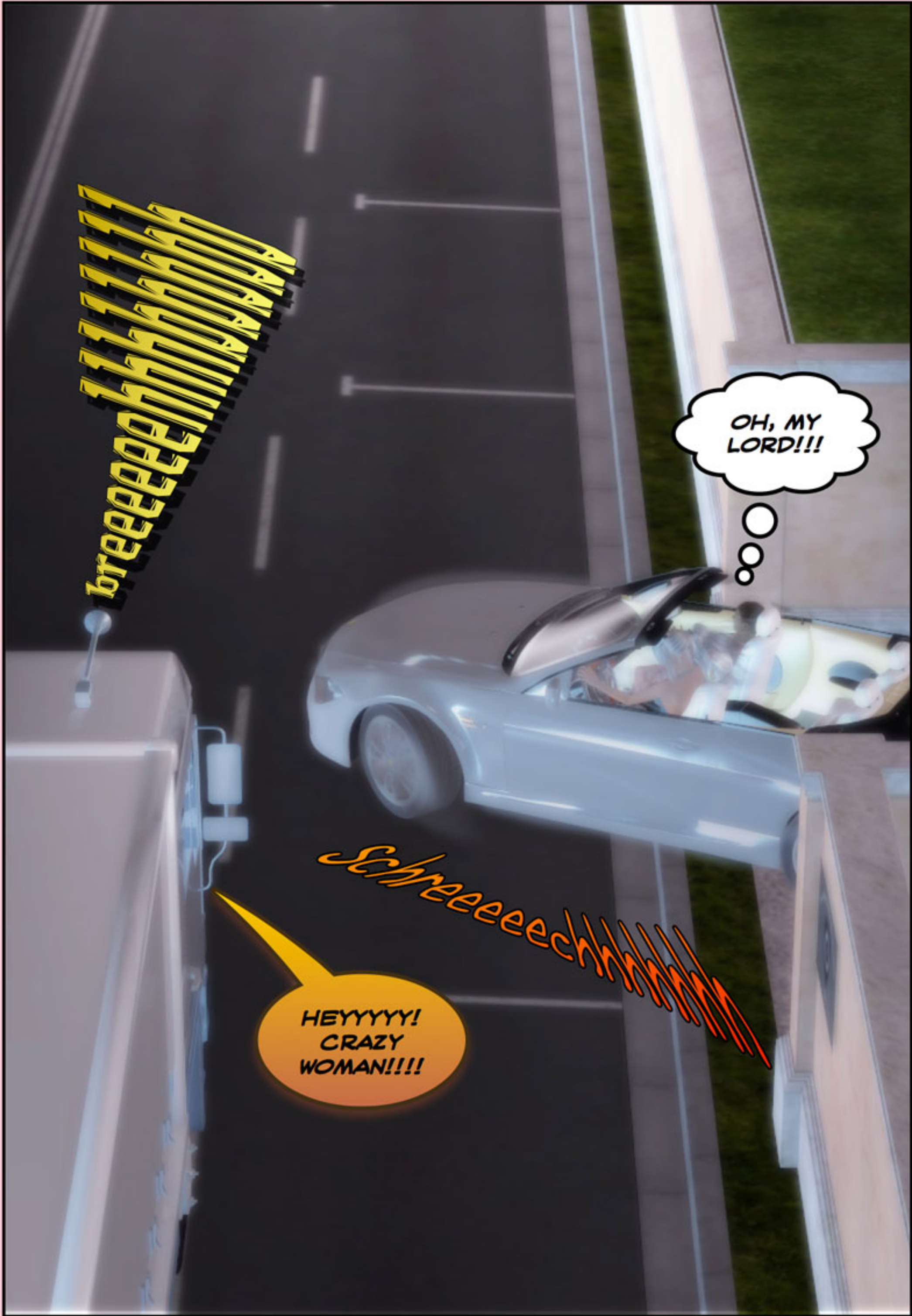


*breeeeeee*

OH, MY LORD!!!

*Schreeeeechhhhhhh*

HEYYYYY!  
CRAZY  
WOMAN!!!!





**OHHH,  
PLEASE! SLOW  
DOWN...**

**DON'T WORRY.  
WE'LL BE HITTING  
TRAFFIC SOON.  
THAT'LL FORCE ME  
TO SLOW DOWN!**

**THAT ANSWERS  
THE OLD  
BATTLEAXE ABOUT  
ME DRIVING IN  
HEELS!**



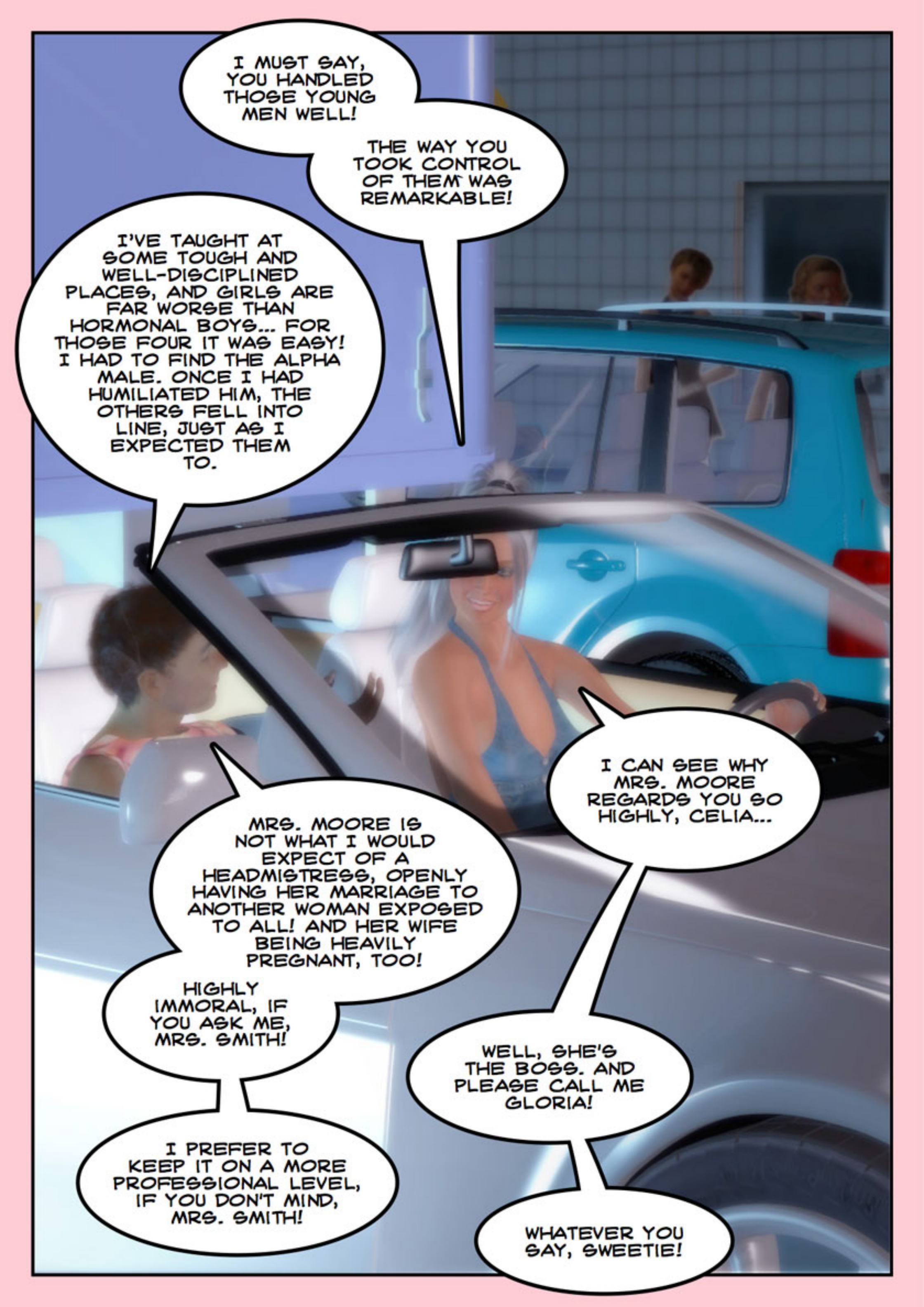


**PHEW!**

NEARLY  
THERE, CELIA.  
YOU DON'T MIND  
ME CALLING YOU  
CELIA, DO  
YOU?

NOT IF IT  
STOPS YOU  
FROM DRIVING  
LIKE A  
MANIAC!





I MUST SAY,  
YOU HANDLED  
THOSE YOUNG  
MEN WELL!

THE WAY YOU  
TOOK CONTROL  
OF THEM WAS  
REMARKABLE!

I'VE TAUGHT AT  
SOME TOUGH AND  
WELL-DISCIPLINED  
PLACES, AND GIRLS ARE  
FAR WORSE THAN  
HORMONAL BOYS... FOR  
THOSE FOUR IT WAS EASY!  
I HAD TO FIND THE ALPHA  
MALE. ONCE I HAD  
HUMILIATED HIM, THE  
OTHERS FELL INTO  
LINE, JUST AS I  
EXPECTED THEM  
TO.

I CAN SEE WHY  
MRS. MOORE  
REGARDS YOU SO  
HIGHLY, CELIA...

MRS. MOORE IS  
NOT WHAT I WOULD  
EXPECT OF A  
HEADMISTRESS, OPENLY  
HAVING HER MARRIAGE TO  
ANOTHER WOMAN EXPOSED  
TO ALL! AND HER WIFE  
BEING HEAVILY  
PREGNANT, TOO!

HIGHLY  
IMMORAL, IF  
YOU ASK ME,  
MRS. SMITH!

WELL, SHE'S  
THE BOSS. AND  
PLEASE CALL ME  
GLORIA!

I PREFER TO  
KEEP IT ON A MORE  
PROFESSIONAL LEVEL,  
IF YOU DON'T MIND,  
MRS. SMITH!

WHATEVER YOU  
SAY, SWEETIE!



Ten minutes later...

HERE  
WE ARE,  
CELIA!

WHAT A  
HORRENDOUS  
EXPERIENCE! THIS  
WOMAN DRIVES LIKE  
A MANIAC... AND  
WORST OF  
ALL...

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE I AM  
GOING ALONG  
WITH THIS!





Gloria continued to chat with Celia as they stepped into the elevator...

SO DO YOU HAVE ANY SISTERS OR BROTHERS?

EXCUSE ME?

SIBLINGS, CELIA!

UH... NO, I DON'T. I WAS AN ONLY CHILD!

FLOOR TWENTY, SWEETIE!

TWENTY?

THE FLOOR WE NEED, SWEETIE!

OH... OH, YES... YES, OF COURSE...



Celia's thoughts were so far away from where she actually was that she had forgotten she now had long nails...

**DAMMIT!  
STUPID THINGS!**

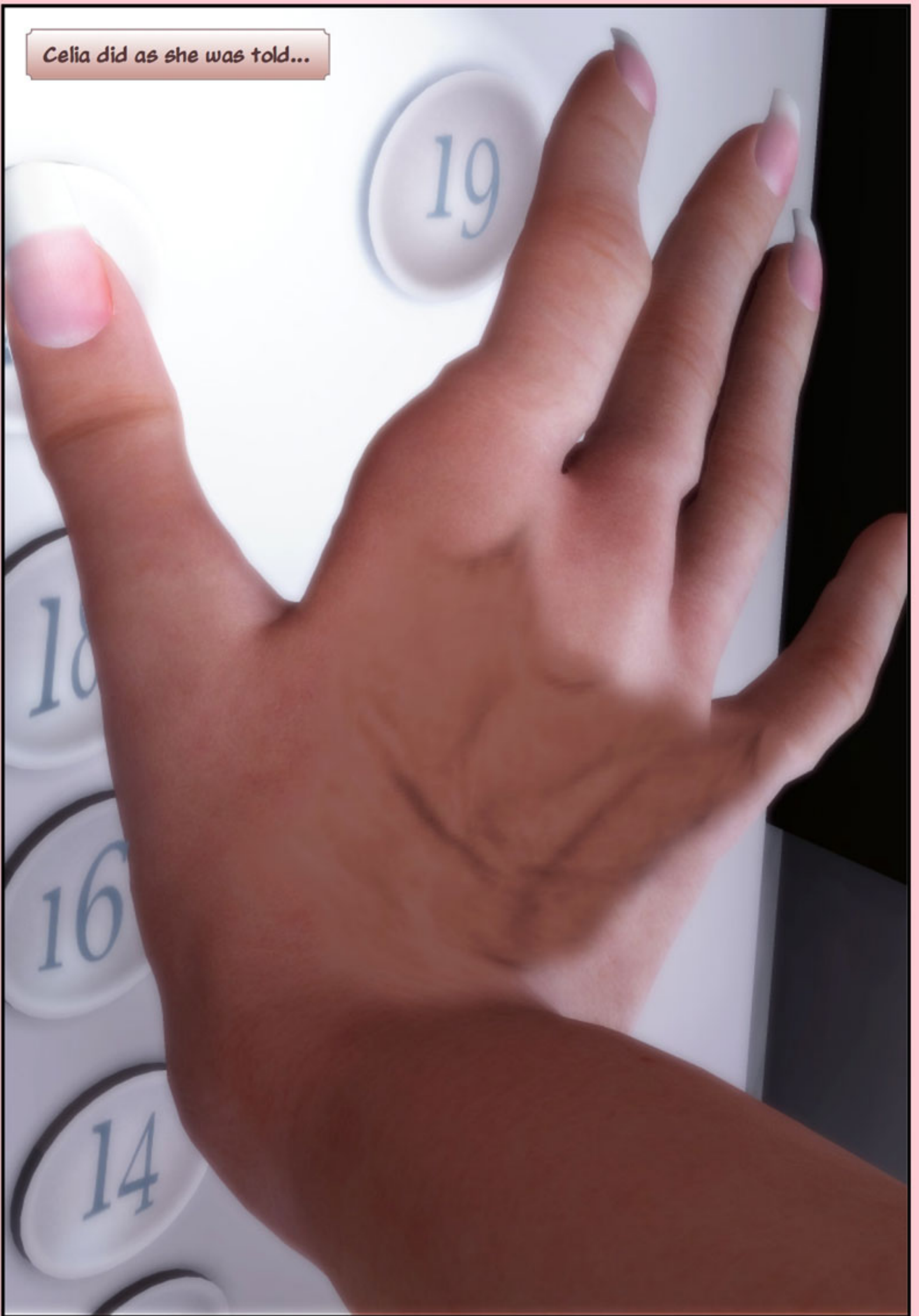
**RELAX! YOU  
JUST NEED  
LESSONS ON  
USING YOUR  
NAILS, SWEETIE.  
\*SMILE\***

**HERE. USE  
YOUR THUMB  
LIKE SO!**

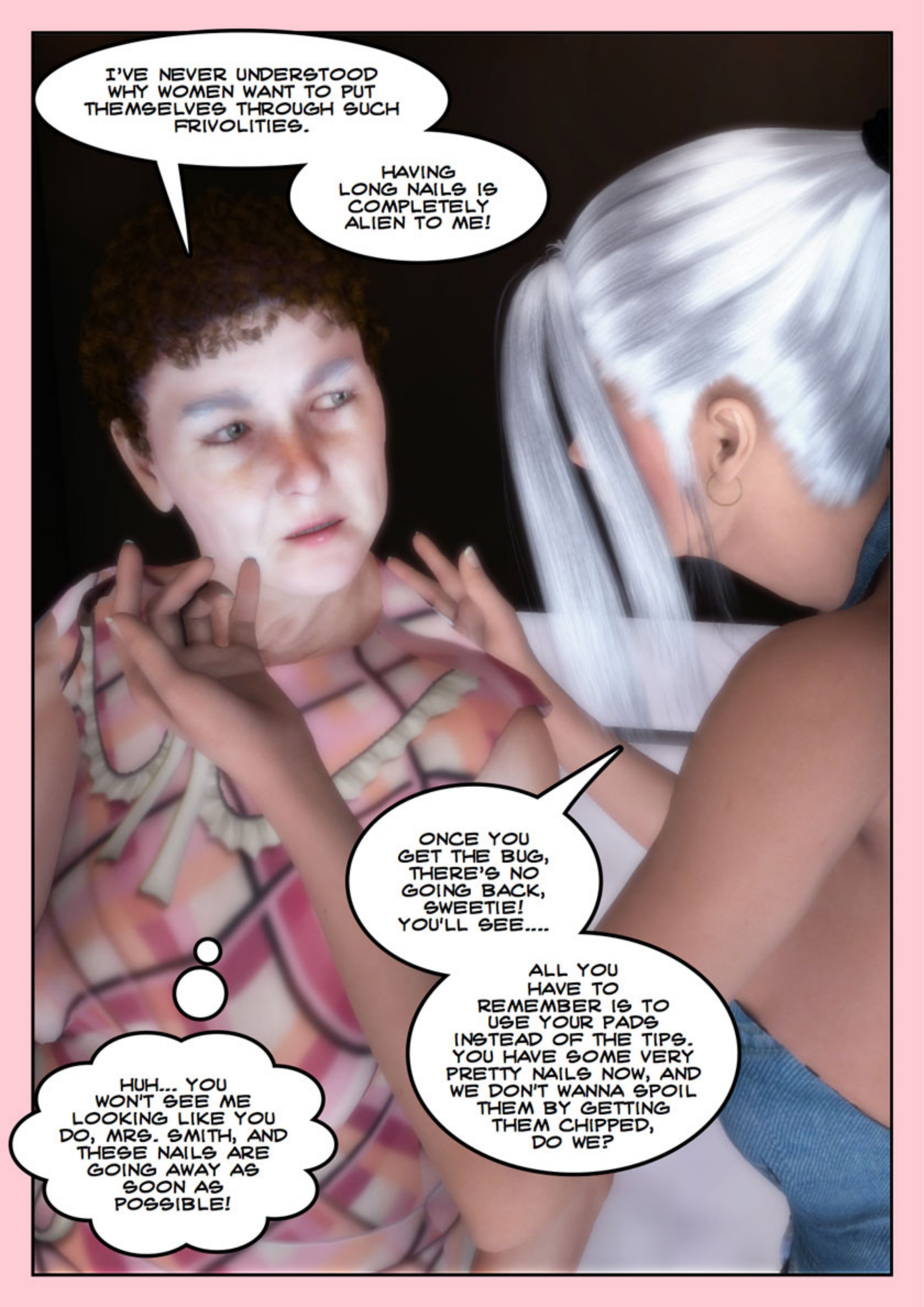
**SHE'S MAKING  
ME SOUND LIKE AN  
IDIOT. "SWEETIE,"  
INDEED! WHO DOES  
SHE THINK SHE IS,  
DRESSED LIKE A  
TRAMP?!**



Celia did as she was told...







I'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY WOMEN WANT TO PUT THEMSELVES THROUGH SUCH FRIVOLITIES.

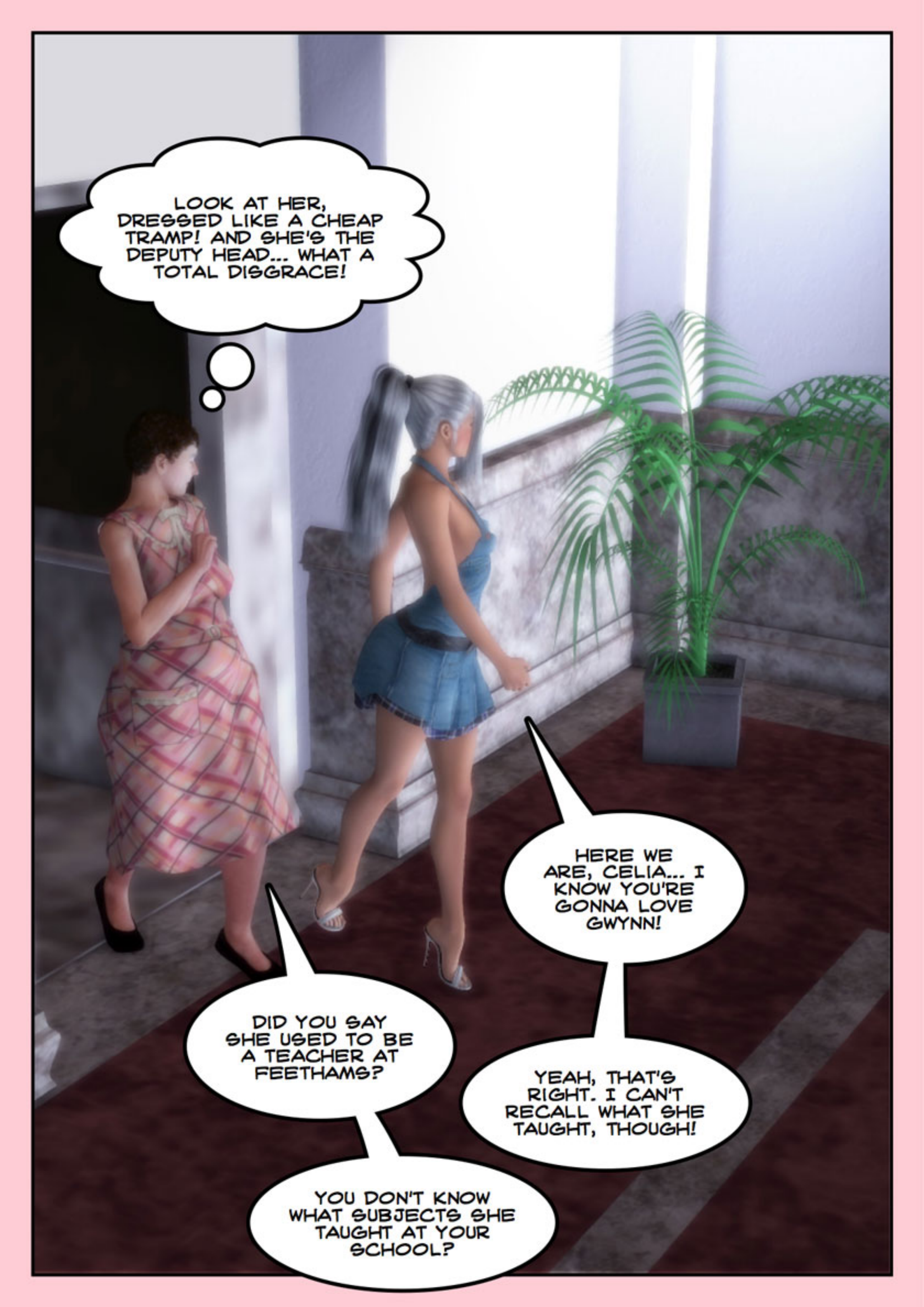
HAVING LONG NAILS IS COMPLETELY ALIEN TO ME!

ONCE YOU GET THE BUG, THERE'S NO GOING BACK, SWEETIE! YOU'LL SEE....

ALL YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER IS TO USE YOUR PADS INSTEAD OF THE TIPS. YOU HAVE SOME VERY PRETTY NAILS NOW, AND WE DON'T WANNA SPOIL THEM BY GETTING THEM CHIPPED, DO WE?

HUH... YOU WON'T SEE ME LOOKING LIKE YOU DO, MRS. SMITH, AND THESE NAILS ARE GOING AWAY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!





LOOK AT HER,  
DRESSED LIKE A CHEAP  
TRAMP! AND SHE'S THE  
DEPUTY HEAD... WHAT A  
TOTAL DISGRACE!

HERE WE  
ARE, CELIA... I  
KNOW YOU'RE  
GONNA LOVE  
GWYNN!

DID YOU SAY  
SHE USED TO BE  
A TEACHER AT  
FEETHAMS?

YEAH, THAT'S  
RIGHT. I CAN'T  
RECALL WHAT SHE  
TAUGHT, THOUGH!

YOU DON'T KNOW  
WHAT SUBJECTS SHE  
TAUGHT AT YOUR  
SCHOOL?



**DINNNGGG**  
**DONNNNNNGG**

IS THIS  
DEPUTY HEAD  
FOR REAL? SHE  
LOOKS LIKE A  
TRAMP AND HAS  
THE BRAINS OF  
ONE, TOO.

SHE WAS  
TEACHING  
SOMETHING, BUT I  
CAN'T REMEMBER  
WHAT... ANYWAY, SHE  
FOUND HERSELF A  
MUCH BETTER JOB  
AND LEFT, SO, TO  
ANSWER YOUR  
QUESTION... NO,  
I DON'T!



if Gloria's dress code was not within Celia's parameters of decency, then...

HI, GLORIA...  
AND YOU MUST BE  
OUR DAMSEL IN  
DISTRESS!

HUGS,  
GWYNN! AND  
YES! THIS IS  
HER...

OH, MY  
LORD...

ANOTHER  
FLOOZY!

ERRRM...  
YES. IT'S AND  
NICE TO MEET  
YOU TOO,  
MRS...?

**THE CELIA  
STONEBRIDGE...**  
WELL, I NEVER THOUGHT  
I'D EVER SEE YOU AGAIN,  
HONEY. IT'S GOING TO BE  
A PLEASURE TO GET  
REACQUAINTED!


HELL, I AIN'T BEEN  
CALLED A MRS. SINCE  
MY CHEATIN' SON-OF-A-  
BITCH HUSBAND WAS  
CASTRATED! HA HA!

I HOPE MY  
LITTLE SEXPOT  
HERE HASN'T  
BEEN LEADING  
YOU ASTRAY.

WE'VE MET  
BEFORE?

OHhh,  
GWYNN! YOU  
ARE AWFUL!  
HA HA!






WHY, SURE, WE DID.  
HONEY... BUT IT WAS  
MANY YEARS AGO!

NO, I'M  
PRETTY GOOD  
WITH FORMER  
PUPILS, AND I  
CERTAINLY DON'T  
REMEMBER  
YOU.

OH, HONEY, I  
WASN'T A PUPIL...  
BUT, HEY, WHO  
CARES... I HAVE  
CELIA STONEBRIDGE  
STAYING IN MY SPARE  
APARTMENT, AND THAT  
IS FUCKIN' WAY OUT,  
DARLIN'!

YOU HAVE ME  
AT A TOTAL  
DISADVANTAGE,  
MRS...?





HER FACIAL  
STRUCTURE  
SEEMS FAMILIAR,  
BUT I DON'T RECALL  
EVER MEETING  
ANYONE NAMED  
GWYNN.

ANYWAY, WE CAN  
CHAT ABOUT THE OLD  
DAYS AFTER YOU'VE  
REFRESHED YERSELF, HONEY,  
SO TAKE YER GOOD SELF UP  
THESE STAIRS TO MY SPARE  
APARTMENT AND MAKE YOURSELF  
AT HOME. OH, AND YOU'LL FIND  
SOME OF DELI'S STUFF UP  
THERE. SHE DON'T NEED IT  
ANYMORE, SO FEEL FREE  
TO MAKE USE OF IT!

I AM...  
WELL I...

OH, CELIA, SWEETIE!  
WHERE ELSE ARE YOU  
GONNA STAY?  
PLEASE?

GWYNN  
WOULD  
ENJOY THE  
COMPANY,  
TOO,  
WOULDN'T  
YOU?

OH, MY LORD!  
WHAT A CRASS  
WOMAN! AND I DO  
WISH MRS. SMITH  
WOULD STOP  
CALLING ME  
"SWEETIE"!

YOU BET YER  
SEXPOT ASS,  
GLORIA! I WOULD...  
SINCE DELI UP AND  
LEFT, IT'S BEEN KINDA  
LONELY FER ME!

Celia knew she had no choice but to accept...



The first thing that struck Celia as she reached the apartment was the very sweet smell of perfume, which at first made her choke as she inhaled it. However, as she surveyed the place, it was not how she had imagined it might be...



WELL, IT  
CERTAINLY HAD TO  
BE A YOUNG WOMAN  
WHO LIVED HERE. HER  
PERFUME IS RATHER  
INTOXICATING...

BUT OTHER  
THAN THAT, IT IS  
VERY TIDY... NOT  
TO MY TASTE,  
THOUGH!





AND YOU WANT LI'L OL' ME TO SORT HER OUT?

IRENE THINKS SHE'S GONNA BE A TOUGH ONE TO CRACK!

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HANDLE HER?

SURE. THAT APARTMENT IS STATE OF THE ART, HONEY, AND BESIDES, WITH ME GUIDING HER, SHE'LL SOON TURN INTO A PUSSYCAT!

BE CAREFUL. SHE'S ONE TOUGH BITCH, GWYNN.

THAT'S WHY SHE BECAME KNOWN AS STONEFACE...




IRENE SAID  
YOU KNEW  
HER...

YOU BET  
YER BOTTOM  
DOLLAR, BABY...  
AND YOU CAN  
THANK IRENE FOR  
GIVING HER TO  
ME TO LOOK  
AFTER.

THAT BITCH  
CAUSED ME A  
LOT OF PAINFUL  
MEMORIES... BUT  
DON'T YA WORRY. I'LL  
TAKE REAL GOOD  
CARE OF HER, YA  
HEAR?






NOW LET ME  
GUESS... SHE'S  
SOUNDED YOU OUT FOR  
LOOKIN' LIKE A TRAMP,  
NO DOUBT?

OH, MY  
GODDESS,  
YES! BUT IT'S  
PART OF THE  
SHOCK SYSTEM  
WE EMPLOY,  
WHICH IS WHY  
IRENE CHOSE  
YOU TO GUIDE  
HER!

WELL, WE ARE  
ALREADY ON THE  
RIGHT PATHWAY,  
HONEY...

MAY I ASK IN  
WHAT CAPACITY  
YOU KNEW HER  
BEFORE?





WELL, SURE...  
I'M GUESSIN' YA  
KNOW I'M A LITTLE  
OLDER THAN  
STONEFACE?

YES, I  
DO!

AND I WAS  
VERY NAÏVE  
WHEN I WAS  
YOUNGER,  
TOO...

STONEFACE  
HERSELF... THIS  
IS GONNA BE  
ONE HELL OF A  
RIDE...

Leaving Celia Stonebridge to feel at home in the apartment upstairs, Gwynn recalled their prior meeting...




1st semester - Penston Grant College, Vermont, 1962...

OH, HI,  
CELIA. WHAT  
CAN I DO  
FOR YA?

OH, YEAH. I  
WAS REAL  
NAÏVE, AND I  
NEVER SAW  
WHAT WAS  
COMING,  
EITHER!







CELIA WAS HEAD OF A SORORITY, AND WAS HIGHLY REGARDED BY EVERYONE THAT ATTENDED THE SCHOOL. I HAD JUST MOVED UP FROM TEXAS TO BE WITH MY GRAMS. I WANTED TO CONTINUE WITH MY STUDIES. ALTHOUGH I HAD VERY GOOD REFERENCES, IT WAS MY DADDY'S INHERITANCE THAT HELPED CLINCH MY PLACE AT PENSTON GRANT, WHICH WAS CONSIDERED A STEPPING STONE TO THE BIG UNIVERSITIES, WHERE I WANTED TO CONTINUE AND MAJOR IN HISTORY. HOWEVER, BEING THE NEW GIRL ON CAMPUS, I HAD NO IDEA THAT MY INHERITANCE AND MY GLOWING REFERENCES WOULD CAUSE ANYONE ANY PROBLEMS.... I WAS SURE WRONG THERE, HONEY!

HELLO... UHHH, YESSS... I WAS JUST WONDERING IF I COULD BORROW A FEW BOOKS ON ROMAN HISTORY.

WHY, OF COURSE, DARLIN'. ARE YA STUDYING THE ROMANS THIS SEMESTER?



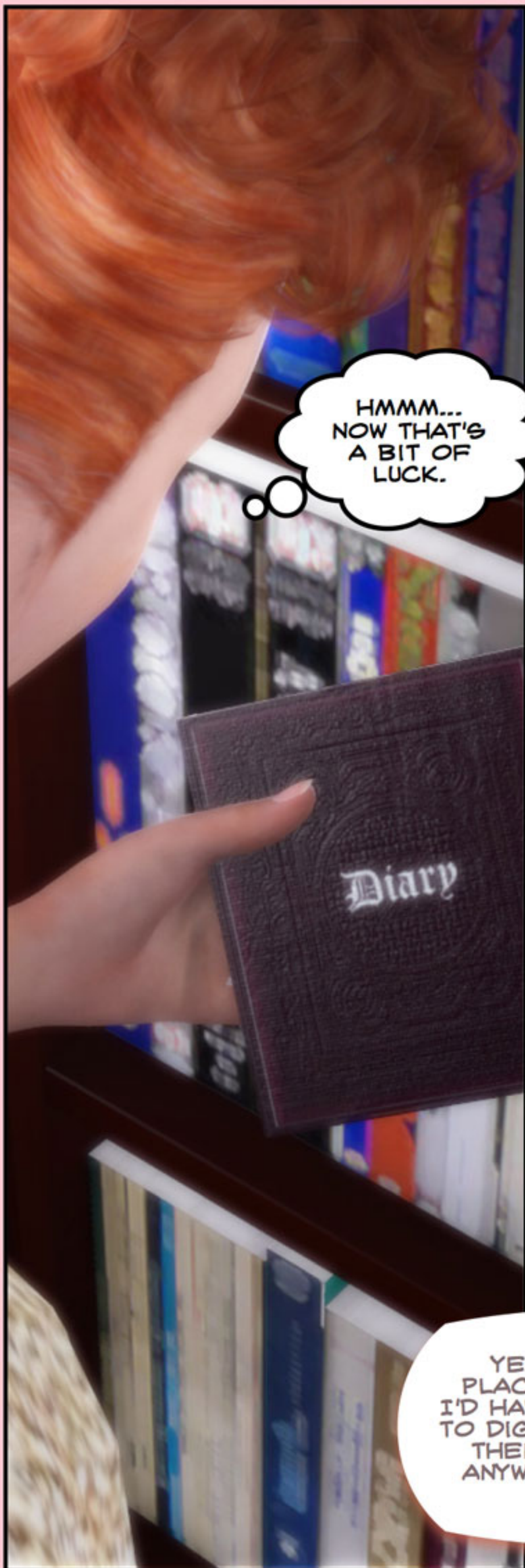


WE CHATTED FOR A WHILE, AND FOOLISHLY, I LEFT HER TO AMBLE THROUGH MY BOOKCASE LOOKING FOR THE HISTORY BOOKS THAT WOULD HELP HER WITH HER PROJECT... UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS HER PROJECT!



I'M NOT HAVING NO CHEAP SOUTHERN BELLE COME IN HERE AND THREATEN MY POSITION!






HMMM...  
NOW THAT'S  
A BIT OF  
LUCK.



I WONDER  
WHAT SECRETS SHE  
HAS IN THERE.  
HOPEFULLY ENOUGH  
FOR ME TO WIPE THAT  
SOUTHERN-HOSPITALITY  
SMILE FROM HER  
FACE!

YEAH, I KNOW IT WAS A STUPID  
PLACE TO LEAVE MY DIARY, BUT IF  
I'D HAVE KNOWN SHE HAD JUST COME  
TO DIG UP SOME DIRT ON LI'L OL' ME,  
THEN I NEVER WOULD'VE LET HER  
ANYWHERE NEAR MY VALUED BOOK  
COLLECTION!





YA GOT  
WHAT YA  
NEED,  
CELIA?

ERR...  
YES. I THINK  
I HAVE  
ENOUGH TO  
GET ME  
STARTED!





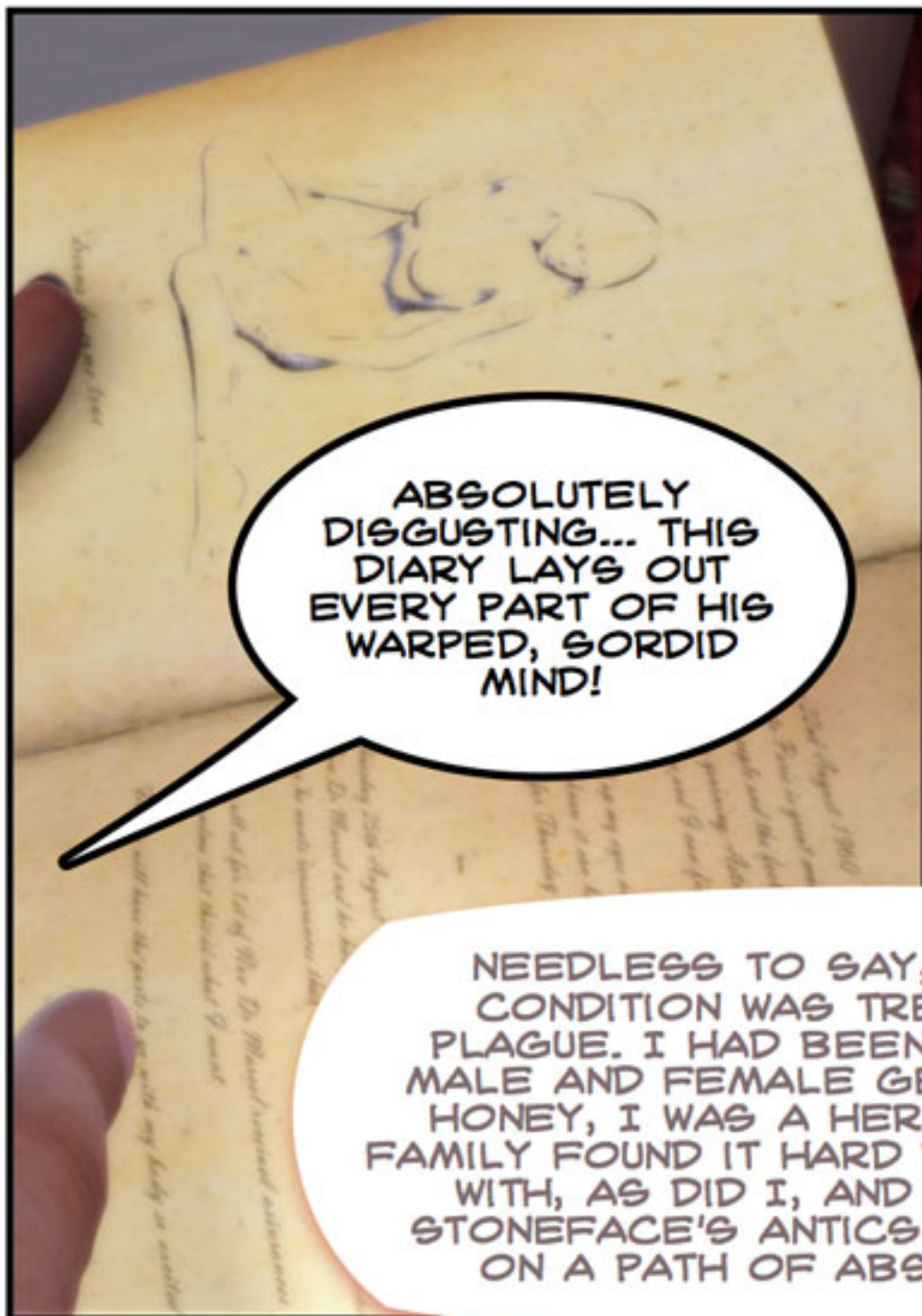
SEEMS OUR SOUTHERN WHORE HAS SOMETHING ELSE STASHED AWAY BESIDES HER FATHER'S MONEY!



THE NEXT DAY I FOUND OUT JUST WHAT A BITCH CELIA WAS...

SHE'S A HE, AND ITS ALL HERE, IN HER OWN WRITING!

ERGH... GROSS!



ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTING... THIS DIARY LAYS OUT EVERY PART OF HIS WARPED, SORDID MIND!

NEEDLESS TO SAY, BACK THEN MY CONDITION WAS TREATED LIKE THE PLAGUE. I HAD BEEN BORN WITH BOTH MALE AND FEMALE GENITALIA... YA SEE, HONEY, I WAS A HERMAPHRODITE... MY FAMILY FOUND IT HARD TO COME TO TERMS WITH, AS DID I, AND I CAN TELL YA... STONEFACE'S ANTICS THAT DAY SET ME ON A PATH OF ABSOLUTE MISERY!



THERE HE IS!





WANNA CARRY MY BOOKS FOR ME, COWBOY?

GIGGLE!

I WAS CALLED STRAIGHT TO THE DEAN'S OFFICE, AND DESPITE MY INHERITANCE AND MY GLOWING REFERENCES, HE CONSIDERED ME A SLUR ON THE GOOD NAME OF PENSTON. ALTHOUGH BASED ON THE NEXT FEW DAYS AS I PACKED UP TO LEAVE, HEARING THE DAILY BARRAGE OF INSULTS FROM THE SORORITY GIRLS AND THE VIOLENT THREATS FROM THE GUYS, BEING KICKED OUT WAS DEFINITELY IN THE BEST INTEREST OF MY HEALTH... SO YA SEE, HONEY, MS. STONEFACE N'ME GO BACK A LONG WAY!




With Gwynn downstairs recalling memories of a past that had nearly driven her to suicide, Celia began to survey the upstairs apartment, her ever-critical eye picking up on anything she chose to dislike...

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a sleeveless dress with a pink, orange, and white geometric pattern and a white ruffled collar, is looking down at a small perfume bottle she is holding in her hands. She is standing on a tiled floor in a room with white walls and a window in the background.

THAT PERFUME IS  
VERY ANNOYING...

WELL, I  
ONLY HAVE TO  
ENDURE THIS  
FOR TWO DAYS,  
AND THEN I AM  
GONE!



A woman with short dark hair, wearing a sleeveless dress with a red, orange, and black geometric pattern, stands in profile looking out a window with horizontal blinds. To her left is a tall, white, hourglass-shaped vase. In the foreground, a white coffee table holds an open magazine and a colorful card. The room has light-colored walls and a tiled floor.

NOT MUCH  
OF A VIEW...

AND THIS ASIAN  
DESIGN IS VERY  
DULL... NO COLOR  
WHATSOEVER!



ONLY A CARTON  
OF SOY MILK...  
WHAT SORT OF  
HOSPITALITY DOES  
THIS AWFUL WOMAN  
THINK SHE IS  
OFFERING?

THE  
SOONER I AM  
OUT OF THIS  
GODFORSAKEN  
CITY, THE  
BETTER!



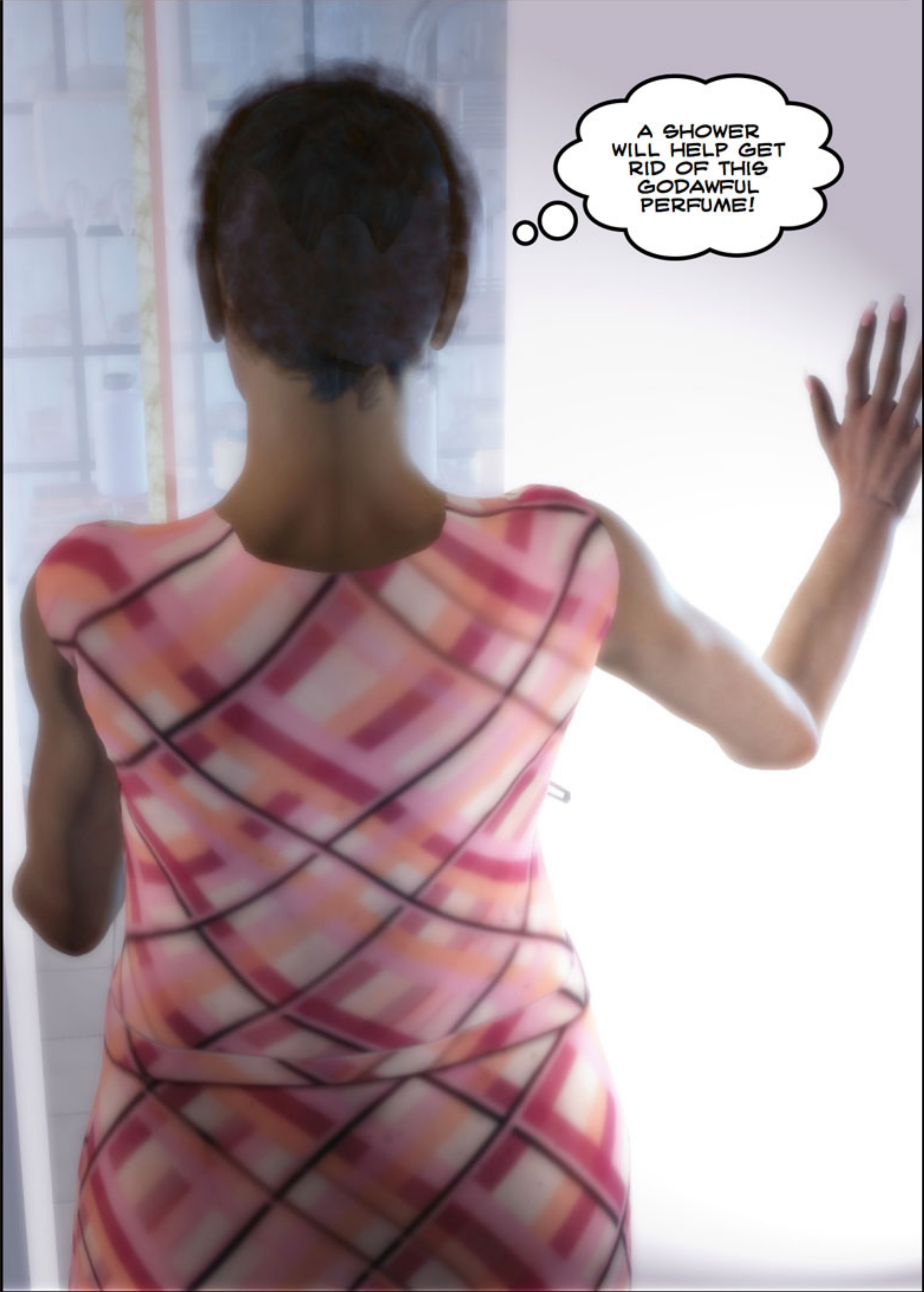


NOW WHERE  
DID I MEET  
THAT WOMAN?  
HER FACE IS  
VAGUELY  
FAMILIAR...





As the perfume continued to assault her nostrils, she came across the shower room...



A SHOWER  
WILL HELP GET  
RID OF THIS  
GODAWFUL  
PERFUME!



To detract from the very overwhelming perfume that clung to every corner of the apartment, Celia found the wardrobe and was very much taken by surprise at what she found inside...

I WOULD NEVER HAVE GUESSED A MATURE LADY LIKE MYSELF HAD LIVED IN THIS APARTMENT!





Celia hung her dress when her eye caught her reflection in the mirror...



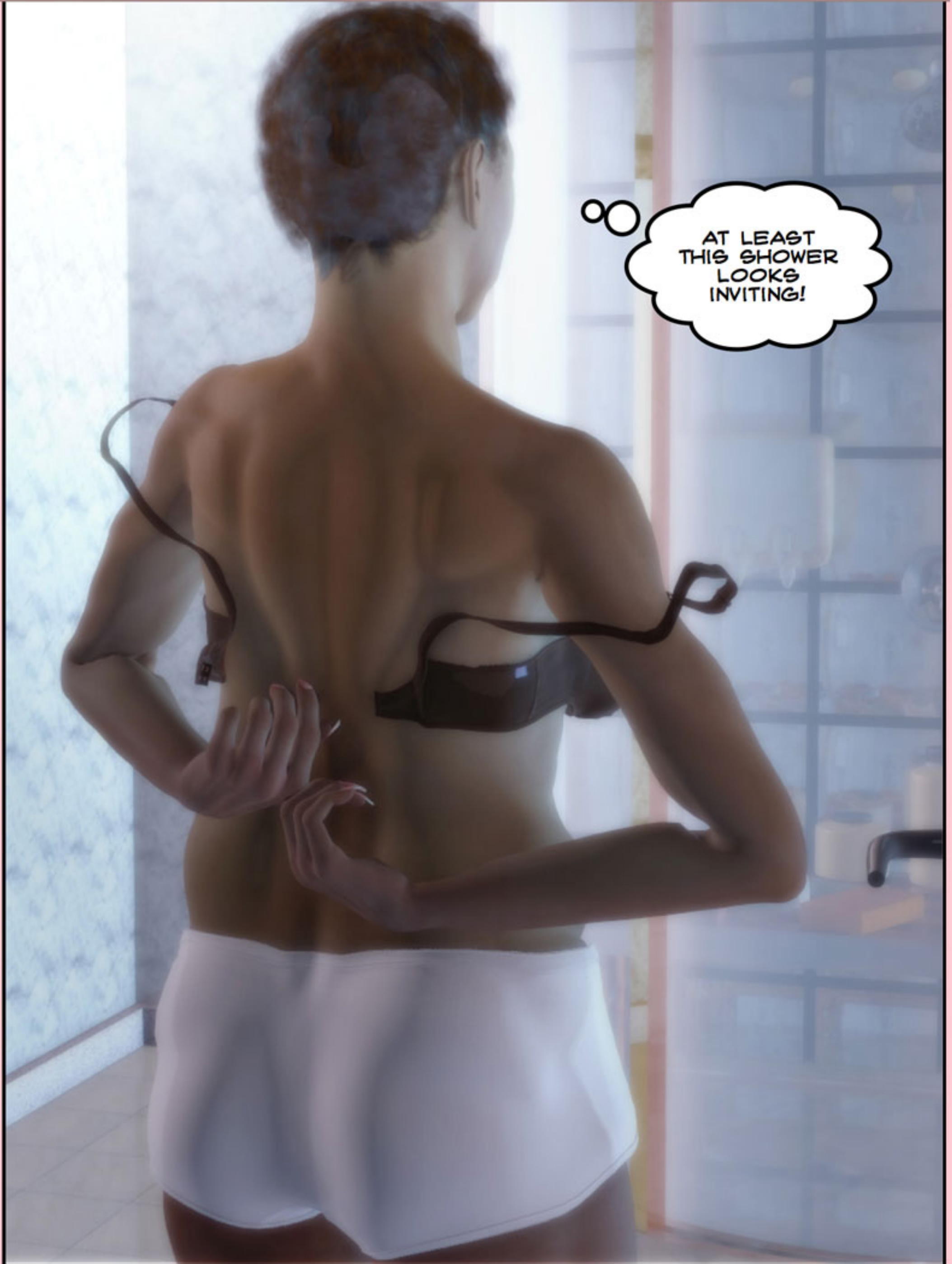




Celia examined herself...



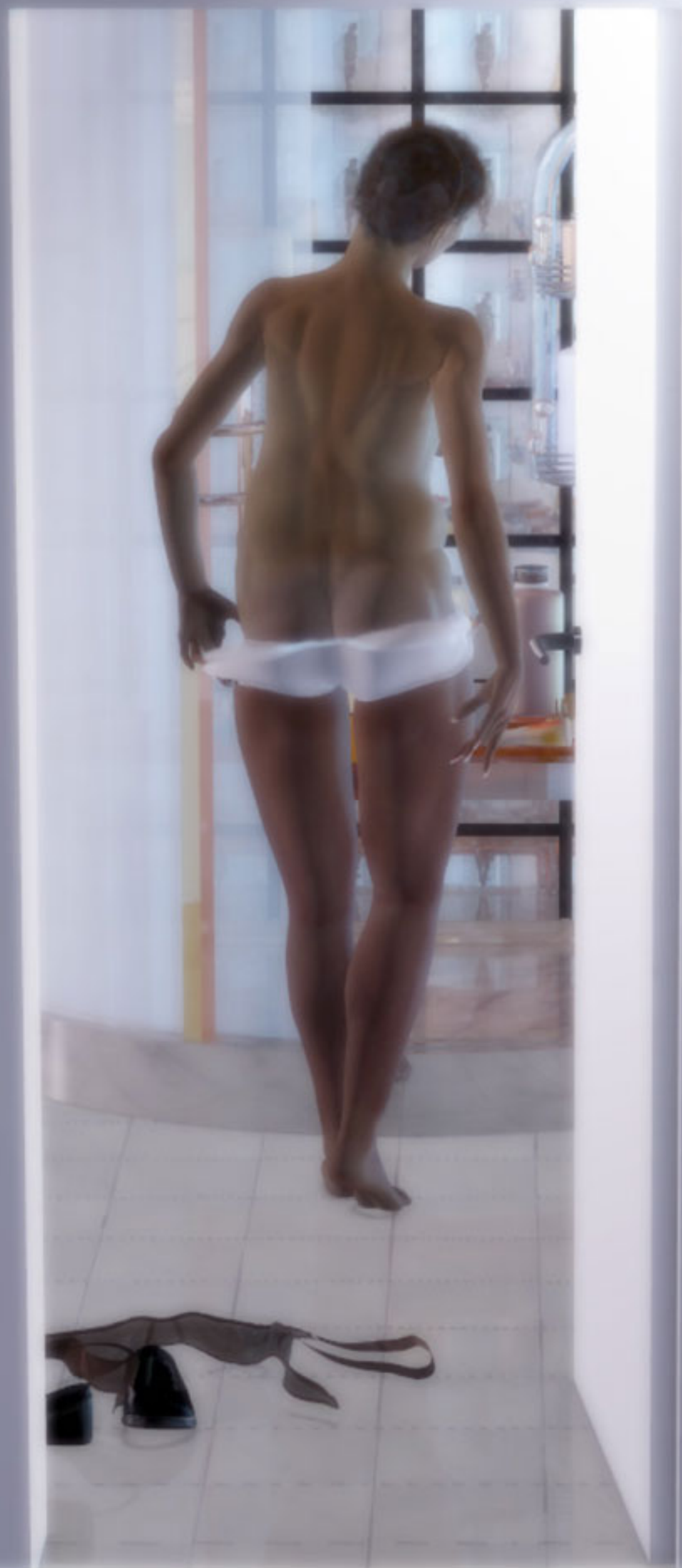
The combination of the music from the school and the perfume of the apartment were finally beginning to cloud Celia's thoughts, and mixed with the stress and frustration of losing all her belongings and her car, her normally resolute mind softened...



AT LEAST  
THIS SHOWER  
LOOKS  
INVITING!



*As Celia stripped naked and stepped into the shower, she had not the slightest inkling that it was going to become an addiction...*









*As Celia washed away the residue of her troubled day, the highly advanced shower began to do what it was designed to do...*





With her thoughts clouded and the harmony of the falling water cascading onto her body, she did not see the unusual color of the steam the hot water was producing...





The array of scented gels and shampoos were all too much for Celia as her mind became embroiled in the fragrances and the soothing sensations of the shower...





However, the specially formulated mix of the shower's stimulating water supply was not just soothing her body, it was invading her. The cascading foaming water contained a very powerful toxin that was instantly absorbed by the pores of her skin, sinking deep into her dermis, while the vapor filling her lungs delivered a very powerful, gene-altering mix to her internal organs...



TO BE CONTINUED...