A woman with dark, wet hair is shown from the back and side, looking out of a shower. She has a thoughtful expression. A thought bubble is positioned above her head. The background is a bright, white shower area.

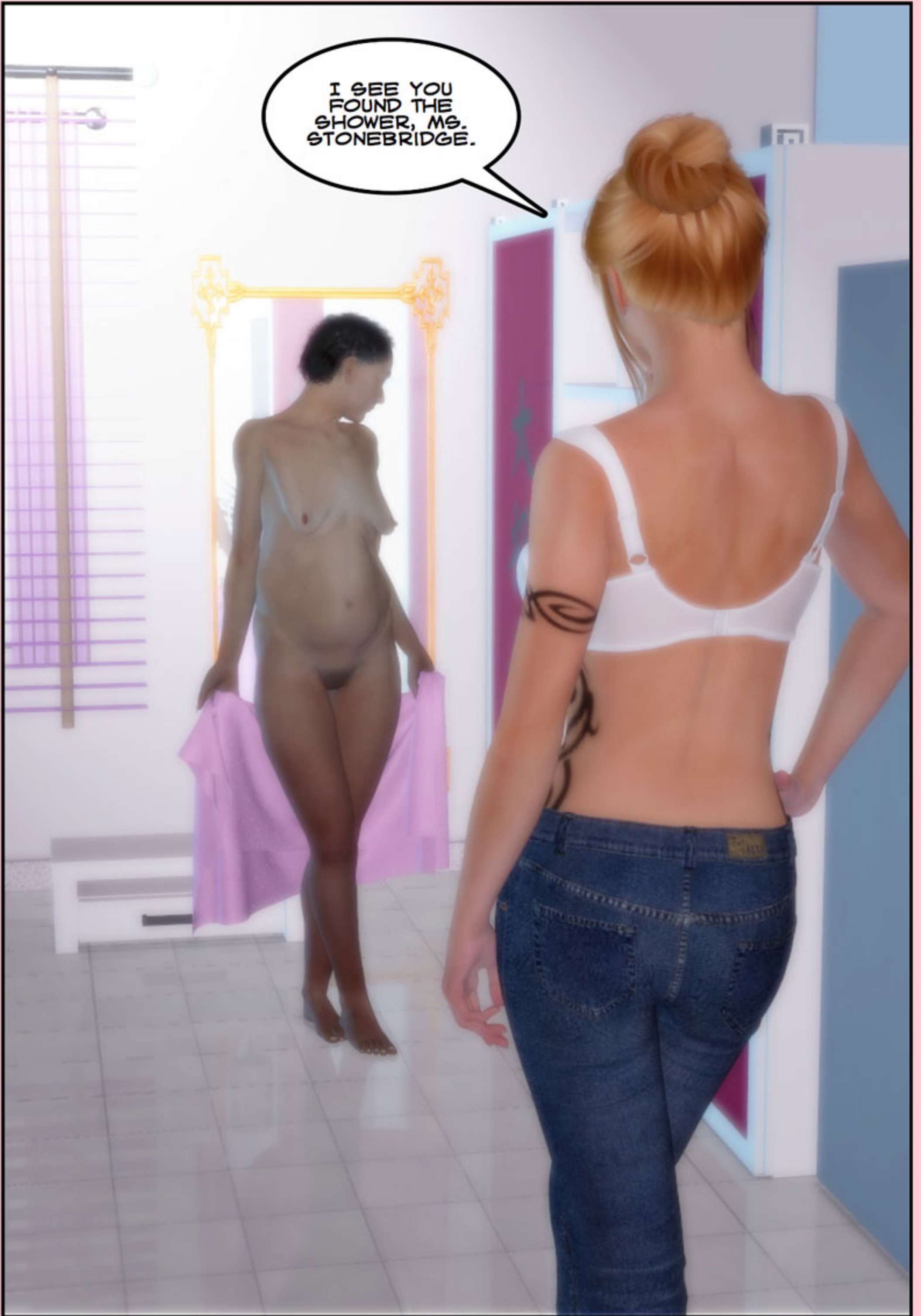
THAT WAS  
THE MOST  
REFRESHING  
SHOWER I'VE  
EVER HAD.

Unknown to Celia's very slowly altering perception, the shower's highly advanced DNA genome changing technology had already begun the first of what would be many alterations to her body...

Of course the changes she was going to have over the course of the next few days would be slight, for the major changes needed were to be done not just physically but mentally...



I SEE YOU  
FOUND THE  
SHOWER, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE.



A woman with dark, curly hair is shown from the back, drying her hair with a pink towel. She is in a bathroom, with a shower curtain and a door visible in the background. The scene is lit with soft, natural light.

MY HAIR  
NEVER TOOK  
THIS LONG TO  
DRY BEFORE,  
DID IT?

ERMM...  
YEAH...  
I MEAN, YES,  
I DID...

DELI WAS ALWAYS  
MAKING THE MOST OF  
THAT SHOWER. SHE  
WAS ADDICTED TO IT,  
I SWEAR - HA HA!

I BET SHE WAS...

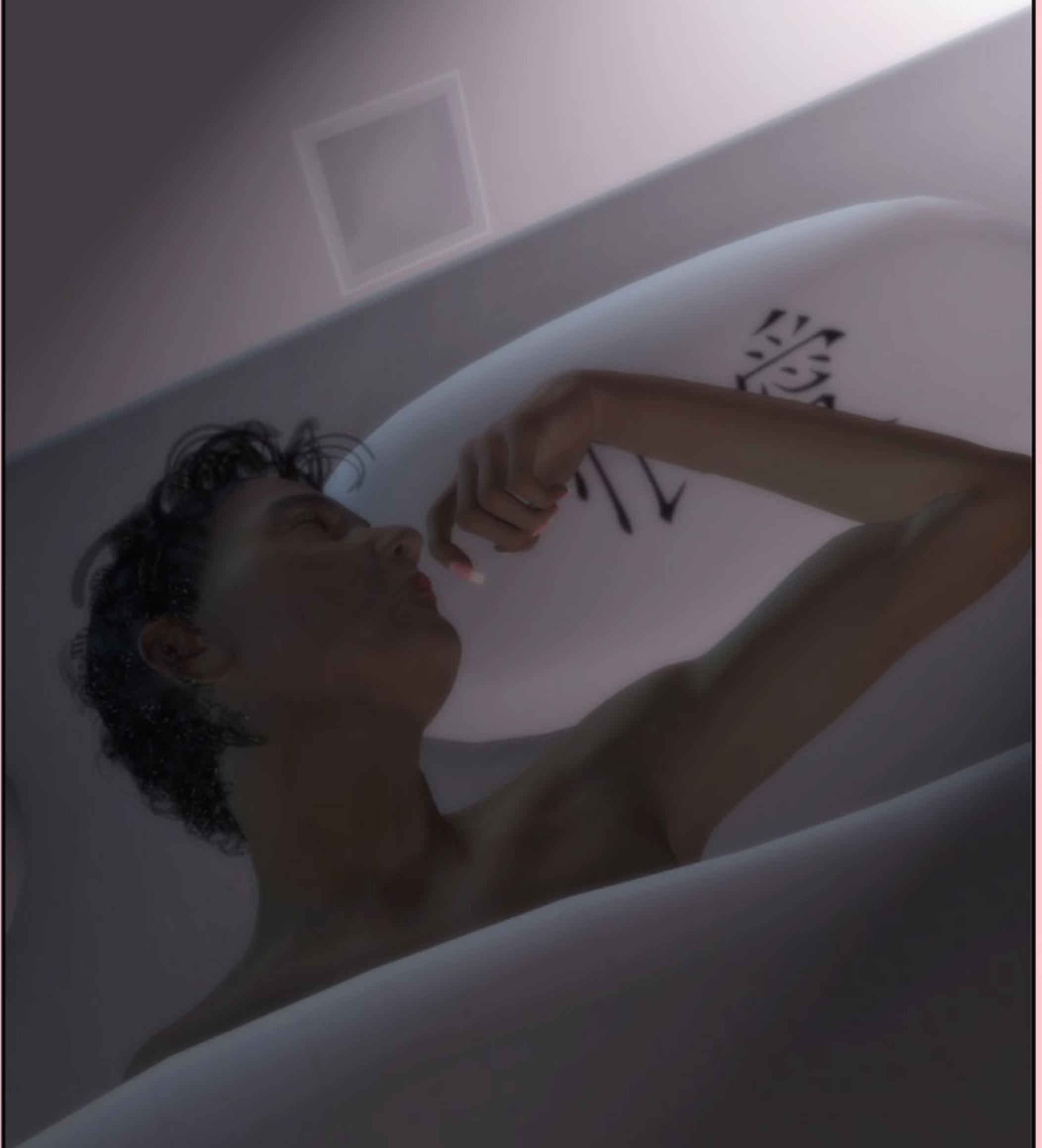
WELL, IT'S GETTING LATE, HONEY, AN' I GOTTA WORK, AND I GUESS YOU'RE ONE TIRED GAL AFTER TODAY'S CATASTROPHE, HUH?

HAH, DUMB HARLOT - BET SHE COULD NOT SPELL THAT IF SHE TRIED!

ERRR... YES... YOU RUN ALONG. A GOOD REST IS WHAT I NEED!

IRENE WILL BE PLEASED THAT I HAVE SUBLIMINAL CONTROL OVER STONEFACE ALREADY!

*Celia had succumbed to Gwynn's suggestion easily, for the constant barrage of soft music her ears had endured all day at the school and at the Mall had placed her subconscious into a perfect state of relaxation, which was needed for the next phase of her programming...*



*And with a hidden speaker system woven into all of the main furniture of the apartment, it could deliver the designated subliminal programming with utmost accuracy...*



YOU WILL FOLLOW THE SCHOOL'S ITINERARY WITHOUT QUESTION... YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THE HISTORY OF FEMALE SEXUALITY THE SCHOOL'S LITERATURE SHOWS YOU... YOU WILL TEACH YOUR PUPILS ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT THE STRUGGLES OF BEING A WOMAN AND HER STRUGGLE TO KEEP IN SHAPE FOR HER MAN... YOU WILL FIND IT HARD TO CONCENTRATE ON ANYTHING MORE THAN BEING THE PERFECTION OF WOMAN FROM NOW ON...



Tuesday - Beauty class day 2...

EH...  
WHAAAA?

WAKEY, WAKEY,  
HONEY... WE  
CAN'T HAVE YOU  
LATE FOR WORK,  
CAN WE?



HELL,  
HONEY, YOU  
SLEPT LIKE A  
LOG, AND I  
GOTTA TAKE  
YOU TO WORK,  
YA HEAR?




MY HEAD  
HURTS...

WORK?

YEAH, YOUR  
WORK, HONEY.  
YOU'RE A  
TEACHER,  
REMEMBER?

OH, YES,  
THE FOUR YOUNG  
MEN... WELL, IT'S NOT  
REALLY WORK. I'M  
ONLY GOING TO SEE IT  
THROUGH TILL I GET MY  
CAR AND THINGS  
BACK... THEN I'LL BE  
GOING BACK  
HOME!



HONEY, YOU HAVE A DUTY TO HELP THOSE POOR UNFORTUNATES OUT... THE CELIA STONEBRIDGE I USED TO KNOW PRIDED HERSELF ON SEEING THINGS DONE PROPERLY AND IN FASHIONABLE ORDER... I NEVER HAD YOU DOWN AS A QUITTER!

ERRMM... YES, I DID... I MEAN, I DO...

HOW DARE SHE CALL ME A QUITTER! LOOK AT HER, DRESSED LIKE A TWO-BIT HARLOT...

AND WHO IS THIS WOMAN ANYWAY... CLAIMING TO KNOW ME... I DO VAGUELY RECALL HER FEATURES.


THAT'S GOOD. FOR A MINUTE THERE, HONEY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE AN IMPOSTOR. HA HA!



I'M SORRY, BUT  
WHERE DO YOU  
KNOW ME FROM?

THAT AIN'T  
IMPORTANT,  
HONEY... BUT,  
HELL, YA NEED TO  
PUT SOMETHING  
ON WHEN YOU  
SLEEP, GAL!

I, ER, LOST  
MY CLOTHES,  
REMEMBER...  
THEY'RE IN MY  
CAR AT THE  
COMPOUND!



HOW DITZY OF ME...  
OF COURSE YA DID,  
HONEY... LOOK, DELI  
LEFT PLENTY OF STUFF FOR  
YOU TO WEAR LYING AROUND  
HERE... LIKE THAT FLOWERY  
DRESS HANGING THERE, AND  
IT'S GOTTA BE MORE  
APPEALING THAN THAT  
AWFUL DRESS YOU HAD  
ON YESTERDAY...

AND  
BESIDES, YOU  
NEED TO SHOW  
THOSE FOUR YOUNG  
MEN THE  
STRUGGLES US  
GALS ENDURE TO  
MAKE OURSELVES  
PRESENTABLE  
TO THEM!

C'MON,  
STONEFACE,  
I KNOW YOUR  
MIND'S  
OPENING UP,  
HONEY!

Celia wanted to point out that she had no aspirations to dress impressively at all. However, as her thoughts centered on vilifying her hostess, a slight aching pulse in her head somehow deterred her from that train of thought...




WHAT AM I DOING? I HAVE NEVER WORRIED ABOUT MY APPEARANCE BEFORE! DAMN, THIS HEADACHE SEEMS TO BE GETTING WORSE...



IS  
EVERYTHING  
OK, HONEY?

THAT  
COMMENT  
ABOUT HER  
DRESS WOULD  
SURELY HAVE  
PROVOKED A  
RESPONSE  
FROM HER.

ERRR...  
YES, I AM  
FINE,  
THANKS...




I HAVE A  
LITTLE  
HEADACHE  
IS ALL, AND  
I'M SORRY IF  
I AM NAKED  
IN FRONT  
OF YOU...

I GUESS  
WORKING IN  
SO MANY HIGH-  
PROFILE GIRLS'  
BOARDING  
SCHOOLS, NUDITY  
IS SECOND  
NATURE TO YOU  
WHEN GIRLS  
LIKE ME ARE  
AROUND?

WOW, SHE  
ACTUALLY  
SAID  
SORRY?

IF YOU ARE  
SUGGESTING I  
AM COMFORTABLE  
WITH BEING NAKED,  
THEN YOU ARE  
GRAVELY  
MISTAKEN!





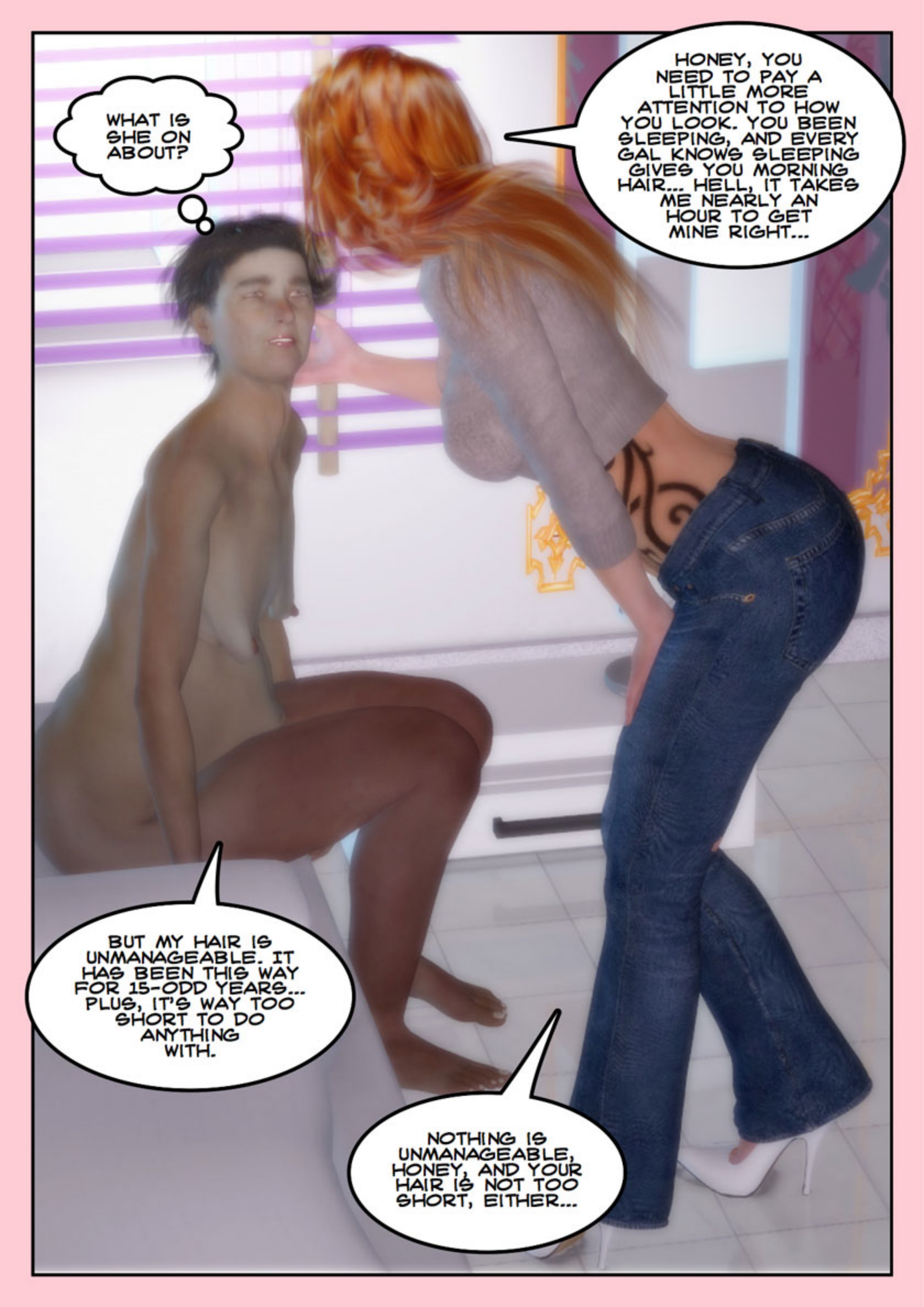
WELL, IF YOU ASK ME, HONEY, YOU ARE MORE COMFORTABLE WITH NUDITY THAN YOU THINK YOU ARE...

NOW PUT THAT PRETTY DRESS ON SO I CAN SORT OUT YOUR SCRUFFY HAIR AND MAKE YOU A BIT MORE PRESENTABLE TO YOUR CLASS!

WHO DOES SHE THINK SHE IS, ORDERING ME ABOUT?

MY HAIR?

Celia never had cause to tidy her hair, for it was always wiry and curly and shapeless...



WHAT IS SHE ON ABOUT?

HONEY, YOU NEED TO PAY A LITTLE MORE ATTENTION TO HOW YOU LOOK. YOU BEEN SLEEPING, AND EVERY GAL KNOWS SLEEPING GIVES YOU MORNING HAIR... HELL, IT TAKES ME NEARLY AN HOUR TO GET MINE RIGHT...

BUT MY HAIR IS UNMANAGEABLE. IT HAS BEEN THIS WAY FOR 15-ODD YEARS... PLUS, IT'S WAY TOO SHORT TO DO ANYTHING WITH.

NOTHING IS UNMANAGEABLE, HONEY, AND YOUR HAIR IS NOT TOO SHORT, EITHER...



WHAT IS  
GOING ON?  
MY HAIR IS  
LONGER?

MY HAIR!  
IT'S...?

IT MUST'VE  
BEEN THE  
SHAMPOO YOU  
USED OF  
DELI'S...

WHAT IS  
HAPPENING?  
NO SHAMPOO  
HAS EVER DONE  
THIS TO MY  
HAIR.

Celia had to admit that Gwynn was good to her word, for she tidied up her unusually soft and messy hair well. However, she still could not figure out how a shampoo could have changed her hair from wiry and coarse to soft and manageable. Neither could she understand how it had also stripped the remaining embers of her once natural color of copper to a more pronounced shade of graying black...

COME  
ALONG... WE  
HAVE A BUSY  
DAY TODAY!

STRANGE,  
BUT COMMANDING  
A CLASS DOES  
SEEM TO MAKE ME  
FEEL AT EASE,  
DESPITE THE  
CIRCUMSTANCES  
OF MY STAY  
HERE!


She also did not realize that she was following the set out itinerary for the class...

JAKE! CRAIG!  
I WANT YOU TWO  
SITTING OVER  
THERE FROM  
NOW ON!

GROAN...

MORNING, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE!



A woman with short dark hair is standing in a classroom, wearing a vibrant, multi-colored floral dress and black high-heeled shoes. She has her hands on her hips and a serious expression. A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing text. The background includes a green chalkboard, a globe on a blue stand, and a wooden cabinet.

NOW, THEN,  
YOU BOYS ARE  
GOING TO LEARN ALL  
ABOUT THE STRUGGLES  
WE FEMALES GO  
THROUGH TO MAKE  
OURSELVES LOOK  
MORE PRESENTABLE  
TO MEN!

*Celia commanded her class well. The confidence she once had when she was in her prime was flowing back through her, and as she explained the fundamentals of the lengths a woman used to go through to get her shape, she did not blink an eyelid to the fact that until now, she knew nothing about female undergarments, and neither did she know about the lesson she was going to give her class today or for the following days...*



*Also, the residual calming music that was playing constantly in the background that had annoyed her so much yesterday seemed more pleasant to her ears ...*

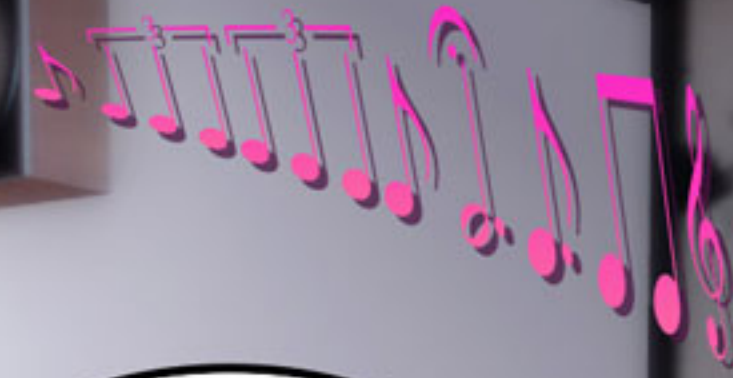


NOW AS YOU SEE, LADIES IN THE 1950S KNEW OF THE IMPORTANCE OF AN HOURGLASS FIGURE!

IF YOU ALL TURN TO THIS PAGE, WE WILL SEE HOW MEDIA BEGAN TO PLAY A VITAL ROLE IN SHAPING WOMEN!

THIS IS COOL!





SEE HOW THE ARTWORK DEPICTS HOW A WOMAN'S SHAPE SHOULD BE!

OH, MY, I RECALL THESE GARMENTS!

YOU COULD DO WITH THIS TYPE OF UNDERWEAR NOW!

HEY, WHERE DID THAT THOUGHT SPRING FROM?

Celia's mind was slowly capitulating as the first of many rogue and unlikely thoughts started to brush across her mind...

HOW DO I  
KNOW ABOUT  
ALL THIS  
STUFF?

ARTWORK  
WAS...

ARTWORK WAS  
IMPORTANT IN  
THIS ERA FOR  
TWO REASONS,  
AND THEY ARE,  
CLASS?

NO ONE  
COULD  
READ!  
HA HA!

With the constant interruptions of Jake Ross's comments, Celia's thoughts soon turned away from questioning her own sudden wealth of knowledge regarding 1950s undergarments...

However, the comments coming from Hector were reinforcing the subliminal programming she received last night...

THE  
MAGAZINES  
WERE NOT  
ALLOWED TO  
PRINT PICTURES  
OF SEMI-NAKED  
WOMEN?



YES, INDEED, CENSORSHIP WAS A BIG REASON, HECTOR, BUT AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THIS IMAGE A REAL WOMAN WAS USED, WHICH GIVES A CLUE AS TO THE OTHER ANSWER I WAS LOOKING FOR...

WHICH IS THAT ART CAN DEPICT THE FEMALE SHAPE AS A MAN WOULD LIKE IT TO BE, AND MOST IF NOT ALL OF THE ARTISTS EMPLOYED BY THESE MANUFACTURERS WERE, OF COURSE, MEN...

AND THIS, OF COURSE, LED TO?

WOMEN HAVING TO LIVE UP TO THESE NICELY PROPORTIONED IMAGES?

YES, INDEED, HECTOR... BUT THE POINT OF OUR LESSONS FROM NOW ON IS TO NOT ONLY SHOW YOU HOW WOMEN THROUGH TIME HAVE HAD TO LIVE UP TO THE IMAGES MADE BY THE MEDIA, BUT TO TEACH YOU HOW MUCH WE GO THROUGH TO LOOK PLEASING TO MEN!

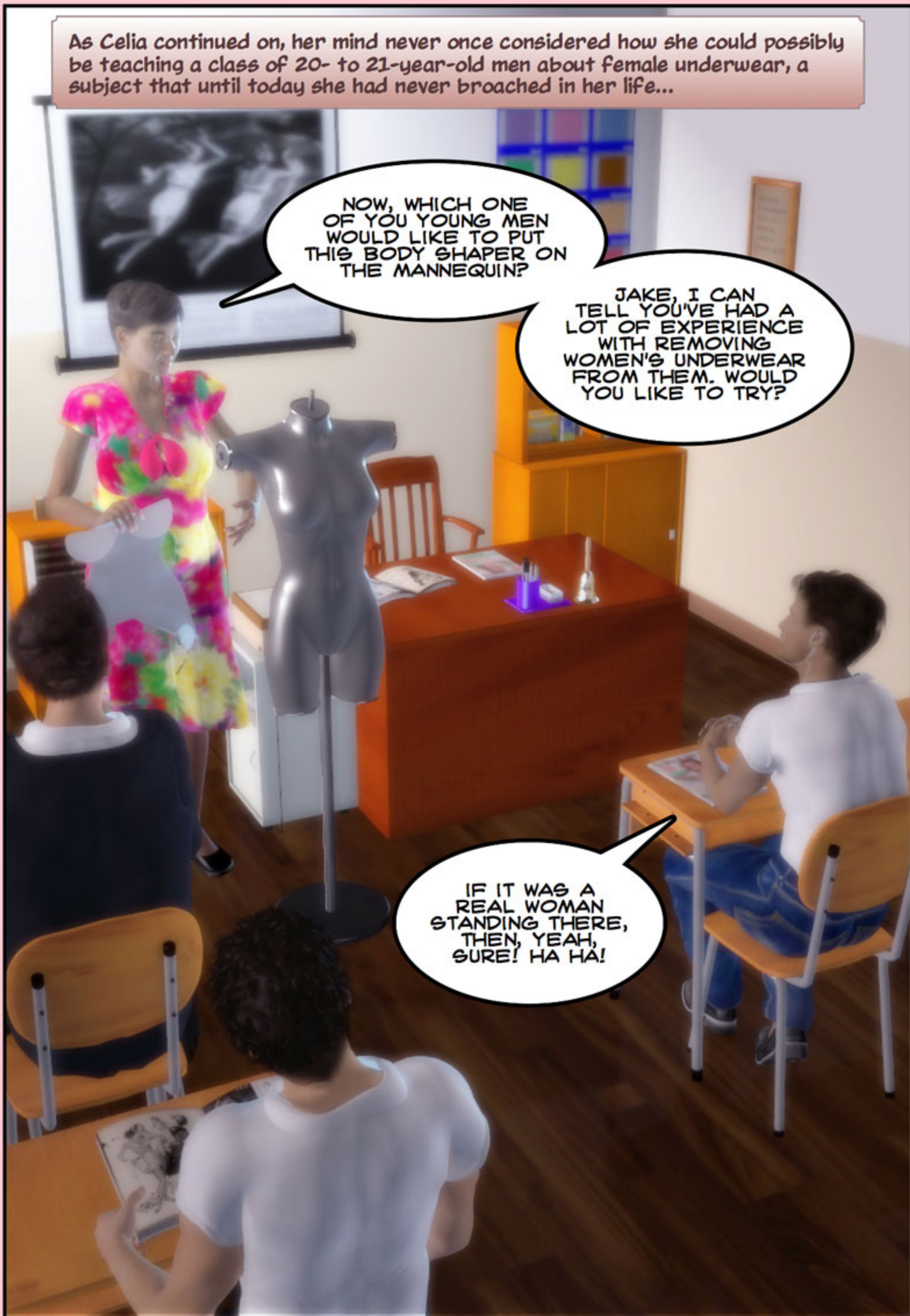
DID I JUST SAY THAT?


As Celia continued on, her mind never once considered how she could possibly be teaching a class of 20- to 21-year-old men about female underwear, a subject that until today she had never broached in her life...

NOW, WHICH ONE OF YOU YOUNG MEN WOULD LIKE TO PUT THIS BODY SHAPER ON THE MANNEQUIN?


JAKE, I CAN TELL YOU'VE HAD A LOT OF EXPERIENCE WITH REMOVING WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR FROM THEM. WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY?

IF IT WAS A REAL WOMAN STANDING THERE, THEN, YEAH, SURE! HA HA!





ANYONE?



I WILL, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE!

With time ebbing away fast, Celia and her pupils appeared to be coming together as a class...

AND THERE YOU HAVE IT, CLASS, AND AS NICHOLAS HAS POINTED OUT, STOCKINGS ARE OF COURSE AN ESSENTIAL PART OF THE UNDERGARMENTS WORN BACK IN THOSE DAYS...

ARE WE GONNA LEARN ALL ABOUT STOCKINGS NEXT?

YES, JAKE, WE WILL BE MOVING ON TO STOCKINGS NEXT!

Meanwhile, in Headmistress Irene Moore's office...


AHH, GEMMA,  
CLOSE THE  
DOOR BEHIND  
YOU...

YES  
MA'AM!

SO WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
FOUND  
OUT?







THE ONE CALLED  
JAKE IS THE  
GRANDSON OF MRS.  
LISBETH BUTTERWORTH,  
MA'AM...

I TRACKED THE  
SECRET TRUST FUND  
SET UP FOR JAKE TO  
HER LAWYER'S OFFICE,  
AND HE CONFIRMED THAT  
JAKE'S FATHER IS HER ONLY  
OFFSPRING. HE IS VERY MUCH  
ILLEGITIMATE, AND AS  
SUSPECTED, HIS FATHER SIGNED  
AN AGREEMENT WITH HER  
LAWYERS TO WAIVE ANY CLAIMS TO  
THE BUTTERWORTHS' HOLDINGS, AN  
AGREEMENT THAT, AS WE KNOW,  
SHOULD HAVE SET JAKE'S FATHER  
UP FOR LIFE. HOWEVER, THE  
INFORMATION THAT YOU WILL BE  
MORE CONCERNED WITH IS  
WHAT JAKE'S FATHER DID  
WHEN JAKE WAS BORN. HE  
RESORTED TO BLACKMAIL  
AGAIN, THIS TIME USING  
THE BIRTH OF  
JAKE...

AND THE  
BUTTERWORTHS  
WERE FORCED  
INTO YET ANOTHER  
AGREEMENT THAT  
MADE JAKE'S FATHER  
DENOUNCE HIS SON  
FROM ANY CLAIM TO  
THEIR ESTATE AND  
FORTUNE, YES?

YES MA'AM... BUT  
LISTEN TO THIS - JAKE'S  
FATHER WAS MADE STERILE  
TO AVOID ANY FURTHER  
CLAIMS, AND HE WAS FORCED  
TO SET UP JAKE'S TRUST FUND,  
WHICH, ACCORDING TO THE  
LAWYER I SPOKE WITH,  
SHOULD'VE BEEN IN EXCESS  
OF \$100,000, BUT AS WE  
KNOW IT IS NOWHERE  
NEAR THAT FIGURE...


DO WE  
HAVE ANY  
OTHER  
OFFSPRING TO  
CONSIDER?

NO, WE  
DON'T,  
MA'AM!

BUT WHAT ABOUT  
CONSIDERATION THAT  
A DAUGHTER COULD LAY  
CLAIM TO THEIR  
HOLDINGS?

JAKE'S FATHER IS  
ELISABETH  
BUTTERWORTH'S ONLY  
CHILD AND IS COMPLETELY  
ILLEGITIMATE. SADLY FOR  
HER, HIS BIRTH WAS  
COMPLICATED AND LEFT HER  
STERILE, SO THERE IS NO  
OTHER HEIR TO LAY CLAIM TO  
ANY PART OF HER ESTATE  
AND HOLDINGS. ALL HER  
FAILED MARRIAGES WERE  
SUBJECTED TO  
PRENUPTIALS, TOO!

THE CONTRACT CLEARLY  
STATES THAT HIS SON AND  
ONLY HIS SON IS ABSOLVED  
FROM ANY CLAIMS!



IT'S GOOD TO KNOW YOU STILL POSSESS THAT INVESTIGATIVE PROWESS, GEMMA... GWYNN WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT THE BUTTERWORTHS' LAWYERS NEVER CONTEMPLATED A GRANDDAUGHTER - HA HA - AND RATHER IRONIC, TOO, CONSIDERING... SO WELL DONE, GEMMA!

THANK YOU, MA'AM...

BUT IF I MAY, MA'AM, CAN I INQUIRE IF THESE YOUNG MEN ARE GOING TO BE TREATED LIKE THE OTHERS?

CERTAINLY NOT, GEMMA. THE YOUNG MEN SENT TO THE NUNNERY ARE WORTHLESS CRIMINALS AND DELINQUENTS. THESE ARE JUST MISGUIDED AND WILL BECOME VALID MEMBERS OF OUR SOCIETY!

FORGIVE ME, MA'AM. I'M STILL A LITTLE FLUSTERED FROM THE TREATMENT I RECEIVED THE OTHER DAY...

YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CLASS TO TEACH, MY DEAR. DO NOT FRET!


BUT I HAVE SOME MINOR PROBLEMS TO SOLVE AT THIS MOMENT - SIGH!



NOW THAT YOU'VE CONFIRMED JAKE'S RELATIONSHIP TO THE BUTTERWORTHS, WE CAN PROGRESS WITH OUR TAKEOVER!

WHICH MEANS WE NEED TO HASTEN HIS DEVELOPMENT ALONG WITH THIS CRAIG BOY... THE BOND BETWEEN CELIA AND HECTOR IS ALREADY GROWING, SO WE CAN MOVE HIM AND NICK TO THE NEXT STAGE!

SO I AM GOING TO BRING FORWARD THE SHOCK OF WHAT THEY WILL ALL BE DOING THIS WEEKEND!



WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO GO TO THE MALL TO ARRANGE THIS, MA'AM?

YOU ARE MY PET, AND YOU'RE MY RESPONSIBILITY. THE CONDITIONS OF YOUR RELEASE FROM THE NUNNERY WERE THAT I KEEP YOU HERE AT THE SCHOOL UNLESS I NEED YOU TO PERFORM CERTAIN DUTIES AWAY FROM THE SCHOOL!

YES, MA'AM, I AM INDEBTED TO YOU, AND I KNOW MY POSITION WITHIN YOUR HOUSEHOLD... BUT I...?

HMMM... A "BUT" IN YOUR VOCABULARY... VERY WELL, GEMMA, AS YOU HAVE DONE EXCELLENTLY IN OBTAINING THE INFORMATION WE REQUIRED ON THE BUTTERWORTHS, I'LL ALLOW YOU TO GO WITH THEM TO THE MALL, BUT YOU'LL REPORT TO ANGEL AT THE SALON AND INFORM HER OF MY PLANS!

OH, THANK YOU, MA'AM! I WILL DO AS YOU COMMAND!

I WILL PUNISH YOU FOR THAT... GIVING ME A "BUT"... HOW INSOLENT!

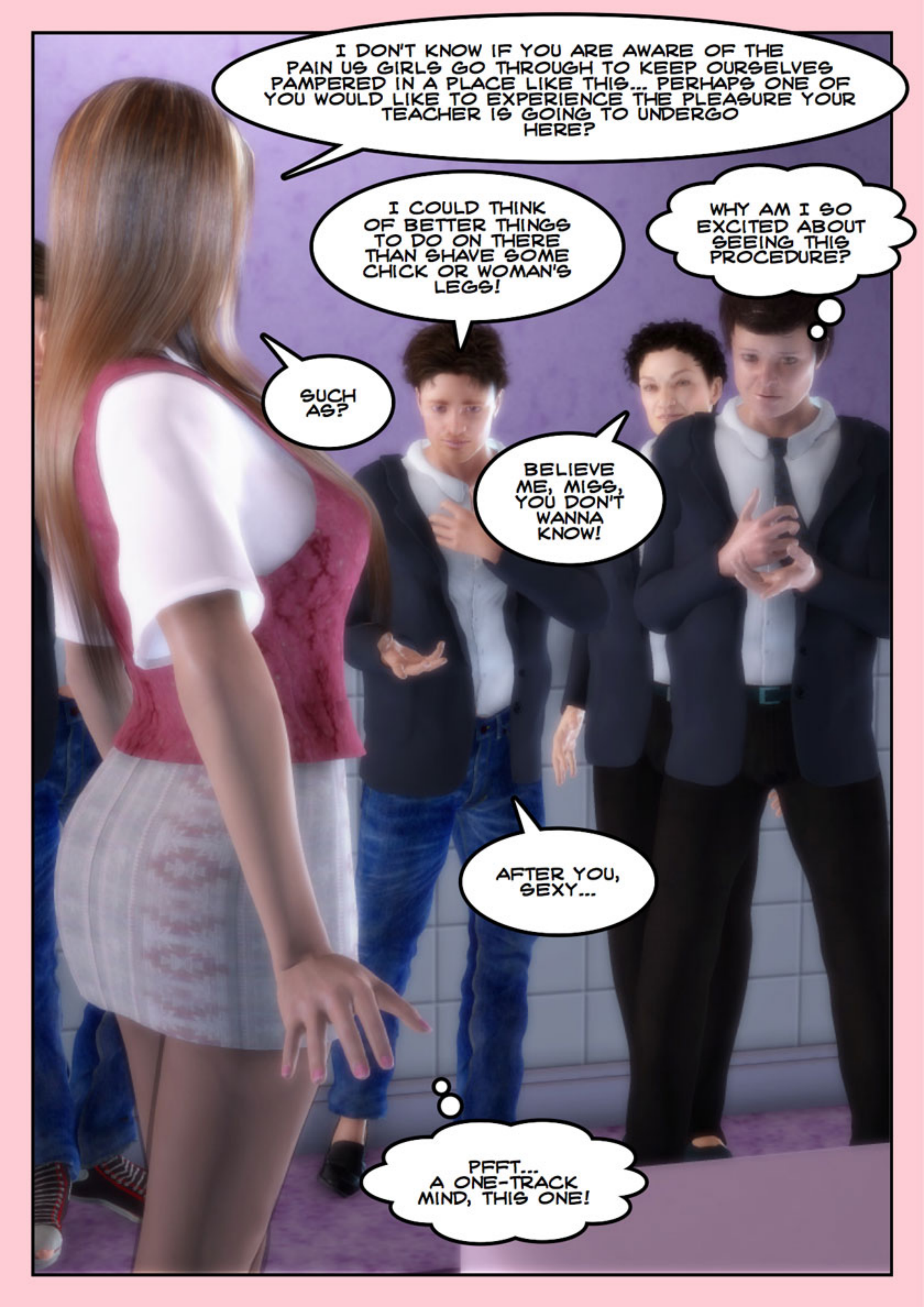
Irene Moore would keep her word and punish Gemma for her slip, but she knew allowing the former male to work independently tracking Mrs. Butterworth down had probably given her reprogrammed mind access to her former personality and had given her the impetus to challenge Irene's decision...

At the Butterfly Salon...

THIS IS ONE  
OF OUR  
DEPILATION  
ROOMS, WHICH WE  
KEEP PRIVATE FOR  
VARIOUS  
REASONS...

MS.  
STONEBRIDGE  
WON'T BE LONG.  
SHE NEEDS TO  
UNDRESS FOR  
TODAY'S LESSON ON  
BEAUTY... SO DO ANY  
OF YOU HAVE A  
QUESTION YOU'D  
LIKE ME TO  
ANSWER?





I DON'T KNOW IF YOU ARE AWARE OF THE PAIN US GIRLS GO THROUGH TO KEEP OURSELVES PAMPERED IN A PLACE LIKE THIS... PERHAPS ONE OF YOU WOULD LIKE TO EXPERIENCE THE PLEASURE YOUR TEACHER IS GOING TO UNDERGO HERE?

I COULD THINK OF BETTER THINGS TO DO ON THERE THAN SHAVE SOME CHICK OR WOMAN'S LEGS!

WHY AM I SO EXCITED ABOUT SEEING THIS PROCEDURE?

SUCH AS?

BELIEVE ME, MISS, YOU DON'T WANNA KNOW!

AFTER YOU, SEXY...

PFFT... A ONE-TRACK MIND, THIS ONE!



ARE YOU OK, MS. STONEBRIDGE?

I REALLY DON'T WANT TO HAVE FOUR YOUNG MEN SEEING ME LIKE THIS...

WELL, HOW ABOUT I REDUCE THAT NUMBER TO TWO, MS. STONEBRIDGE?

I... ER?

I WILL TAKE THE TWO MOST TROUBLESOME ON A TRIP AROUND THE MALL WHILE YOU HAVE YOUR LEGS WAXED. HOW DOES THAT SOUND?

I'M NOT SURE I CAN GO THROUGH WITH THIS.



As the music continued to smooth over Celia's subconscious, Angel began to ease her fears...

I CAN UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL, HAVING FOUR LEERING YOUNG MEN SEEING YOU ALMOST NAKED, MS. STONEBRIDGE, BUT I WILL REMOVE THE ONES CALLED JAKE AND CRAIG... I UNDERSTAND THESE TWO ARE THE TROUBLESOME OF THE QUARTET?

DO NOT WORRY. ANNABELLE IS VERY EXPERIENCED DEALING WITH YOUNG TROUBLESOME MEN, AS AM I, AND SHE WILL HAVE THEM FEELING EMBARRASSED, NOT YOU, MY DEAR!

THAT'S RIGHT, MS. STONEBRIDGE. NOW FOLLOW ME INTO THE ROOM AND WATCH ME REMOVE THOSE TWO HORRID YOUNG MEN WHO ARE CAUSING YOU SO MUCH TROUBLE, OK?

ANGEL IS MY NAME!


ER... YES, THEY ARE, BUT...?

I, ER, GUESS WORKING IN THIS ENVIRONMENT, YOU MUST BE...

ER, YES... YES, OK.. THANK YOU, ER, MISS...?

WHAT A NICE YOUNG LADY!





SO, BOTTOM  
LINE, BOYS, YOUR  
TEACHER DOES NOT  
WANT ALL FOUR OF YOU  
OGLING HER WHILE SHE  
IS BEING WAXED... SO  
TWO OF YOU LUCKY GUYS  
ARE GOING TO BE WITH  
ME THIS  
AFTERNOON!

OK, SO WHICH TWO OF YOU WANT A GUIDED TOUR OF THE MALL?

COUNT ME IN!

WHOA, CHECK OUT THE LEGS ON THAT!

ME, TOO... YOU WON'T HEAR ME COMPLAINING ABOUT THAT!

I'LL STAY!

I'D LIKE TO STAY, MISS!

I HAVE NEVER FELT SO EMBARRASSED!

WELL, IT'S SETTLED, THEN - YOU TWO CAN STAY AND WATCH MS. STONEBRIDGE'S WAXING...

I WAS WONDERING WHEN ANGEL WOULD CHARM THOSE TWO. HA HA!

Angel was true to her word as she gave the two young men a tour of the salon and mall's private corridors...

SORRY ABOUT  
THE SLIGHT  
DEVIATION THERE,  
BOYS, BUT A GIRL IS  
LOST WITHOUT HER  
PURSE...

NO WORRIES,  
WE'RE ENJOYING  
THE TOUR!  
**\*SNIGGER\***

OH! TEE  
HEE!  
I FORGOT  
MYSELF...  
WELL, THIS  
CORRIDOR  
TAKES US TO  
LACEY'S  
CLOTHING  
STORES!

I COULD  
LICK MY WAY  
UP THOSE  
THIGHS!

SHE IS SEX  
ON LEGS,  
DUDE!

NEARLY THERE, BOYS. THESE CORRIDORS ARE LONG!

RECKON WE BOTH GOT A CHANCE, JAKEY?

YEAH, ME, TOO... MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THIS TRIP WORTHWHILE! HEE HEE!

THE LONGER I WALK BEHIND HER, THE MORE SHE'S MAKING MY COCK ITCH!


ARE THERE ANY PRIVATE ROOMS OR SOMETHING YOU CAN SHOW US, MISS?

OR IF NOT WHAT TIME DO YOU GET OFF, MISS?

OH - GIGGLE - I HAVE THE LATE SHIFT TODAY...

DUMBASSES!

*clik clak*

A woman with long, straight, light-colored hair is wearing a bright pink, long-sleeved dress. She is holding a red pen with a white cap in her right hand. A hand from another person is resting on her left shoulder. A black, textured bag is visible in the lower right corner. A thought bubble is positioned in the upper left area of the image.

NOW TO  
MAKE THEM A  
LITTLE MORE  
AGREEABLE TO  
EASE THE  
SHOCK! **HEE  
HEE!**



OOPS,  
SORRY,  
BOYS, I DO  
TEND TO  
OVERDO MY  
PERFUME!

ARGHHHH!!!

tsssssttttt



WHEN  
YOU TWO  
IDIOTS ARE  
FINISHED  
TALKING ABOUT  
WHAT YOU  
WOULD LIKE TO  
DO WITH ME...  
WE'LL  
CONTINUE!

MISS  
ANGEL TO  
YOU!

ERRR...  
UHMM...  
YES, MISS.

YESS...  
MISS ANGEL...

SORRY...  
MISS ANGEL..

HELLO, CLAIRE,  
I'M LOOKING FOR  
MRS. THOMSON.

HELLO, MISS ANGEL,  
CAN I BE OF SERVICE?

I'VE BEEN  
ASKED TO DROP  
HER NEW WEEKEND  
ASSISTANT OFF A  
LITTLE AHEAD OF  
SCHEDULE, I'M  
AFRAID!

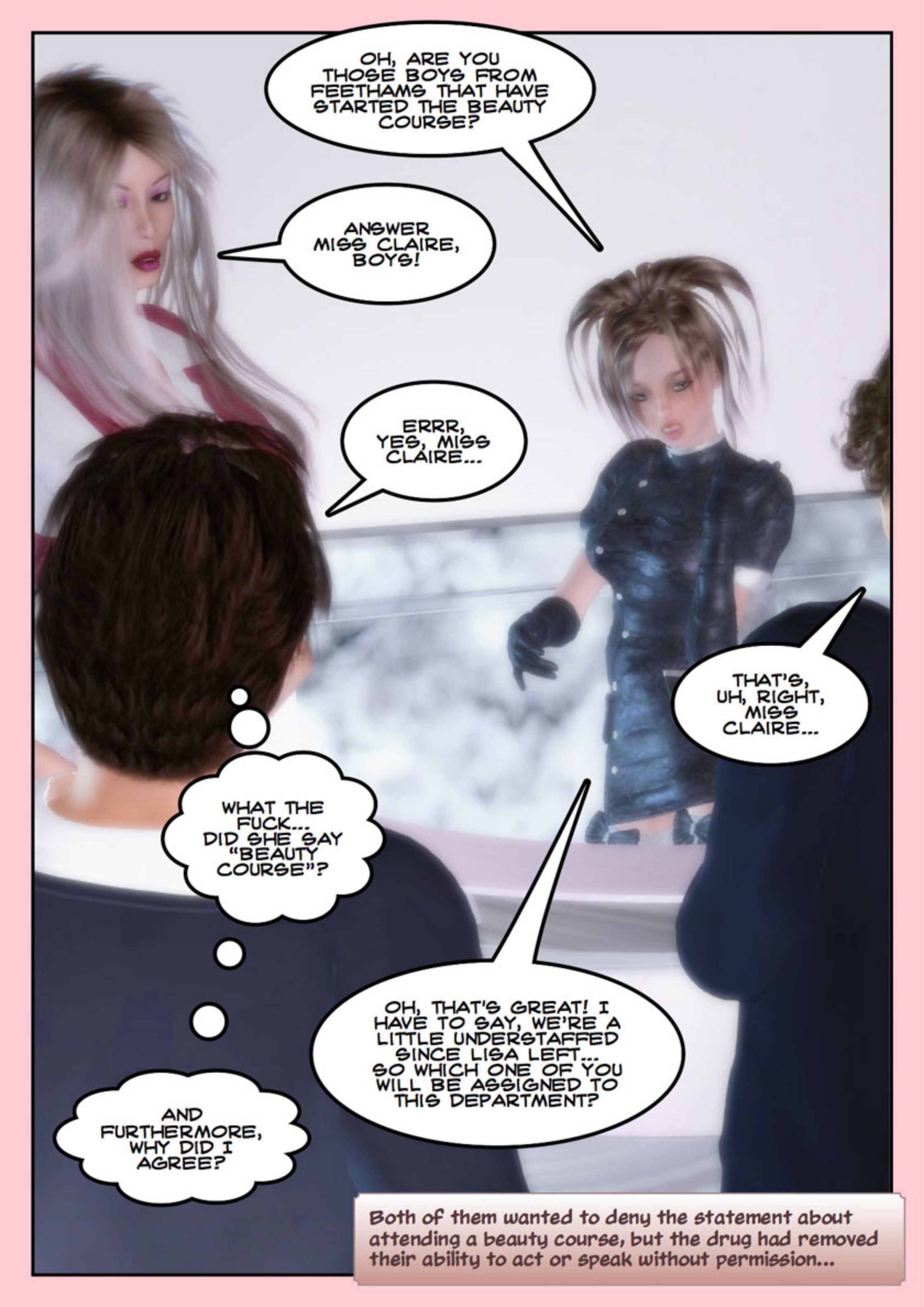
WHAT  
THE...

WHAT?

OH,  
SHE'S  
RIGHT  
AROUND THE  
CORNER.  
I'LL BUZZ  
FOR HER!

Little did Craig and Jake know that the spray they inhaled contained a very powerful hypnotic drug that would cause them to do whatever Miss Angel asked of them...





OH, ARE YOU  
THOSE BOYS FROM  
FEETHAMS THAT HAVE  
STARTED THE BEAUTY  
COURSE?

ANSWER  
MISS CLAIRE,  
BOYS!

ERRR,  
YES, MISS  
CLAIRE...

THAT'S,  
UH, RIGHT,  
MISS  
CLAIRE...

WHAT THE  
FUCK...  
DID SHE SAY  
"BEAUTY  
COURSE"?

AND  
FURTHERMORE,  
WHY DID I  
AGREE?

OH, THAT'S GREAT! I  
HAVE TO SAY, WE'RE A  
LITTLE UNDERSTAFFED  
SINCE LISA LEFT...  
SO WHICH ONE OF YOU  
WILL BE ASSIGNED TO  
THIS DEPARTMENT?

Both of them wanted to deny the statement about attending a beauty course, but the drug had removed their ability to act or speak without permission...

MISS ANGEL,  
HOW DELIGHTFUL  
TO SEE YOU!

HELLO,  
MRS. THOMSON...  
I'M SORRY FOR THE  
INTRUSION, BUT I'VE BEEN  
ASKED TO BRING YOUR NEW  
WEEKEND ASSISTANT ALONG  
TODAY TO HELP OUT WHILE  
THEIR TEACHER IS  
BEING WAXED!

OH, THAT'S  
WONDERFUL NEWS,  
MISS ANGEL... IT  
WOULD BE A LOT  
EASIER FOR ME TO  
SHOW HIM HIS  
RESPONSIBILITIES  
NOW...

?

I DO  
HAVE AN  
IMAGE TO  
UPHOLD, THOUGH,  
SO I WOULD BE  
THANKFUL IF I  
COULD CHOOSE  
WHICH  
ONE.

YES...  
YES, OF  
COURSE...



**PHEW.**

**HUH?**


**YOU, BOY,  
YOU'RE THE  
SMALLEST ...  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME?**

**I TAKE IT  
YOUR MOTHER  
GAVE YOU A  
NAME?**

**ERRR,  
YES, SHE  
DID...**

**IT'S MRS.  
THOMSON TO  
YOU... NOW,  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME, OR  
PERHAPS YOU  
WOULD LIKE ME  
TO GIVE  
YOU ONE?**

**IT'S JAKE,  
MRS.  
THOMSON.**



HMMM,  
JAKE, EH...?  
WELL, YOU LOOK  
A LITTLE ROUGH  
AROUND THE  
EDGES...

BUT I'LL  
WHIP YOU  
INTO  
SHAPE!

NOW,  
TELL ME, JAKE,  
WHAT EXPERIENCE  
DO YOU HAVE WITH  
TEENAGERS AND  
FASHION?

I DO LOVE  
THIS STAGE IN  
THEIR TRAINING  
THEY ARE SO  
CHALLENGING!

TEENAGE  
FASHION?



WELL, LET'S START YOU AT THE BEGINNING OF OUR DELIGHTFUL LINE OF CLOTHING FOR TEENAGERS...

THIS IS OUR LATEST IN ANIME STYLE. ALL THE BOYS LOVE ANIME, AND THE GIRLS ENJOY INDULGING IN THEIR LITTLE TEENAGE FANTASIES... JUDGING FROM YOUR LOOKS, I'D SAY YOU WERE NOT FAR OFF FROM BEING A TEENAGER YOURSELF?

I'M 21 NEXT MONTH, MRS. THOMSON!

FABULOUS, JUST THE RIGHT SIDE OF 19... NOW PAY ATTENTION! CLAIRE DOES NOT HAVE THE PATIENCE I HAVE.

YES, MRS THOMSON!

WHAT ON EARTH AM I DOING AGREEING TO HER...? I DON'T WANNA WORK HERE... IN FACT, I DON'T WANNA BE HERE, PERIOD!

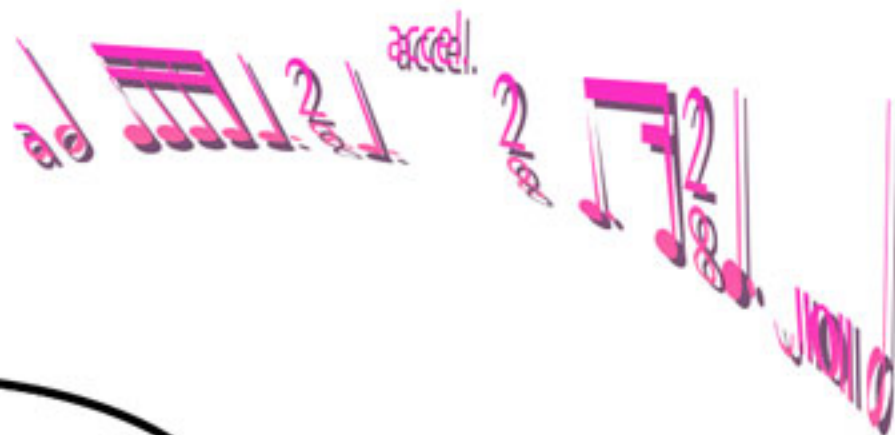
NOW, I WANT YOU TO LOOK THROUGH ALL OF THE DRESSES AND FAMILIARIZE YOURSELF WITH THE DRESS SIZES. SATURDAY WE WILL HAVE DOE-EYED GIRLS WANTING TO SPEND THEIR POCKET MONEY ON OUR FASHION, AND YOU'LL BE EXPECTED TO GUESS THEIR SIZES JUST BY LOOKING AT THEM!

BUT SHE IS VERY PRETTY AND HER PERFUME IS DELIGHTFUL AND THAT UNIFORM SHE IS WEARING IS RATHER CUTE!

As hard as Jake tried to form words of defiance at this woman's orders, a new and strange voice within him was accepting everything she said...

Once more the soft music continued to caress the thoughts of its intended recipients, ones who happened to be of the male persuasion...

AND DON'T THINK FOR A SECOND, MASTER WILSON, THAT YOU'LL BE GETTING AWAY FROM HERE, EITHER!



OOOH, WHERE WILL THIS ONE BE WORKING, MISS ANGEL?

ME WORKING HERE? MY MOM WILL - SHE'LL NEVER AGREE...

OH, MASTER WILSON, I'M SURE YOUR MOM WOULD LOVE TO SEE YOU WORKING HERE... PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE FOR ME TO PUT IN A GOOD WORD?

WAIT A MINUTE, I WAS DISAGREEING! I DON'T WANT MY MOM TO GIVE ME PERMISSION TO WORK HERE!

YES... MISS ANGEL!

I GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS NUT HOUSE!

BUT YOU'D GET TO SEE MISS ANGEL A LOT MORE IF YOU DID WORK HERE, WOULDN'T YOU?

Craig could not believe how he had just agreed to something he had no wish to do, nor could he understand why a strange new voice began to counteract his original thoughts, by offering him a suggestion that seemed to be reasonable...

Miss Angel soon had Craig in the section of the department store that he would be working in for the rest of the day and over the weekend...

HIYAS,  
ANGEL!

HI,  
ALIESHA... AND  
HUGGS, LUCY.  
THIS IS CRAIG.  
HE WILL  
HOPEFULLY BE  
YOUR NEW  
WEEKEND  
ASSISTANT!

ANGEL,  
HUGGS...  
GOOD TO SEE  
YOU... AND  
WHO'S THIS  
CHARMING  
YOUNG MAN  
WITH YOU?

HOPEFULLY?

YES, I  
HAVE TO  
ASK HIS  
MOM IF IT  
WILL BE  
OK...


NOOO!  
WHAT IS SHE  
SAYING? MY  
MOM HAS NO  
SAY IN MY  
LIFE!

BUT LOOK AT  
THOSE PRETTY  
GIRLS... DO YOU  
REALLY WANT TO  
TURN DOWN THE  
CHANCE OF  
CHATTING WITH  
THEM?

CHATTING  
THEM UP!  
YEAH!

YES, YOU  
COULD GET TO  
KNOW THEM  
WELL...

AND JAKE  
WILL BE TICKED  
WHEN HE SEES  
ME WITH THEM,  
TOO!  
HA HA!



AWWWW, A  
MOMMY'S BOY,  
ALISHA, HOW  
SWEET IS THAT?!

I THINK  
SHE'LL AGREE.  
I CAN BE PRETTY  
PERSUASIVE,  
CAN'T I,  
GIRLS?

TOTALLY  
CUTE,  
LUCE!

SEZIONE

TOT





SAY HELLO TO LUCY AND ALISHA, CRAIG... YOUR MOM WILL BE SO PROUD THAT YOU HAVE MANAGED TO KEEP IN THE COMPANY OF OTHER GIRLS FOR AN AFTERNOON WITHOUT INCIDENT... AND REMEMBER THEIR TITLES, SWEETIE!

ERRR... HELLO, MISS LUCY AND MISS ALIESHA...

AWWW, CUTE!

INCIDENT? WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENING? I DON'T WANT THIS!

YOU'LL BE GETTING TO KNOW BOTH OF THEM, AND JAKE WILL BE EVER SO JEALOUS THAT YOU ARE WORKING IN THE WOMEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT!

YEAH, YEAH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT... JAKE HAS THAT MRS. THOMSON ORDERING HIM ABOUT IN THE TEENAGE GIRLS' DEPARTMENT!

MMMM, THE COMBINATION OF THEIR SEXY CLOTHES AND THEIR GORGEOUS PERFUME. YOU'RE GONNA MAKE HIM DROOL TELLING HIM - HEE HEE!

Craig Wilson and Jake Ross would be left to fight silently in their minds as their conscious thoughts became bogged down in the afternoon activities within the clothing store at Rubies Shopping Mall...

Back at the Butterfly Salon...


NOW GET A FEEL OF  
HOW UGLY HAIR ON A  
LADY'S LEG CAN BE!

URGH!  
BRISTLY, AND,  
YES, VERY  
UGLY, MISS!

DO YOU  
USE A  
RAZOR FOR  
THIS? I USE  
A RAZOR TO  
SHAVE MY  
FACE!

HA HA... NO,  
NICK, WE DON'T...  
WE USE STRIPS TO  
REMOVE THE WAX.

OHH, PLEASE  
GET THIS OVER AND  
DONE WITH... I'VE  
NEVER BEEN SO  
EMBARRASSED!

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a white short-sleeved shirt and a red vest, is standing over a man lying on a spa table. She is using a brush to apply a yellow wax to the man's leg. The man is wearing a dark purple tank top and white briefs. In the background, there is a pink spa table with a blue bowl of wax on it. The room has pink walls and a window with blinds.

FIRST, WE APPLY  
THE HOT WAX TO  
ALL THE RIGHT  
PLACES, TAKING CARE  
THAT OUR CLIENT IS  
COMFORTABLE... IS  
EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT,  
MS. STONEBRIDGE?  
YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF  
UNSIGHTLY HAIR HERE,  
BUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL  
HAVE YOU FEELING  
LIKE A WOMAN  
AGAIN!

ERRR, YES, ANNA...  
ANNABELLE, I AM.  
THANK YOU!

As Annabelle continued to paste her upper thighs, Celia's thoughts began to entangle themselves...

WHY DID I AGREE WITH THIS? WHY? AND THAT DAMN MUSIC...

HOW DID I KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT FEMALE UNDER GARMENTS? I'M A METHOD TEACHER - ENGLISH, MATH... DISCIPLINE IS MY FORTE!

BEAUTY, MAKEUP, CORSETS...

HER HANDS ARE SO SOFT, HER COMPLEXION SO PRISTINE...

HOPE THESE TWO YOUNG MEN ARE TAKING ALL OF THIS LESSON IN!

DISCIPLINE... YES, I MUST CENTER ON MORE DISCIPLINE... HECTOR IS SO MUCH LIKE HIS MOTHER... THE OTHERS SHOULD FOLLOW HIS LEAD!

THIS MUSIC IS SO SERENE, PEACEFUL... I CAN SEE WHY IT CALMS THE PUPILS, MAKES THEM BEHAVE IN AN EXEMPLARY WAY!

WAXING MY LEGS? HAVE I LOST MY MIND? MY CAR? YES, MY CAR, I NEED TO...

MY CLOTHES, I NEED THEM...



AND WITH THE STRIPS APPLIED, THE NEXT MOVE IS TO REMOVE THEM.



With Celia's legs now completely free of hair, Annabelle moved onto the intended recipient of today's lesson, something she had been waiting for all day...

NOW WE  
HAVE TO  
CHECK TO SEE  
HOW SMOOTH  
HER LEGS ARE...  
HECTOR, WOULD  
YOU LIKE TO DO  
THE TEST FOR  
US?



Like Celia, Craig, Hector, and Nigel had been exposed to the same powerful programming last night, and although the methods that were used to deliver the slight subliminal messages came in different forms, some individuals could subconsciously fight the suggestions that were being filtered into them...

TEST?

YES, TEST, HECTOR - WE NEED TO LET SOME STOCKINGS GLIDE DOWN MS. STONEBRIDGE'S SHINS TO MAKE SURE WE HAVE NOT MISSED ANY OF HER HAIRS!

I'M NOT WITH YOU...

SHE WANTS YOU TO OPEN THE STOCKINGS AND TEST MS. STONEBRIDGE'S LEGS, DUMMY!

UH, YEAH, SURE... STOCKINGS!

STOCKINGS? ME? WHY AM I LIKING THESE LESSONS SO MUCH?

With Cresswell Industries' technicians and scientists having discovered that some individuals were easily susceptible to persuasion and that the slightest incident could trigger either total control over them or make them more immune, their extensive research showed that not only was the basic fundamentals of XX/XY chromosomes responsible for the structure of the fetus within the mother's womb, but it also played a decisive role in nurturing that person's subconscious thoughts...

Jake and Craig's thought processes needed further stimulation as their DNA carried a higher percentage of the "Y," while Nick carried less and Hector even less...



And with the core of their mind-altering technology already inside of Hector's subconscious, he was now on the edge of no return, for he now only needed to be prompted by a word or, as in this case, an object...


DONT NYLON STOCKINGS FEEL WONDERFUL TO TOUCH, HECTOR?

YES, MISS, THEY DO... SO SOFT AND SHEER!

INDEED THEY ARE, HECTOR... NOW HOLD THEM ACROSS HER KNEE AND LET THEM GLIDE!

OH, WOW, THESE FEEL SO FANTASTIC... THEY ARE TRULY WONDERFUL!



A woman's legs, wearing light-colored stockings, are resting on a white surface. A hand is touching her leg. The scene is set in a room with a purple carpet.

FANTASTIC!  
SMOOTH AS THE  
SILK ON THOSE  
STOCKINGS!

OH, MOST  
DEFINITELY,  
MISS...

MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
HOW DID IT  
FEEL TO  
YOU?

MY LEGS  
ARE SO SOFT!  
THANK YOU,  
MISS  
ANABELLE!

WHY HAVE  
I NEVER  
ENJOYED THE  
SENSATION OF  
SILK AGAINST  
MY SKIN  
BEFORE?

WE HAVE YOUR LEGS ALL LOVELY AND SOFT, SO IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT YOU SHOULD TREAT THEM TO SILK STOCKINGS, MS. STONEBRIDGE!

I, ER... I'M A BIT TOO OLD FOR THINGS LIKE THAT, MY DEAR!

OH, DON'T BE SILLY, MS. STONEBRIDGE, AND A WOMAN IS NEVER TOO OLD TO LOOK AND FEEL HER BEST...

I APPRECIATE YOUR KIND WORDS, MISS, AND FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY LEGS TODAY, BUT I HAVE NO REASON TO LOOK MY BEST!

MS. STONEBRIDGE, YOU ARE TEACHING A CLASS ABOUT THE FUNDAMENTALS OF BEING A WOMAN AND THE SACRIFICES THEY MAKE TO LOOK THEIR BEST, AM I RIGHT?


I, ER... YES YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT I CAN'T POSSIBLY - I AM?

MS. STONEBRIDGE, YOU HAVE A DUTY TO THESE STUDENTS, AND THEY LOOK UP TO YOU... NOW, WHEN I SEE YOU BACK HERE TOMORROW, I'LL EXPECT THAT ATTITUDE TO CHANGE!

TOMORROW?

YES TOMORROW, FOR YOUR MAKEOVER!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN... HMM, A MAKEOVER? THAT SOUNDS INTERESTING...

A man with dark hair is seen from the back, standing in a locker room. He is shirtless and looking towards a window where other people are visible. The room contains wooden lockers and a rack of white towels. The man's thoughts are presented in a series of speech and thought bubbles.

ONE MORE DAY AND THEN I CAN GET MY CAR AND GO...

HECTOR AND NICHOLAS SEEM TO BE COMFORTABLE WITH THESE LESSONS ON '50S UNDERWEAR.

NOTHING LIKE A REFRESHING SHOWER TO END THE DAY...

THE OTHER TWO COULD DO WELL TO LEARN FROM THEM. WE WOMEN GO THROUGH SUCH A LOT TO GET OURSELVES LOOKING GOOD...

WHY AM I THINKING ABOUT THE CLASS AND THAT GIRL FROM THE SALON?


AND THAT ANNABELLE, SHE IS SO BEAUTIFUL...

SHE DID SUCH A WONDERFUL JOB ON MY LEGS, AND THE FEEL OF THOSE SILK STOCKINGS, I'D...

FORGOTTEN HOW WONDERFUL IT WAS TO WEAR SUCH FEMININE GARMENTS...

STOCKINGS WOULD BE A WONDERFUL SUBJECT TO TEACH HECTOR AND NICHOLAS... SUCH WONDERFUL STUDENTS.

I WONDER IF I SHOULD?



WHAT ON EARTH AM I DOING, CONTEMPLATING WEARING SUCH THINGS? I'VE NEVER CONFORMED TO MAINSTREAM IDEAS ON BEAUTY, NEVER MIND TELLING ANYONE HOW A WOMAN SHOULD LOOK HER BEST!

WALKING AROUND LIKE A TRAMP... LIKE THAT GLORIA SMITH AND THAT BRAZEN GWYNN...

OHH, THIS SHOWER IS SUCH A WELCOMING THING - SO RELAXING!



THAT  
SHOWER IS SO  
EXHILARATING!  
MY SKIN FEELS  
SO SOFT.

AND MY  
LEGS FEEL  
ABSOLUTELY  
FANTASTIC.  
PERHAPS  
I REALLY SHOULD  
CONTEMPLATE  
WEARING  
STOCKINGS.

THAT  
DELIGHTFUL  
MISS  
ANNABELLE IS  
QUITE CORRECT. I  
AM TEACHING THEM  
ABOUT HOW WE  
WOMEN GO  
THROUGH SO  
MUCH TO LOOK  
GOOD FOR  
MEN.

AND THE  
CORSETRY  
COULD HELP  
ME TO FEEL A  
LOT MORE  
CONFIDENT IN  
FRONT OF  
THE  
CLASS?

HOW COULD  
I BE SO  
RIDICULOUS? I'M  
WAY TOO OLD  
FOR SILLY  
THOUGHTS LIKE  
THAT!

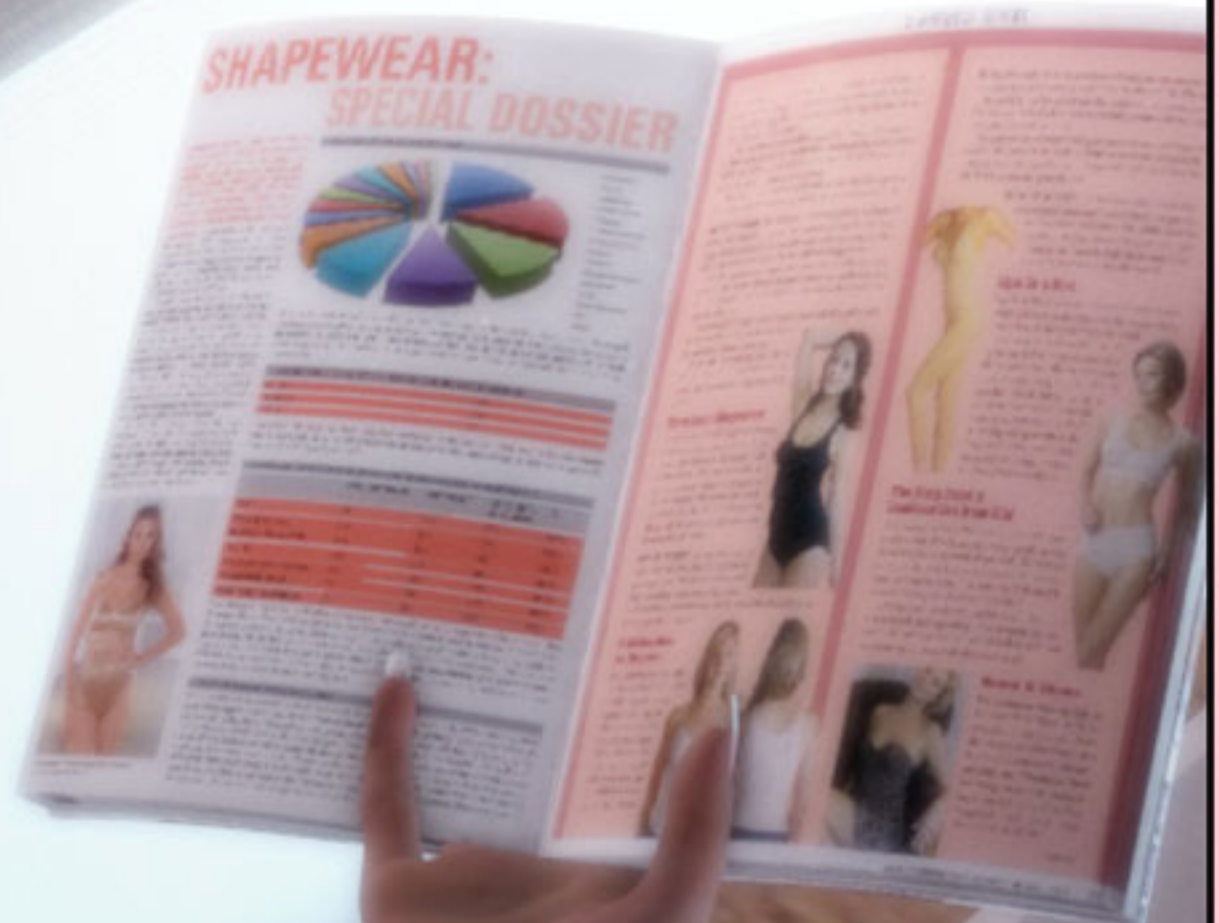
WHAT  
AM I THINKING  
OF... I AM  
LEAVING HERE AS  
SOON AS MY, UH,  
WHAT'S IT... UH,  
THINGY?

SHAPEWEAR?  
HONESTLY, GET  
A GRIP OF  
YOURSELF...

As Celia's thoughts continued to drift away from the things that had always occupied them, she was finding it hard to concentrate on anything else other than the conversation she had with Annabelle...

CELEBRITIES  
ACTUALLY WEAR  
THEM UNDER THOSE  
EXPENSIVE  
DRESSES?

I WONDER  
IF IT COULD  
HELP ME?



YOU'VE  
NOT WORN  
ANY THINGS  
LIKE THAT SINCE  
YOU WERE A  
TEENAGER...  
FOOLISH  
THOUGHTS -  
PFFFFT!

The battle of Celia's new mindset had well and truly begun...

NONSENSE,  
CELIA  
STONEBRIDGE, YOU  
ARE A TEACHER!  
YOU HAVE TO  
MAINTAIN  
STANDARDS!

IF  
CELEBRITIES  
WEAR THEM  
DISCREETLY, SO  
COULD I...

YES, I AM A  
TEACHER, AND  
STANDARDS  
MUST BE MET!

I'M  
TEACHING  
THOSE YOUNG  
MEN HOW TO  
APPRECIATE  
FEMININITY, AND I  
DO NEED TO SET  
EXAMPLES, I  
KNOW...

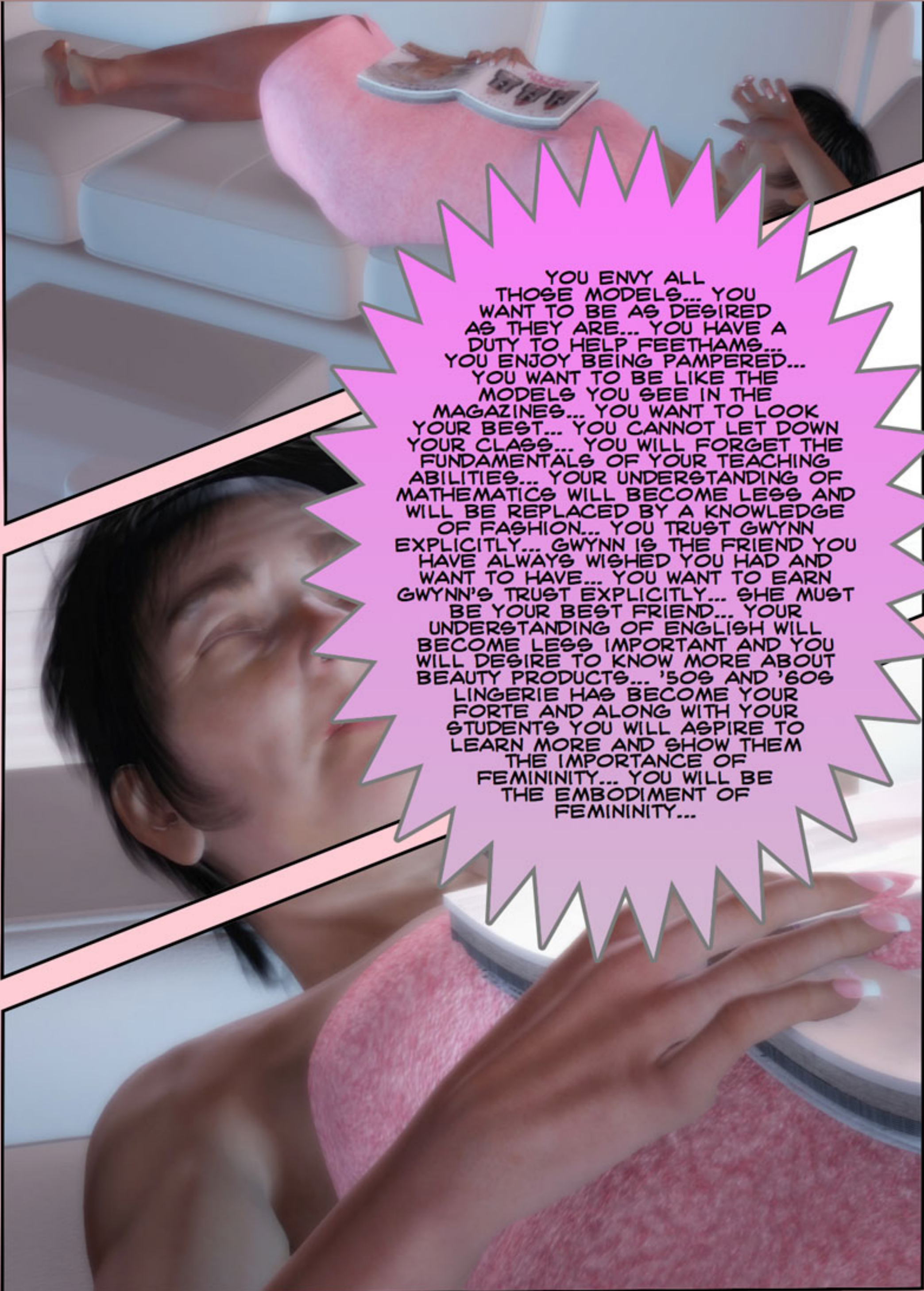
HMM...  
THESE WOMEN  
OF TODAY  
SHOULD LOOK TO  
THE PAST TO SEE  
JUST HOW GIRLS  
USED TO  
SURVIVE!

MY SKIN  
FEELS SO  
SOFT...





As the effects of the shower began to sink in, Celia succumbed to sleep, leaving her mind once again open to the hidden subliminal programming system of the apartment...




YOU ENVY ALL  
THOSE MODELS... YOU  
WANT TO BE AS DESIRED  
AS THEY ARE... YOU HAVE A  
DUTY TO HELP FEETHAMS...  
YOU ENJOY BEING PAMPERED...  
YOU WANT TO BE LIKE THE  
MODELS YOU SEE IN THE  
MAGAZINES... YOU WANT TO LOOK  
YOUR BEST... YOU CANNOT LET DOWN  
YOUR CLASS... YOU WILL FORGET THE  
FUNDAMENTALS OF YOUR TEACHING  
ABILITIES... YOUR UNDERSTANDING OF  
MATHEMATICS WILL BECOME LESS AND  
WILL BE REPLACED BY A KNOWLEDGE  
OF FASHION... YOU TRUST GWYNN  
EXPLICITLY... GWYNN IS THE FRIEND YOU  
HAVE ALWAYS WISHED YOU HAD AND  
WANT TO HAVE... YOU WANT TO EARN  
GWYNN'S TRUST EXPLICITLY... SHE MUST  
BE YOUR BEST FRIEND... YOUR  
UNDERSTANDING OF ENGLISH WILL  
BECOME LESS IMPORTANT AND YOU  
WILL DESIRE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT  
BEAUTY PRODUCTS... '50S AND '60S  
LINGERIE HAS BECOME YOUR  
FORTE AND ALONG WITH YOUR  
STUDENTS YOU WILL ASPIRE TO  
LEARN MORE AND SHOW THEM  
THE IMPORTANCE OF  
FEMININITY... YOU WILL BE  
THE EMBODIMENT OF  
FEMININITY...

Wednesday - Beauty  
Lessons day 3...

I WILL BE THE  
EMBODIMENT OF  
FEMININITY...

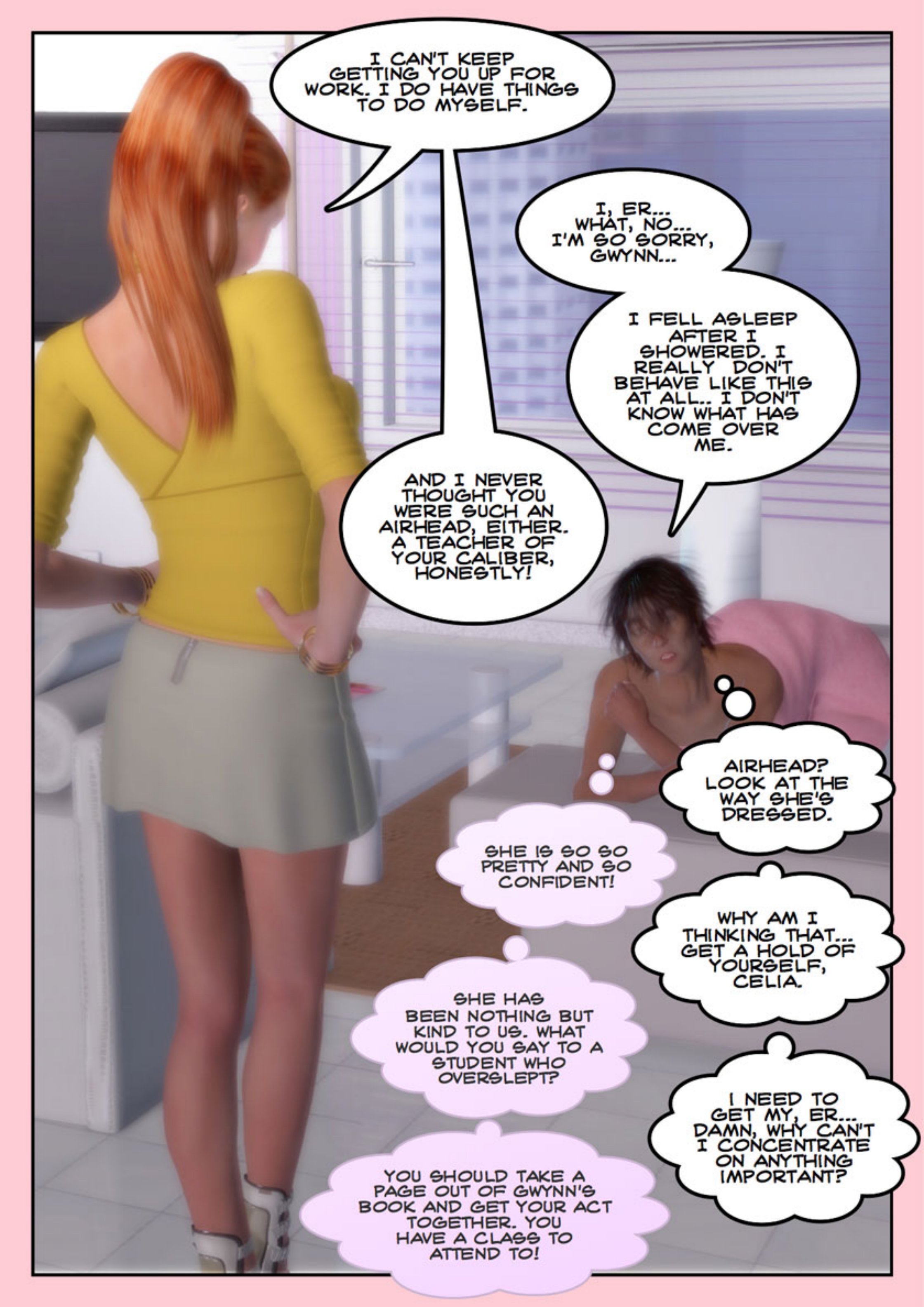




INDEED YOU  
WILL, MS.  
STONEFACE...

CELIA!

YOU'VE  
OVERSLEPT  
AGAIN,  
HONEY!



I CAN'T KEEP GETTING YOU UP FOR WORK. I DO HAVE THINGS TO DO MYSELF.

I, ER... WHAT, NO... I'M SO SORRY, GWYNN...

I FELL ASLEEP AFTER I SHOWERED. I REALLY DON'T BEHAVE LIKE THIS AT ALL.. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAS COME OVER ME.

AND I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE SUCH AN AIRHEAD, EITHER. A TEACHER OF YOUR CALIBER, HONESTLY!

AIRHEAD? LOOK AT THE WAY SHE'S DRESSED.


SHE IS SO SO PRETTY AND SO CONFIDENT!

WHY AM I THINKING THAT... GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF, CELIA.

SHE HAS BEEN NOTHING BUT KIND TO US. WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO A STUDENT WHO OVERSLEPT?

I NEED TO GET MY, ER... DAMN, WHY CAN'T I CONCENTRATE ON ANYTHING IMPORTANT?

YOU SHOULD TAKE A PAGE OUT OF GWYNN'S BOOK AND GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER. YOU HAVE A CLASS TO ATTEND TO!




THIS IS  
CERTAINLY NOT  
THE CELIA  
STONEBRIDGE I  
USED TO KNOW!

HOW OLD IS  
THIS WOMAN?  
SHE CERTAINLY  
KNOWS ALL  
ABOUT ME!

AND  
I HAVE TO  
GET MY, UH..  
CAR...  
YES, CAR -  
THAT'S IT!

YOU'RE  
CORRECT,  
GWYNN, I REALLY  
DO NEED TO  
SORT MYSELF  
OUT.

BUT  
I'M SURE THAT  
RETRIEVING MY  
CAR WILL HELP  
BOTH OF US  
OUT!



THIS WILL BE INTERESTING...

YOU HAVE A CAR?

WELL, HONEY, WE SURE HAVE NO TIME TO MESS AROUND WITH SILLY THINGS LIKE CARS. WE HAVE TO GET YOU LOOKING GOOD FOR CLASS... YOU WANT TO LOOK GOOD FOR YOUR CLASS, DON'T YOU?

I, UH, GUESS SO, YES.

Gwynn was very much relieved by Celia's reply...

YES, I WAS READING UP ON IT LAST NIGHT WHEN I FELL ASLEEP.

OOH, SHAPEWEAR! A WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND!

I'VE HEARD YOU'RE SOMEWHAT OF AN EXPERT ON CORSETRY, IS THAT RIGHT?

YES, I AM TEACHING THE BOYS ALL ABOUT CORSETRY AND HOW GIRLS BACK IN MY DAY USED TO RELY ON THAT UNDERWEAR TO ACHIEVE THEIR FIGURES!

BACK IN YOUR DAYS? HELL, HONEY YOU'D LOOK LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS IN SOME OF THAT STUFF TODAY... YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD IS MY MOTTO!

OH, I COULD NEVER POSSIBLY FIT INTO ANYTHING LIKE THIS...

I NEVER WORE THIS STUFF WHEN I WAS ABLE TO.

AWWW, C'MON, YOU ALWAYS USED TO LOOK AT THOSE ADS AND WISH YOU COULD!

I DID?

I... I DID? I, ER... CAN'T RECALL!

HAS IT BEEN SO LONG THAT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN HOW WE USED TO LOOK AT THOSE DRAWINGS OF JANTZEN GIRLS AND WISH IT WAS US?



Gwynn knew that Celia Stonebridge was now open to suggestions, and just as she had done with Delia, the woman who had occupied the apartment last month, she began to manipulate her mind too...

I AM FAR TOO OLD TO WEAR THINGS LIKE THIS!

YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD, HONEY. LOOK AT GLORIA AND ME. WE DON'T BAT AN EYELID WEARING THINGS THAT MAKE US LOOK GOOD, SO NEITHER SHOULD YOU, HONEY!

AND IF I MIGHT ADD, HON, THAT SHAPEWEAR WOULD SORT YOUR TUMMY OUT NO END!

NOW, HONEY, YOU GOTTA START TO LEARN TO SORT YOUR OWN HAIR OUT. I CAN'T KEEP STYLING IT FOR YOU!

SHE'S A TOUGH COOKIE, BUT THE SUBLIMINALS ARE GETTING THROUGH.


GLORIA IS DEPUTY HEAD AND SHOULD WEAR MORE APPROPRIATE CLOTHING.

BUT SHE LOOKS ADORABLE, AND VERY PRETTY, TOO!

GYWNN COULD BE RIGHT - THESE THINGS MAY HELP HIDE MY STOMACH.

WHAT AM I THINKING... AND WHY DOES MY HAIR KEEP GROWING?





IF YOU WERE TO WEAR THE THINGS YOU'RE TEACHING YOUR BOYS ABOUT, WOULDN'T THAT HELP THEM TO BE MORE COMFORTABLE WITH THE SUBJECT YOU'RE TEACHING THEM?

YOU HAVE A POINT, BUT I'M REALLY NOT SURE I COULD WEAR THIS STUFF.

YOU'RE THE TEACHER, HONEY, AND YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEST, BUT IF I WAS YOU, I'D CERTAINLY GIVE IT A GO!

THEY DO SEEM TO HIDE THE BULGES...

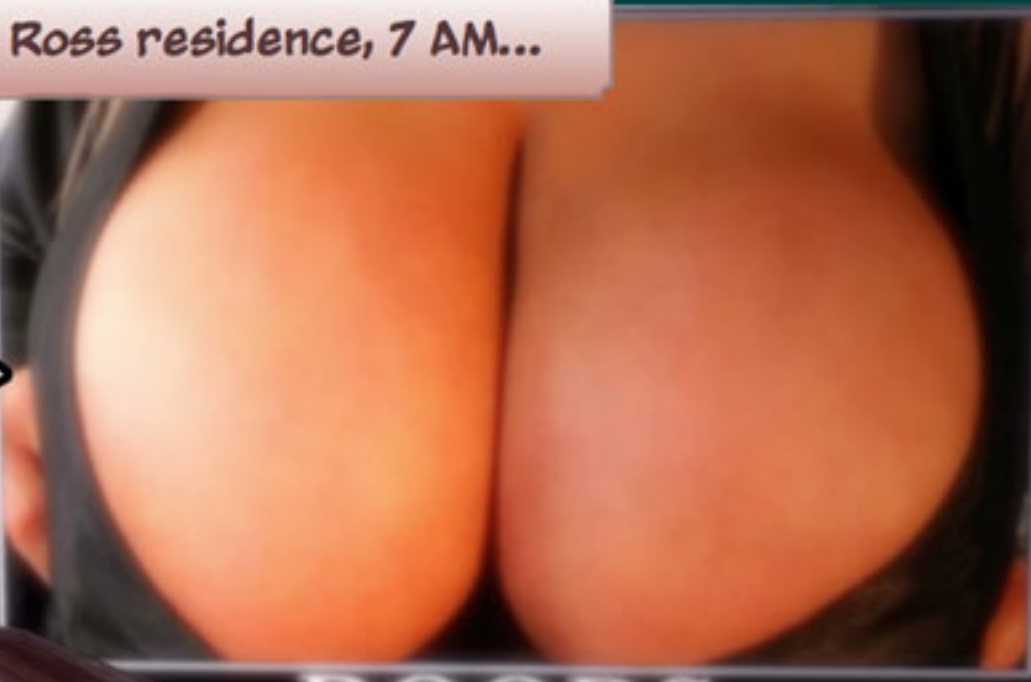
IT'S OK FOR HER - SHE HAS THE BODY OF A MODEL...

GWYNN IS RIGHT. I SHOULD AT LEAST GIVE THESE THINGS A TRY

WE NEED TO HEIGHTEN HER SEXUALITY AND MAKE HER FORGET ABOUT THAT STUPID CAR!

Across the city at the Ross residence, 7 AM...

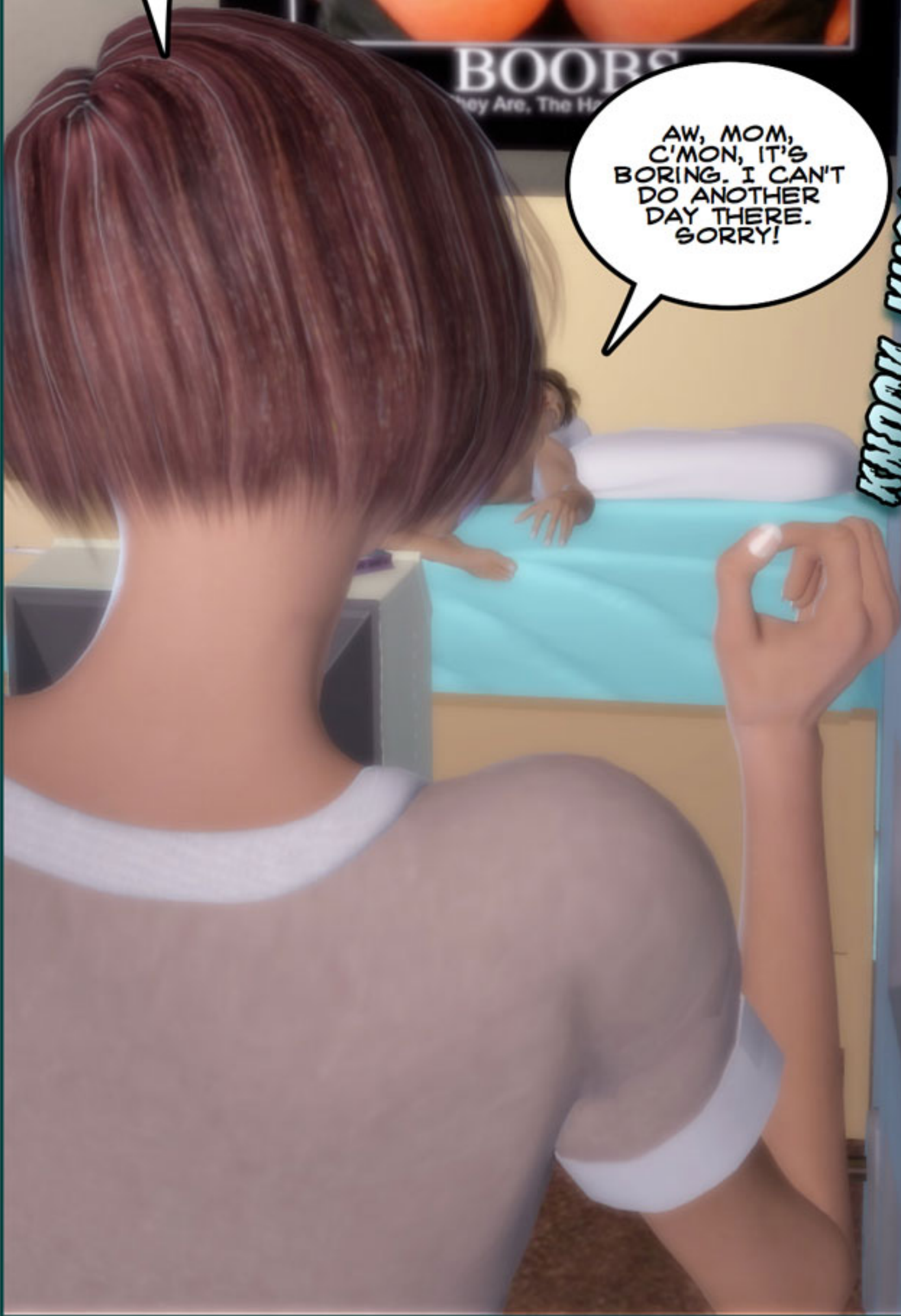
**JAKE!  
GET UP  
NOW!!!**



**BOOBIES**  
They Are. The Ho...

AW, MOM,  
C'MON, IT'S  
BORING. I CAN'T  
DO ANOTHER  
DAY THERE.  
SORRY!

**YAWN YAWN YAWN YAWN**



Denise Ross had spent all her life trying her best to make her son's life the best it could be, but even she had a breaking point...

JUST CHILL  
OUT AND LET  
ME SLEEP. I  
HAD A HEAVY  
NIGHT!


I'VE HAD  
ENOUGH OF  
YOUR LAZINESS,  
AND THIS COURSE  
HAS COST ME  
MONEY I CAN  
HARDLY AFFORD  
AS IT IS!

THEN YOU  
SHOULD'VE KEPT  
YOUR MONEY. IT  
AIN'T WORKING,  
MOM...

AND SPEND  
MY TIME  
CLEANING UP  
AFTER YOU?  
I HAVE TO WORK  
EXTRA SHIFTS TO  
KEEP UP THE  
PAYMENTS ON  
THIS PLACE!

YEAH, YEAH,  
BLEEDING HEART  
STORY, MOM... TELL IT  
TO DAD. PLEASE, I  
NEED TO SLEEP!







THIS IS MY HOME,  
AND WHILE YOU LIVE IN  
IT, YOU ARE GOING TO DO  
AS I SAY! AND AS FOR THAT  
ASSHOLE OF A FATHER OF  
YOURS, JUST REMEMBER  
HE DOESN'T CARE WHAT  
YOU DO!

HE LEFT US  
WHEN YOU WERE  
FIVE AND PALMED  
YOU OFF ON ME  
WITH A TRUST FUND  
AS A SEVERANCE  
SO HE COULD  
CONTINUE HIS  
BACHELOR  
LIFESTYLE...

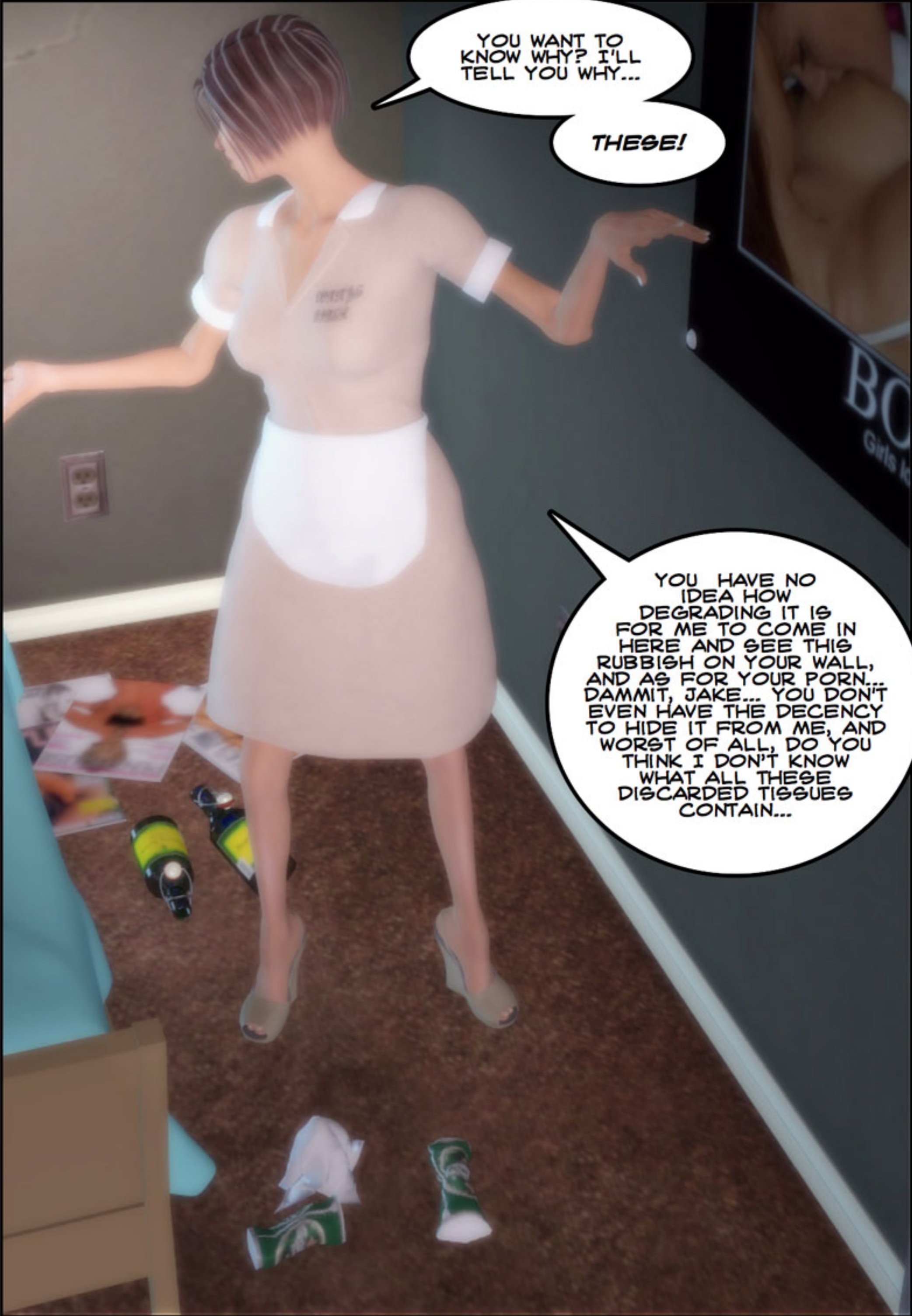
YEAH, AND  
I CAN'T WAIT  
TO BE 21 SO  
I CAN GET  
YOU OUT OF  
MY EARS!

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a pink short-sleeved button-down shirt and a white apron, stands in a room. She is looking slightly to her right. A speech bubble is positioned above her head. To her right, a window shows a yellow dog sitting on a ledge. The room has a brown carpet and a white door in the background.

RIGHT, NOW  
THAT WE'VE  
ESTABLISHED THAT,  
FOR THE NEXT  
MONTH YOU CAN  
START DOING AS I  
SAY AND SHOW ME  
SOME RESPECT!



WHAT? C'MON,  
MOM, WHAT'S THE  
POINT OF BEING SO  
UPTIGHT... YOU  
HAVEN'T EVER BEEN  
BOTHERED ABOUT HOW  
I BEHAVE BEFORE, SO  
WHAT DIFFERENCE IS  
ANOTHER FEW  
WEEKS GONNA  
MAKE?



YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY? I'LL TELL YOU WHY...

**THESE!**

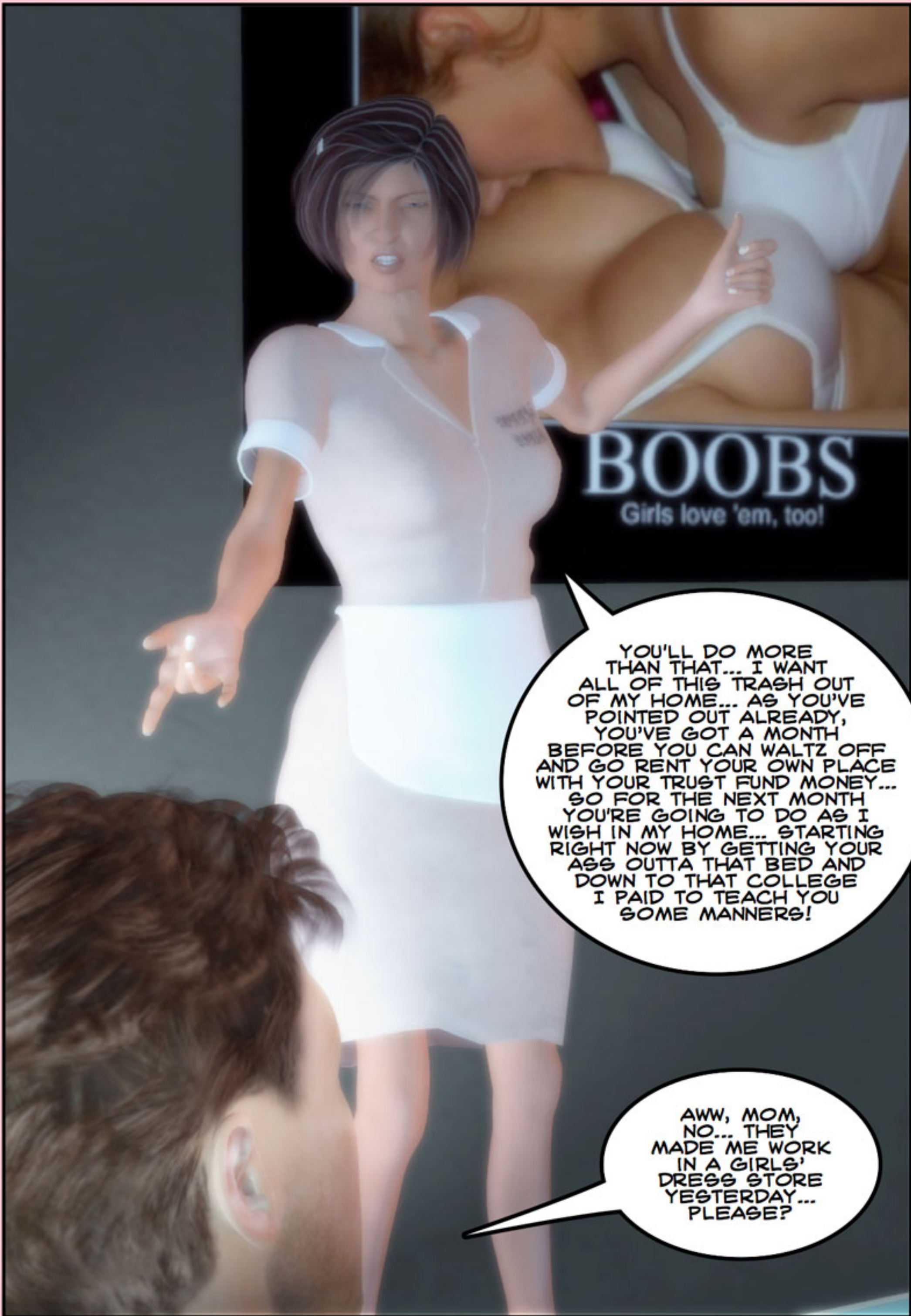
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW DEGRADING IT IS FOR ME TO COME IN HERE AND SEE THIS RUBBISH ON YOUR WALL, AND AS FOR YOUR PORN... DAMMIT, JAKE... YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE THE DECENCY TO HIDE IT FROM ME, AND WORST OF ALL, DO YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW WHAT ALL THESE DISCARDED TISSUES CONTAIN...



IT'S  
TOTALLY  
OBSCENE!

WHOA!  
MOM, OK...  
OK... I GET  
IT, I'LL PUT MY  
PORN MAGS  
UNDER MY  
BED FROM  
NOW ON!





**BOOBS**  
Girls love 'em, too!

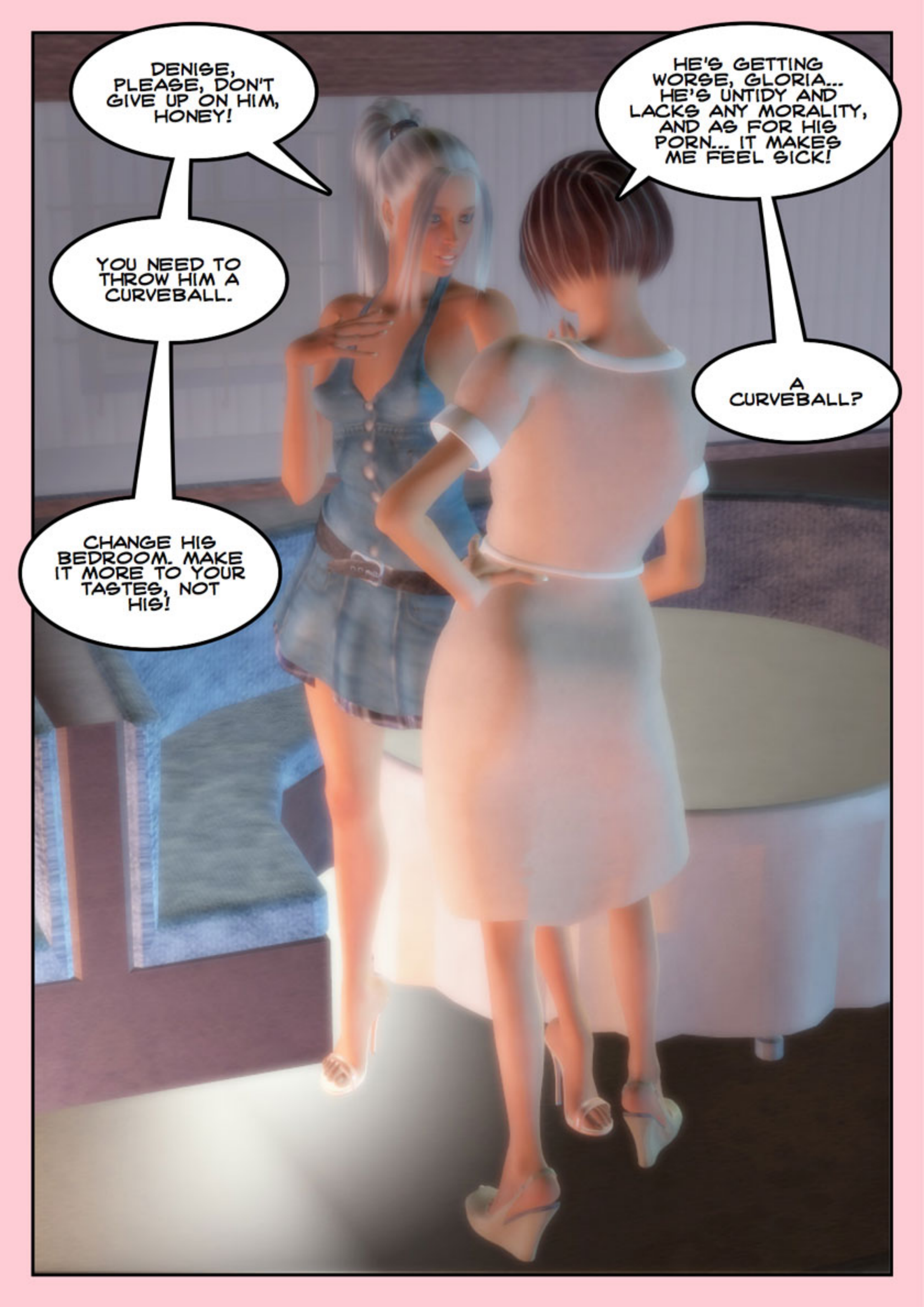
YOU'LL DO MORE THAN THAT... I WANT ALL OF THIS TRASH OUT OF MY HOME... AS YOU'VE POINTED OUT ALREADY, YOU'VE GOT A MONTH BEFORE YOU CAN WALTZ OFF AND GO RENT YOUR OWN PLACE WITH YOUR TRUST FUND MONEY... SO FOR THE NEXT MONTH YOU'RE GOING TO DO AS I WISH IN MY HOME... STARTING RIGHT NOW BY GETTING YOUR ASS OUTTA THAT BED AND DOWN TO THAT COLLEGE I PAID TO TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS!

AWW, MOM, NO... THEY MADE ME WORK IN A GIRLS' DRESS STORE YESTERDAY... PLEASE?

Later that day...

I DON'T KNOW,  
GLORIA, I SEE NO  
IMPROVEMENT IN  
HIS BEHAVIOR.





DENISE,  
PLEASE, DON'T  
GIVE UP ON HIM,  
HONEY!

YOU NEED TO  
THROW HIM A  
CURVEBALL.

CHANGE HIS  
BEDROOM. MAKE  
IT MORE TO YOUR  
TASTES, NOT  
HIS!

HE'S GETTING  
WORSE, GLORIA...  
HE'S UNTIDY AND  
LACKS ANY MORALITY,  
AND AS FOR HIS  
PORN... IT MAKES  
ME FEEL SICK!

A  
CURVEBALL?

HMM...  
I DON'T HAVE THE  
MONEY TO MAKE  
SUCH A CHANGE  
TO HIS ROOM.

LOOK,  
DENISE, THE  
SCHOOL NEEDS  
THIS PROGRAM TO  
SUCCEED, AND I AM  
SURE THE  
HEADMISTRESS  
WOULD HELP YOU  
OUT.



PLEASE,  
GLORIA, YOU'VE  
DONE MORE THAN  
ENOUGH ALREADY,  
I COULDN'T...

THINK  
NOTHING OF  
IT, DENISE...

HELLO,  
GLORIA...

OH, MRS.  
MOORE, I HAVE  
MRS. ROSS WITH ME  
AND SHE WANTS TO  
TAKE THE OFFER OF  
THE BEDROOM  
REFURBISHMENT!

OH, THAT'S  
WONDERFUL  
NEWS! THE  
OTHER MOTHERS  
HAVE ALREADY  
TAKEN THAT  
STEP WITH  
THEIRS!

I REALLY  
DON'T...

GO ON,  
DENISE...

MRS. ROSS,  
WE NEED TO  
MAKE THIS A  
SUCCESS, AND THIS  
IS DEFINITELY THE  
RIGHT APPROACH  
TO TAKE!

I AM  
ALREADY IN  
YOUR DEBT  
REGARDING THE  
COST OF THIS  
PROGRAM. I  
COULDN'T!

I WON'T  
HEAR ANOTHER  
WORD, MRS. ROSS!  
YOUR SON HAS  
TREATED YOU LIKE A  
SLAVE, AND IT'S TIME  
YOU MADE HIM  
REALIZE WHAT YOU  
ARE TO HIM...  
A CARING AND  
LOVING  
MOTHER!



OH, MY  
GOODNESS!  
WHAT AM I  
AGREEING  
TO?

I, UH... YEAH, I  
GUESS HE IS,  
ALTHOUGH I'M NOT  
SURE HOW HE  
WILL, THOUGH,  
MRS. MOORE?

AND BESIDES,  
YOUR EX-HUSBAND  
WILL BE FOOTING  
THE BILL WHEN YOUR  
JAKE GRADUATES  
FROM THIS  
COURSE!

RELAX,  
MRS. ROSS,  
BELIEVE ME, YOUR  
EX-HUSBAND WILL  
BE PUTTY IN YOUR  
HANDS WHEN  
YOU'VE FINISHED  
WITH HIM...

Celia's reconfiguring mind was moving firmly in the direction required...

...we did it

...and we're glad

OHH,  
I LOVE THESE OLD  
ADVERTISEMENTS...

I DID?

AND YOU  
USED TO  
SECRETLY WISH  
YOU COULD BE  
LIKE THESE  
GIRLS, TOO!

GWYNN SAID IT'S  
NEVER TOO LATE, AND  
SHE'S RIGHT... SHE  
KNOWS HOW TO LOOK  
AFTER HERSELF, HER  
BODY IS  
IMMACULATE...





MY FRIENDS AT SCHOOL ALWAYS ENVIED THE GIRLS IN THESE ADS... THEY MAY HAVE BEEN ARTIST CONCEPTIONS, BUT IF A WOMAN COULD KEEP HERSELF FIT AND TRIM, SHE COULD HAVE SUCH WONDERFUL CURVES LIKE THESE!

As her class arrived, her two more favored students looked a little worried...

MS. STONEBRIDGE, MA'AM, WILL WE BE LEARNING ABOUT CORSETRY AGAIN?

I MAY ASK QUESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT, HECTOR... WHY DO YOU ASK?

OUR MOMS ARE A LITTLE CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT WE'RE LEARNING, MS. STONEBRIDGE!

NICK IS RIGHT - I HAD TO SAY WE LEARNED ABOUT MATH!

MATH, YOU WISH... THE ONLY MATHEMATICS IMPORTANT TO YOU ARE DRESS SIZES AND WOMEN'S VITAL STATISTICS!

MATH? ME? YES, HOW SILLY OF ME!

I'M ONLY TEACHING YOU WHAT IS SET DOWN IN THE CURRICULUM FOR YOU BOYS... DO YOU NOT LIKE THE SUBJECT?

YES, WHY WOULD WE WANT TO TEACH THESE DELIGHTFUL CHERUBS SUCH BORING AND CONFUSING STUFF AS MATH?

WHY WOULD I WANT TO TEACH THESE DELIGHTFUL CHERUBS SUCH BORING AND CONFUSING STUFF AS MATH?

OH, YES, IT'S JUST OUR MOMS SAY THAT FROM THEIR RECOLLECTIONS, YOU ONLY TAUGHT MATH AND ENGLISH!

*Celia's little voice, the voice that was always a voice she ignored, was beginning to surface...*

WELL, YOU BOYS CAN TELL YOUR MOTHERS THEY CAN DROP IN ON ME ANYTIME...

NOW WE HAVE A WONDERFUL SUBJECT TO TALK ABOUT TODAY... STOCKINGS!



SO YOU SEE,  
THE GARTERS ARE  
USED TO KEEP THE  
STOCKINGS IN  
PLACE...

ERRM,  
MS....?

YES, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE, ME  
AND JAKE HERE  
WERE WONDERING  
IF...

...YOU  
ARE GOING  
TO WEAR  
THESE  
THINGS?

YEAH,  
LIKE KINDA  
PRACTICE  
WHAT YOU  
PREACH!

CRAIG AND JAKE ARE CORRECT IN THEIR STATEMENT, BUT THESE KIND OF UNDERGARMENTS WERE AIMED AT A MORE YOUTHFUL AND CURVIER WOMAN!

WHAT IS IT WITH EVERYONE?

AT LEAST THEY ARE ALL SHOWING AN INTEREST IN THIS SUBJECT... PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TRY TO APPEASE THEM?

APPEASE THEM HOW? AND WHY AM I EVEN CONSIDERING IT... I SHOULD BE CONCENTRATING ON GETTING MY, OH, WHAT WAS IT I WAS WAITING FOR?

ANNABELLE MENTIONED A MAKEOVER. YOU COULD DO WITH LEARNING MORE ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT - THEN GWYNN WOULD NOT HAVE TO WASTE HER MORNINGS GETTING YOU READY!

OH, YES, A MAKEOVER, AND, YES, GWYNN COULD REALLY DO WITHOUT MY DRAMA IN THE MORNINGS!

RIGHT, YOU WILL ALL FIND STOCKINGS ON THE TABLE BEFORE YOU. I WANT YOU TO TAKE THEM OUT AND ROLL THEM ONTO YOUR HAND!

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a dark blue blazer over a white collared shirt and a dark tie, is seated at a wooden desk. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her right hand is raised, palm facing forward, with her fingers spread. Her left hand is also raised, with her index finger pointing towards the camera. In the background, there are wooden blinds covering a window. On the wall to the left, there is a framed picture of a woman. On the desk in front of her, there is a small photograph of a woman's face.

AND SPREAD  
YOUR FINGERS  
OUT TO FEEL THE  
MESH OF THE  
TOES.

LIKE THIS, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
MA'AM?


YES,  
NICHOLAS, THAT IS  
CORRECT...  
NOW YOU CAN FEEL  
THE CHANGE OF THE  
SILK IN THE  
REINFORCEMENT  
OF THE TOES.

OHH,  
WOW, THESE FEEL  
SO FANTASTIC...  
I NEVER REALIZED  
HOW SENSUAL SILK  
COULD FEEL!

IT MUST  
BE WONDERFUL TO  
SEE YOUR TOES  
POKING THROUGH  
THIS DARK  
MESH.

THEY'RE  
GORGEOUS, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE!

OOPS, DID  
I JUST SAY  
THAT OUT  
LOUD?




PERHAPS  
YOU'D LIKE TO GIVE  
THE CLASS YOUR  
INTERPRETATION OF  
THE GARMENT,  
NICHOLAS?

YOU CAN  
REALLY  
FEEL THE  
COOLNESS OF  
THE SILK, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
MA'AM!

INDEED  
YOU CAN, NICHOLAS...  
AND SILK DID MAKE A  
WONDERFUL  
ENHANCEMENT  
TO WOMEN'S LEGS...  
ALTHOUGH AS WE  
PROGRESSED TO THE  
'60S, A NEW AND  
EQUALLY IMPORTANT  
STEP IN HOSIERY  
DEVELOPED,  
WHICH WAS?

ER, WAS  
IT NYLON?





YES,  
NICHOLAS,  
THAT IS  
CORRECT...

NYLON  
WAS THE  
SYNTHETIC  
ANSWER  
TO THE MORE  
NATURAL FIBER  
OF SILK, BUT IT  
MARKED THE  
DAWN OF THE  
ERA  
OF WHICH  
TYPE OF  
HOSIERY?

YOU TWO,  
JAKE AND CRAIG -  
PERHAPS EITHER OF  
YOU COULD ENLIGHTEN  
US FURTHER ON WHAT  
NYLON INTRODUCED  
WE WOMEN TO?

UH, WHAT?

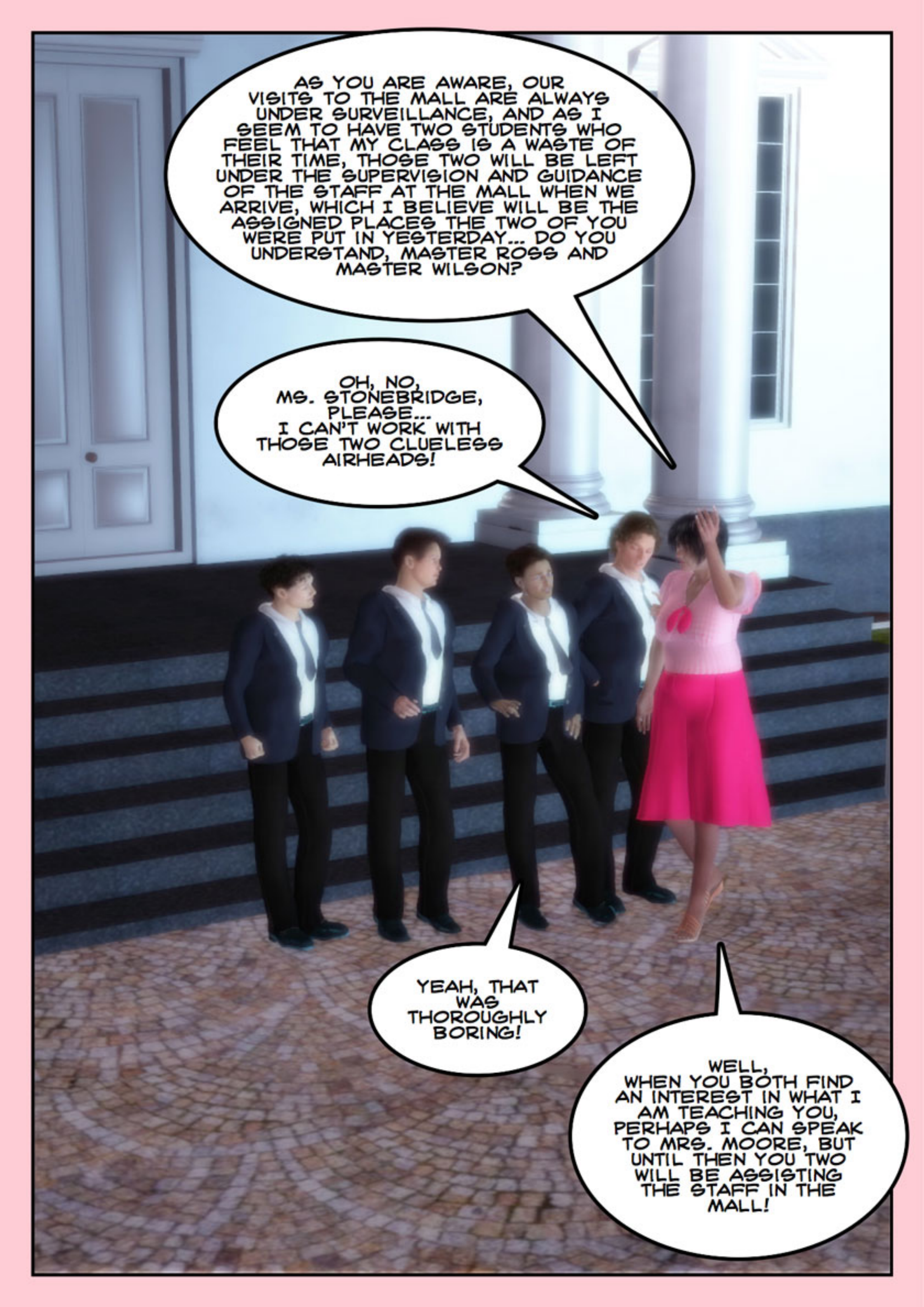
WELL,  
I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO TO  
PONDER ON THE ANSWER  
TO THAT QUESTION UNTIL  
TOMORROW!

NOW BACK TO  
STOCKINGS!  
HECTOR, SHARE  
WITH US YOUR  
THOUGHTS ON  
THEM!

WHAT THE  
FUCK DO I  
KNOW...  
ALL I KNOW IS  
STOCKINGS  
LOOK HOT ON  
A SEXY  
CHICK...

YEAH,  
WHY ARE WE  
LISTENING  
TO THIS  
CRAP?

As Celia progressed on with her subject of stockings, little did Jake Ross know that his life was about to change very drastically...



AS YOU ARE AWARE, OUR VISITS TO THE MALL ARE ALWAYS UNDER SURVEILLANCE, AND AS I SEEM TO HAVE TWO STUDENTS WHO FEEL THAT MY CLASS IS A WASTE OF THEIR TIME, THOSE TWO WILL BE LEFT UNDER THE SUPERVISION AND GUIDANCE OF THE STAFF AT THE MALL WHEN WE ARRIVE, WHICH I BELIEVE WILL BE THE ASSIGNED PLACES THE TWO OF YOU WERE PUT IN YESTERDAY... DO YOU UNDERSTAND, MASTER ROSS AND MASTER WILSON?

OH, NO, MS. STONEBRIDGE, PLEASE... I CAN'T WORK WITH THOSE TWO CLUELESS AIRHEADS!

YEAH, THAT WAS THOROUGHLY BORING!

WELL, WHEN YOU BOTH FIND AN INTEREST IN WHAT I AM TEACHING YOU, PERHAPS I CAN SPEAK TO MRS. MOORE, BUT UNTIL THEN YOU TWO WILL BE ASSISTING THE STAFF IN THE MALL!

The Butterfly Hair Salon...

WELCOME, MS. STONEBRIDGE, AND IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT TWO STUDENTS TO SHARE IN YOUR MAKEOVER TODAY... I AM TRACEY!

HELLO, MS. STONEBRIDGE, I AM STACEY!

AND THIS PRETTY ASSISTANT IS OUR TRAINEE WAYNE!

MA'AM, ITS NICE TO MEET YOU!

Once an integral part of the Butterfly Salon, the popularity of its hair salon meant that expansion to its own premises was inevitable....

WELL, MS. STONEBRIDGE, I'LL BE WORKING ON YOU TODAY WHILE WAYNE AND STACEY TAKE YOUR DELIGHTFUL STUDENTS THROUGH THE SAME PROCEDURES!

YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE THESE TWO A MAKEOVER, TOO?

I'M SORRY, WHAT?

DID SHE CALL HER WAYNE?

THESE TRIPS GET BETTER EACH DAY!

IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT YOU TWO YOUNG MEN SHOULD GO THROUGH THE SAME PROCEDURE AS YOUR WONDERFUL TEACHER, DON'T YOU THINK?

AND WAYNE HERE HAS BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO WORKING ON HER FIRST MODEL, HAVEN'T YOU, SWEETIE?

SHE DID CALL HER WAYNE!

YES, MISS TRACEY!

THE  
YOUNG LADY IS  
CORRECT. I'VE  
BEEN A GUINEA PIG  
FOR YOU BOYS TWO  
DAYS RUNNING. WHAT  
DO YOU SAY...  
NICHOLAS?  
HECTOR?

I, UH, I'M NOT  
SURE, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE.

WHY DOES  
SHE CALL  
HERSELF  
WAYNE? AND  
MOM IS  
STARTING TO  
QUESTION WHAT  
I AM LEARNING  
IN THIS  
COURSE!

OH, COME  
NOW, HECTOR,  
THEY'RE ONLY  
GOING TO WASH  
AND DRY YOUR  
HAIR, I  
EXPECT!

YEAH,  
SURE,  
COUNT  
ME IN!


C'MON,  
HECTOR, ITS  
ONLY FAIR TO  
MS.  
STONEBRIDGE!

IF NICK IS  
UP FOR  
THIS, THEN  
SO AM I!

YES, YOUR  
TEACHER IS  
CORRECT, IT'LL  
JUST BE A WASH AND  
DRY - AND WAYNE  
HAS BEEN WAITING  
FOR HER CHANCE  
TO SHOW ME WHAT  
SHE HAS  
LEARNED!

YES, OK, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE!

GOOD...  
YOU'LL MAKE A  
PERFECT GUINEA  
PIG FOR WAYNE,  
HECTOR...



THANK  
YOU! MASTER  
HECTOR, I'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR THIS  
CHANCE TO SHOW  
WHAT I HAVE  
LEARNED...

NOW,  
IF YOU'D  
CARE TO TAKE  
MASTER HECTOR  
ON A MINI TOUR  
TO MAKE HIM  
FEEL MORE AT  
EASE,  
WAYNE...

YES, YES,  
OF COURSE,  
MISS TRACEY...  
PLEASE FOLLOW  
ME, MASTER  
HECTOR!

WAYNE  
STARTED  
SWEEPING  
THE FLOOR FOR US  
AND SHOWED SUCH  
ENTHUSASM WE HAD  
TO TRAIN HER, AND  
SHE HAS HAD VERY  
GOOD MENTORS, SO  
YOU'LL BE SAFE IN  
HER HANDS,  
HECTOR!

SO DO YOU  
LIVE IN  
BULLCHESTER?

I'LL BE  
LOOKING  
AFTER YOU,  
MASTER...?

ER, ME?  
ERRR, NO, I'M  
FROM  
MIDHAMPTON!

NICHOLAS,  
MISS, IT'S  
NICHOLAS!


YOU'LL  
HAVE TO  
FORGIVE ME, MY  
DEAR, BUT IT HAS  
BEEN A VERY  
LONG TIME SINCE  
I STEPPED  
INSIDE SUCH A  
PLACE...

MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
THINK NOTHING  
OF IT! NOW, IF I  
COULD ESCORT  
YOU TO THE  
WASHBASIN...

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE I HAVE  
AGREED TO DO  
THIS... I'M SURE I  
HAVE SOMETHING  
IMPORTANT TO DO. IT'S  
THURSDAY TOMORROW,  
AND I HAD SOME  
APPOINTMENT. NOW,  
WHAT WAS IT?

MY HAIR  
NEEDS  
CUTTING  
ANYWAY.





YES,  
I USE TO WORK AT  
THE OLD SALON  
SWEEPING THE  
FLOORS, BUT I  
LEARNED SO MUCH  
FROM WATCHING  
ANNABELLE...

ANNABELLE,  
YES, I'VE MET  
HER, SHE IS  
VERY PRETTY...  
BUT MAY I ASK  
ABOUT YOUR  
NAME?

OH, MY  
NAME -  
HEE  
HEE!

IF  
YOU DON'T  
MIND, THAT  
IS...

WELL, NOT  
MUCH TO  
TELL,  
REALLY.

SO IT  
REALLY IS  
WAYNE?

OF  
COURSE  
IT IS!

IT'S ONLY A NAME...  
AND MORE  
IMPORTANTLY, YOU  
SHOULD BE  
CONCENTRATING ON WHAT  
I'M DOING, NOT WHY I  
HAVE A BOY'S NAME!

BUT...

NOW TELL  
ME HOW  
THINGS ARE AT  
MY OLD  
SCHOOL!

YOU WENT  
TO  
FEETHAMS?

OH, I  
GRADUATED LAST  
YEAR, AND I AM SO  
GLAD THEY'RE  
BECOMING A FASHION  
COLLEGE TEACHING  
BEAUTY AND  
COSMETICS. I HOPE TO  
RETURN THERE AND  
TRAIN TO BE A BEAUTY  
CONSULTANT. IT MUST  
BE A WONDERFUL  
INDUSTRY TO  
BE IN!

BUT I WAS LED  
TO BELIEVE IT  
WAS JUST A  
BOYS' SCHOOL!

SHE HAS  
A BOY'S  
NAME AND  
SHE WENT TO  
FEETHAMS?

HER PERFUME  
IS WONDERFUL...  
AND SHE'S  
AWFULLY PRETTY!

THAT'S RIGHT...  
I'M SURE YOU CAN  
WORK THAT OUT  
FOR YOURSELF -  
HEE HEE!

COSMETICS  
AND BEAUTY...  
SHE'S RIGHT!  
THAT WOULD BE A  
WONDERFUL  
INDUSTRY TO  
WORK IN!

WELL THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF WORKING IN A SALON IS CHATTER... I FEEL SO COMFORTABLE WITH A STYLIST THAT CHATTERS, AND MISS TRACEY INSISTS THAT ALL HER STAFF LEARN TO CHATTER!

SO HOW ARE YOU SETTLING IN AT FEETHAMS?

OH, SPLENDID... I NEVER IMAGINED I WOULD GET TO TEACH AGAIN!

IT HELPS TO MAKE THE CLIENT FEEL MORE AT HOME, I GUESS?

CORRECT, MASTER HECTOR... WE'LL MAKE A STYLIST OUT OF YOU EASILY!

ME, A STYLIST?

YES, WHY NOT?

WELL, I'M A...

AND I HAVE A BOY'S NAME, TOO, SO WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

NONE, I GUESS...

ME, A STYLIST?

OMG, HOW COOL WOULD THAT BE?!

WELL, THERE YOU GO, THEN, A STYLIST YOU SHOULD BE... YOUR HAIR IS QUITE DRY AND FRIZZY. DON'T WORRY, I'LL HAVE IT LOOKING SOFT AND BOUNCY!

BUT MOMMY WOULD GO ABSOLUTELY MAD!

HEE HEE, I JUST CALLED MOM "MOMMY"!



YOU'RE LEARNING ALL ABOUT CORSETRY AND STOCKINGS - HOW FABULOUS!

OH, I KNOW THE FEEL OF SILK STOCKINGS... I LOVE WEARING THEM, TOO!


THERE'S A SAYING THAT GOES, ONCE A GIRL FEELS HER LEGS IN SILK, SHE BECOMES A WOMAN... SO, HON, HAVE YOU TRIED THEM ON YOUR LEGS YET?

WELL, YOU SHOULD... THE MOST AMAZING EXPERIENCE EVER, TRYING ON SILK STOCKINGS!

YES, IT IS - MS. STONEBRIDGE HAD US PUT SILK STOCKINGS ON OUR HANDS TODAY!

YOU DO? WOW!

OH NO 'HAHA'



I MUST COMMEND YOU ON TWO SUCH WONDERFUL STUDENTS, MS. STONEBRIDGE!

OH, THANK YOU! THEY ARE BOTH VERY PLEASANT YOUNG MEN...

IS THERE A LUCKY MR. STONEBRIDGE, IF I MAY INQUIRE?

OH, MY WORD, NO... I'VE NEVER FELT THE NEED TO HAVE ANY MEN IN MY LIFE... I WAS MARRIED TO TEACHING, MY DEAR...

SOME OF THE FINEST SCHOOLS IN EUROPE HAVE HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF MY TEACHING SKILLS!


YOU HAVE BEAUTIFUL SOFT HAIR, IF I MAY SAY... IT'S GOING TO BE A PLEASURE TO WORK WITH IT!

OH, THANK YOU... I USED TO HAVE VERY WIRY, CURLY HAIR AND COULD NOT DO ANYTHING WITH IT...

WELL, WHATEVER CONDITIONER OR SHAMPOO YOU USE NOW, IT HAS WORKED BEYOND A DOUBT, MS. STONEBRIDGE!

MY HAIR DOES SEEM TO HAVE GROWN A LOT IN THESE PAST FEW DAYS. PERHAPS IT IS THAT SHAMPOO AND CONDITIONER OF DELI'S?

OHH, I CAN'T WAIT TO JUMP IN THAT SHOWER AGAIN. THE WATER IS SO RELAXING!



NOW  
WE JUST HAVE  
TO PLACE YOU  
UNDER HERE FOR  
AN HOUR, AND THEN  
WE CAN WORK OUR  
MIRACLES, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE!

THIS  
IS ALL NEW  
TO ME, SO  
I'LL GO WITH  
WHATEVER  
YOU SAY,  
TRACEY...

I FIND IT HARD  
TO BELIEVE THAT  
YOU'VE NEVER  
PAMPERED  
YOURSELF, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE.

OH, NO,  
I WAS NEVER ONE  
FOR MAKEUP AND  
GIRLS' THINGS...  
SCHOOLING AND  
DISCIPLINE WERE MY  
MAJOR ATTRIBUTES,  
MY DEAR!

I MUST  
SAY, YOUR  
NAILS ARE  
BEAUTIFUL...

THANK  
YOU...



HOW ABOUT YOU GUYS? EVERYTHING OK?

OH, I RECOGNIZE THIS MUSIC!

YEAH!

NICE TUNES IN HERE!

But the Butterfly hair salon was a little more than just a simple hair salon...

The music inside the hairdryers soon disappeared to be replaced by...

YOU WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL AND DESIRABLE  
YOU WILL DO YOUR UTMOST TO ACHIEVE THE  
IDEALISM OF PERFECTION YOU DESIRE ATTENTION  
YOU CRAVE ADMIRATION  
YOU WILL EMBRACE THE NEW THOUGHTS  
YOU WILL LISTEN TO YOUR GROWING NEW VOICE OF REASON  
  
YOU WILL TRUST THIS VOICE  
YOUR OLD VOICE WAS EVERYTHING THAT WAS WRONG  
YOU WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL AND DESIRABLE...  
YOU WILL ASPIRE TO BECOME PERFECTION  
YOU WILL BE PERFECTION...

I WANT TO  
BEAUTIFUL  
AND  
DESIRABLE.

I WANT TO  
BE THE  
PERFECTION  
OF BEAUTY.

I DESIRE  
ADMIRATION...  
I CRAVE  
ATTENTION...

IF ONLY I HAD  
BEEN LIKE THE  
OTHER GIRLS...  
TOO LONG I HAVE  
LISTENED TO THE  
OLD CELIA...  
NOT ANYMORE!

CAR?  
OH, YES, THAT...  
THAT CAN WAIT! I  
HAVE MORE IMPORTANT  
THINGS TO DO THAN  
WORRY ABOUT SILLY  
CARS...  
I LOVE THESE NAILS...  
AND MY LOVELY STUDENTS,  
THEY NEED MY HELP, I  
MUST TEACH THEM  
ALL ABOUT BEING A  
WOMAN...  
A WOMAN WHO IS  
DESIRED  
AND LOVES  
ATTENTION!

I?  
NEW  
VOICE?

WHAT  
IS?

IS THIS  
RIGHT?

TAKE THIS  
SILLY  
CONTRAPTION  
OFF NOW!

WE  
HAVE TO GET  
OUR, ERRR...  
WHAT WAS IT...  
YES, OUR  
CAR!

CELIA,  
GET A GRIP  
ON YOURSELF  
THIS INSTANT!  
ALL YOU NEED  
TO DO IS GET  
UP, GET  
DRESSED, AND  
GO BACK TO  
BEING YOU!

CELIA?  
ARE YOU  
LISTENING TO  
ME?

THESE  
STUDENTS  
NEED ME! HOW  
CAN I POSSIBLY  
ABANDON THEM?  
I NEED TO TEACH  
THEM HOW  
BEAUTIFUL AND  
WONDEFUL  
IT IS TO BE A  
WOMAN!

ARE YOU  
EVEN  
LISTENING TO  
YOURSELF...  
PLEASE,  
CELIA!

As Celia's new inner voice took shape, the technology that was shaping her was also crafting her favored students...

YOU EMBRACE EVERYTHING  
THAT IS FEMININE...  
YOU ENVY EVERYTHING THERE IS  
ABOUT BEING FEMALE...  
YOU RESPECT ALL THAT IS FEMININE...  
YOU DESIRE TO BE FEMALE...  
YOU WILL OBEY YOUR MENTORS...  
YOUR MOTHER IS YOUR MENTOR...  
YOUR TEACHER IS YOUR MENTOR...  
YOU WILL EMBRACE YOUR NEW FEMININE THOUGHTS  
AND YOU WILL LISTEN TO YOUR GROWING FEMININE  
VOICE OF REASON...

YOU WILL TRUST THIS VOICE...  
YOUR OLD VOICE WAS EVERYTHING  
THAT WAS WRONG WITH YOUR LIFE...  
YOU WANT TO BE SURROUNDED BY BEAUTY  
AND BEING AND FEELING PRETTY  
IS WHAT YOUR MENTORS WANT YOU TO DO...  
YOU WANT TO BE FEMININE...  
YOU NEED TO FEEL FEMININE...  
YOU WILL BE FEMININE...

WHY  
HAVE I BEEN  
SO HORRIBLE TO  
MY MOTHER?  
IF IT HADN'T BEEN  
FOR HER, I'D NEVER  
HAVE MET MS.  
STONEBRIDGE...  
SHE'S THE  
BEST!

I LOVED  
THE FEEL OF THOSE  
STOCKINGS, OH, AND  
THAT WAYNE SAID  
I COULD POSSIBLY WORK IN  
ONE OF THE SALONS HERE...  
I HOPE MOMMY LETS ME...  
SHE KNOWS WHAT'S BEST FOR  
ME. I'VE BEEN SO UNFAIR  
AND CRUEL TO HER...  
I WILL MAKE IT UP TO HER...  
AND AS FOR MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
SHE IS  
FABULOUS!

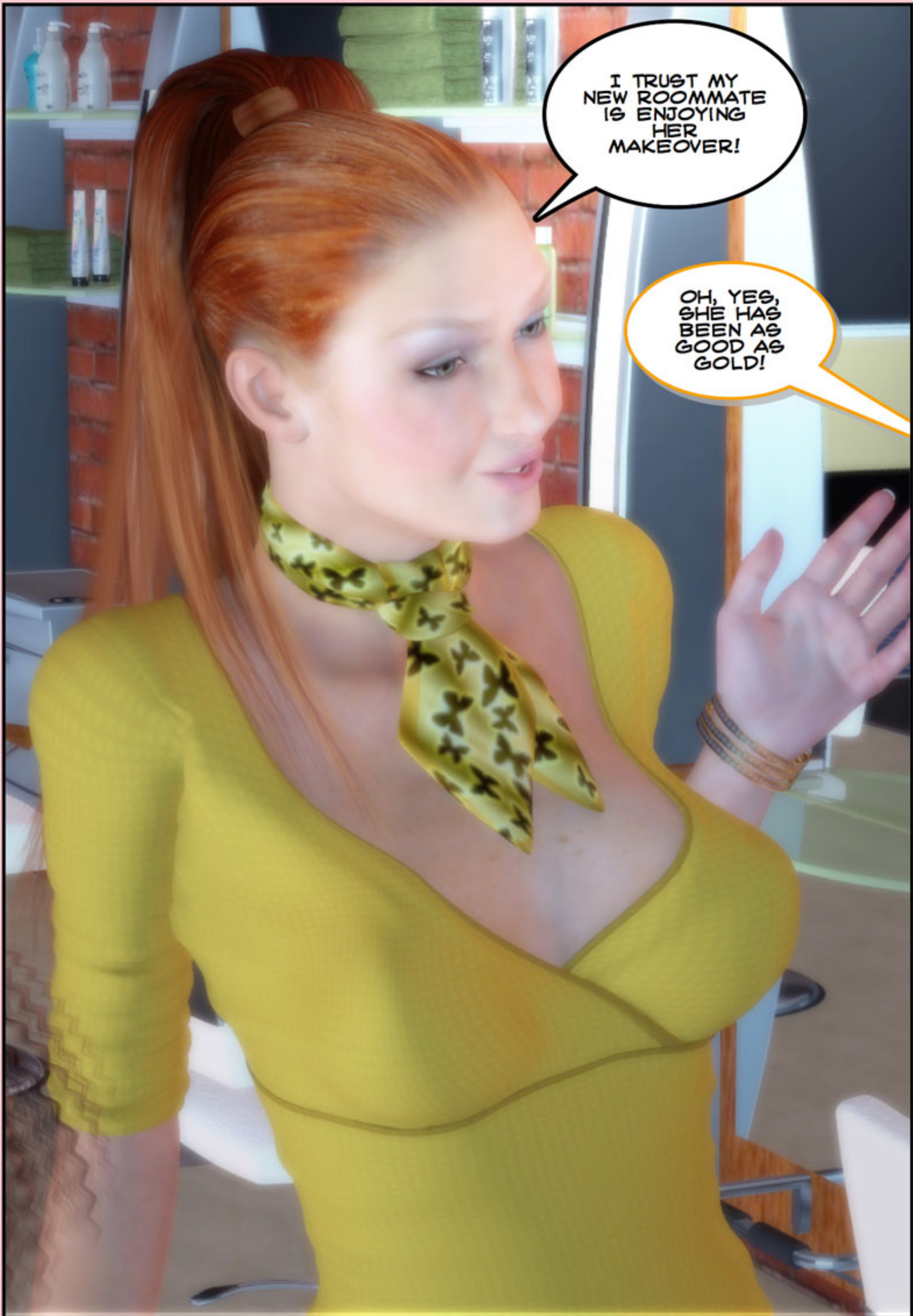
OH, MY,  
I MUST TELL MOMMY  
HOW MUCH I LOVE HER...  
AND I MUST SHOW MS.  
STONEBRIDGE HOW  
GRATEFUL I AM FOR HER  
TEACHING ME ALL ABOUT  
BEAUTY!





HI, GIRLS!

HELLO  
MISS  
GYWNN!



I TRUST MY  
NEW ROOMMATE  
IS ENJOYING  
HER  
MAKEOVER!

OH, YES,  
SHE HAS  
BEEN AS  
GOOD AS  
GOLD!



THEN IT IS  
TRUE - THERE  
IS NO ESCAPING  
A MAKEOVER  
HERE!  
**\*GIGGLE\***

NO  
ONE HAS  
EVER  
COMPLAINED,  
EITHER, MISS  
GYWNN -  
HEE HEE!

THIS  
IS GREAT  
NEWS, TRACEY!  
IRENE WILL BE  
DELIGHTED TO  
HAVE MS.  
STONEBRIDGE  
FIRMLY  
ON HER SIDE. OH, I  
SEE TWO OF HER  
STUDENTS ARE  
JOINING  
HER.

THEY WERE  
BOTH  
CONFIRMED XX-  
COMPATIBLE, SO  
GETTING THEM  
TO AGREE TO  
JOIN THEIR  
TEACHER WAS  
A BREEZE!

THEY'RE  
GONNA MAKE  
WONDERFUL  
ADDITIONS TO  
THE STAFF  
HERE, MISS  
GWYNN!

EXCELLENT  
WORK, BOTH  
OF YOU.



YOU'RE GOING TO BE EVERYTHING YOU USED TO DESPISE, CELIA - I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!

MRS. MOORE WILL BE PLEASED THAT CELIA'S PROGRAMMING IS WELL AHEAD OF SCHEDULE. SHE HAS A VERY IMPORTANT MEETING WITH HER STUDENTS' MOTHERS TOMORROW!

OH, SHE WILL BE, MISS GWYNN - NO ONE HAS EVER ESCAPED THE SALON!

YES, I KNOW!

MRS MOORE HERSELF, AND, OF COURSE, GLORIA WOULD ALSO VOUCH FOR THAT!

I ALSO BELIEVE THAT THE BOYS' MOTHERS ARE BOOKED FOR A MAKEOVER, TOO?

YES, THEY ARE, MISS GWYNN!

There was no turning back for Celia Stonebridge. Gwynn was now firmly in control of her destiny, and considering all those years of psychological torture she had endured had been started by Celia's jealousy, Gwynn could very easily have chosen to destroy her. However, she knew that if it had not been for Celia and her cohort Lisbeth back in 1962, she would never have found solace within the sisterhood of the sacred feminine that had originally been established by Cresswell Industries, but was now a growing force of its own...

Meanwhile, across the mall...

THIS WILL  
BE PERFECT,  
TRISHA...  
ABSOLUTELY  
DELIGHTFUL!

THANK  
YOU, MRS.  
MURRAY.

WHEN  
WILL WE BE  
ABLE TO  
HAVE YOUR  
FITTING?

I STILL HAVE  
ANOTHER WEEK  
TO GO BEFORE  
MY DRESS CAN BE  
CHOSEN, I'M  
AFRAID...





YES, VICKY  
HERE IS LEAVING  
ME NEXT WEEKEND.  
HER MOTHER HAS  
WONDERFUL PLANS  
FOR HER NOW!

OH, I'M SORRY  
TO HEAR THAT...  
DO YOU HAVE A  
REPLACEMENT?

I HAVE A  
TRAINEE  
ARRIVING  
SHORTLY...  
ALTHOUGH I SAY  
ARRIVING, I MEAN  
TO COLLECT  
FROM  
SECURITY...

OH, A  
TOUGH  
ONE, HUH?

THEY  
NORMALLY  
ARE, BUT I'LL  
SURVIVE -  
HA HA!

YOU DID A  
WONDERFUL  
JOB WITH VICKY  
HERE, SO I'M  
SURE YOU'LL  
HAVE THIS NEW  
TRAINEE ON  
HIS HEELS!

OH, OF  
COURSE...  
MRS. MURRAY,  
YOU ARE  
TOO KIND!

I REMEMBER  
HOW WAYWARD  
THIS ONE WAS  
BEFORE YOU  
TOOK HER UNDER  
YOUR WING...

YES,  
SHE WAS VERY  
REBELLIOUS WHEN  
HER MOTHER BROUGHT  
HER TO ME... BUT YOU  
KNOW THE APPEAL OF  
THIS SILK AND SATIN...  
ONCE YOU'RE HOOKED,  
THERE IS NO GOING  
BACK, IS THERE,  
VICTORIA?

OH, YES,  
HOW CAN WE  
FORGET LACE...  
NOW GIVE MRS.  
MURRAY A GOOD  
LOOK AT HER  
BRIDESMAIDS'  
DRESSES!

NO, MISS  
TRISHA, MA'AM...  
I LOVE THE FEEL  
OF SILK, SATIN,  
AND LACE...

A woman with blonde hair in a bun, wearing a black sleeveless dress and black leggings, stands with her hands on her hips, looking at a woman in a white and pink dress. The woman in the white and pink dress is looking down at herself. To the right, another woman with short brown hair, wearing a purple and white striped dress and purple high heels, is also looking at the woman in the white and pink dress. The scene is set in a fitting room with a wooden floor and a red chair in the background.

OH, IT'S  
DIVINE, MY DEAR!  
I CAN'T WAIT TO  
SEE MY GIRLS  
WEARING IT!

I HATE  
LOSING MY  
ASSISTANTS.  
PERHAPS THE  
MOTHER OF THIS NEW  
ONE ARRIVING WILL  
BE LESS  
DEMANDING THAN  
VICTORIA'S  
MOTHER.



Meanwhile...

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HELP INSPIRE THEM... QUITE SIMPLE, REALLY!

I'M NOT PUTTING A DRESS UP TO MY BODY TO SHOW SOME GIGGLING IMBECILE WHERE THE HEM GOES TO!

YOU INSULTED HER... GODDESS, I HATE BOYS!


I ONLY POINTED OUT SHE SHOULD WEAR PROPER CLOTHES!

AND TOLD HER TO GO ON A DIET!

SHE WAS OVERWEIGHT... YOU WANTED ME TO GIVE HER ADVICE, SO I DID!

YOU ARE SUCH A JERK!

Jake thought his afternoon was going fine, but...



EXCUSE ME, MRS. THOMSON...




HI, MICHELLE!

OH, MICHELLE, IT'S PERFECTLY FINE. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SWEETHEART?



HELLO, MISS CLAIRE... I AM AFRAID, MRS. THOMSON, THAT I HAVE BEEN SENT TO RETRIEVE MASTER ROSS!

DID I JUST HEAR RIGHT?



AND WHO MADE THIS REQUEST?


WHAT IS IT WITH ALL THESE OVER-DRESSED GIRLS?

I CANNOT SAY WHO MADE THE REQUEST, AS I DO NOT KNOW, MRS. THOMSON, SORRY...

IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE MOTHER OF THE GIRL HE INSULTED THIS AFTERNOON, PERHAPS?

BUT I AM SHORT-STAFFED AS IT IS...

IS IT DUE TO A COMPLAINT?



FROM WHAT  
I HAVE  
HEARD, IT IS,  
YES...

I GUESS  
THIS REQUEST  
IS FROM  
ABOVE, IF YOU  
HAVE BEEN  
SENT.

IT IS, MRS.  
THOMSON,  
SORRY...

THEN IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU WILL NOT BE WORKING ALONGSIDE CLAIRE AND MYSELF, MASTER ROSS...

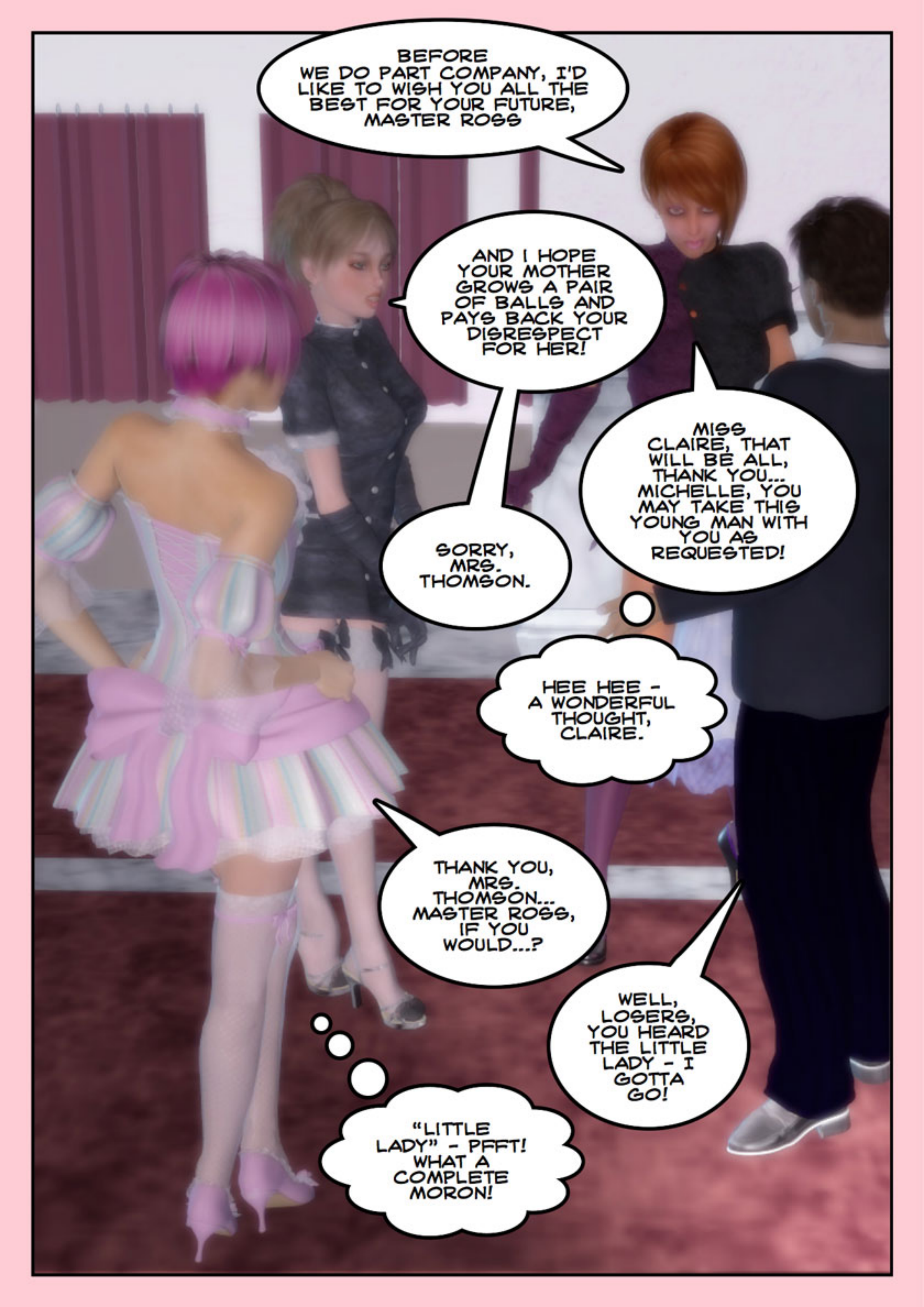
IF INDEED IT WAS, MASTER ROSS, THEN I CAN ONLY SAY I FEEL SORRY FOR YOUR MOTHER!

I COMPLAINED TO MY MOM ABOUT THE STUPID SCHOOL MAKING ME WORK HERE, AND SHE LISTENS TO WHAT I SAY... SO CIAO, BABY!

SHE'S A TRAIN WRECK WAITING TO HAPPEN! I GET WHAT I WANT, LADY, SO IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO GET OUT OF HERE PRONTO... OH, AND THAT GIRL WAS FAT, SO PERHAPS YOU SHOULD BE MORE HONEST WITH YOUR CUSTOMERS! HA HA!

OH, SUCH A SHAME I WILL NOT BE GETTING TO TRAIN THIS ONE... NEVER MIND!

GREAT! I KNEW THE THREAT OF ME LEAVING WOULD MAKE MOM GET A CLUE!



BEFORE  
WE DO PART COMPANY, I'D  
LIKE TO WISH YOU ALL THE  
BEST FOR YOUR FUTURE,  
MASTER ROSS

AND I HOPE  
YOUR MOTHER  
GROWS A PAIR  
OF BALLS AND  
PAYS BACK YOUR  
DISRESPECT  
FOR HER!

MISS  
CLAIRE, THAT  
WILL BE ALL,  
THANK YOU...  
MICHELLE, YOU  
MAY TAKE THIS  
YOUNG MAN WITH  
YOU AS  
REQUESTED!

SORRY,  
MRS.  
THOMSON.

HEE HEE -  
A WONDERFUL  
THOUGHT,  
CLAIRE.

THANK YOU,  
MRS.  
THOMSON...  
MASTER ROSS,  
IF YOU  
WOULD...?

WELL,  
LOSERS,  
YOU HEARD  
THE LITTLE  
LADY - I  
GOTTA  
GO!

"LITTLE  
LADY" - PFFT!  
WHAT A  
COMPLETE  
MORON!

NO, IT WAS  
MADAME  
TRISHA WHO  
REQUESTED  
YOUR MOVE!

YES, SHE IS  
A DIRECTOR  
HERE AT THE  
MALL!

IT'S MY  
UNIFORM - I  
WORK IN THE  
CANDY STORE!

AND F.Y.I. -  
I AM TALLER  
THAN YOU, SO  
DON'T CALL ME  
A LITTLE LADY,  
PLEASE!

SO IT WAS  
MY MOM,  
YEAH?

TRISHA?

AHH, OK...  
SO WHAT'S WITH  
THE SILLY  
OUTFIT?

WHOA,  
CHECK THAT  
CHICK OUT...  
I GOTTA ADMIT,  
I'VE NEVER SEEN  
SO MANY HOT  
CHICKS IN ONE  
PLACE...

SHIT! TOUCHY  
BITCH... NEVER MIND, I'LL  
BE OUTTA HERE SOON AND  
OUTTA THAT STUPID COLLEGE  
MY MOM'S WASTED HER SAVINGS  
ON - STUPID BITCH, I COULD'VE  
GOTTEN A SET OF WHEELS WITH  
THAT... STILL, I GET MY TRUST  
FUND SOON, AND THEN IT'S  
CIAO, LOSERVILLE, AND  
HELLO, SUN, CHICKS, AND  
HOT SEX!

Jake's life looked to be going in the  
direction he wanted it to go...

IF YOU WOULD CARE TO GO INTO THAT SHOP OVER THERE AND ASK FOR THE PROPRIETOR, MADAME TRISHA, SHE IS EXPECTING YOU!

A FUCKIN' BRIDAL STORE - ARE YOU JOKING OR WHAT?

I ONLY DO AS I AM ASKED, MASTER ROSS!

WELL, THERE AIN'T NOTHING STOPPING ME FROM WALKING OUT OF THAT EXIT OVER THERE, IS THERE?

I SINCERELY ADVISE AGAINST THAT. YOUR MOTHER WOULD FORFEIT HER MONEY... AND THE SECURITY IN HERE ISN'T AS UNDERSTANDING AS THE REST OF US ARE!

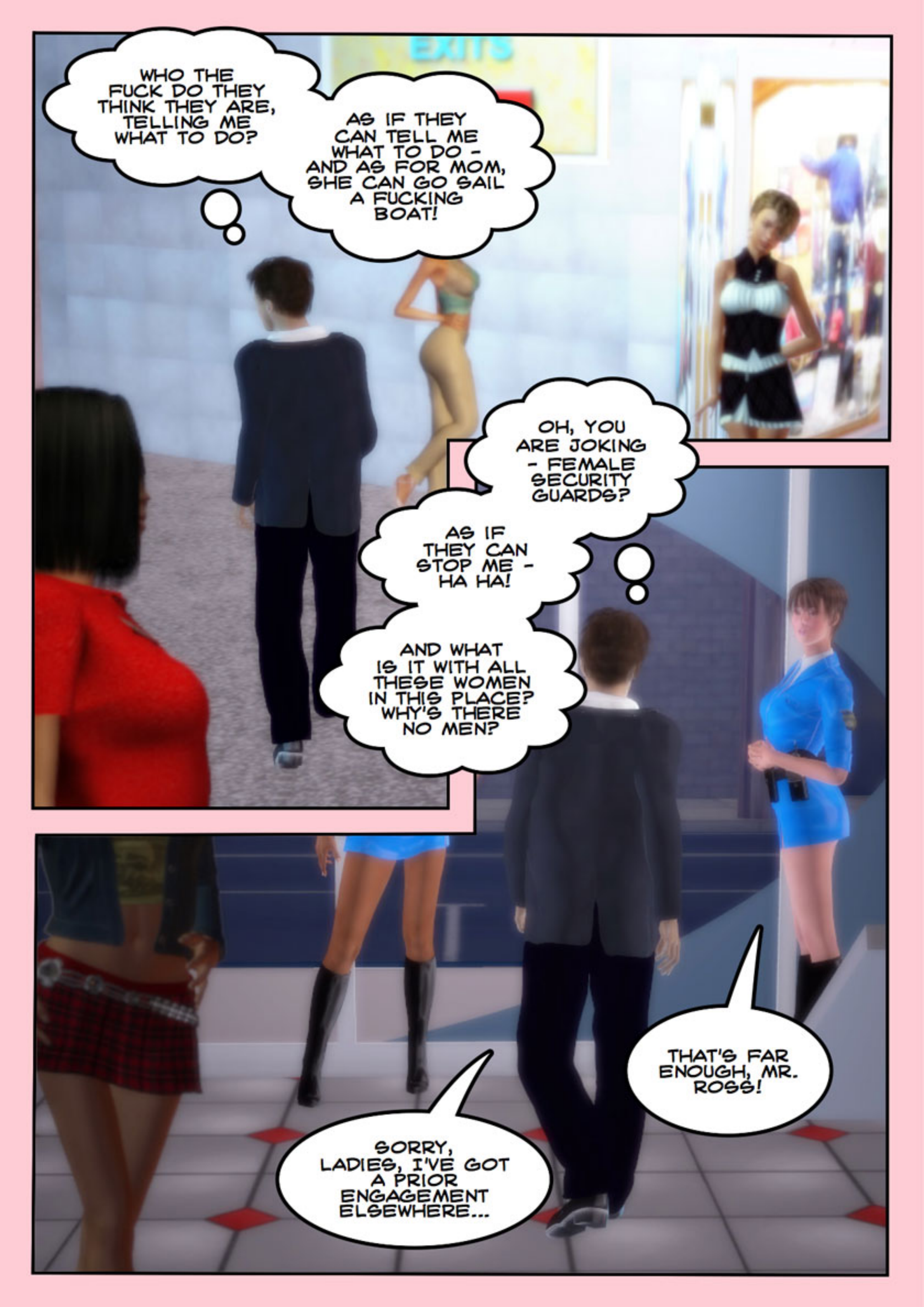
THIS IS GETTING TO BE ONE BIG JOKE - AND THAT CLUELESS MUSIC!

PFFFT!

SCREW YOU, BABY, I'M OFF... IT AIN'T MY MONEY!

OK... DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!





WHO THE  
FUCK DO THEY  
THINK THEY ARE,  
TELLING ME  
WHAT TO DO?

AS IF THEY  
CAN TELL ME  
WHAT TO DO -  
AND AS FOR MOM,  
SHE CAN GO SAIL  
A FUCKING  
BOAT!


OH, YOU  
ARE JOKING  
- FEMALE  
SECURITY  
GUARDS?

AS IF  
THEY CAN  
STOP ME -  
HA HA!

AND WHAT  
IS IT WITH ALL  
THESE WOMEN  
IN THIS PLACE?  
WHY'S THERE  
NO MEN?

THAT'S FAR  
ENOUGH, MR.  
ROSS!

SORRY,  
LADIES, I'VE GOT  
A PRIOR  
ENGAGEMENT  
ELSEWHERE...



IF  
YOU WOULD CARE  
TO TURN AROUND AND  
HEAD BACK TO YOUR  
DESIGNATED PLACE  
OF ARRIVAL, MR.  
ROSS!

I'M GOING  
HOME, SO IF  
YOU TWO CHICKS  
WOULD PLEASE  
EXCUSE ME...?

The confrontation did not go as Jake expected...

PERP  
APPREHENDED!

AHHH,  
FUCK...  
GET YOUR  
FUCKIN'  
HANDS OFF  
ME!

STRUGGLING  
WILL ONLY  
BRING ON  
MORE PAIN,  
MR. ROSS.

YOU ARE IN  
VIOLATION OF  
THE MALL'S  
CODE OF  
CONDUCT, MR.  
ROSS!

GOOD  
WORK! 30  
MINUTES IN THE  
HOLDING  
ROOM'LL CURB  
HIS LANGUAGE  
AND CALM HIM  
DOWN!

JEEZ, ARE YOU  
ON STEROIDS,  
YOU DYKE...  
LET ME GO! I  
HAVE RIGHTS!






OH,  
GLORIA,  
WOW!

BUT HE  
WILL CARRY  
OUT HIS  
THREAT AND  
LEAVE WHEN  
HE SEES  
THIS!

PERHAPS  
I SHOULD  
LET HIM GO.  
HE IS MORE  
AND MORE  
LIKE HIS  
FATHER...


JUST  
NEEDED A LICK  
OF PAINT AND  
SOME DECENT  
FURNITURE,  
DENISE...  
ALL THE CRACKS  
ARE STILL IN  
THE WALL,  
THOUGH!

YOU HAVE TO  
TAKE CONTROL  
OF HIM, AND WHEN  
YOU HAVE, YOU'LL BE  
ABLE TO HAVE TIME  
FOR ALL THE  
THINGS YOU WANT  
TO DO.



TRUST  
ME, DENISE,  
YOU'LL BE  
SURPRISED HOW A  
NICE FRESH-  
LOOKING ROOM  
WILL MAKE HIM  
SEE SENSE...

I WISH IT WAS  
THAT SIMPLE, BUT  
HE'LL GO BALLISTIC  
SEEING HIS BOOB  
PICTURES REMOVED  
AND HIS ROOM AND  
BED NOW LILAC...



OH, NO, A  
MATCHING VANITY!  
PLEASE, GLORIA, I  
CAN'T LET HIM  
COME HOME TO  
THIS!

TELL ME,  
DENISE, WHEN WAS  
THE LAST TIME YOU  
PAID YOURSELF ANY  
ATTENTION?




WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU PAMPERED YOURSELF?

OH... I AM FAR TOO BUSY TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, AND BESIDES, I'M TOO OLD TO CONCERN MYSELF WITH PAMPERING!

THAT IS AN OVERUSED EXCUSE, DENISE... I THINK YOU'D FEEL A LOT MORE HAPPIER WITH YOURSELF IF YOU DID INDULGE IN SOME FREE TIME AND PAMPERING!



YOUR EX-HUSBAND - DOES HE NOT PAY YOU ANY SUPPORT?

OH, NO, I'M ALREADY STRUGGLING TO MEET THE BILLS, AND WITH THIS COLLEGE COURSE TAKING ALL OF MY SAVINGS, I COULD NOT EVEN...

OH, HE DID WHEN JAKE WAS LITTLE, BUT HE STOPPED, SO I WENT TO A LAWYER TO GET HIM TO PAY UP, BUT HIS LAWYERS WERE TOP CLASS AND MADE ME LOOK LIKE A GOLD DIGGER, SO THEY MADE HIM SET UP A TRUST FUND FOR JAKE AND THREATENED ME WITH TAKING JAKE AWAY IF I DID NOT PROVIDE FOR HIM AS THEY SAW FIT!

HE IS RICH, THEN?

I NEVER REALLY KNEW WHAT HE DID, HE WORKED FOR SOME BIG ORGANIZATION AND WAS ALWAYS AWAY ON BUSINESS TRIPS, AND WHEN I BECAME PREGNANT HE PROPOSED, BUT OUR RELATIONSHIP WENT SOUR WHEN JAKE WAS BORN!

BUT AS FOR BEING RICH, I COULD NOT SAY, THE DIVORCE ONLY GOT ME JAKE AND THAT CONFOUNDED TRUST FUND OF HIS - AND BESIDES, HIS LAWYERS CLAIMED HE WAS BANKRUPT... BUT I DON'T REALLY CARE IF HE WAS OR NOT!



Although Gloria knew all about Jake's father, his mother's side had not been investigated until now, and just as she had said, the courts had indeed decreed her as a gold digger... Denise had spent the last twenty years of her life looking after Jake and asked nothing in return from him, other than the love and understanding she showed him, but his father's influence had tainted their relationship the day the courts had set up the trust fund...

SO JAKE SEES HIS FATHER, THEN?

I GUESS THE TRUST FUND DID NOT HELP, EITHER?

YOU KEPT IT FROM HIM, THEN?

I CAN SEE WHY YOU WANTED TO KEEP IT A SECRET, BUT IT HAD TO HAPPEN ONE DAY...

NO! THAT'S THE SAD THING, JAKE HAS ALWAYS PUT THAT BASTARD ON A PEDESTAL... IT WAS FINE WHEN HE WAS LITTLE, BUT HIGH SCHOOL PUBERTY AND MY CHOICE IN MEN ALL CONSPIRED AGAINST ME, SO HE BEGAN TO BUILD AN IMAGE OF HIS FATHER IN HIS HEAD, SEEING ME AS THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR HIM NOT HAVING A FATHER AROUND!

THAT HAS BEEN A NOOSE HANGING AROUND MY NECK EVER SINCE JAKE FOUND OUT ABOUT IT!

YES. HE FOUND OUT WHEN HE WAS STARTING COLLEGE, AND OF COURSE, IT DID EXACTLY WHAT I KNEW IT WOULD DO TO HIM...

I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT HE'S A GOOD PERSON, GLORIA, IT'S JUST THAT MONEY AND HIS BASTARD OF A FATHER THAT HAVE DONE THIS TO HIM!

RIGHT,  
LISTEN TO ME, DENISE...  
YOU DESERVE MUCH BETTER  
THAN THIS, AND IF YOU LET YOUR  
SON CONTINUE TO BEHAVE LIKE A  
SELFISH ASS, ALL YOUR EFFORTS  
WILL HAVE BEEN WASTED...  
IT'S TIME TO TAKE BACK  
YOUR LIFE, HON!

I APPRECIATE  
YOUR HELP,  
GLORIA, BUT...

NO BUTS,  
HON...  
I AM TAKING YOU  
FOR A DAY OF  
PAMPERING YOU'LL  
NEVER FORGET, AND  
THE ONLY COST TO  
YOU WILL BE  
YOUR  
PRESENCE!

BUT  
JAKE?

DON'T  
YOU WORRY ABOUT  
HIM! WE WILL SORT  
HIM OUT. YOU'VE HAD  
TWENTY HARD YEARS OF  
LOOKING AFTER HIM,  
SO NOW YOU'RE  
GONNA LOOK AFTER  
YOURSELF!

NOW GRAB  
WHAT YOU NEED  
AND COME WITH  
ME!

OH, WHAT AM  
I GETTING  
MYSELF INTO?

Meanwhile...

AND HE ACCEPTS YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THE HOUSEHOLD NOW?

OH, YES...

OH THAT'LL BE MISS TRISHA!




THEY CAN'T KEEP ME HERE AGAINST MY WILL, BUT THEY SURE ARE THE SEXIEST GUARDS I'VE EVER TUSSELED WITH...

I HOPE HE'S NOT GIVEN YOU TOO MUCH TROUBLE, LADIES.

NO, HE SEEMS CALM, BUT BE CAREFUL, MISS TRISHA.

I'LL STAND GUARD IN HERE, MA'AM!

LADIES, I'VE HAD WORSE THAN HIM, BELIEVE ME!



HMM, A LITTLE  
ROUGH ROUND THE  
EDGES, BUT I'LL HAVE  
HIM MODELING  
DRESSES IN NO  
TIME!

SO, YOU'RE  
THE LITTLE  
BOY CAUSING MY  
STAFF SO MUCH  
TROUBLE,  
EH?

I DON'T LIKE  
MY MALL  
LITTERED WITH RUDE  
LITTLE BOYS...  
THAT'S WHAT IT IS  
TO ME,  
SWEETHEART!

YEAH, SO  
WHAT'S IT TO  
YOU, LADY?

LITTLE  
BOY?  
BITCH!

I'M  
NOT A LITTLE  
BOY, AND I  
HAVE RIGHTS.  
YOU CAN'T KEEP  
ME HERE AGAINST  
MY WILL, AND  
I'VE DONE  
NOTHING  
WRONG!

OH, YOU HAVE COMMITTED A VERY CALLOUS CRIME, SWEETHEART!

YOUR CRIME IS AGAINST YOUR HARDWORKING MOTHER, SWEETHEART!

YOUR MOTHER HAS AND STILL WORKS HARD TO PROVIDE YOU WITH WHAT YOU NEED!

DO YOU CARE NOTHING FOR HER FEELINGS, OR THE FACT THAT SHE HAS SPENT ALL HER SAVINGS SO YOU CAN ATTEND FEETHAMS COLLEGE?

I'VE COMMITTED NO CRIME, LADY!

MY MOM? HA HA - YOU'RE KIDDIN', RIGHT?

LISTEN, LADY, MY RELATIONSHIP WITH MY MOM IS MY BUSINESS!

DAMN! THIS WOMAN IS SERIOUSLY SEXY...

IS SHE FOR REAL? WHAT HAS MY STUPID MOM GOTTA DO WITH HER?

I DIDN'T ASK HER TO WASTE HER MONEY, AND BESIDES, I GET MY OWN MONEY NEXT MONTH, SO SHE'LL HAVE NO NEED TO PROVIDE ME WITH ANYTHING!

AND NOW THAT WE'RE DONE WITH THAT CRAP, I'D LIKE TO GO... THANKS!

Swiiiiiiishhhhh





WELL, IT WAS PLEASANT CHATTING WITH YOU, SWEETHEART!

A COFFEE WITH TWO SUGARS, SWEETIE!

YEAH, THANKS.

ER, HOW LONG WILL MY MOM BE?

MAN, ALL THESE LEGS ARE GIVING ME A BONER... AND AS FOR THIS MALL OWNER, I COULD EASILY TAKE HER OUT FOR A NIGHT AND FUCK HER, DESPITE HER BEING AN OLDER WOMAN!

FUCK, SHE'S WEARING STOCKINGS... OH, MAN, SHE IS TOTALLY COMING ON TO YOU!

YOU'VE NEVER FUCKED AN OLDER CHICK, SO NOW'S YOUR CHANCE, JAKEY BOY!

SHE HAS TO SEE MRS. MOORE FOR YOU TO BE SIGNED OUT, AND THEN SHE HAS TO BE BRIEFED ON THE FORMALITIES OF YOUR DEPARTURE, SO ABOUT THREE TO FOUR HOURS!

WHICH GIVES YOU TIME TO CONSIDER MY OFFER...

I'LL, UH... GIVE IT SOME THOUGHT!

WHEN I'M GONE FROM HERE - HA HA!

glideeeee



I FEEL VERY STRANGE AFTER THAT...


THE HEAT FROM THE DRYER ALWAYS CAN CAUSE A LITTLE DIZZINESS, MRS. ROSS.

BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING YOU DID!

THE EFFECTS WILL WEAR OFF SOON, MRS. ROSS... THOSE DRYERS ARE VERY POWERFUL!

WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER ANYTHING BUT ARRIVING AND HAVING MY HAIR WASHED - AND WHERE'S GLORIA?



A woman with braided hair, wearing a pink top, is leaning over a woman with dark hair wearing a purple top. The woman in purple is looking at her hand, which is being held by the woman in pink. The background shows a brick wall and a doorway.

NOW TELL ME  
THAT WAS NOT  
WORTH IT.

OH, MY  
GOD...  
WOW!

I...  
WHEN DID  
THEY?

OH, DENISE,  
IT LOOKS  
FABULOUS! WHO  
CARES ABOUT HOW  
THEY DID IT...  
LOOK AT  
YOURSELF!

NOW DON'T YOU  
LOOK AND FEEL A  
LOT BETTER?

IT'S JUST...  
OH, WHO AM  
I KIDDING?  
YES, I DO!

NOW YOU'RE  
ALL READY FOR  
THAT INTERVIEW  
TOMORROW, MRS.  
ROSS, AND I AM  
SURE YOU WILL BE  
SUCCESSFUL!


INTERVIEW?

YES, GLORIA  
SAID YOU WERE  
APPLYING FOR THE  
VACANT MANGAGER'S  
POSITION AT THE  
RESTAURANT HERE  
AT THE MALL!

I AM?

YOU  
ARE!

YES, I AM -  
HOW SILLY OF  
ME!



OH, YES...  
IT'S A BIG STEP  
UP FROM MY  
LAST JOB, BUT I  
AM CONFIDENT  
ENOUGH TO  
GET IT!

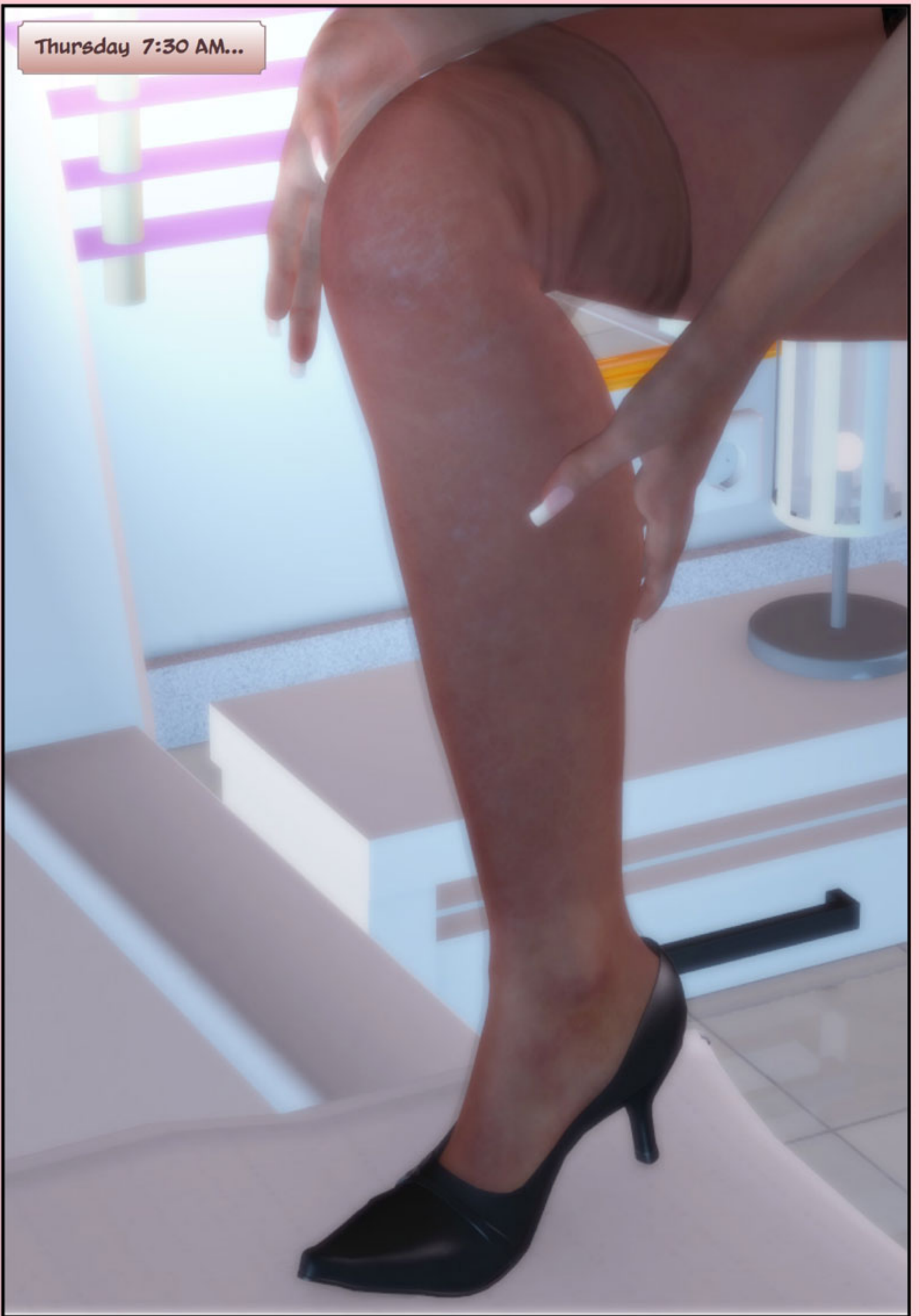
WELL,  
YOU CERTAINLY  
CAME TO THE  
RIGHT SALON TO  
BOOST YOUR  
CHANCES, IF I  
MIGHT SAY SO,  
MISS SHAW.


OH, I CERTAINLY  
DID... AND I WILL  
BE RECOMMENDING  
YOU TO MY  
FRIENDS!

HMM, "MISS  
SHAW"...  
THINGS WERE SO  
MUCH EASIER FOR  
ME WHEN I USED  
TO BE CALLED  
THAT!

AND THAT  
LAZY ASS OF A  
SON OF MINE -  
IT'S TIME FOR HIM  
TO KNOW WHO'S  
BOSS, TOO!

Thursday 7:30 AM...






OH, GWYNN...  
YES... IT'S ME!


I THOUGHT  
IT WAS TIME I  
GOT MYSELF  
UP...

CELIA...  
IS THAT YOU,  
HONEY?

WELL, I MUST  
SAY, YOU'VE  
BEATEN ME TO  
THE POST THIS  
MORNING!

A woman with blonde hair styled in a bun is standing on a staircase. She is wearing a white, long-sleeved, button-down shirt that is unbuttoned at the top, revealing her chest, and blue jeans. She has her hands on her hips and is looking towards the camera. The staircase has a wooden handrail and a metal railing. There are potted plants on either side of the stairs. The floor is tiled. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of her head.

AND LOOKY  
HERE...  
HAVE YA DONE  
SOMETHING TO  
YER HAIR,  
HONEY?



OHH,  
GWYNN, YOU  
KNOW I HAD A  
MAKEOVER  
YESTERDAY -  
HEE HEE!

THANK YOU,  
GYWNN - YOU  
KNOW HOW MUCH  
I APPRECIATE  
YOUR ADVICE!


OH,  
GYWNN, I  
FEEL SO  
MUCH MORE  
CONFIDENT  
NOW...

HONEY...  
YER HAIR  
LOOKS  
AMAZING!

AND I  
SEE YOU'VE  
DECIDED TO  
TRY OUT THE  
SHAPEWEAR,  
TOO!

YER VERY  
EARLY THIS  
MORNIN' TOO -  
IF I'D-A KNOWN,  
I WOULD'VE  
SLEPT IN...





I HAVE AN  
APPOINTMENT AT  
SOME CITY  
OFFICE, I  
BELIEVE?


WHAT  
CITY  
OFFICE,  
HON?

I'M NOT  
TOO SURE,  
BUT I THINK  
IT'S ABOUT  
PICKING UP A  
CAR, I  
THINK...

A  
CAR?

I THINK  
IT IS,  
YES...

YOU DON'T  
DRIVE, HON,  
WHY WOULD YA  
NEED TO PICK  
UP A CAR?

A comic panel showing two women in a hallway. The woman on the left has long, straight blonde hair and is wearing a black dress. The woman on the right has long, wavy blonde hair and is wearing a blue dress. They are both looking towards the camera. The hallway has a tiled floor and pink and white walls with gold trim. There are three speech bubbles: one from the blonde woman on the left, one from the blonde woman on the right, and one from the blonde woman on the left.

HUH? WELL, I WAS WONDERING WHY I SEEM TO HAVE AN IMAGE OF A BLUE CAR IN MY MIND...

OHH, GYWNN, DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY WILL - I WAS A LITTLE UNSURE IF I SHOULD WEAR THIS TYPE OF UNDERWEAR...

YOU MUST HAVE THE INFORMATION MIXED UP.

OH, NOW, LOOKY HERE, WHAT IS THIS IN THE MIRROR? YOU LOOK ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS, HONEY... THOSE STUDENTS OF YOURS'LL BE IN AWE OF YA!

HONEY, YOU  
KNOW MORE  
ABOUT THE POWER  
OF UNDERWEAR ON  
MEN THAN ME...



YES, I DO,  
DON'T I...

YA LOOK  
DIVINE, HON,  
THEY WON'T KNOW  
WHAT'S HIT THEM  
WHEN THEY SEE  
YA!


I FEEL  
SO FANTASTIC! I  
CAN'T BELIEVE I  
DISMISSED WEARING  
SUCH WONDERFUL  
GARMENTS  
BEFORE...

OH, I HAD A SILLY  
DREAM ABOUT A BLUE  
CAR, YES... I LOVE  
WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO  
MY HAIR... OOH, I HAD  
BETTER GET DRESSED -  
GWYNN IS A BUSY  
LADY...

WHAT A SILLY  
THOUGHT - ME DRIVE?  
IF I COULD DRIVE, THEN  
GWYNN WOULD HAVE NO  
REASON TO GIVE ME A  
LIFT TO WORK...

CELIA,  
YOUR CAR,  
YOU HAVE A  
CAR, A BLUE  
ONE... AND YOU  
NEED TO  
COLLECT IT SO  
YOU CAN GO  
HOME!


CELIA! PLEASE  
LISTEN TO REASON!  
YOU HAVE A CAR, YOU  
DRIVE, YOU LIVE THREE  
HOURS FROM HERE...  
PLEASE WAKE UP!  
PLEASE, THIS IS  
WRONG... LISTEN TO  
ME!



I MUST SAY, I AM CONCERNED ABOUT MY CRAIG WORKING IN A WOMEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT!

AND THESE TRIPS TO THE MALL - ARE THEY NECESSARY?

IT IS ALL PART OF THE COURSE, LADIES, AND I ASSURE YOU, THEY WILL BENEFIT FROM THIS EXPERIENCE...

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a white textured cardigan over a white skirt and a dark belt, stands in the center of the frame. She is gesturing with her hands as if speaking. To her left, a woman with dark hair is seated in a dark armchair, wearing a light blue tank top and purple pants. To her right, another woman with short dark hair is seated in a similar armchair, wearing a black cold-shoulder top and white leggings. The background features a wooden door and a white wall.

I SENT MY CRAIG TO YOU BECAUSE HE NEEDS TO GET OFF OF HIS LAZY ASS AND DO SOMETHING... ALL I AM SEEING IS HIM SULKING ABOUT GOING TO THIS MALL, AND NOW HE SEEMS TO BE WORSE THAN EVER!

YES, EXACTLY... I AM VERY CONCERNED, TOO!

HMMMM...

I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERNS, LADIES, BUT...




MY  
HECTOR SEEMS  
TO BE TAKING A LOT  
OF INTEREST IN WHAT I  
AM WEARING AND HOW I  
DRESS, SOMETHING I FIND  
MOST UNCOMFORTABLE...  
IT'S LIKE MRS. WILSON  
SAID, I WANTED HIM TO  
STOP BEING SUCH  
A LAZY BUM!

Headmistress Irene Moore was more than ready for the mothers' questions, but for the course to continue, it needed their full support and cooperation...



LADIES,  
YOU ALL AGREED THAT  
MS. STONEBRIDGE WAS THE  
IDEAL TEACHER TO INSTILL  
SOME DISCIPLINE IN THEM,  
AND IF THERE WAS ANYONE WHO  
WOULD'VE HAD CONCERNS  
ABOUT THESE METHODS  
WE ARE APPLYING, THEN  
SURELY SHE WOULD  
STRONGLY DISPUTE THEM  
TOO...?





THE MS.  
STONEFACE WE ALL  
KNEW WOULD NEVER  
DREAM ABOUT  
SHOPPING MALLS! SHE  
WAS A MATH AND  
ENGLISH  
DISCIPLINARIAN!

I KNOW, AND I'M  
MOST CONCERNED  
WITH MY HECTOR'S  
INTEREST IN MY  
APPEARANCE - THAT  
WAS SOMETHING MY  
SON NEVER HAD  
BEFORE THIS  
COURSE!

IF YOU  
ASK ME, I'VE  
FOUND MY NICHOLAS  
TO BE MORE  
AGREEABLE... BEFORE  
HE STARTED THIS  
COURSE, HE WAS RUDE,  
OBNOXIOUS AND JUST  
AS USELESS AS HIS  
ASS OF A  
FATHER!




PERHAPS  
YOU LADIES  
WOULD FEEL  
MORE AT EASE IF  
YOU WENT ALONG  
ON THE FIELD  
TRIP TODAY...

YOU  
MEAN GO  
TO THE  
MALL?

I'M NOT  
ENTIRELY  
SURE US  
GOING THERE  
WOULD  
HELP.

HMM?  
I'M NOT  
SURE.



IF YOU  
DONT LIKE WHAT  
YOU SEE, I WILL  
RAISE YOUR  
CONCERNS WITH THE  
GOVERNING BODY  
AND SUSPEND THIS  
COURSE!

I'M  
NOT TOO SURE HOW  
SENDING OUR SONS TO A  
MALL TO WORK ALONGSIDE  
OTHER WOMEN WILL HELP,  
EITHER, BUT I THINK THAT MRS.  
MOORE IS BEING FAIR, AND WE ALL  
APPLIED FOR THIS BECAUSE IT WAS  
MS. STONEBRIDGE AT THE  
HELM... AND MORE IMPORTANTLY,  
WE ALL WANT OUR BOYS TO  
STOP IDOLIZING OUR USELESS  
EX-HUSBANDS, AND FOR  
ME, THAT'S WHAT'S  
IMPORTANT  
HERE!

A woman with short, wavy blonde hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a long-sleeved, horizontally striped shirt. She is looking down and to her left. The background includes a green chalkboard with the text "What have WE learned?", a round clock on the wall, and a framed picture of a person's legs. The scene is lit with warm, indoor lighting.

A GIFT FOR  
ME?  
WHY, BOYS,  
THANK YOU!

What have WE learned?

WHAT  
WONDERFUL  
STUDENTS THESE  
TWO HAVE BECOME!  
AND TO THINK I HAD  
SILLY RESERVATIONS  
ABOUT TEACHING  
THEM...

CELIA, THIS  
IS NOT YOU!  
PLEASE WAKE  
UP! WAKE UP,  
PLEASE!



HECTOR  
WANTED TO SHOW  
YOU OUR  
APPRECIATION, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
MA'AM!

NICHOLAS,  
IS CORRECT, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
MA'AM, WE ARE  
BOTH TRULY  
THANKFUL FOR  
WHAT YOU HAVE  
TAUGHT US...

I AM  
SPEECHLESS!  
IN ALL MY YEARS  
OF TEACHING, NO  
ONE HAS EVER  
GIVEN ME A GIFT...  
THANK YOU,  
BOYS!

CAN I ALSO SAY  
YOU LOOK FABULOUS  
TODAY, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE?

OH, NICHOLAS,  
YOU SWEET YOUNG  
MAN! I CAN SEE  
THESE LESSONS ARE  
REALLY BEGINNING TO  
HAVE AN IMPACT ON  
YOU TWO!

AND AS  
A RETURN GIFT TO  
YOU BOTH, I WOULD  
LIKE FOR ONE OR  
BOTH OF YOU TO  
BECOME GUINEA PIGS  
AS I HAVE BEEN  
THESE PAST THREE  
DAYS... WHAT DO  
YOU SAY?




OH, MY GOD,  
THAT WOULD BE  
AWESOME,  
WOULDN'T IT,  
NICHOLAS?

IT  
WOULD?

YEAH,  
SURE IT WOULD,  
NICHOLAS...  
I TELL YOU WHAT, I  
WILL BE MS.  
STONEBRIDGE'S  
GUINEA PIG  
FIRST!

I'M NOT TOO  
SURE ABOUT ME  
BECOMING ONE,  
THOUGH, HECTOR! I  
MEAN, WHAT WOULD  
WE BE HAVING  
DONE?




A classroom scene with a teacher and two students. The teacher, Ms. Stonebridge, is a blonde woman with short hair, wearing a purple and white striped long-sleeved shirt and a grey skirt. She is standing in the center, facing the two students. The student on the left is a young man with short brown hair, wearing a white short-sleeved shirt and black pants. The student on the right is a young man with short dark hair, also wearing a white short-sleeved shirt and black pants. They are standing on a purple patterned rug. In the background, there is a green chalkboard, a wooden desk with a lamp, and a window. A speech bubble from the teacher says, "WELL, FIRST WE NEED TO ORGANIZE THIS CLASSROOM FOR OUR GUEST TO BE ABLE TO WORK ON YOU!". A speech bubble from the student on the left says, "A GUEST, MS. STONEBRIDGE?". A speech bubble from the student on the right says, "YES, A GUEST, AND SHE WILL BE TEACHING ONE OF YOU WHILE THE OTHER PLAYS GUINEA PIG!". A speech bubble from the student on the right at the bottom says, "WHAT WILL THIS GUEST BE TEACHING US, MS. STONEBRIDGE?".

WELL, FIRST WE  
NEED TO ORGANIZE  
THIS CLASSROOM FOR  
OUR GUEST TO BE  
ABLE TO WORK ON  
YOU!

A GUEST, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE?


YES, A GUEST, AND  
SHE WILL BE  
TEACHING ONE  
OF YOU WHILE  
THE OTHER  
PLAYS GUINEA  
PIG!

WHAT WILL THIS  
GUEST BE  
TEACHING US,  
MS.  
STONEBRIDGE?

A woman with short, straight blonde hair and bangs is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a white sweater with dark horizontal stripes. Her right hand is raised to her chin, with her index finger pointing upwards. She has a thoughtful or slightly surprised expression. The background is an indoor setting with a window covered by light-colored blinds. Two framed pictures are visible on the wall behind her. The lighting is soft and even.

YOU ARE GOING  
TO LEARN ABOUT  
COSMETICS TODAY -  
AN INSIGHT INTO WHAT  
IT'S LIKE TO BE  
BEAUTICIANS!

NOW, I HAVE  
TO SEE THE  
HEADMISTRESS, SO  
WHILE I'M GONE, I  
WANT YOU TO BOTH  
ORGANIZE THE  
ARRIVAL OF OUR  
NEW EQUIPMENT!



I AM STILL  
CONFUSED AS TO WHY  
WORKING IN A MALL  
WILL TEACH MY SON  
ANYTHING!

AS I  
SAID, MRS. WILSON,  
IF AFTER YOUR VISIT  
TO THE MALL, YOU  
ARE STILL CONCERNED,  
I WILL MAKE  
PREPARATIONS TO  
CEASE THIS COURSE  
AND DEEM IT A  
FAILURE!

I WILL GO TO  
THIS MALL, BUT  
I'LL BE GOING THERE  
TO RETRIEVE MY SON  
FROM YOUR RIDICULOUS  
COURSE... AND AS TO  
HOW MY SON WOULD  
BENEFIT FROM  
WORKING IN SUCH AN  
ENVIRONMENT, I  
HAVE NO IDEA!

OF COURSE,  
MRS. WILSON!

I WILL  
EXPECT MY  
DEPOSIT TO BE  
REFUNDED AS SOON  
AS POSSIBLE AND THAT  
RIDICULOUS FURNITURE  
YOU SET UP IN HIS  
ROOM REMOVED,  
TOO...

Irene had expected resistance from the students' mothers, and as harsh as Mrs. Wilson's threats were, the headmistress was confident that all three mothers would be more than amicable after their visit to the mall...

LADIES, IT IS  
WONDERFUL TO  
SEE SOME OF  
MY FORMER  
STUDENTS!

MS.  
STONEBRIDGE?  
I, UH...?

NOW  
LET ME  
GUESS! DON'T  
TELL ME...  
CRAIG WILSON'S  
MOTHER...  
JULIE CROSS,  
YES?

I, UH...  
YES, YES,  
IT IS!

STILL  
VOICING YOUR  
OPINIONS, I  
ASSUME, MISS  
CROSS!

UH...

OH, MY  
GOSH! YOU  
REMEMBER  
ALL OF US?

OH, MS.  
STONEBRIDGE,  
HOW WONDERFUL  
TO SEE YOU!


ALTHOUGH  
GYWNN DOES  
HAVE ME  
BEATEN...  
HMM, WHY CAN'T  
I RECALL WHO  
SHE WAS?

I NEVER  
FORGET A FACE, MY  
DEARS... AND YOU ARE  
MOST DEFINITELY  
HECTOR'S MOTHER...  
RUTH NIELSEN!

OH, YES,  
THAT'S ME - HEE  
HEE! I MUST SAY,  
YOU LOOK...

FABULOUS, I  
THINK, IS THE  
WORD YOU'RE  
LOOKING FOR,  
MISS NIELSEN!

MY, SHE  
LOOKS  
NOTHING LIKE  
I REMEMBER  
HER!



AND YOU ARE MOST DEFINITELY THAT PRETTY ANGEL GIA, WHO I RECALL USED TO SPEND ALL HER TIME ON PREENING HERSELF FOR BOYS.

HA HA! YES, MS. STONEBRIDGE...

GIA CORDINI, I RECOLLECT... YOU WENT ON TO BECOME A MODEL, DIDN'T YOU?

YOU ARE CORRECT... ALTHOUGH I'M NOT AS THIN AS I WAS BACK THEN!

I RECALL YOU WELL, MISS CORDINI!

OH, I HAVEN'T BEEN CALLED THAT FOR AT LEAST 20 YEARS!

The arrival of Ms. Stonebridge soon had all three mothers where Irene wanted them...

I WILL GLADLY ESCORT THESE YOUNG LADIES TO THE MALL, MRS. MOORE!

IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU ALL AGAIN, AND I DO HOPE THIS TRIP WITH MS. STONEBRIDGE WILL MAKE YOU SEE HOW FUNDAMENTAL THIS STRATEGY OF PLACING YOUR SONS IN A FEMALE WORKING ENVIRONMENT IS TO THEIR PROGRESSION!

I'VE ALREADY MADE MY MIND UP, MRS. MOORE - I DON'T FEEL THAT THIS COURSE IS RIGHT FOR MY CRAIG!

IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU AGAIN, MRS. MOORE, AND AS MRS. WILSON SAYS, I DON'T FEEL OUR SONS WORKING IN A MALL IS IN THEIR BEST INTEREST!

I AM OPEN-MINDED, MRS. MOORE, AND AS I MENTIONED, I DO FEEL MY NICHOLAS'S ATTITUDE HAS BEEN A LOT BETTER... BUT I WILL HAVE TO GO WITH WHAT MRS. WILSON AND MRS. BURGESS AGREE ON!

OF COURSE, LADIES!

THEY'LL NEVER ESCAPE THE SALON - HEE HEE!

30 minutes later...

OH, LOOK AT THAT, GIA!

OH, I LOVE THAT OUTFIT... RUTHIE, THAT WOULD LOOK GREAT ON YOU, TOO!

OH, GIA, YOU GOTTA COME BACK TO THIS SHOP AND TRY IT ON!

OH, JULIE, LIGHTEN UP WILL YA... THEY CAN WAIT, CAN'T THEY, GIRLS?

ARE WE GOING TO COLLECT OUR BOYS?

JULIE CROSS, WILL YOU PLEASE STOP TRYING TO RUIN EVERYONE'S ENJOYMENT?!

SORRY, MS. STONEBRIDGE...

COME ALONG, GIRLS LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE MALL'S WONDERFUL SALON!

SALON, OH, MY GOD, YES!

YES, HECTOR SAID THE SAME THING!

SALON, OH, GREAT, MY NICHOLAS MENTIONED HOW WONDERFUL THE GIRLS ARE IN THERE!

YES, SORRY, MS. STONEBRIDGE... I JUST...

MISS CROSS, STOP SULKING THIS INSTANT AND GET IN LINE!



And how right Irene's thoughts were, for like Gloria and herself, no one had ever escaped the Butterfly Salon!

OK, MISS NIELSEN, AN HOUR UNDER HERE AND YOU'LL BE A COMPLETELY NEW YOU!

OH... HEE HEE - PLEASE, I'M MRS. BURGESS...

I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW RELAXING THIS IS... OH, AND WHAT WONDERFUL MUSIC!

I REALLY DON'T THINK THIS IS NECESSARY... I ONLY CAME HERE TO COLLECT MY SON!

AND SO YOU WILL, MISS CROSS, BUT I'M SURE WASHING MR. WILSON OUT OF YOUR HAIR IS JUST AS IMPORTANT, YES?

MR. WILSON? YES, AN ABSOLUTE BASTARD!

TO BE CONTINUED...