It Ain’t Rocket Science: But beauty has its own challenges…

Amanda Hawkins

Oh, Timmy wasn’t crazy about the idea either. Especially after I showed him the dress he’d be wearing. Don’t ask me why, but for some reason teenage boys have a strange aversion to the color pink. Silly, isn’t it? In any event, he came around once I gently explained how his college fund depended on him winning this womanless beauty pageant.

But, uhm, this isn’t a womanless pageant at all. Other than Tim, these are all real girls.

Well, I couldn’t very well tell him that. Not until he got these hair extensions put in, and those adorable little breast forms glued on nice and tight, and his makeup was finished and he was properly attired in full lingerie and this lovely gown. In fact, Tiffany here wasn’t told about her competitors until just a few minutes ago. I’m sure she’s nervous, but she certainly doesn’t look out of place.

I should say not. She even sounds the part. Good thing her voice hasn’t broken yet, eh?

She had a little help there... something I’ve been slipping into her orange juice for the last few years. If she ever decides to make her mother happy and go full-time, she won’t have any problems passing. All that nonsense about being a rocket scientist... as if there’s anything wrong with coming to work for her mother as a beautician. She and I could run the salon together, as a team, and someday she could own the place. How sweet is that?

Wonderful, assuming that’s what she wants. If not, I suppose it’ll give her a butt-load of motivation to come in first... Ironic, isn’t it? Your son’s future as a man might depend on just how much of a woman he can be tonight.

Oh hush, you’ll frighten the girl... Just do your best, sweetie. It’s no shame to come in second.