

*TALES OF
THE MAID*



Volume One

TALES OF THE MAID

Volume 1

***Edited by
Francoise Quesnay***



Fantasy Fiction Group

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K.L. & F.Q.





Foreword by Kate Lesley

Hello there, girls. Francoise has invited me to say a few words to you at the beginning of this new magazine. I think she may regret it when she sees the length that my 'few words' has run to, but it just all spurted out, as President Bill said to Monica Lewinsky (allegedly).

What a pleasure it is to talk to you again. I must say, you are looking very pretty at the moment, all aglow with feminine beauty and allure. I can see that you enjoy being a girl as much as I do.

And thank you for ordering this first edition of *Tales of the Maid*.

I really do appreciate your support, as I always say in my letters to you. Without you, there would be no Fantasy Fiction Group. We try to bring you what we know you want - a combination of well-written short stories and tasteful illustrations in a good quality publication.

*The Literature of Enforced
Feminisation*

Nearly every phone call I get these days confirms that there is an ever-increasing demand for the literature of enforced feminisation. I am not sure what this says about the state of male-kind as we approach the Millennium. It has been remarked by a number of female media pundits, most of them feminists, that men seem to have 'lost their way' in contemporary society; many of the traditionally male jobs in heavy industry have disappeared for ever, and the 'macho' character traits of the unreformed male are fairly universally despised. Women are on the ascendant, so perhaps in the future we are all going to have to



be more feminine. It is a comforting thought for cross-dressers and feminised males that they may merely be anticipating a general cultural change, an historical imperative which it is futile to resist.



Several of the stories published in *Tales of Crossdressing* have explored, in different ways, the central theme of enforced feminisation by dominant women. Most of Volume 5 was given over to stories dealing with this theme, and in 'The Last Straw' and 'Virtual Reality Woman', we pushed out our own, self-imposed boundaries a little with regard to the erotic nature of both text and graphics.

I realised around that time that there was a need for publications which would concentrate almost entirely on the enforced feminisation theme, and would include more sexually explicit material - hence the launch of *Tales of the Maid* and *Tales of Sissy School*.

Erotic but not Pornographic

But if you are looking for pornography, please look elsewhere; our publications are not for you.

I believe *there is* a distinction between pornography and eroticism. It is sometimes argued that this is a matter of personal taste. I don't agree with this view. Erotic stories and graphics, if they are well-done, have artistic and creative merit in their own right. Story-lines and development of character *do matter* in erotic fiction, as does the skill and aesthetic force of the art work in erotic images.

Pornography has no aspirations towards artistic integrity; the implausibility and tastelessness of pornographic stories and photographs insult the intelligence. The only aim of pornography is to make money; the quality of the text or image is irrelevant. Pornography is *never truly erotic*; it is invariably exploitative, sordid and degrading.

In *Tales of the Maid*, we will be publishing stories and art-work which will be sexually explicit, but which we believe come unequivocally within the definition of eroticism.

Look at the astonishing and beautiful images in the full-colour feature entitled 'The Erotic Art of Enforced Feminisation', which you will find in the middle section of the magazine, and you can begin to make up your own mind about this.

Kate Lesley



Editorial

Welcome to the first edition of *Tales of the Maid*. And what, I'd like to know, do you think you're doing - sitting there reading this magazine, when you should be polishing the furniture, or preparing a meal for your mistress, or washing her underwear, or doing some other domestic activity more appropriate to your role and station in life?

Perhaps you are rather a sissy, on the quiet? Perhaps you are one of those strange boys who would really rather be a girl? You obviously need some firm discipline. I'd like to take you in hand and train you myself. I expect you'd like to wear one of my maid's outfits? Yes, I thought so; I know your type. So, you'd like to be a little sissy girl, eh, and wear a lacy silk bra and panties; a black suspender belt and sheer black stockings; white lacy frou-frou petticoats; a little black satin dress with a white lace collar; a black satin apron trimmed with white lace, and painfully high-heeled black court shoes? And you'd like me to pluck your eye-brows into feminine arcs, make up your face with foundation, eye-shadow and mascara, and paint your lips carmine red and glossy? I would have to give you a girl's hairstyle, pin a little maid's cap on your head and make sure that your long, girlish finger-nails were varnished red.

We'd have to arrange a course of electrolysis to remove all traces of your facial hair, which would be more effective if we also put you on female hormones - I'm sure you won't object. The female hormones will start your breast development and help to widen your hips but I'll





also insist that you are well-corsetted to give you the small waist that you will need if you are to achieve a perfect girl's figure.

And of course I'll arrange for you to have breast implants, as the hormones will not do enough by themselves to give you the magnificent cleavage which I desire you to display.

Finally, we will have to do something about concealing that nasty little mess of disgusting male flesh between your legs; we must give you a flat, smoothly-rounded shape down there so that you look as nice as any other girl when you are just wearing your panties. Perhaps we will decide to get rid of your boy bits completely, to make you a real girl, like me.



I will turn you into a particularly feminine, sissy sort of floozy, and you know you'll love it, and of course it's what you deserve. And there will be no turning back once we've started; the changes will be permanent. You will have to stay as a girl for the rest of your life, working as a maid in one of the households in which I will place you, where your new mistress will know just how to treat you.

And you must promise me that you will do whatever your mistress desires, pleasure her in any way she asks, however exotic, and perform any task for her, however menial and degrading. Do you promise these things?

That's all for now, my naughty little sissy girls; I can tell you I wouldn't spare you a good spanking if you were all kneeling before me right now, curtsying in your little maid's outfits. So get off your nylon-clad knees and think yourselves lucky that I've shown mercy this time - next time we meet your punishment will be all the more *extreme*...

Francoise Quesnay



I had been serving Mistress Rita as her Sissy Maid for about eight months when one Sunday night she brought me into the living room and sat me down with a serious face I hadn't often seen.

'Bonnie,' she asked, 'are you happy here being my maidservant?'

Caught by surprise, I could only answer honestly. 'Oh YES Mistress, more than you could ever know. It's all my fantasies come true. I always wanted to serve a beautiful woman as her French Maid and no one is more beautiful than you.' I meant every word.!

'I'm glad you feel that way,' Mistress Rita replied. 'Because I'm going to send you away for a while.'

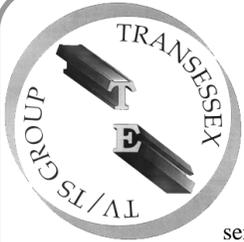
'Away?' My heart sank. I was being dismissed. Had I displeased her? What had I done?

Reading the fear in my pleading eyes, Mistress smiled.

'Oh no Bonnie, you haven't displeased me. Quite the contrary. I want you to be my permanent Sissy Maid, and I'm sending you to Mistress Renée's Academy for intensive training. You should be honoured; it's a sizeable investment...more than a good college!

'You'll love it, you really will. You won't have to go to work so you can have long nails the way you've always wanted. You'll wear makeup, perfume and lingerie all day and night. You won't have a stitch of male clothing in your wardrobe. You'll prance around in your little uniform and high heels the way you've always wanted to.'

'What about my job?'



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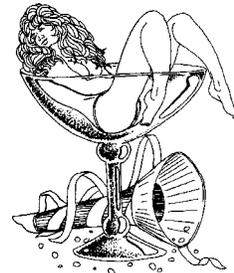
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‘You’ve already quit. You’ve resigned for personal reasons.’

‘How long will I be gone?’

‘Six to ten months, depending on how quickly you advance. The harder you work at your training the sooner you can come back. Then again, you may not want to! Will you submit yourself for training, then? If you refuse, you can consider yourself dismissed as my French Maid.’

‘I will do as you say Mistress. I live to serve you.’

‘Good. Be ready to go tomorrow. Don’t bother to pack anything. Everything will be provided for you.’

The next day, we got in Mistress’s car and drove over the Throgs Neck Bridge up I-95 all the way to New Hampshire. We got off the exit onto a county road that was nothing but trees. We drove for nearly another hour without seeing anything resembling a town.

Finally, we reached a driveway blocked by two large gates with a small sign that said: NORTH HAVEN ACADEMY - PRIVATE

The gates automatically swung open. We were expected. We drove down the long driveway through thick forest until we reached a clearing. There was a large Victorian-style mansion there, perfectly restored and freshly painted. We pulled into the circular drive around the house and stopped.



We got out and I rang the doorbell. The huge, ten-foot doors opened and we stepped inside the vestibule, where we were met by a French Maid clad in black and white. She was dressed in a black satin uniform with only the tiniest white apron that was a confection of ruffles and lace. She also wore black sheer stockings and the highest black patent heels. The skirt was short, and made even shorter by the fullness of the thick white petticoats that held them up almost vertically.

The Sissy Maid curtsayed deeply as we came through the door, lifting her skirt and petticoats high above her waist and exposing

everything underneath. Thus exposed, I could see her frilly panties - a delightful undergarment with elaborate ruffles from the waistband to the leg holes. The bulge in the front of the lovely panties left no doubt whatsoever as to the wearer's actual gender.

'Welcome Mistress Rita, and you too Sissy Bonnie,' the maid greeted in a voice that seemed a little too deep to go with the person it came from. 'I'm Sissy Yvette, the Parlour Maid. It's so nice to see you again, Mistress Rita. Mistress Renée is expecting you. Please follow me to the Library.'

Mistress Rita stepped closer to the Sissy Maid and said, 'Such perfect protocol, Sissy Yvette. And your curtsy was performed impeccably. I must compliment Mistress Renée on how well she's trained you. Bonnie Dear, I hope you're paying close attention. Here is a perfect little Sissy Maid any Mistress would be proud to own.'

'Thank you Mistress Rita,' Yvette replied, smiling.

'Now Yvette,' continued Mistress Rita, 'how long have you been the Parlour Maid here at The Academy?'

'Almost two years, Mistress Rita.'

'I hear you're being considered as one of Mistress Renée's chambermaids. That's quite an honour for a Sissy Maid. You must be quite a competent, obedient little tart.'

'Thank you Mistress Rita, I do try.'

'Mmmmm, and I know how much you must love to wear the frilly panties, don't you Yvette? I'll bet you walk around stiff in them all day long.' Mistress reached her hand under Yvette's skirt and began sliding her hand against the big bulge in the front. 'Oooh,' she cooed, they feel so nice and silky against your little clitty, don't they? Mmmmm, I'll bet you just love it. Couldn't you just go off in your little panties right now? I don't think that's a good idea. You know how much Mistress Renée likes to punish sissies who foul their panties with their sissy cream.'

Yvette began to break into a cold sweat as Mistress rubbed her hand against Yvette's cock through her panties. She slid her hand across the tenting panty front with sensual skill, pressing her long nails right against the base of Yvette's glans. The Sissy Maid let out a little gasp. Beads of perspiration appeared on her forehead.

‘Please Mistress Rita,’ she pleaded.

‘Please Mistress Rita,’ Mistress repeated mockingly. ‘Please Mistress Rita WHAT, Sissy Yvette? Please Mistress Rita stop rubbing my sissy sausage or Please Mistress Rita finish me off and let me make my panties all wet?’

Then Mistress Rita removed her hand from under Yvette’s skirt.

‘Well,’ she said, ‘I suppose there’s no point in getting you punished for no good reason. Very well then, take us to Mistress Renée.’

‘Very good, Mistress Rita.’ Sissy Maid Yvette straightened her petticoats and led us down a long corridor. Protocol would usually call for me to walk two steps behind Mistress Rita but she wanted me to get a good look at the way Yvette glided on her towering heels, obviously the product of much training and practice. She had the best ‘fuck me’ walk I’d ever seen, on either man or woman. Her behind shimmied from side to side as her skirt and petticoats followed in tandem. It was quite a pleasing sight.

As we walked down the hallway, my eyes followed Yvette’s lovely behind. ‘Now do try to get off on the right foot with Mistress Renée,’ said Mistress Rita. ‘She can be simply dreadful to sissies who displease her.’

We were brought to a large room with huge ceilings and big, bright windows. I could see the silhouette of a woman sitting at the other end. As we approached, I got a better look at her. She was a woman in her mid-fifties with that short wedge-type, almost mannish haircut that businesswomen have, dyed a platinum blonde. Her attire also said ‘all business’ - a plain black wool blazer with matching skirt, a white silk blouse with ruffles at the neck and dark hose. I knew this was Mistress Renée, Grandmistress of Sissy Training, yet on the street she would have looked like any other career woman. The only hint of the erotic nature of her business lay in her black patent pumps with the 6 inch heels.

Mistress Renée looked quite comfortable sitting there in the large, opulently furnished room. Her speech and her mannerisms suggested old money, and she referred to herself with the royal ‘we.’

‘Ah Rita, we’re so pleased to see you again.’



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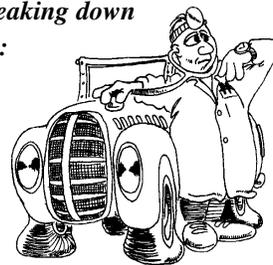
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Mike wasn't a big bloke. He was only a little over five-foot and small boned. Not being the athletic type, he had little muscle definition and a fair amount of flab covered his small frame. Mike was not the sort to sweep a girl off her feet, so it had been a surprise when Diana had approached him at the disco and asked him to dance. Despite her attire of loose check shirt and faded,

old jeans, Diana was not unattractive. She was what you would call statuesque. A big girl, nearly six-foot, and well built. She was handsome rather than pretty, with a long, shaggy mane of dark hair. Diana had been very friendly, chatty and outgoing, and she seemed quite smitten with Mike. She hung on his every word as if he was the font of all wisdom, and did wonders for his ego. She even bought her own round, a fact which the impecunious Mike thought both liberated and welcome because she drank as many pints as he did. When she asked him to walk her home, he could not believe his luck. He had never been much of a ladies' man and had had few girlfriends. He naturally jumped at the chance.

She walked beside Mike with her arm draped protectively around his shoulders. He thought it a little disconcerting, but given their height difference he realised that he could not reverse the situation, so he did nothing about it. She invited him into her flat, where she said she lived alone. It was clean and comfortable without being over decorated. She poured him a nightcap of vodka, and they drank together talking and laughing as if they were old friends, not recent acquaintances.

They indulged in some petting. Mike was very inexperienced and not

sorry that Diana took the lead. In fact he rather enjoyed letting her kiss and caress him while he played the passive role.

After the kissing and cuddling, they had another drink.

‘Would you like to stay the night?’ asked Diana.

Mike almost choked on his vodka.

She was tall and well built but still quite attractive. He did not hesitate but agreed.

‘Excellent. I’ll get you some night clothes.’

Mike did not normally wear any pyjamas but nodded his assent.

‘Do you have my size?’ he joked.

Diana nodded, ‘I’m sure I do.’

She left the room, and Mike had another drink while he waited.

Diana reappeared carrying a bundle of clothing.

‘Do you want to get changed now?’

‘Okay’

She handed him the bundle.

Mike gazed at the clothes he had been given.

‘Is this a joke?’ he laughed, because he held a white pantie-girdle with attached suspenders and a lace trimmed satin bra.

Diana sat beside him, put her arm around his waist, and smiled warmly.

‘No joke, my girl. They are your size I’m certain. I’m pretty good at estimating sizes. You are a large 12 or a small 14.

‘But these are girl’s clothes?’

‘That’s right, my lovely. Pretty clothes for a pretty girl.’

‘But...’

Mike’s protest was silenced as a fist slammed into his stomach, sending him gasping backwards.

Another blow sent his head spinning and he fell to his knees onto the floor.

Diana grabbed him by the neck of his shirt and waved a fist in his face.

‘I don’t like girls who lead me on. Now, are you going to be a good little girl for Di or do you want some more? I’d better warn you that I am a karate black belt and what you’ve had so far is just a taster of what could be in store for you.’

Mike was scared stiff. His dream evening was turning into a nightmare.
'What do you say?' asked Diana.
'Okay, anything you say,' sobbed Mike.
She released her hold and smiled, 'That's better. Do as you're told like a good girl and you'll be all right. Do you understand?'

Mike nodded.

'Say that you'll be a good girl,' insisted Diana.

'I'll be a good girl,' stammered Mike.

'Good girl! That's much better. Now take off those tomboy clothes, they're so unflattering, and get into your proper ones.'

Under Diana's watchful gaze Mike stripped off his shirt, trousers, pants, shoes and socks and stood naked, shaking with cold and fear.

'There's a good girl,' smiled Diana, 'Now put this on.'

She handed him the white pantie-girdle.

'Push you bits down and hold them back back between your legs as you pull it up,' ordered Diana. Mike did as he was told; the pantie girdle was a tight fit, and it was a struggle to ease it all the way up, keeping his male parts held back between his legs. He looked down at his shape when he had got the pantie-girdle fully on and was amazed at the way it had pulled in his waist and smoothed his crotch into a flattened mound, so that it looked exactly like a girl's.



Diana patted him on the backside.

'What a gorgeous tight little bum you have, my girl.'

Then her hand stroked his leg.

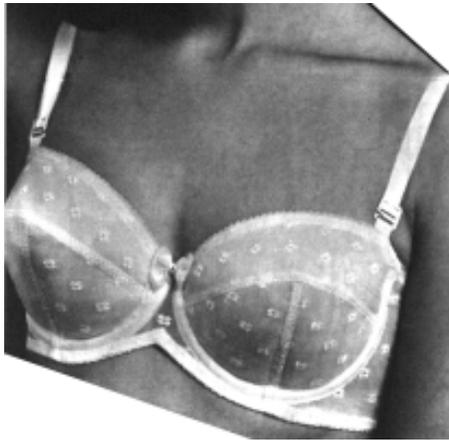
'My. You are getting a little hairy though. You've been forgetting to shave your legs, you naughty girl. We had better see to that, hadn't we?'

There followed a visit to the bathroom where Mike, under Diana's supervision had his legs, arms and chest shaved of what little hair he had.

'That's much nicer,' said Diana as he rubbed the baby oil she had given him over the shaved areas.

‘You look much smoother now, much more lady like. You can put on your stockings now.’

Diana sat Mike down on a chair, gathered up one of the coffee-coloured stockings, and showed him how to roll the gauzy skein of the nylon over his toe, ease it up his leg, and attach the top to the suspenders on the pantie-girdle. She nodded in approval as he carefully put on the other stocking in the same way by himself. The nylon of the stockings slid so smoothly over his legs that he quite enjoyed the sensation.



‘Very nice. You really do have nice legs, lovely girl,’ said Diana admiringly. ‘Now for your shoes.’

She handed Mike a pair of black patent high heels. He put them on. They were the right size, but he felt strange so high up with his hips pushed forward, as he balanced in the unfamiliar footwear.

‘Very good,’ beamed Diana. ‘Now, my girl. Let’s see to your bust. I think you would look nice

with a 36C, don’t you? Not too big.’

Mike could only nod. He was afraid to antagonise the giantess.

The bra was of white satin with a pretty cream lace trim and a pink bow between the cups, which were slightly padded. As Diana slipped the bra into place and began to adjust the padding, straps and back, Mike could feel his chest being squeezed and lifted. Gazing down he saw that he now had a bust with a definite cleavage. Diana held the newly appeared breasts in her large hands. Her strong fingers stroked his prominent nipples through the silky material. Mike gasped with the pleasure the sensation was giving him.

‘Do you like that?’ inquired Diana, with a knowing smile.

‘Yes,’ breathed Mike, honestly. His small, firm breasts were heaving uncontrollably and his penis began to get hard and push against the satin material of his pantie-girdle. Then he caught sight of himself in the full-

length mirror on the bathroom wall. He could hardly recognise his body in the pretty undies.

Diana caught him looking at himself.

‘Admiring yourself, you vain girl,’ she laughed, and gave him a playful smack on the satin clad buttocks.

‘However, I must agree that you do have a nice little figure. Now let’s see to your face’

Mike found it hard to stand motionless as Diana shaved his face for him. He was trembling with a mixture of fear and excitement. Fear



because he knew that any resistance would earn a beating but strangely excited by the masterful way Diana was dominating him. He realised that he was enjoying the feeling of letting her take all responsibility, of being under her control.

She took him by the hand and led him into the bedroom and up to a dressing table. Diana told him to sit down.

After twenty minutes’ working on his face, she took a Sixties retro-style blonde wig and fitted it to his head, flicking at the fringe and backcombing it until she was satisfied. Mike peered into the dressing-table mirror and could not believe the transformation. The blue eye-shadow, the powder, rouge, lipstick and the blonde wig had transformed his features into

those of a lovely girl. He could not resist making a pout with his coral pink lips.

‘You look gorgeous, my girl,’ said Diana, with a grin, then she opened

In Volume 8 of
**TALES OF
CROSSDRESSING :**

Jackie and Melanie Take Charge (Part Two)

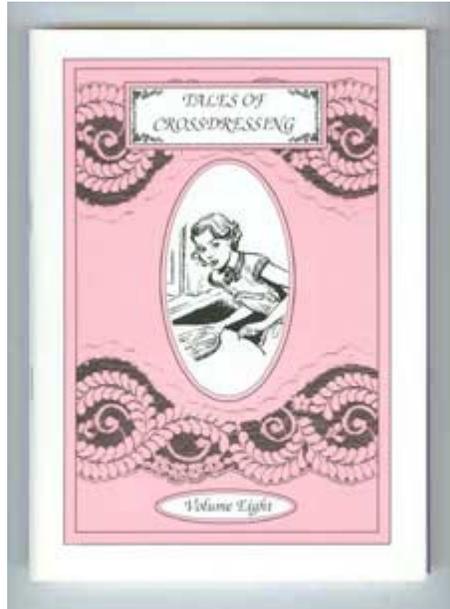
Kevin is transformed into Laura, an attractive blonde: 'You know,' said Melanie, 'Kevin has the cutest knees; I can't wait to see him again in a skirt and high heels...'

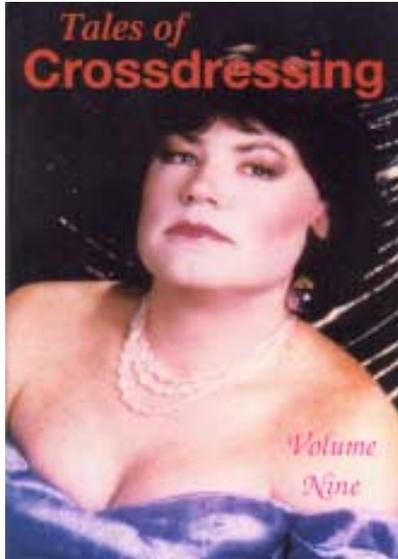
Dressed for the Party

When his own clothes are soaked in a thunderstorm, Sandra persuades her boyfriend to wear some of her friend's clothes to go to the party. There's just one problem - her friend is a girl...

Fit and Feminine *Colin stays at a health farm with a difference - all the guests are men who are dressed completely as women. Find out what happens when Colin meets the lovely she-male Christine, whose breasts are real and magnificent...*

Trouble for a Twin *John and Jane are twins. They exchange clothes for a prank, which goes wrong when John's grandparents mistake him for his sister and force him to continue dressing as a girl...*





In Volume 9 of
**TALES OF
CROSSDRESSING :**

Tiger *After recent sex-change surgery, Claire (formerly Andrew) goes to convalesce with her great grandfather, Gerald Childs. Old Mr. Childs reminisces to his new great granddaughter about his days as a captain in the merchant marine on the great pre-war passenger liners. He recalls particularly a personal steward or 'tiger' of his by the name of Frost, nicknamed 'Freezer', who liked to wear women's clothes...*

This beautifully written and unique tale has everything - adventure on the high seas, romance - and a thoughtful and realistic analysis of family and social attitudes to cross-dressing and transsexuality over several generations. It is actually 'several stories within a story', which are revealed like a series of Russian dolls...

The Piano *A young man is so besotted by the beauty of his new piano teacher that he finds himself obeying her every whim - even when she makes him wear a bra. As he falls more and more completely under her domination, the bra is followed by panties, then black lace suspender belt and stockings, until finally she has him dressed completely as a girl...*

Jealousy on Ice *George looks enviously at the frilly, sequined dresses worn by the girls at the skating club. He resolves to join the club - as a girl. George becomes Gina, and meets a tall blonde girl called Trudy. Soon Gina and Trudy are lovers and skating partners; but who will wear the white satin skirt on the day of the competition...?*

In the Club (Part One) *Chris has been made redundant, and when his friend Tony tells him of a position at a cocktail bar and club, he jumps at it. There is just one catch - Chris has to dress as a girl...*



***In Volume 2 of
TALES OF THE
MAID :***

**Sissy Maid Academy
(Part Two)**

*Sissy Bonnie starts her
maid training and learns
all the ways to pleasure her
mistress.*

Darren's Dilemma

*Tranny Darren gets more
than he bargains for when
he goes to the home of his
forceful female boss.*

The Last Straw (Part Four)

*Denise is to live permanently as a woman - she is taken shopping to
buy her new clothes and to the hair salon to have her hair done in an
extravagantly feminine style...*

Also in this issue:

8 Page colour special featuring our Maids Photo Gallery

Mistress Amanda's Letters Page.

*The second issue of Tales of the Maid features more full colour pages
than ever before.*

TALES OF SISSY SCHOOL
*focuses on stories about
petticoat punishment and boys
who are sissified and dressed
as girls by mothers,
sisters,aunts, governesses or
teachers.*

In Volume 1 of
TALES OF SISSY SCHOOL :

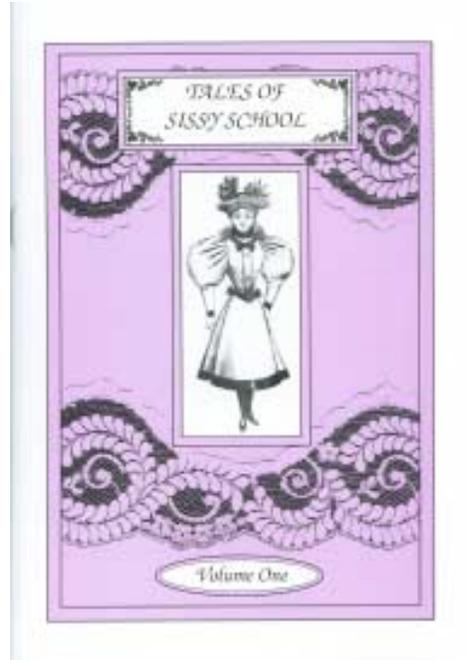
**Petticoat Academy for
Delinquent Children:
A Student's Diary**

*Miss Jackson uses petticoat
punishment and gradual
feminisation to discipline and
rehabilitate delinquent boys; in some cases the feminisation is complete.
Daily life at the Jackson Academy is described through the diary entries of one
of the pupils.*

An Aunt's Dilemma - Her Petticoat Solution

*Patrick is often teased and picked on at school - even by younger children.
Aunt Karen concludes that Patrick's real problem is that he is a sissy, and
decides that the only way to deal with him is to transform him from nephew
into niece...*

School for Sissies (Part One) *The first part of this glorious tale traces
the early life of Françoise Quesnay, born a boy but from the age of five raised
as a girl by her mother, the formidable Lydia Quesnay.*





In Volume 2 of
TALES OF SISSY SCHOOL:

**School for Sissies
 (Part Two)**

Continuing the adventures of Francois / Francoise - who is introduced as Lydia's daughter during their six week holiday in Provence. Back in England, Francoise starts St. Saviour's Girls Preparatory School...

Yes Mummy

Jim has always been fascinated by female clothes. While his wife Ann is at aerobics class, he cannot

resist trying on her new nightie. Ann and her mother return early from the class and catch him wearing the nightie; they decide to feminise him and dress him as a school girl.

School Swap *A boy's games kit is stolen and he is forced to go home in a girl's school dress, lace-trimmed slip, nylon panties, ankle socks and girl's shoes...*

Angelique

Wartime circumstances force a mother to turn her son into a girl... My eyebrows were plucked into a feminine shape. I was taught to sew; and I was frequently 'invited' to don a little frilly apron and do the washing up. I resisted, how I resisted being thought of as a girl!

Letters - Petticoat Punishment: Letter from a Mother

Madam Amanda's Letters Page

Features - The Bow Belle Sorority: Who's a Pretty Sissy Then?

Photo Specials - Sissies Photo Gallery

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