

Princess Access

Excerpts from

Your Link to Exciting Internet Content

Adults Only

#1

October 2010



Photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and other items of interest from our Internet website for the fantasy fulfillment of adult sissies. A wide range of items for sissies from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N

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How I Became a Sissy Boy-Girl



How I Became a Sissy Boy-Girl

Based on a story by Sissy Saga

When I was ten years old, my mother had remarried and I got my first taste of petticoat punishment. I felt my maleness being crushed into nothingness as I sat on the front porch, dressed in a pink and white frilly party dress that belonged to Shelly, my stepsister, who was delighted to monitor my punishment. The dress was made of a double layer of fabric with a thin pink chiffon over a heavier fabric; however, my mother had cut out the under dress and the remaining pink chiffon was then a see-through dress (see photo)!

Along with the horrific dress mother had made me put on lacy white anklets, shiny white Mary Janes and forced me to carry a small white patent leather purse. Neighborhood kids saw me, laughed me and then brought back other kids to tease me. The worst part, mother had made me wear a newly purchased pair of lacy pink panties and they could be seen right through the thin dress! When it got dark, I was finally allowed to come back into the house. I had tears streaming down my cheeks as mother scolded me again and asked me if I had "learned my lesson." Meekly, I answered, "Yes, mother." She told me to go to my room, take the dress off, hang it in my closet and get ready for bed. She said she had set out something for me to wear for the night, and I should put it on and not complain.

I made the mistake of asking why I had to put Shelly's old dress in my closet. Mother responded with a stern, "You'll do as you are told. I think you'll need it again soon."

I then muttered under my breath, "That's stupid. I don't need or want a silly old dress in my closet." I was lucky my mother didn't hear me say it, but Shelly did hear me. She was sad that my punishment day was coming to an end, so she was quick to tell on me and say that I had called my mother was stupid. Of course, that's not what I said, but before I could utter a word in my defense, mother grabbed my arm, put me over her lap, raised my dress and petticoat, lowered my ruffled panties and spanked the living daylight out of me. All of this to the delight of my stepsister.

Mother had never humiliated or spanked me like that before, so my embarrassment at being forced into the dress and panties was compounded by the spanking and the giggles I had heard all afternoon and was still hearing now during my spanking. I pleaded for mother to stop, and when she finally did, she gingerly replaced my panties and told me to stay that way until Hank, my stepdad came home. He was due home shortly from the insurance office where he worked. Mother said she had planned on allowing me out of the dress before

he arrived to spare me being seen by him, but since I had made that nasty comment, I was going to have to stay dressed up like a sissy so he could see me. However, she did let me put on a full length slip under the dress. I was thankful that it hid my panties from view, but I later realized that she only put me in the slip to make a bigger show of later exposing my panties to my very masculine step dad. The shame of being seen by another male was bad, but being seen by my very manly stepfather was extremely upsetting. When he did appear, it was obvious he had no sympathy for me. He told me I had brought this upon myself. "Stanley," he said with anger in his voice, "we told you what would happen to you if you didn't stop fighting and hitting your sister. I guess you didn't believe we would make you dress like a girl for fighting with her, but we did. Now, are you going to think twice about ever hitting your sister again?" I was crying too hard to replay. I just enthusiastically nodded my head 'yes.'

Mother said I should be sent to bed without supper but then relented and said I had to have something to eat, but I wouldn't get any dessert. Then, as soon as we were finished eating, mother told me again to go up to my room, but the dress in my closet along with the other clothes but to keep the panties on and put on what she had set out for me on the bed.

When my step dad heard that, he said, "Gees, Mary, you even put your boy in panties?" He was laughing so hard I thought he'd have a heart attack. "When I told you to buy him some panties and put him in a dress for fighting like a girl, I didn't think you'd really do it, really go that far. Damn, boy, I gotta see them. Hold up your party dress, Stanley. Show me your panties!" I didn't want to show him my panties, but mother pulled me off the dining room chair and pushed me up in front of my step dad. Tears gushed out of my eyes as I felt her unceremoniously gather up my dress and petticoats and pull them all the way up around my body. She commanded me to hold them high or risk another spanking. Through my crying eyes I could see Hank staring at my pantied hips.

"Damn, boy! You look pretty cute in those panties. Mary, you did get him some awfully sissy little girl panties. I don't think Shelly ever had panties that fancy. I had no idea they still made ruffled panties like that. And they fit him so well. I think he should wear them all the time. That would be a good reminder for him not to hit girls."

I lurched when I felt his hand touch my hips through the panties. "Wow! These are nice new panties, soft, silky nylon and fancy ruffles," he chuckled. "We can't let them go to waste. He'll need to wear them out before he ever goes back to any boys' underwear." My mother mentioned that I couldn't keep wearing the same pair of panties every day, so Hank then said, "Well, then, go and buy him a half-dozen or more pairs just like these, all in pink and pretty girly pastel colors. Throw away all of his boys' underpants. Stanley needs to wear panties for a time -- for a long, long time."

Mother answered, "Sure, honey, that's a good idea, but we should let him keep a few pairs of his boys' underwear for school. It would be horrible if the other kids found out."

But my step dad rebutted, "Oh, gosh, no! He needs to wear panties at the time -- especially to school. That will drive home his punishment. It'll be his job to keep them hidden from the other kids, and if they do find out, he'll just have to explain to them why he has to wear panties like a girl."

With my fate dictated, in stunned silence I went up to my room. Shelly went with me to make sure that I hung up the dress properly and got ready for bed as I had been told. She led me by the hand to my bedroom and watched as I hung the dress and petticoat in my closet, placed the Mary Janes neatly on the closet floor and the small purse on my desk. Then in just the frilly pink rhumba panties, I went over to my bed and was shocked to see a pink babydoll nightie top like my sister wears but this was new and in my size. Unsure how to approach the nightie, Shelly showed me how to gather it up and pull it over my head and settle it into place. It didn't even come down far enough to completely cover my fancy panties! My stepsister then took me by the hand back downstairs, saying that my mom and step dad wanted see how I looked before saying good night to me. I thought my tears had run dry but fresh one came to my eyes as Shelly deposited me in the living room. Mother complimented me and told me I looked so cute 'just like a girl.' Like that is what any boy wants to hear from his mother!

My stepfather relished my torment. He even made me sit on his lap. He hugged me and made me kiss him good night on the lips, and as I did, I could feel his hands all over me, especially all over my ruffled panties as he flounced up the lace and frills and told me how lucky I was to have such pretty clothes to wear. He even made me thank Shelly for letting me have her old party dress and slip and shoes and then thank my mother for buying me the nightie and panties.

I realized my mother was even a bit embarrassed for me and tried to spare me some shame as she said, "Oh, Hank, he's blushing and crying again; it's not necessary for him to thank me for those things." But Hank wouldn't hear of it, he demanded I thank her and not just a simple 'thank you' but a detailed thank you.

So finally, after repeated practice runs, I got the words out of me just exactly as he wanted. "Um, mother, thank you so much for the pretty babydoll nightie. I love it so much and it is a lot of fun to wear. And thank you for the luscious fancy panties. I always wanted to wear panties just like these but never had the nerve to ask you for some, but now, thanks to you, I have some of my own, and I can't wait for you to buy me a whole bunch more of them. I want to wear nice panties every day and I don't care if everybody in the whole world discovers that I wear panties like a sissy little girl. Thank you, so much for the panties, mommy; I love you so much!"

No boy should ever be forced to say such things, especially to his own mother and with his stepfather laughing in the background and his stepsister giggling like a hyena. Mother was crying, either because she was so embarrassed for me or because she was so delighted that I had been so thoroughly sissified. I never did figure that out.

Shelly took me up to bed. Mother then came up to tuck me in, and she privately told me that she thought my punishment had been a little too severe, and if I did improve, she would see if her new husband would be willing to lighten up on this most emasculating punishment.

But then a short while later, Hank came in to check on me. He made me take down the covers and inspected every inch of my nightie and panties. He told me to never again hit his daughter or he would take me to a doctor who would cut off my dick and balls and permanently make me into a girl. Then he kissed me on the lips and forced open my mouth with his tongue and he tongue fucked me. And as he did it, he jacked me off in the panties. At ten, I never had a sexual thought in my young life, but he awoke something in me and my dick got rock hard; he then laughed at me told me that my hard penis proved I was a sissy because a real boy would never get excited in girlie panties, especially with a man kissing him and wanking on his pantied penis. That night started years of him abusing me. It was the turning point. I took me years to realize that he had married my mother, not because he loved her, but to get to me, just so he could abuse me and turn me into the sissified, cocksucking queer that I am today! It was a long time before my mother found out about him abusing me, but she allowed him to keep on doing it because she was so in love with him and he had convinced her that I needed such treatment to keep me in line. One day she walked in on us while I was giving Hank a blowjob and he was jacking on through my pink panties. Instead of being alarmed, mother just came over and held my hand as Hank sprayed his cum in my mouth and all over my angelic, tear-stained face.

Petticoat Punishment Testimonial

Mother discovered it was the only thing that worked on me!

My father really wasn't much of a family man, and when I was 7, he said he couldn't do it anymore and simply moved out. Mom agreed to a divorce, but the one thing she missed was his ability to keep me tamed down with physical punishments like spanking. Mom couldn't spank me like my dad used to do, and only after she read an article about petticoat punishment did she find a way to keep me in check. I'm 30 now, and I was humiliated in girls' clothes many times between the ages of 7 and 19. I was not punished that way



very often, but I didn't have many friends because my mom thought nothing of exposing me in girls' clothes to my friends and our relatives and neighbors.

I went right into dresses and panties if I did most anything that violated my mother's ideas of what I should do; these are some actual examples: If I did poorly in school, if I stayed out too late, and if I fought with my mom about going to bed. One incident that I'll never forget: When I was 15 I went with a few friends in their car, and they let me try to drive. I was driving erratically, and we were pulled over. I was arrested and when my mom came to get me she told me that I was in big trouble.

Nothing happened until the next week on my 16th birthday. She hadn't used petticoating on me for a while, so when I woke me up, she took me to the mall. She got me a new supply of dresses, bras, panties, shoes, and accessories. Plus, she had my ears pierced. At home, she dressed me in a fancy dress; it was a royal blue satin prom dress from a second hand store. She put a heavy coat of makeup on my face, put my longish hair in a feminine style and had me wear a new pair of heels. Then she drove me to my grandmother's house, we walked in and I saw my whole family, some of my friends and a big banner that said "Happy Sweet 16."

Everyone had been clued into my transformation and why I was being punished. My friends fell on the floor laughing. My brothers, sisters, aunts and uncles and cousins struggled not to laugh and had conspired to treat me like I was a normal girl.

That was almost worse than if they laughed out loud at me. My punishment lasted for three weeks, and from then on, my mom made sure I always had panties on under my boys' clothes, even when I was in school.

My longest punishment was for the whole summer when I was 16 for sneaking out of the house after my mom went to sleep and getting caught by the cops again for drinking quarts of beer in a car with some guys who had talked me into buying the beer because I was then big for my age and looked 18, which was legal age to buy 3.2 beer in Ohio. I spent that summer in dresses, short shorts and bikinis -- I lived as a girl 24/7. It was also the first time I went to a salon to get my hair styled. I was a wild kid -- I'll admit that, and I love my mom -- she never hit me and without dad around petticoat punishment was about the only thing she could do to control me.

Cuckolded on My Wedding Night

I had no choice; I knew I was defeated!

On our wedding night, my beautiful wife, Linda, and I were in our apartment getting ready to leave on our honeymoon the next morning when the doorbell rang. I opened the door to some guy I'd never seen before. He was tall, strong and, even

I had to admit, good looking. He pushed his way past me; he claimed to know Linda. I was stunned. Just the sight of him and his commanding presence made me feel very inadequate.

Linda came out and introduced me to her old friend Mike. He laughed and said he was more than an old friend. His exact words were, "I've had your new wife's pussy more times than you ever will." Then he turned to Linda and said, "So this is the wimp you married, huh. Have you told him yet?"

She shook her head. Mike then turned to me and said, "Linda and I have some bad news for you. This is how it's going to be. You married Linda, and you are her husband, but her pussy belongs to me. You ain't going to get it tonight, tomorrow, or ever again. Ain't that right, Linda?"

My new wife shook her head 'yes' and took a seat beside him. She put her face to his and they kissed long and hard. I just stood there in shock. I'm sure I had a really stupid expression on my face. I didn't believe it was happening.

I was very upset and thoroughly confused. I demanded he get out of our house, but he slapped me down and told me 'to shut the fuck up' and listen. I tried to leave, but before I got to the door, Mike grabbed me and shoved me down.

He pinned my arm behind my back and shouted in my face, "You ain't going anywhere. You're going to stay right here and do what Linda and I say. From now on, you have to do whatever we tell you. For starters I want you to pull your pants down around your ankles so I can see your little cock. Linda told me how little it is. She also told me that when you try to fuck her you fall out of her pussy after just about every stroke; that always drove her crazy and made her realize that you would never be able to satisfy her sexually. Now, I know that both of your parents want you two married since your dads are in business together, so you will stay married. Otherwise, it could lead to friction between your parents and their most successful trucking business would probably fail. Now, we don't want that to happen would we? You'd lose your position in the company and be on the hook for all the money you borrowed from the company for this nice house and all the other bills you charged up getting ready to be married. If you don't go along with this arrangement, it would be very bad for both families and everyone involved, plus your family would probably disown you and you would have nowhere to go. I already know your own dad thinks you're a wimp and a fuck up. You marrying his business

partner's daughter was the best thing you ever did for him -- screw it up and you'd be dead meat, not to mention that I'd beat the shit out of you and maybe even kill you!"

I was terrified; I did as I was told. My cock is little, and as I now stood there before them, Mike and Linda got a real chuckle out of seeing me with my pants and underwear down around my ankles. Mike told Linda to rub it to get it as big as it could get. After she gave me just a few strokes, my dickie reacted. My little thing stood up but it hadn't gotten much larger. She laughed and said that was as hard and as big as it gets -- which was true.



After that, things got even worse. I had to take all my clothes off, then Mike and Linda started kissing and hugging and petting each other, and I had to help Linda take off her clothes, and when they were all off, Mike made me put on her panties, padded bra, and garter belt and stockings as he called me a sissy.

Then I had to help take off Mike's clothes, and I saw that he really was a big guy in every sense of the word. Linda told me to take a good look at Mike's cock because she said, "That is what a real man looks like in the penis department!" She called me a cute little sissy wimp in her panties and lingerie, and then she made me get down on my knees and kiss Mike's cock "as a show of respect since his cock was going to do the work I was unable to do."

Then they started having sex, and when Mike was getting close to finishing,

Linda told me to hold and rub his balls to help him really cum a lot. Afterwards, my new wife made me lick clean the huge cock that had just fucked her on our wedding night.

Why did I do it? I was shamed into it. In addition to having no control over my family or job situations, I knew they were right. Mike was so much more of a man than I was. My father had put me down my whole life for being a wimp and a pansy. I had always tried to please him by going out for sports and I tried to act manly, but I was lousy at sports, and it was a joke whenever I tried to act like a he-man. That role didn't fit me and I knew it. If I was lucky enough to get on a team, I was a classic benchwarmer.

My father hated having me for a son and didn't hide the fact -- that's very dispiriting for a boy and a young man. By the time I got married, I guess, in the back of my mind, I felt like I deserved how Mike and my new wife treated me. Oddly enough, I still loved Linda with my whole heart and soul. She is a real beauty and way above my pay station; I'm fairly

happy just being able to be around her, live in the same house with her and be a slave to her. She obviously had figured that all out way before we got married, and now that we were married, she satisfied her daddy, both our families and was able to keep Mike, her fuck partner! By the way, Mike is one of the truckers who works out of our family's terminal. He met Linda over three years earlier while Linda worked for her dad dispatching trucks.

Anyway, from that night three years ago until now I've been forced to live as Linda and Mike's sissy slave. I'm afraid to ever disobey or try to leave because Mike swears he'd find me and beat me silly. One time, he decided I had merited a beating and it was horrendous, I never want to take a chance on having that happen again.

Linda got our dads to let me stop working because she said she needed me at home. She obviously enjoys having me to boss around and having me to do all the housework and cooking, and she wants to stay married to me because then she will be in-line to inherit the entire business since both of us are an only child. However, it's Mike who has demanded I be made into a feminized sissy. He told me on that first night that one of the things he was going to do was to "turn me into a girlie-girl" and he's done that pretty well. I have to dress

only in women's clothes now, and Linda has taught me how to do everything like a girl. For a while, after this started, they both just called me "girly-boy" but then it became "girly" and now it's "Pauline." I don't know if I'm ever going to be allowed to be just "Paul" again; sometimes, I doubt it.

For the longest time, both sets of our parents had been spared from know about my feminized state, but I think both of our mothers now know, and both of our fathers are probably getting to that point, even though I never appear in front of them in dresses or skirts. However, I've been getting strange, questioning looks from both our fathers with my increasingly long hair, femininely trimmed eyebrows, long fingernails -- not to mention my 'male clothes' which are really women's clothes like slacks and tailored blouses. Mike just announced to me that it is probably time to show me off to both our parents as the sweet sissy cuckold I am today! And I don't think my being a cuckold would be too much of a shock for them; they know Mike very well by now, and Linda gives him big hugs and little kisses in front of them all the time, while she mostly treats me like a servant running and getting things for her while they are around. I've enclosed a photo of my wife presenting me with a new pair of panties!

Sissy Wimp Pauline



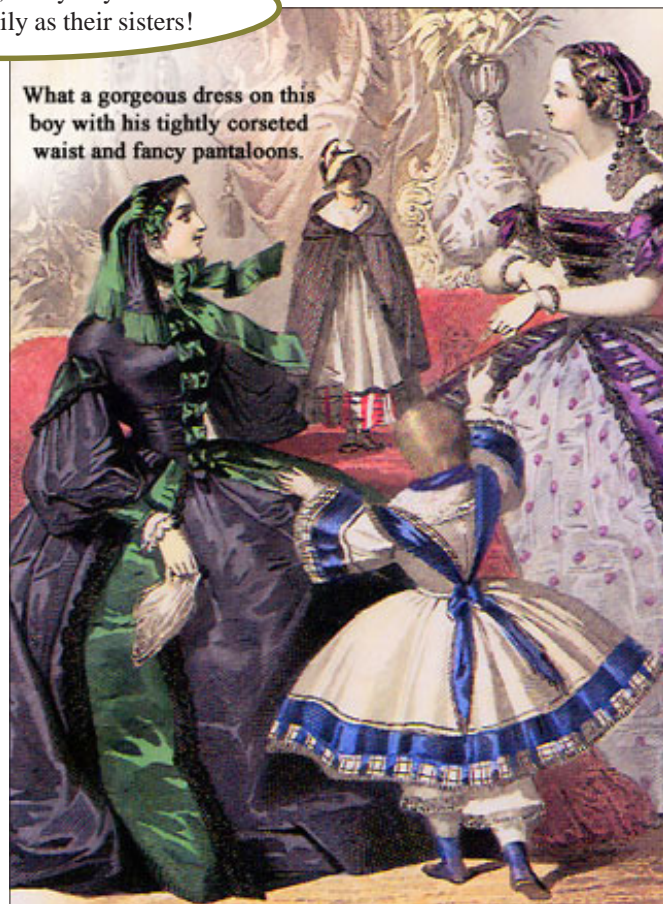


Irving Klaw bondage photos from the great Bettie Page in beautiful 1950's brief-style panties.





During the 1800s, many boys were dressed just as fancifully as their sisters!





These two boys have
corseted waists just as
slim as their two sisters,
and their clothes are
just as fancy!



Fa'afafine - Samoan boys brought up as girls

The life of Hazy Pau Talauati

"When I was young, my parents looked at me and the way I was ... and they thought, "Oh, Hazy, she must be not a boy, but something else." They never accused me of being something less than what I was ... they accepted me. They understood what I am, in my body.

Living alone in a tiny house just outside the Savai'i village of Alaolemativa, Hazy Pau Talauati is a Samoan man who dresses and lives as a female from the time he was a young boy. She is a fa'afafine. Like most fa'afafine in Samoa -- and there are at least a few in most villages -- Hazy is an accepted as a member of the community, valued for the work she does.

Samoa's social acceptance of fa'afafine has evolved from the tradition of raising some boys as girls. These boys, were not necessarily homosexual, or noticeably effeminate, and they may never have felt like dressing as women. They became transvestites and adapted because they were born into families that had plenty of boys and not enough girls.

In families of all male children (or where the only daughter was too young to assist with the 'women's' work), parents would often choose one or more of their sons to help the mother. Because these boys would perform tasks that were strictly the work of women, they were raised as if they were females. Although their true gender was widely known, they were usually fully outfitted as girls in fine lingerie, dresses and panties, and their hair was grown long and curled and fashioned into a girlish style with ribbons and bows.

As they grew older, their duties would not change. They would continue performing 'women's' work, even if they eventually married (to a woman).

Modern fa'afafine differ in two fundamental ways from their traditional counterparts. First, they are more likely to have chosen to live as women, and secondly, they are more likely to be homosexual. Today, young Samoan boys who are effeminate or enjoy dressing as girls, may be recognized as fa'afafine by their parents, and generally neither encouraged nor discouraged to dress and behave as girls. They will simply be allowed to follow the path they desire for themselves.



In Peru, even today, many boys still dress in skirts, slips and fancy clothes.

Once it's apparent that a boy wants to become a fa'afafine, he will be taught the duties and crafts of females. Coupling those skills with the strengths of Samoan men can make a fa'afafine an extremely valuable member of society.

Hazy: "I think there's a little bit difference between fa'afafine here in Samoa and overseas, because here the fa'afafine can help the mother [by] doing the same job ... and they can do men's jobs as well. I think that's why the fa'afafine here are so popular, because they are hard working people."

Along with their hard work, modern fa'afafine are known for their good works. Samoan fa'afafine, for example, run an annual transvestite beauty pageant, the proceeds of which are donated to charities that support the elderly and the disabled. For these sorts of contributions to the community, some fa'afafine have been awarded honorary titles.

Hazy: "When they see me ... everybody, from west to east, even the children ... yell out, 'Hazy! Hazy!' They call my name. So I ask my friends, 'If I go on the ballot for an MP, I'm sure that I'm going to win ... '[LAUGHS]."

Footnotes

Fa'afafine are known by different names in different parts of Polynesia. In Tonga they are called fakaleiti and in French Polynesia, they are rae rae or mahu.

Cobb teen told he can't dress like a female at school

By Alexis Stevens

The Atlanta Journal-Constitution

Jonathan Escobar says he chooses to wear clothes that express himself. Skinny jeans, wigs, 'vintage' clothing and makeup are the staples of his wardrobe. "I don't consider myself a crossdresser," he said. "This is just who I am."

But the 16-year-old says an assistant principal at North Cobb High School told him last week he needed to dress more 'manly' for school, or consider being homeschooled. He had only been a student at the school for three days.

"I told myself I can't accept this," said Escobar, who wore a pink wig to school last Wednesday. He said the assistant principal told him his style of dress had caused a fight between students at the school. Two days later, he withdrew himself from the Kennesaw school.

"You can't wear clothing that causes a disruption," said Jay Dillon, spokesman for Cobb County schools. Dillon



AP Jonathan Escobar withdrew from North Cobb High School after school officials said he would have to start dressing more like a boy.

said he believed Escobar arrived at school in a dress and heels. But Escobar said he never wore a dress. He says he opted for "skinny" jeans all three days with flats.

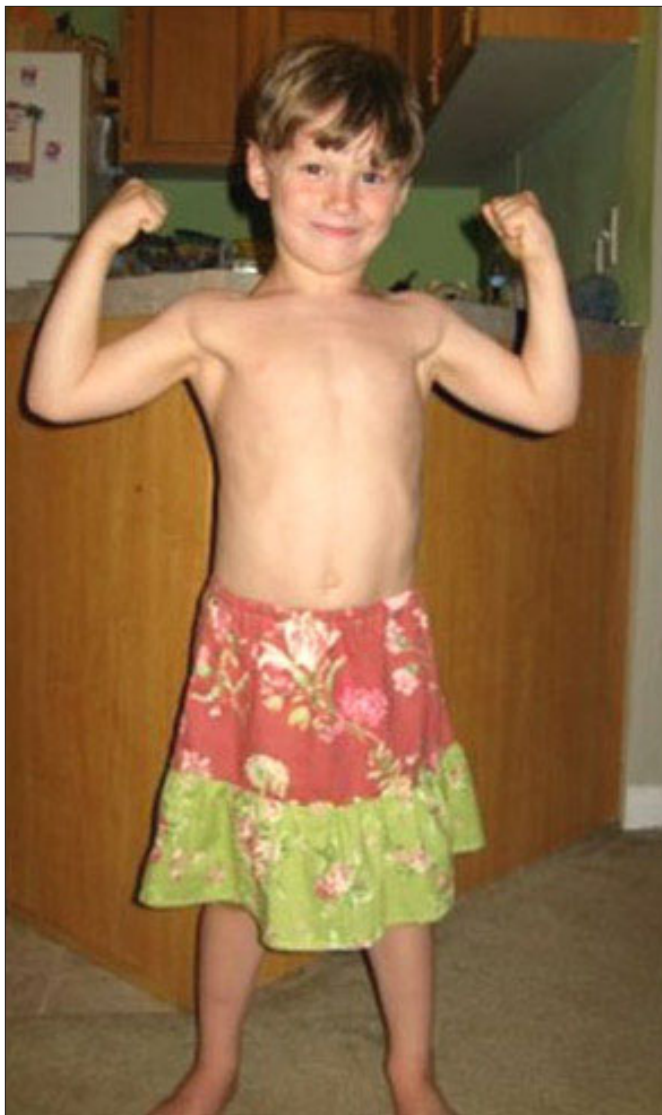
The district lists the dress code on its home page. The rule states that students should 'refrain from any mode of dress which proves to contribute to any disruption of school functions.' School administrators and teachers are the final judge of the appropriateness of clothing, according to the rule.

Escobar said he moved to Cobb County from Miami to live with his older sister. His Florida school didn't have an issue with the way he dressed but his parents did. His sister, Veronica Escobar, urged her parents to let Jonathan come to live with her. Now she says she's shocked by what has happened. "I didn't think they would take it this far," Veronica Escobar said.

Jonathan Escobar says he wasn't a disruption in the classroom, but he attracted attention in the lunchroom. "Everybody was surrounding me," he said. On his second day of school, he says he was pulled out of class to speak with a police officer who told him he was concerned about the student's safety. "They should've told the students to back off," he said. "They should have never given me the option of homeschooling or changing who I am."

In his short time at the Kennesaw school, Escobar apparently made quick friends. By Tuesday evening, nearly 900 supporters had joined a Facebook group called "Support Jonathan." Many were planning to purchase a bright pink T-shirt with the same phrase.

Escobar says he wants to be allowed to attend school and eventually graduate. But he doesn't want to stifle what he calls his art. "If I can't express myself; I won't go to school," he said. "I want to get the message out because this is who I am, and I can't get an education."



Boys in Dresses

Posted by · sugar mama on September 18, 2008 at 1:13pm in · Seeking Advice

Jack, my pre-school-aged son would like to be a princess for Halloween this year because after our son saw Beauty and the Beast movie with his six-year-old girl cousin, she showed him her Halloween costume -- a Princess Belle dress from the movie with a full slip, ruffled panties, wig and all the accessories and he fell in love with the pretty clothes. My husband thinks we should try to discourage him, or at least "boy it up and forget the wig, slip and panties, so he looks like a boy trying to be funny." Our son is very cute and I think he would look pretty in a dress, and heck yes, he should do the fancy panties and the whole bit. He is a practical joker. He likes to put on my old skirts and dance around some time when we have company. Thoughts?

Replies to This Discussion

Reply by T. Suzanne E. on September 18, 2008 at 1:55pm
Maybe you could share the story of a prince or princess and all the characters. He could be a prince, a frog, a wizard. . . :) Kids tend to be hard on other kids, even little ones, so maybe this would be a great alternative.

Reply by Tonya on September 19, 2008 at 12:22am
Mmm, although I agree that this would be hilarious and I'm sure he'd make a cute as pie princess, I'm torn. On the one hand I don't think it is wrong to encourage boys to wear pink, play with dolls etc., but on the other hand, I just can't see myself going along with either of my own sons if they wanted to dress like princesses. I like the idea of seeing if he would like to be a prince or a wizard and wear something he can still wear the sparkly clothing and the crown but is just a little more 'boy.' And why wear the panties? Will they be showing? Is there a little girl in the neighborhood who would be willing to dress as a prince to go trick or treating with you? They could be having a backwards day.

Reply by Cheryl Bunch on September 19, 2008 at 8:04am
I am going to say I totally agree with your husband...boy it up a lot. I can not let this go by me without being completely honest ... I don't believe it to be a good idea to let your son dress as a princess ... he is a boy ... not a girl ... and definitely NO fancy panties! Please take a look at the big picture. As parents we must guide and mold our children and at times we have to discourage situations/ideas more sternly than we'd like too, but for the sake of your son, please think it over. Ask the Lord to give you a yes or no and He will.

Reply by Vicki on September 21, 2008 at 10:38pm
People. 21st century. Get over the gay issues. Seriously. Go with the dress, the panties - the fancier the better -- the works. Let you boy take a peek at what it's like being a girlie girl for one night -- he might realize that it's not so easy being a girl. Many boys think girls have it easy.

Reply by Megan on September 24, 2008 at 11:31am
I think it should be up to your son (who I assume from the picture is about five). Let him be a princess but make sure you take pictures because when he's in his teens, you'll need them then for a little bit of blackmail anytime he wants to do something you don't want him to do!

Reply by Kitty on September 27, 2008 at 2:58am
It is just a costume. Females wear male clothes all the time and nothing is said. So, why do we freak out when a male wears something considered feminine like a dress?

I would recommend having a serious discussion about the negativity and mocking he may encounter while he is

dressed this way. I do think that since he had the courage to voice his desire to dress that way, he will be tempted to do it one way or another eventually just to satisfy his curiosity, so let him so it with your participation and without guilt. Just warm him that his peers may tease him a lot as boys are known to do!

Reply by LINDA N. on September 28, 2008 at 12:02am
Oh Boy! Well seeing as how I have watched several shows on the topic of transgendered children, this could be a scary thing. Not to scare you but children as young as 2 and 3 have shown a desire to do things that are out of the norm for their birth gender, i.e. wearing opposite genders clothing, playing with opposite gender toys, just basically wanting to do things, if a boy, that a girl would normally want to do. Now, I have to wonder why he likes to put on your skirts and dance when you have company:
A. Does he seem to envy girls and the clothes they wear?
B. Does he watch you when you are getting dressed and undressed?
C. Does he watch T.V. and take a lot of interest in the female characters.
D. If he has a sister, maybe he sees the fuss that is made over her when she is all dolled up, and he wants some of that same attention, or, he is around you so much even when you are getting ready to go out for the evening, and all he sees is you wearing girly things, and probably hears people tell you how great you look. Conversely, no one probably ever makes a fuss when daddy gets ready to go out, so he sees the girls get all the attention, and it is usually centered around the pretty clothes they wear. Maybe when he saw that princess cartoon, for whatever reason, he liked the way she looked, and in his immature, undeveloped mind, and when seeing his cousin's costume, he just said off the top of his head that is what he wanted too. Maybe after he thinks about it, especially after to tell him he might endure a lot of teasing, he my change his mind. When people see him, they might think he's weird, and maybe they don't understand your sense of humor. And you may be starting something you don't want to start that could stay with him, he could develop into a transvestite -- I understand that many of them started out dressing up at a very young age. I know it sounds like a lot for a simple decision of what does my son wear for Halloween, but, any number of things that happen or take place in a young child's life can have repercussions, later, or not. But, why chance it? I say, let him watch a good cowboy show, and suggest how great (and cool) he would look as a cowboy, or something along those lines.

Reply by Jen Dust Bunny on October 1, 2008 at 1:16am
Is he the class clown type or does he enjoy other kids laughing at him? Your dilemma would come down to that ... whether he can handle the laughter. Because kids are kids, and they will giggle about it. My son is a practical joker too. He will watch Hannah Montana while dancing like her and at the same time trying to karate chop our couch in half. He has two older sisters so he gets

into the bras and lacy panties all the time and then comes downstairs and dances around like a fool just trying to be funny. Boys will be boys, dresses or not. I heard most boys try girls things from time to time and very, very few of them end up being gay or transvestites like that other writer feared. But protect his feelings at this early age. He is relying on you to guide him because he doesn't fully understand the consequences of EVERY action. If he can handle it? Why not! If he's got the dress, why not the slip and panties too. Some of those comments made it sound like a lacy pair of panties will ruin him for life! All I can say to them is get a grip! My neighbor's son wears girls' panties all the time, passed on to him from his three older sisters. They are really girly-girlie girls and are totally spoiled. They wear the fanciest panties imaginable and insist that their parents keep them supplied with new panties, so the parents see no harm in passing on those lacy panties to the boy since they are practically new. The boy is only five, and everybody in the neighborhood knows he wears girls' panties because the parents don't try to hide the fact; nobody around here thinks anything of it. Grow up people; panties are just underwear -- quite fancy for a boy to wear, sure, but if it doesn't bother the boy or most anyone else, why does it so upset some of your commentators?

Reply by Denise Byrne on October 18, 2008 at 2:40am
I cannot believe some of the responses - REALLY! My son and your son sound very similar. Since the day he was born, he has had had quirky little attitudes and blessed with the ability to charm his way into anyone's heart. He goes against the flow and is 100% fine with this. He has never fit in the "blue is for boys" box ... and how lucky for him. I pray he will remain true to himself and have the courage to be who HE wants to be and not try to be someone society thinks he should be. Do I care if my son is gay or a crossdresser just because he likes to wear girls' clothes? No - not in the least. Why? Because I am his mother and my role is to love him and not judge him! So please, if you don't like a boy dressing up as a girl on Halloween or at any other time, keep your narrow-minded comments to yourself. If you can't then remember that YOU are the problem by introducing judgement/teasing/hate to others.

Reply by VHgroupie on October 18, 2008 at 6:14pm
I wouldn't do it, but that's just me. I agree with the poster about being a prince. Back in the 80s, a 7 year old next door neighbor boy liked to play Wizard of Oz with his brother. He always played Dorothy and wore a dress and carried a purse or basket. I remember when he got his first 20" bike. It was a girls' purple stingray with a flowered banana seat and basket. His mother's reason was she didn't know how to raise boys because she grew up with all sisters. He wore panties all the time too. They moved away four years later and I always wonder if he turned out gay or a crossdresser.



Literally pulls em off

Dressing your baby boy in pink: A GLAMOUR Do or Don't

Post a comment:

Tuesday, 08/12/2008 at 8:27 AM By Share0diggsdigg
A couple of months ago Aunt Jaz was in town visiting. She hadn't seen JD since September 1, 2007, so like any adoring aunt she came armed with presents. She's one of those people that as you're opening the gift she's giving a monologue about the gift.

"He can wear 'the PUME' (aka PUMA) when you guys go swimming," Jaz said as I ripped through the tissue paper finding a pair of bright blue swim trunks. Aw.

As I unrolled the tissue paper off something--two of something, bulky, she added: "These were custom-made by the actual owner of Milkshakeyo. I had them specially designed for Jack Attack," she said. Couture for my kid? Amazing, I thought. Then I opened up the package.

Pink and purple sneakers...Pink and purple?

"Yeah, so listen, Maria (Jaz's biological mother whom she refuses to call mom for no apparent reason) said you are going to hate them. You love them, right?" Jaz asked.

Maybe it's because she was bouncing JD on her knee. Perhaps it was the perfectly drawn skulls and crisscrossed bones on the kicks, maybe it's because I hadn't seen her in so long and was nostalgic for our wild party days in Philly and er, wilder ones in LA, but, yeah, I love them! I think they're punk. And rad. And not like everything else available at Babies R' Us. And my kid pulls em off.

Your comments: What do you think: Dressing your baby boy in pink: A GLAMOUR Do or Don't?

Posted at August 12, 2008 8:39 AM by lauriefor
PINK is SO a do. There is a reason half of Chicago's young business men rock pink shirts with their suits -- it looks good! Pink gives anyone's skin tone a boost, so why shouldn't it on like JD too? Those shoes sound super cute. You should dress him in black and white to really rock out the punk!

Posted at August 12, 2008 8:47 AM by autumn1329
I think I'd let JD wear custom shoes if they were pink. I just don't think I'd buy him anything in pink. I think red and green are more his colors :) But man, how I swoon over the pinks at Babies R Us and Target!

Posted at August 12, 2008 8:52 AM by ChristaStar
They are shoes and they were a gift. Therefore, I say do. I don't see anything wrong with swapping colors for the genders. In fact, I find it a little outdated that people still think blue is for boys and pink is for girls. Plus they have purple in them! When did purple become solely a girl's color?!? It's the color of royalty! Put them on him and take a picture! I bet they're super cute!

Posted at August 12, 2008 8:52 AM by ekaterinaballerina
My editor is posting pics of the kicks soon! And I saw about nine men in Lacoste PINK polos with the collar popped up in The Hamptons...it was preppy cute. JD has a grey tee with a hot pink boom box on it. Bought it in the lil boy's dept at Old Navy...

Posted at August 12, 2008 8:55 AM by ChrissyCoppa
It's definitely a do. First of all -- there's skulls and crossbones on them? That's cool. It's not like you're dressing him in pink and purple sneakers with frills and sparkles. Second -- they're just sneakers. Third -- even if they weren't 'just sneakers' -- I like to say 'real men wear pink.' I see absolutely nothing wrong with it. JD is stylin' by the sounds of things.

Posted at August 12, 2008 9:05 AM by lananans
Pink on a boy is definitely a DO as long as it looks like it was made for a boy. I think as long as there are no ruffles, flowers, butterflies, etc. he is set! A little pink polo would look adorable on a baby boy. I know plenty of baby girls that wear blue dresses, why shouldn't a boy be able to wear "made for boys" pink?

Posted at August 12, 2008 9:07 AM by csizz
Gender and sex have nothing to do with color. I think everyone should dress their kids in whatever color they want. Stereotypes and rigid gender rules create bigger problems. Rock on JD!

Posted at August 12, 2008 9:08 AM by john4630

I'd say ... a Definite DO! Guys (and boys) look good in colors like pink and purple like women look good in colors like black and brown. It has more to do with skin tone than gender for me. JD would cute in anything, though :)

Posted at August 12, 2008 9:14 AM by erin_cannizz

In olden times, pink was associated with boys and men because it was a "royal" color, like purple, and blue was more of a girls' color. Nowadays, sure, why not. Popped collars are a lot nastier.

Posted at August 12, 2008 9:15 AM by Teacher23DO!

When my son was a baby, he had the cutest fuchsia and purple elephant romper that he rocked once in a while. These days, he has several items with pink in them -- like his awesome blue and pink madras shorts. IMHO, it's no different than my daughter wearing blue -- which she does, often.

Posted at August 12, 2008 9:21 AM by scaron

So hilarious that you wrote on this today! We dressed Baby Jackson (5 months) in a pink polo onesie and purple shorts the other day ... so cute! My father-in-law did not approve, to say the least. He asked if were going to buy the boy lacy panties next!

Posted at August 12, 2008 9:33 AM by annie711

A little pink on a shoe - sure, if he has enough boy clothes to not confuse passersby. It's not like they've got flowers on them!

Posted at August 12, 2008 9:35 AM by cburns82

Hey Chrissy, Those sneakers are SLICK! They are a definite do!

Posted at August 12, 2008 9:45 AM by morvam

DO!!! JD looks like he loves them too! I like the light pink and purple. Plus JD is old enough now that strangers won't think he's a girl. Boys can totally pull off cool pink sneakers.

Posted at August 12, 2008 9:55 AM by grace_c

Sorry, in my opinion the shoes are a DON'T! (I do have a son.)

Posted at August 12, 2008 9:57 AM by nittany

Those shoes are ROCKING!!! When my Giovanny was about JD's age I bought him a pair of Nike's that at first glimpse looked blue and pink but if you really looked they were a purplish blue. I loved them; he was rocking in them. Pink and purple are my fav colors.

Posted at August 12, 2008 10:04 AM by gokaty02

I think it's fine. I mean, it is not like you put him in a pink or purple dress. My son had a pink polo shirt when he was 2 and it was adorable. And other than the color, the shoes are boyish with the design of skulls and crossbones.

Posted at August 12, 2008 10:07 AM by Momtoo

When Marcus was a baby, I had these black baggy pants (very hip hop! LOL) that had splotches of neon green, purple, and yes, pink on them. He wore a matching neon pink T shirt and high tops. There was nothing feminine about it! Even my husband, who looked askance at it at first, said it was okay when it was actually



Girl'y? Or Guy'y?

on. So the moral of the story is, if your baby is still so small that he's still androgynous and you do a pink onesie, be prepared for girl comments, because people will assume. But if the outfit is really masculine, then why not? (I thought it was cute, at any rate - wink.)

Posted at August 12, 2008 10:10 AM by Pamela

At first I was going to say a don't but you know what, Jack is so obviously a BOY. If he were an infant I might think it might be a little confusing. I say it's a DO!

Sarah

Posted at August 12, 2008 10:20 AM by ehb

Of course there's nothing 'wrong' with it, and those shoes were special -- so I'd let him wear them. But, generally, I wouldn't buy those colors for my little boy. No way. My husband already thinks I'm making him too feminine since I'm with him all day.

Posted at August 12, 2008 10:21 AM by tjly7

Gender assigned roles are lame. Those shoes rock. DO.

Posted at August 12, 2008 10:21 AM by Laura Matthews

JD seems pretty secure in his manhood, so I say DO. Plus, they are sweet kicks!

Posted at August 12, 2008 10:22 AM by KateSowa
Chrissy: Love the sneaks! Auntie Jaz has great taste. I'd be a little careful of what I buy JD in pink, but one little bit of pink or one pink detail is fine. Guys wear pink polos and peach polos all the time. Besides, JD is obviously a little boy. I agree with the comment that said if he were an infant it would be a little confusing. JD, secure in his manhood ... lol!!!

Posted at August 12, 2008 10:30 AM by cbl07
I love those shoes and there is so much purple in them they don't look too girly!

Posted at August 12, 2008 10:39 AM by cmmDo!
Two years ago, my 13-yr-old-son, begged me for a pink shirt. I didn't think he could handle what might come from wearing it (the teasing). Finally I broke down when I saw a polo style in my price point and got it. He looked so handsome! He was never teased for it. So I say so a DO!

Posted at August 12, 2008 10:55 AM by AprilGirl
Those shoes are awesome. DO!

Posted at August 12, 2008 10:56 AM by sfsil21
I love those shoes! Back when I worked at a surf shop, we sold way more pink and purple stuff to guys than girls. That being said, I think the most important opinion is JD's -- he certainly rocks in 'em.

Posted at August 12, 2008 10:58 AM by ErinLA
I'm not a fan of pink on little boys, but those shoes are so cute I don't think it matters, the skulls kind of makes them a little more boyish.

Posted at August 12, 2008 11:00 AM by jodi1128DO!!
Love them. One of my male friends -- smart, successful, and very cool -- when he wears his pink tie.

Posted at August 12, 2008 11:02 AM by kc7
Pink shoes for little boys?! A Don't!

Posted at August 12, 2008 11:08 AM by aerobe3
A glamour DO of course! Pink for girls and blue for boys is so old school, especially at his age before teasing. Those shoes are adorable!

Posted at August 12, 2008 11:13 AM by notajennifer
I would normally say pink and purple on boys is probably a don't; however, I think these sneakers are a DO!! They are so cute and punk. I love them! If I had a boy I would definitely buy him these cute shoes.

Posted at August 12, 2008 11:13 AM by meganl654
Those shoes are awesome!!!! I say definitely a DO!!!!!!!!!!!!

Posted at August 12, 2008 11:18 AM by slroitman

In my opinion, whatever you are comfortable with as a parent, do. Sometimes little girls will be head-to-toe in pink and still be called a boy, and sometimes little boys will be head-to-toe in blue (with a mohawk in my son's case) and still be called a girl. So, if you aren't sensitive to some folks thinking he's a girl (even though he is ALL boy), then I say he definitely rocks in those shoes. Men have always worn some pink, as you pointed out, polo's, button-downs, ties, etc, and I think it shows how comfortable they are with themselves. I would have no problem putting my son Jameson in those awesome kicks!

Posted at August 12, 2008 11:21 AM by Aimee1224
They are so cute. Seriously? He'll only be wearing them for such a short time, little dudes grow so fast!

Posted at August 12, 2008 11:25 AM by FlyingButtress
It's a do! Those sneaks are badass. If he were a newborn and you couldn't tell his gender yet, or if it was pink and purple clothing, that's one thing -- but where else can you express a little individual style than in a sweet pair of toddler kicks?

Posted at August 12, 2008 11:34 AM by amantone
Since the shoes are not girly in any way other than the color, I say it's a DO! My 5 year old nephew is a really tough little guy, but LOVES pink. When my sister had to pick out a picture of him at school and saw the pink pirate, she knew it was my Danny right away. Having said that, my husband would probably have a stroke if I put pink shoes on our 6 month old son. He is already having trouble with the pink Babylegs I got for our baby boy.

Posted at August 12, 2008 11:35 AM by kem046
DO!!!!!! What's wrong with pink/purple on a kid???? I've seen grown men wear similar, and guess what" They're pretty hot! 100% a DO!!!!!! The shoes are way cute... can Jaz hook me up with some???? LOL, Just kidding. :)

Posted at August 12, 2008 11:45 AM by hindpots22
Wow, talk about socialization here! It's not like we're born knowing the difference between pink and blue ... but somehow, as we grow up, we become socialized to think that blue means masculine and pink means feminine. Color on a child isn't going to make or break the baby, it's a color. It's how the color is perceived by the people that may or may not cause an issue (like one poster who said her FIL was not pleased with her son in pink). JD would look cute in whatever he wears. There should be no DO or DON'T when it comes to kids' fashions. Pink is just a color, blue is a just a color. So are yellow, orange, and purple. It's the ideas associated with the colors that we're analyzing -- and perhaps we should start to rethink our associations and welcome every color of the rainbow for anyone, male or female, of any age. :) (Sorry for the rant, too many soc classes in college about this very topic!)



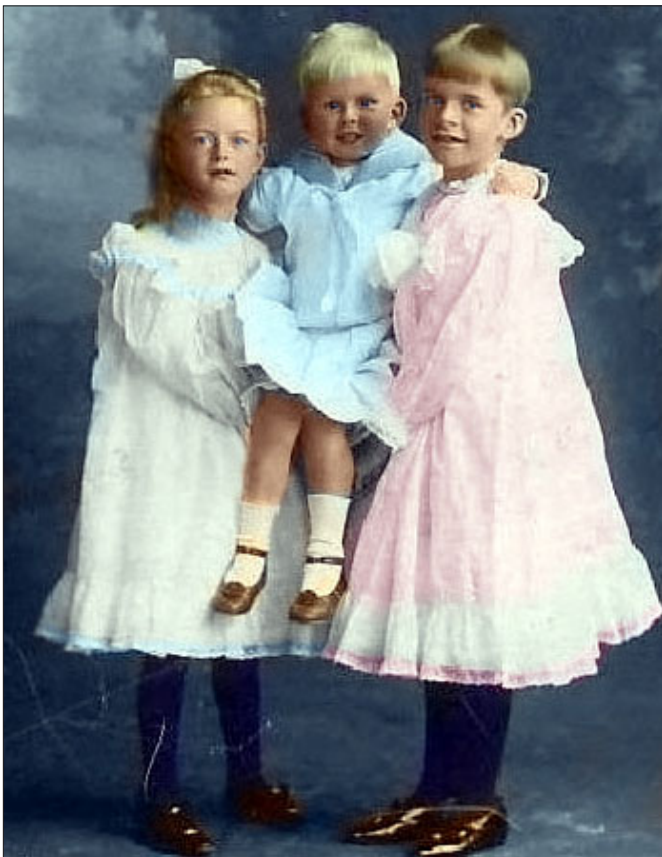
James Fife, 1901.



Mia Louise and John Porter Sullivan, 1906.



Michael Cahne Seymour, 1913.



Abigail, Nathan & Harold Simmons, 1881.



Eddie Lou Reed, 1900.



Edwin Moss and his mother, Mildred, 1895.



Peter Everett Corda, 1898.



Christopher Landol-Holmes, 1890.



Master Louis R. Flannery, 1894.