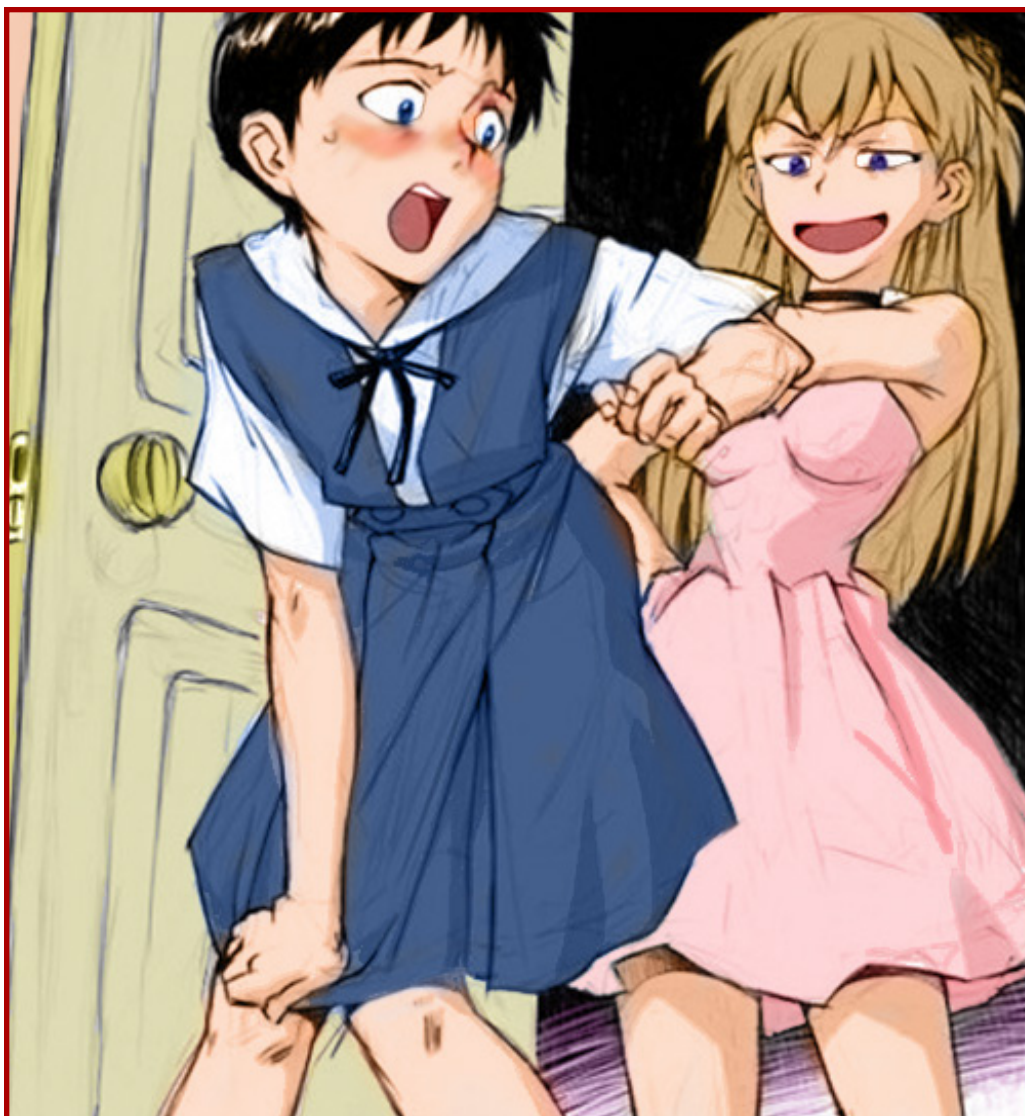


Princess Access

Excerpts from

Your Link to Exciting Internet Content



#5
Feb
2011

*Adults
Only*

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 including crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

Some boys are so lucky
— they have the best
parents who let them be
girly if they so desire!

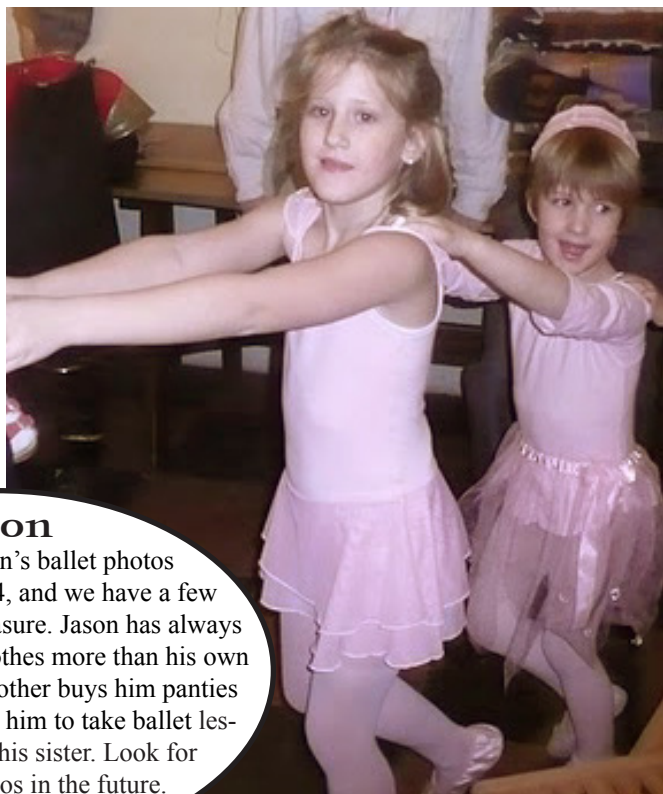


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All girlie boys love pictures of cancan girls, so here we present drawings from program covers of some of the world's most famous cancan stage shows!





Jason

We featured Jason's ballet photos in Princess Access #4, and we have a few more here for your pleasure. Jason has always loved his big sister's clothes more than his own boys' clothes, so his mother buys him panties and dresses and allows him to take ballet lessons in a tutu with his sister. Look for more Jason photos in the future.





How I Took Charge of My Disgusting Little Nephew

Marge G. is a 35-year-old with a very dominant personality. Jeremy, her 17-year-old nephew, has been living with her ever since his mother died of diabetic complications two years ago. He has been brought completely under her control. Marge uses her own mix of petticoat punishment, spankings and sexual humiliations to keep him in line. Here's her story:

"At least once a week my nephew is required to report to me attired in a wig, makeup and shameful lingerie and bearing my old sorority paddle. He must humbly request correction. Jeremy is a far cry from the pudgy, overweight boy that he was when he first arrived. He was already prediabetic and my doctor said was about to put him on Metformin unless he immediately started eating healthy and lose weight. Since his mother died of the disease, you would think that would have been motivation enough to get him to take care of himself, but he had no desire or will to stop stuffing his face with potato chips, soda pop and sweets.

I told Jeremy I wouldn't let him kill himself and immediately took charge of him. He was doing poorly in school too, so I had even more reason to force him to change.

Since he was overweight, I wasn't surprised that his breasts were enlarged, but I was surprised just how huge they were. I got him to admit to me that the kids at school called him a girl and were always trying to feel his titties and pinch his nipples. The girls would tease him and tell him they would gladly loan him a bra to wear as they would laugh at him hysterically. I even witnessed him being harassed one day when I saw him come running home being chased by a pack of jeering kids. That gave me an idea of how to take charge of him.

I make a good living working at home doing research work for lawyers trying criminal cases. Consequently, I'm home most of the time and in position to keep a close eye on him.

After I made the necessary preparations, I called him into my home office one evening and told him I was putting him on a strict diet, taking total charge of what he ate, starting him on an exercise program, and fully involving myself in his school work. The little wimp actually had the impudence to say he

didn't want to go on a diet or do any exercises and he hated school and didn't care if he failed.

"Well, I care about you even if you don't care about yourself," I told him, "and as long as you are living with me, you will do what I say." His mother had never denied him anything, so I'm sure I was the first person to ever talk to him like that. The little wuss actually had the nerve to say, "But I don't want to do those things and you can't make me!"

That's when I pulled out my old sorority paddle, told him to take down his shorts and go over my lap for sassing me. I was going to give him a sample of how I would punish him if he didn't do all those things I had mentioned. At the sight of my paddle, he trembled and began to cry before I even started. What a sissy! I'm a big woman and keep myself in pretty good shape, so he knew he was no match for my strength. He pleaded with me not to punish him, but he had no ability to fight me off as I pulled him over my lap. That first paddling I gave him wasn't all that severe, just enough to give him a good idea of how painful it would be for him not to resist me. He quickly capitulated and was ready to follow my orders.

That night I gave him a salad and water for dinner — no pop, no bread and no dessert. Then I had him do some simple exercises to introduce him into a healthy lifestyle; however, after attempting to do a push-up, he complained that he couldn't do it. I stood him up and told him that I thought he was a sissy and the fact that he couldn't do even one push-up proved it. I then told him I had a gift for him. He brightened up at the prospect of receiving a present, but his face went red and he moaned in horror when I opened a paper bag and showed him a cute pink A-cup teen bra and three pairs of matching nylon panties. "I'm not wearing those!" he screamed pointing to the panties. "But of course, you're going to wear them," I countered. "When you were going into the shower last week, I saw all the fat you have on your body; you have larger breasts than most girls your age. And since you can't even do one push-up, you'll never get rid of your girlish titties, so I insist that you wear a bra because your breasts need support or they will start to sag and become unsightly."

Jeremy immediately got down on the floor and tried again to do a push-up, but he couldn't even though he struggled with all his might. When he got up, tears were in his eyes. He did not resist as I pulled off his baggy sweatshirt and made him hold out his arms so I could whisk him into the little pink bra. As I guided his breast tissue into the bra cups and fitted the straps over his shoulders and around his body, he was audibly crying. He cleared his throat and groaned, "But, Auntie, if I, um, lose weight, I won't have to wear it anymore?"

"OK, Jeremy, you lose the weight; you can lose the bra."

"I will, Auntie; I will," He said with confidence. "But Auntie Marge, I won't wear those!" He was pointing to the stack of three pairs of pink nylon panties I had placed over the arm

of my chair. "Well, mister, I have news for you. You will be wearing these panties every day. When I saw you in the shower, I was shocked to see your small penis. It's absolutely tiny! Of course you'll be wearing panties, and you will wear them until you lose weight and start to look more like a healthy young man instead of a pudgy little girl!"

I had thoroughly embarrassed him out of his ability to go against me. He was a sissy and he knew it. I then made the defeated boy strip down and step into the lacy nylon panties right there in front of me. I did let him turn away to hide his shamefully small penis from me as he put on the panties. I giggled as he then quickly grabbed his jeans and sweatshirt. I let him put them on to hide his new lingerie-clad body from my stare. I did my best to hide the little laugh in my voice as I told him, "Jeremy, if you get in shape and get rid of your titties, you won't have to wear the bra anymore. Now, I have a medical fact to tell you: For every thirty-five pounds an overweight man or boy like you loses, your penis will increase one inch in length. Your fat is taking a huge amount of your body's blood supply — that's one reason why your dick is so small. With that knowledge, I would think that any normal boy would be motivated enough to lose weight and get into shape. But I don't know about you. I have a feeling that you won't be able to do it. I think you are too much of a pansy, and you are destined to always be a sissy and a pantywaist. Do you think you can prove me wrong?" He was adamant that he would change. But even with me insisting that he wear a bra and panties and the scary possibility of dying like his mother from diabetes, I knew in my heart he wouldn't be able to do it. I was willing to bet on it, and just in case he did shape up, by the time he did, he would be so thoroughly accustomed to his bra and panties and I would have him so completely feminized that he wouldn't want to try to be a normal boy!

Well, I have to admit that Jeremy did try his hardest, and he did lose a lot of weight, but another medical fact I did not tell him is that when a male is extremely overweight, his breasts enlarge, the muscle, tissue and skin get stretched out and if he later loses weight, his breasts barely shrink at all, and he's left with is a slimmer body but with breasts that stand out even more than when he was fat! Marvelous! And that's exactly what happened.

But let me take you back to that first day with him in bra and panties. He just stood there in the middle of the room blushing and very downcast, self-consciously tugging at the hem of his sweatshirt like it wasn't long enough to cover his lingerie even though it was. I'm sure he sensed he was due for more punishment. I planned a couple of noisy training sessions to solidify my new control over him and teach him from the beginning that it was best to submit to me quietly whenever ordered to do so.

After a light, healthy dinner, we watched a dancing competition on television, and then, just before bedtime, I had him

strip down to his new pink bra and panties. I fetched my paddle and informed him that, in the future, he would have to retrieve it for me whenever he needed correction. I explained that I had no set pattern for paddling him; it would depend upon his actions. I'd simply punish him whenever he broke any of my many rules.

My training session commenced with a very humbling foot kissing ceremony. I slipped off my pumps and stretched out my aching stocking feet; he needed very little instruction in how to pay homage to them. Despite the deep humiliation he obviously felt, he submissively knelt before me and abjectly began kissing my stocking feet for ten minutes while I showered on him a series of cutting comments about his sissy tits, his girlishly flabby body, and how cute he looked in girls' bras and panties.

Then I taught him a number of tricks designed to further humble him that I would have him perform for me from time to time. I had him prance around the room in a circle a dozen times on tiptoes with mincing steps like a big sissy, swinging his pantied hips and bouncing his flabby breasts. Although it embarrassed him nearly to death, my paddle was there to encourage him to wiggle and shame himself as much as possible. It was quite an amusing show. I then put him in front of a full-length mirror in just his bra and panties and made him stand there for half an hour and feel himself up; he had to repeatedly flick his nipples through his thin bra and play with his fat butt and little boy penis through his nylon panties. I put bright red lipstick on him and made him repeatedly kiss his reflection in the mirror. I made him snap his panty elastics until his thighs and waist stung with the repeated pinging. I made him play with the lace and ribbon bows on his panties and tell me how much he loved all those gaudy, girlish frills.

Now, this has evolved into a regular routine under my close supervision and he has to dress in one of his many cute little lingerie outfits. His sweet, decidedly feminine swelling breasts remain, as I knew they would, even though he has lost eighty pounds and is now quite svelte and girlishly attractive. His titties fill a B-cup bra, much to his embarrassment, and provide me with the ammunition to tease the daylights out of him as I have him do a series of exercises to get him into shape but with particular attention to embarrassing exercises like those to enlarge his breasts.

I often conclude a session with the shameful command for him to play with himself for my entertainment. Standing in front of me, he must stroke his penis until it is rigid and obscenely pointing up in his thin nylon panties. I love the tension lines formed in his panties from his hard little cockie, which has grown to respectable lengths with his weight loss just as I had predicted. While he blushes warmly, I order him to be sure and keep his cockie stiff like that for the rest of the session to show me how much he approves of my training. Of course, from time to time, his winky-dinky will start to dangle and subside, and I will have to give it a hard swat with

my paddle to let him know he better start using his hands on himself again. I constantly tease him that I just might lose my composure someday and beat his penis so hard and make it so painful for him that he will beg me to have my doctor cut it off. I do tell him that would be a good idea because, then, he wouldn't be tempted to abuse himself and it would no longer be there for me to batter. Besides that, I tell him how nice his panties would fit without that ugly bit of ridiculous boy meat that looks so funny in his girly panties and makes him look like a freak. I often threaten to put him in a circus sideshow to be displayed with the other freaks of nature.

Following such torments, he is given the humiliating order to bend over the hassock. The little skirt or slip I having him wearing is so short that it doesn't even get in the way as I work over his pantied butt with my paddle. I have a strong right arm and the smack paddling that ensues is a long, hot burning session for him! I can assure you he is no hero and doesn't even try to hold back his tears as I set his bottom on fire. As his candy ass turns bright red, there are howls, tears and frantic pleas for mercy. I keep up a running line of comments, chiding him about his sissy status as I remind him how funny he looks in girls' pink panties and how people think it is weird to see a little boy with big girly titties. By the time I finally stop beating on his butt, I have a little boy with a thoroughly reddened, burning, and throbbing pair of buttocks who can neither sit down nor stand still! Compared to many other disciplinarians, I DO allow him to keep up his panties for his paddlings, and I DO allow him to rub his burning ass cheeks through his panties following a spanking. I do that to firmly link in his mind his punishment and sexual excitement with his silky nylon panties. Just as he is only allowed to cum by being wanked through his nylon panties either by me, a friend or his own hand, he is also always spanked or paddled through his nylon panties, all with the idea of developing in him an intense panty fetish. A male with and undeniable fetish for panties is easy to control and forever faithful to the female who so trained him.

Following a paddling, I make him remain in position over the hassock while I bring out a large red dildo that I keep handy. He really bawls when I promptly dilate his anus as I thrust it into him. I tell him he now knows how some poor girl feels when she is forced to give herself up to a brute of a boy; I warn him not to let my dildo slide out of his asshole under any circumstance. I hold it there until he reaches back with one hand to hold it himself.

I then ease aside the leg opening of my panties and stretch out on the couch with my skirt up to my waist. He must crawl to me and abjectly start kissing my pussy. While he is doing that, he must use his other hand to play with himself! I have a mirror arranged so I can watch him panty wank himself. We both get worked up pretty quickly, and it doesn't take him long to bring me to a delightful climax. He has been taught to hold back his ejaculation until I climax so I can then enjoy the sight of his spurting fluid filling his pretty panties.



Etymology of the Word 'Sissy'

We checked for the etymology of the word 'Sissy' online, and here is what we found along with the word 'cissy' (chiefly British) as an alternative spelling.

“‘Sissy’ was first used during the 1840s as an Americanism for the word ‘sister,’ was first recorded in 1887 as applied to an ‘effeminate man,’ suggesting a high-jacked slang.”

“Sissy (sometimes just Sis) is a relationship nickname formed from sister, given to girls to indicate their role in the family, especially the oldest female sibling. It can also be applied to girls as a term of affection from friends who aren’t family.”

“The girls’ name Sissy \s(is)-sy\. Diminutive form of Cecilia (Latin) “blind one.” Also a common nickname for a sister.”

“Sissy has 8 variant forms: Cissee, Cissey, Cissi, Cissie, Cissy, Sissee, Sissey and Sissie.”

“Cissy is a very rare female first name and a very rare sur-

name (source: 1990 U.S. Census).”

Dictionaries I checked said Sissy derives from SIS which is short for ‘sister,’ though, all my life I’ve called my sister Sissie, taking it to be an affectionate form of ‘sister.’ I’m not sure where I got it or how it started. Perhaps my father used it for a time, but if he did, he didn’t continue the practice. My odd spelling came from the fact that I didn’t know how to spell it. So when I had to write it on birthday cards, I guessed and guessed wrong and it stuck.

Oxford English Dictionary [plural Sissies] Sissy colloquial [from SIS noun + Y; cf. Cissy noun and adjective]

1) Sissy: Sister Quote:

<1846 Dollar Newspaper (Philadelphia) 22 Apr. 1/7 “‘Sissy Jane’ smoothed back my hair, and smiled at me.”—Dollar Newspaper (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania), 22 April, page 1/7>

<1854 “When Sissy got into the school here ... her father was as pleased as Punch.”—Hard Times, Dickens, I. vi. p 41>

<1901 “Don’t be frightened, sissy, I never kiss girls.”—My

Brilliant Career by M. Franklin, xiii. page 107>

<1939 “It made ma make merry and sissy so shy.”—
Finnegan’s Wake by James Joyce, page 94>

2) Sissy: An effeminate person; a coward. [[also as adjective
‘effeminate, cowardly’]] Quote:

<1887 “Look and walk too much like sissies to do much
fightin’.”—The Lantern (New Orleans), 27 August, page 3/2>

<1891 “He approached and sat near me, deep in conversa-
tion with a young gentleman with sissy whiskers.”—Harper’s
Magazine, August, page 485/2>

<1893 (heading) “Sissy men in Society.—Powdered, Painted
and Laced. They swarm at Afternoon Teas.”—Sunday Mer-
cury (New York), 14 May, page 15/5>

<1899 “‘Well, you are a sissy,’ said Blinks contemptuous-
ly.”—Tales by T. Hall, page 131>

<1926 A religious ‘sissy’ was anathema to me.”—British
Weekly (London), 9 September, page 472/3>

<1932 “I want red blood. I don’t want no sissies, see?”—
Cold Comfort Farm by S. Gibbons, xvii. page 237>

<1948 “Frankie was the son of a policeman who tried to
toughen him up by making him go out and fight with the
boys. He grew up with an abiding fear of being a sissy . . .”
—Time Magazine, 23 August>

<1963 “If he behaves in a manner more characteristic of
mother he may find that he is called a ‘sissy’ and positive
reinforcements for such behavior are not forthcoming.”—Dy-
namics of Mental Health: The Psychology of Adjustment by
Sawrey & Telford, page 40>

<1977 “Smokers proved to be sissies when deprived of ciga-
rettes.”—Time Magazine, 21 February, page 40/2>

<1985 “He said tea and coffee were sissy drinks, okay for
women and youngsters and ... ah, certain other types we
won’t mention, but that real men preferred beer.”—From a
High Place by E. Mathis, page 112>

<2005 “A sissy male child did not necessarily grow up to be
a homosexual, but the inverse was frequently assumed: that
the male homosexual began as a sissy boy-child ...”—Man-
hood and American Political Culture in the Cold War by K.
A. Cuordileone, By page 152>

<2008 (article title) “Selling isn’t for sissies; Of course,
there’s the process of moving and getting the house ready to
show. But the real hardship in selling your house comes in
suffering the slings and arrows of opinion from prospective

buyers.”—Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN), 28 June>

Some Sissy synonyms (not all precisely) are: mollycoddle,
namby-pamby, milksop, weakling, mama’s boy, pantywaist,
wimp, and milquetoast

CISSY is also a spelling in the Oxford English Dictionary:
CISSY = Sissy [[(2) above]]: Quote:

<1915 “Ready to look down upon the Britisher as a good-for-
nothing ladylike cissy.”—Letters from the Front (Canadian
Bank of Commerce) (1920) by T.L. Golden, 30 May, I. p 19>

<1926 “Of all the milk-and-water out-and-out Cissies this
settlement beat the band!”—Chambers Journal (Edinburgh,
Scotland), April, page 228; December, page 790/2>

<1930 “It takes more than a cissy Englishman who couldn’t
find the hole in a doughnut to break trail across ‘Barrens.’”
—Chambers Journal (Edinburgh, Scotland), April, page 228>

<1938 “I can’t stand those cissie pullovers.”—The Death of
the Heart by E. Bowen, II. iii. page 223>

<1944 “It’s me name, but it’s too cissy, so I . . . picks up
‘Mick.’”—We Were the Rats by L. Glassop, I. i. page 5>

<1958 “Reason told me ... that I was being a fool and a
cissy.”—No Colours or Crest by P. Kemp, iii. page 40>

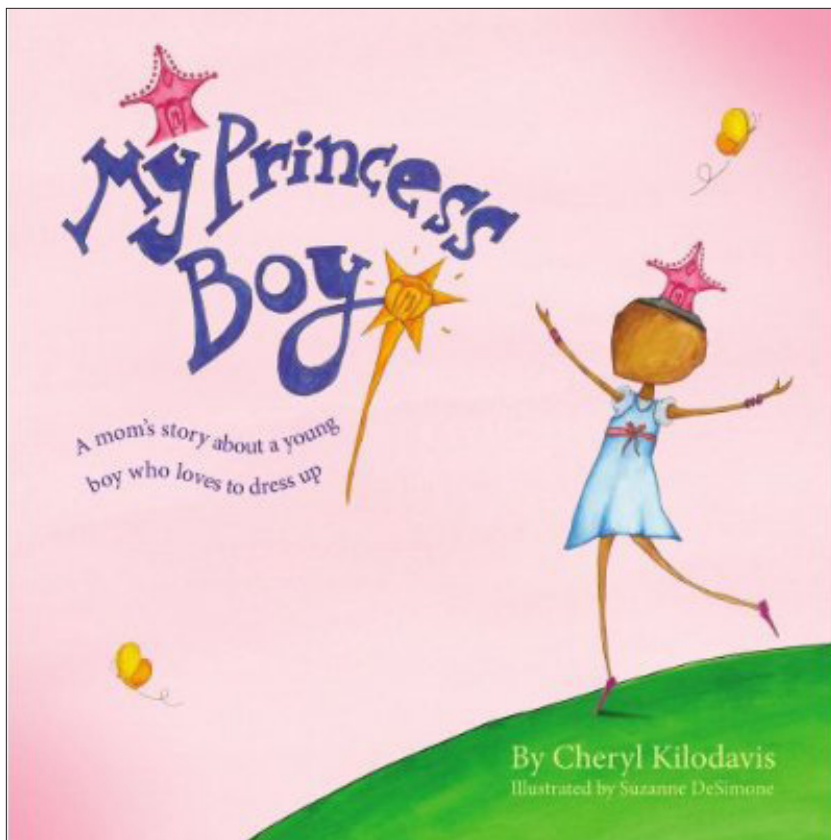
<1963 “The reason why some workers did not use protective
equipment and clothing, which would have prevented many
accidents, was that they regarded such things as ‘cissy.’”
—The Times (London), 16 February, page 12/4>

<1994 “Twenty pence buys the freedom of the river all the
way through the city on one of the River Express boats. One
of the Bangkok thrills is boarding this beast [[the river boat]]
as it bobs around: the boatmen wouldn’t dream of anything so
cissy as tying up while passengers gamely attempt to hop on
and off. The Independent (London), 20 February>

<2003 “But he branded him a cissy for trying to get his rivals
to force the cancellation of Friday’s running. Sunday Mirror
(London), 6 April>

<2008 “And other times she can get really scared. But when
she gets like that I just tell her to shut up and not be such a
cissy.”—South Wales Echo (Cardiff, Wales), 7 July>

In Germany, “Sissi” is a diminutive form of “Elizabeth”, most
widely applied to Empress Elizabeth of Austria. With the
ubiquitous influence of German on names in the US, I’d be
surprised if there was no background there.



"My Princess Boy" A Mom's Story about Her Effeminate Young Son Who Loves to Dress Up

"My Princess Boy" is about Dyson, who loves pink, sparkly things. Sometimes he wears dresses. Sometimes he wears jeans. He likes to wear his princess tiara, even when climbing trees. He's a Princess Boy. The book was inspired by the author's son, and by her own initial struggles to understand. It is a heartwarming book about unconditional love and one remarkable family: Dyson's mother, father and older brother. It is also a call for tolerance and an appeal to end bullying and judgments. The world is a brighter place when we accept everyone for who they are.

The following are readers' reviews of the book:

January 21, 2011 from Taylor Siluwé "Literary Provocateur" (Jersey City, NJ) and author of "Dancing With The Devil" Rarely does such a controversial subject and memoir converge in a children's book. However with this issue, a children's book is the place to address it. As a Black gay man who was once bullied for being 'different' way back in the Jurassic, I feel so proud of Dyson's parents for supporting his natural creative development instead of attempting to stifle

it or force it into a societal template of what all little boys should be. Many black fathers don't understanding that all little boys don't dream of fire trucks and footballs, and not all little girls dream of Barbie dolls and Easy Bake ovens. Dyson could have so easily been a sad statistic on the news about a child who couldn't take it anymore (or brutalized by an angry father trying to make him more manly). No, Dyson's spirit wasn't crushed. Instead, he will never doubt his parents love and support for whatever it is he does with his life. And what more could any kid ask? Dyson's future looks bright! The fact the 'My Princess Boy' exists means a brighter future for all little boys and girls who are un-phased by their uniqueness. I'm more proud of this mother and father than I can even express. This book is a precious little gem. It should be in every grade school across the country.

A voice in the darkness

January 11, 2011 from A. Berg "A mom" (Buffalo, NY)

This book was so brilliant that I couldn't stop crying as I read it. My son needed to own this book, and he needed to hear these words ... he's five and believes so many things that

other people tell him (but of course, not us!), and to see this in print is to validate what is in his heart. This is a voice in the darkness, calling us into the light of acceptance. Wonderful. The only down side to this book is that none of the people have faces, which distracted and disturbed him. But otherwise, I love it.

Amazing book for all children

January 4, 2011 from Tom Markus "rural" (Houston, TX)

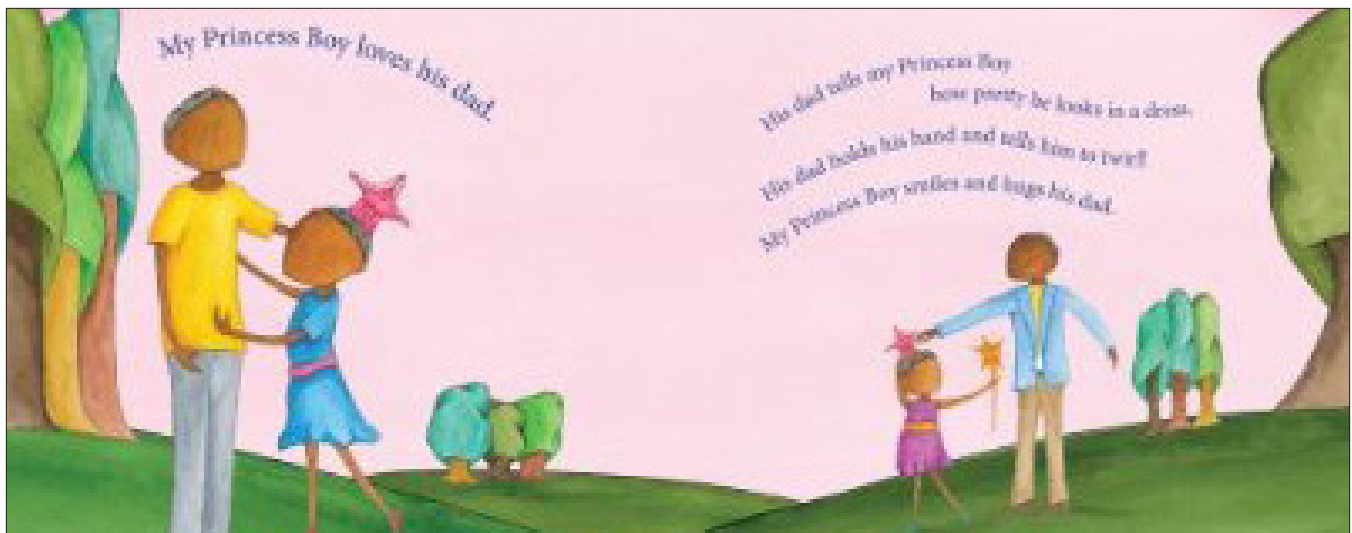
This book is incredibly positive for all children, not just princess boys. Our daughter and son both found it delightful. The message is one of acceptance and family unity that are both critical to wholesome family values.

January 3, 2011 from C. K. Wanzer (Indianapolis, IN USA)

This book is an amazing gift to anyone that has a princess boy in their lives ... or for that matter, anyone that has anyone in their life. It is a sincere and compelling message of love, hope and acceptance. If you love this book, please consider the book "Choose To Love: A Poem About Life, Love & Choices." It, too, is a message for all.

January 2, 2011 from L. A. Diomampo:

Saw "The Talk" with the author of this book and her family. Absolutely loved the idea. My 8 year old great nephew has always loved pink and dresses and sparkly things. I got this for my family to read and to help my nieces in not picking on him so much for his likes and desires and understanding a little better. Love this and would like to see more like it.



December 27, 2010 from mringo:

I saw this book mentioned in People magazine and knew I needed to buy it. I am an elementary teacher for special education students. When I saw this book I had a particular student in mind; although he is not my student. This book celebrates the uniqueness of all without giving a label. I bought a copy for his teacher and a copy for him. Very sweet book with colorful illustrations.

December 22, 2010 from babba:

Well written story about a little boy who loves to dress up as a princess. This story teaches children and adults that we are all unique individuals and we should all be recognized for that. It doesn't matter what we dress like, we are just ourselves. Great book to explain to children to be friends with EVERYONE. This book is also great to lead into other discussions with children about accepting all people for who they are, what color they are, and who they love.

December 10, 2010 from Jeri Woodruff, Las Vegas, Nevada:

This book is awesome. My little guy who is 6 years old and a Princess boy loves it. It makes him not feel so different that someone else is like him. I donated to his school and to a counselor I know to pay it forward.

November 23, 2010 from startune:

Tolerance and acceptance are the main things we need to teach our children and this book is a great way to help with it!

November 15, 2010 from Crystal Conn

As the mama of a four year old boy who loves to dress in poofy, sparkly princess dresses and be pretty I was very excited when I learned about this book and ordered it right away. I received it in the mail two days ago and our family has already read the books several times. My son's eyes lit up when he listened to the story for the first time, he was so excited to see another boy like him. This book is not only helping my son feel not-so-strange but it is also helping his big sister be more comfortable with her brother being not-so-normal. I

only wish the book were offered in hardback because I know it's going to see a lot of love!

November 10, 2010 from E. Gibson "m" (Decatur, GA)

Purchased this for a family member who is experiencing this same situation. It is very difficult for anyone who has a son that likes wearing girls' clothes or vice versa. I wanted to get this so they would know they are not alone - that there are others facing some of the same issues.

Finally! Wonderful Book!

November 4, 2010 from Jeans Queen:

This is a wonderful book about a regular boy who happens to like sparkly things, and a great reminder that it shouldn't matter. There are more princess boys out there than you might think, and it's so nice to finally see a book that wholeheartedly embraces them. Thank you for giving the princess boys out there a voice!

A Beautiful Story of a Family's Unconditional Love

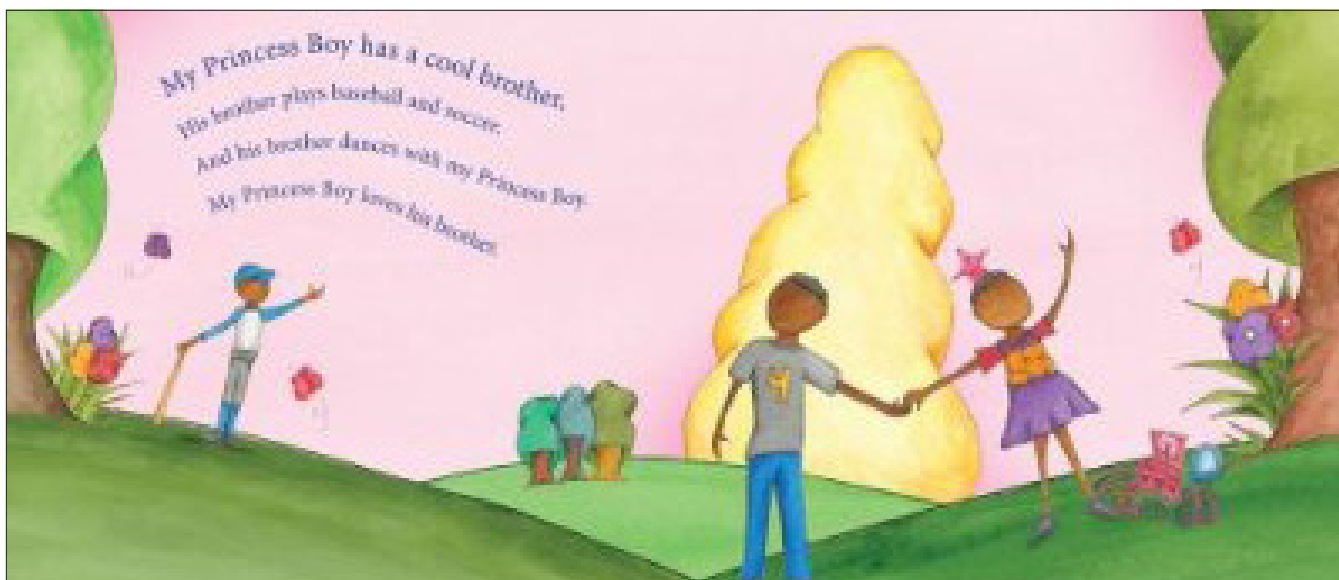
October 20, 2010 from Megan Walsh (Albuquerque, NM)

This book is about a child's right to explore who they are in the world. Why shouldn't boys like dancing and girls like trucks? Who made those rules? The child in the story is free to be himself and revel in the love of his parents and his brother. What could be better than that? I love that the reader is shown the difficult sides of self expression re: people laughing etc. but the reader is also encouraged and challenged to explore their own response. Throughout the book, The Princess Boy is shown his preciousness through the respect of his family and because of that he will grow up to be a healthy and productive member of our community. Thank you. This book is amazing and has sparked many wonderful conversations in my household as well as my workplace.

Wonderful Book!

October 20, 2010 from A "A" (California, USA)

This is a wonderful, positive book that will help children learn about diversity. I have a boy who loves things pink and princessy too, and he has been treated very badly by some



children who did not understand his gender atypical interests. Thank you to the mom who wrote this book, to help promote acceptance for all children.

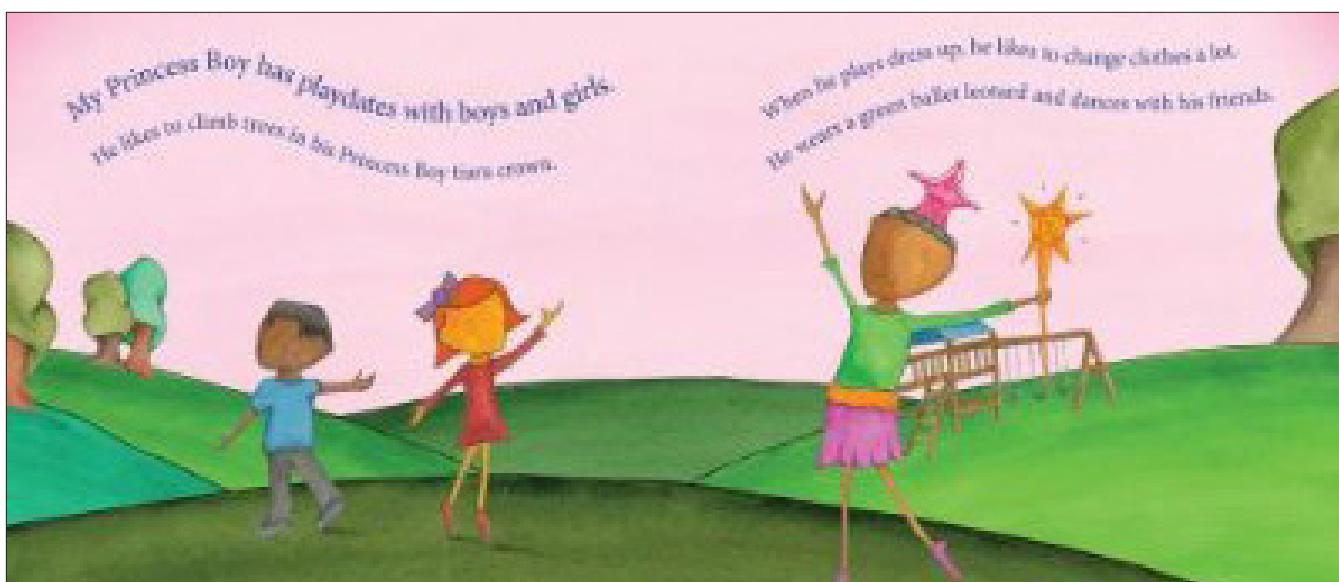
September 30, 2010 from J. Wade (Seattle, WA)

I love this book! This is one of those rare books that every parent and child should read. My Princess Boy teaches the lesson of loving and valuing people for who they are. My Princess Boy sends an important positive message to kids (and parents) that it's not OK to tease or bully kids who are different than us. I bought this book for my children and for several other families. The more children and parents who can celebrate their uniqueness and the uniqueness of others, the better the world will be.

September 29, 2010 from K. Hoehler

This is a beautiful, heartfelt book written by a mother about her wonderfully true-to-self child. He is a boy who loves sparkles and lace and everything pretty. Why not?! The book

is honest about the stumbling blocks this presents for him (and his mother) in today's society. It is written simply with lovely illustrations. I have watched adults melt as they have read it. And children seem to respond in such a positive, accepting way. After all, the Princess Boy is being himself, acting out of an inner exuberance that he joyfully shares with other. He is not harming anyone and he, himself, is not judging others. He has an older, athletic brother whom he loves to wrestle with and play soccer with. This is a must-have book for all primary school libraries. The message is about acceptance and love, not judgement and limitations on a child's spirit. It is an excellent way to discuss "differences" with one's children. As a parent, I worry about the bullying and hard knocks that come with my children growing up. Hopefully this book will encourage dialogue around the labels we place on our children, and the obsolete parameters we wrap around them.



A Bully is Sissified

Jane looked out the window and frowned. "He's at it again; Danny is bullying the girls! He just knocked down little Lulu and Mary-Anne and is now pulling on Wendy's pigtails. All three girls are crying. Oh, why can't boys be more like girls?" she moaned. "Girls are nice, well-mannered, pretty ..."

"Perhaps you can do something about that. After all, you are his guardian now. Why not bring him up in skirts?" Mandy said. "Why not make him sweet like a girl. He has nice long, blonde hair. Within a month or two it would be long enough to hold a nice girlish style. He's already rather cute. It wouldn't take much to make him into a girl. Jane stared at her maid thoughtfully. Mandy must have been reading her mind. "You think that is what he needs? How would he react?"

"Oh, he'll hate it, at least at first. There's a woman I know in Dorchester who is raising her son as a girl because he was too much of a handful. He put up an unbelievable fuss, but after having his tushy repeatedly and severely spanked, he accepted his fate since his parents weren't backing down. Now, when I visit, he appears quite comfortable in his role as a girl. I think he has come to enjoy wearing pretty lingerie and dresses. The whole family is far happier, now. Even the boy's father thinks it's for the best; he loves and treats him just like a daughter."

"The boy in lingerie, huh?" Jane mused as she pictured Danny in satin slips and lacy panties and felt a rush of heat between her legs; in a weird, warm way Mandy's words excited her. Blushing pink at the thought of feminizing stepson, she could not resist the urge and sliding her hand under her skirts to caress the silkiness of her panties between her legs. Mandy, ever ready to serve her Mistress's needs, knelt before Jane and started to kiss the crotch of her already damp panties. Interspersed between her kisses, she paused to whisper words to further excite the lady of the house. "Think of Danny in a girlie party dress puffed up with mounds of swirly petticoats. Imagine how he'll take to silky babydoll PJs and satin slips. Think about how much fun it will be teaching him how to pet and play with his penis through saucy nylon panties? Danny is yours to mold, Jane. Yours to turn into a pretty little girlie-boy playtoy. I'll be happy to teach him how to perform maids' duties; he can then show his devotion to females by being a lady's maid to his stepsisters." Mandy was now licking Jane's thoroughly saturated nylon panties. The woman rocketed into a series of orgasms, faster than ever, such a rewarding climax.

After resting for a moment to decelerate from her high, Jane once more looked out of the window. Danny was running around the girls. She couldn't hear what he was saying but could tell by how the girls were reacting that he was teasing them. Suddenly, she looked at him in a different way. "Why, Mandy, you are quite right. He really is very pretty for a boy.

I'll do it. Make him into a girl. He would look ever so sweet and pretty in girls' clothes." The images in her head quickly stirred her emotions once again, and she yanked her skirt and slip up, waved a 'come hither' to Mandy and pulled the young maid's face into her crotch to kiss her panties and send her again into orbit, but now she fantasized that it wasn't Mandy between her thighs licking away, but Danny! Danny in a little girls' dress abjectly eating her pussy!

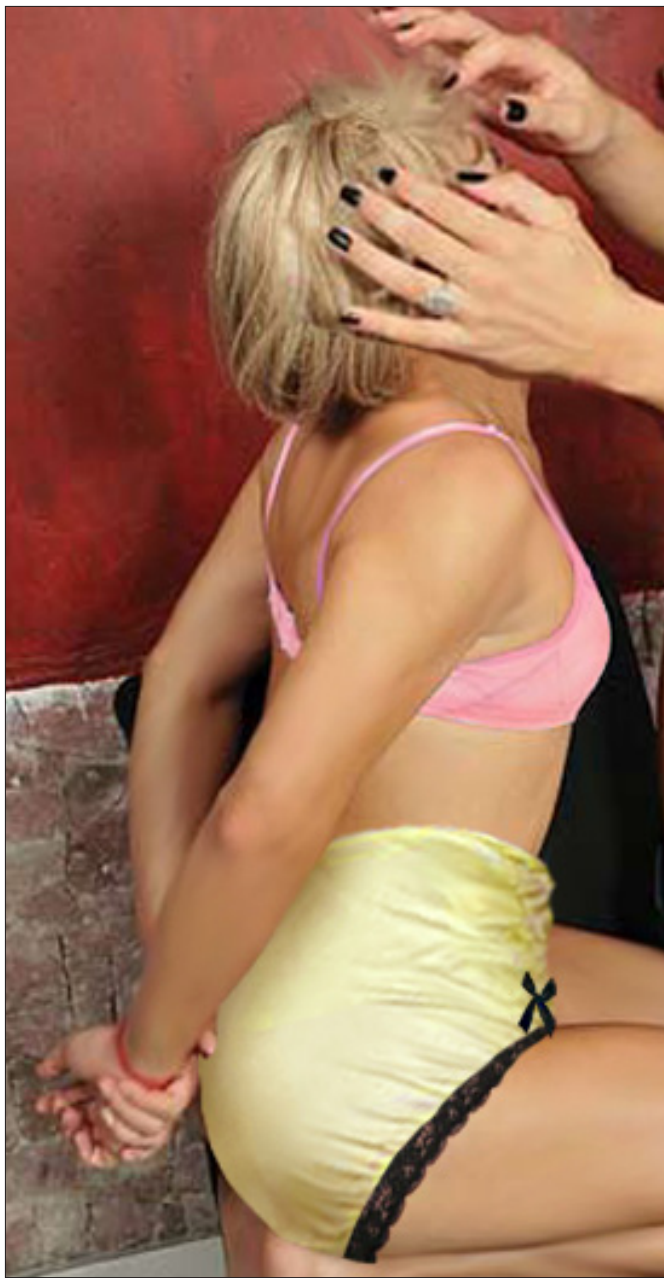
Soon after Jane had Mandy call in the children. She then took her three daughters aside to explain what she was planning for their nasty stepbrother. It didn't take long for the excited girls to gather a supply of their clothes they were happy to donate to the cause. Mary-Anne was closest to him in size, and she asked, "Mother, can we put him in my new yellow panties? Remember how he laughed at them when they fell out of the bag after we got home from the store?" Jane told her, "Great idea. He'll look ever so sweet in them, and it will serve him right for making fun of your panties." Jane was delighted with the enthusiasm the girls were demonstrating as they prepared to feminize the unsuspecting boy.

Upon being summoned, Danny sensed something was wrong as he apprehensively entered his stepmother's room. He then stared sullenly at his stepmother as she scolded him for the appalling way he was always treating her daughters, and she was going to make him stop it. As she berated him, he stared woodenly at his stepmother, Mandy the maid, and his stepsisters, Mary-Anne, Wendy and little Lulu. He noticed each of them had changed into fancy dress clothes, curiously overdressed for the middle of the day. They were all outfitted like they were going to a big dance or a dinner party. He was about to ask, 'What's the occasion' or something similar, but he couldn't get a word in as his stepmother continued to reprimand him. "I'm sick to death of you teasing and bullying the girls. It's time you had a taste of your own medicine, my boy. I'll show you how it feels to be teased until you cry!"

Danny was trying not to listen until she said leaned into him and asked, "Shall we play a game?" Before he could answer, the three girls cried, "Yes, yes," with a laugh.

He became afraid. They were ganging up on him. He watched with growing fear as his stepmother pulled a chair out into the centre of the room. On cue, the girls began dancing around him and his stepmother. But even through his fear he couldn't help but notice the fancy swirling petticoats that were exposed as the little girls whooped gleefully around the room, making a point of lifting their skirts to taunt him in a most girlish way.

They always were prettily dressed, but now even more so, wearing their finest flowery frocks with masses of petticoats. As they danced, Jane sat on the chair and shocked him when she drew him close and unfastened the top of his shorts! He automatically pulled back ... was she going to spank him on his naked butt in front of her giggling young daughters? A



hard smack with her hand on his tender thigh stopped him in his tracks. “Be still!” she commanded.

Danny froze as she opened his fly and tugged down his shorts and underwear until they were a crumpled heap at his ankles. Mary-Anne clapped her hands and jeered. Wendy giggled and pointed at his bare bottom. Little Lulu laughed aloud. Danny burst into tears as he covered his penis with his hands. Jane couldn't hide her own amusement at the sight of her unruly stepson now cowering before her with his head bowed and his face streaked with tears, trying in vain to cover his little boy toy. “What are we trying to hide?” she trumpeted, pulling his hands away. “Oh, look; he's ashamed of being a boy!”

As the girls zeroed in for a good look, he thought he would die of embarrassment. “Please, stepmother, please don't!”

“You've been very naughty, and you need be punished, right, girls?” The three laughing girls shrieked their approval. “Spank him until he cries like a big baby!” screamed Wendy. Mary-Anne agreed, “Yes, put him over your knee!” Lulu giggled and called out, “Yeah, beat his bottom red!”

Danny turned to flee but fell over his shorts bunched about his ankles! Jane grabbed him and dragged the struggling, sobbing boy over her knee. Her skirt and petticoat rode high up her thighs. Danny was pushed deep in the folds of her skirt and slips and, through a blur of tears, saw peeking out beneath him her naked thighs decorated with black garter straps and dark stocking tops. The insanity of the situation amongst the ultra girlish surroundings pierced his thoughts. It was crazy. So wickedly feminine, so unmasculine and unworldly. His naked penis now nestled deep in the folds of his stepmother's skirt and slips with the maid and three little girls calling for his punishment. Jane brought her palm down over his naked buttocks. SLAP! Danny squealed! The girls cheered!

SPANK SLAP! SPANK! Time after time she smacked his bottom until his buttocks ached and smarted. SPANK! SLAP! SPANK! SLAP!

Danny wriggled and squirmed on her lap, Jane's skirt and petticoats rode higher, and she felt a hot rush of desire! She purposely worked the boy into position so his naked penis was now rubbing her nylon panties on her lower tummy, so close to exciting her genitals, and the sight of his buttocks turning a fiery red under her hand was great food for her mind to file away and recall later with Mandy's mouth bringing her to a climax — now she could accurately picture thoughts of the feminine-attired boy sucking her pussy to orgasm. The frightened boy made one last attempt to escape, but Jane was too quick for him. “Wendy! Grab his legs! Lulu, help her.” The two girls were eager to assist because for such a long time, Danny had bullied and teased them unmercifully. They each grabbed an ankle and held on tightly. “Mary-Anne hold his wrists!” She obeyed and Danny found himself held by four females. He was helpless. Jane took firm hold of him and brought the flat of her hand down smartly on his bottom!

SPANK! SLAP! SPANK! SLAP! SPANK! SLAP! SPANK!

Danny wailed, squealed and sobbed. He begged her to stop, but Jane was too excited. The feeling of power, of control ... the pain she inflicted, his pathetic squirming on her lap. If the three girls had not been present, she would have shoved his baby face down between her thighs and realized her fantasy at that very moment! But to get control of herself, she abruptly pushed him from her lap. With Danny lying sobbing at her feet, Jane told the girls what to do. “Take off his shorts and underwear! He isn't a boy; boys don't cry like that; he's just a big sissy, isn't he, girls?” Here daughters cheered as they removed Danny's shoes, socks, shorts, and underwear. “He's a nancy boy!” Wendy giggled. “A pansy boy!” Lulu squealed.

"Oh, yes, he's a little pansy, all right, but pansies wear girls' panties, and I have just the perfect panties that he needs and a nice dress too," screamed Mary-Anne as the girls stopped dancing. The room fell ominously quiet. Everyone looked at Jane. The girls in breathless anticipation. Danny, kneeling on the floor, eyed his stepmother with dread. He saw the gleam of excitement in her eyes and watched her heaving bosom, her nipples rigid under her thin silk blouse. Jane was wallowing in the moment and wanted to slow things down. The first few moments of feminizing a boy are precious bits of time to be savored forever after. Such was the heady, lightheaded, giddy feelings of power she felt. "Yes! He shall wear panties, petticoats and skirts," she declared aloud breathily.

"He can wear my satin frock with my petticoat and panties," screeched Mary-Anne. "My new shoes should fit him," said Wendy excitedly. "He can wear my training bra," little Lulu said with her typical giggle. "Well, girls, go get what we'll need to make him into your new little sister!" Jane directed.

Danny was stunned at the direction things were going. The thought of what was about to happen was inflicting more pain on him than the pain he still felt emanating from his burning butt as the three girls scurried off to collect the clothes they had suggested, which must have been readied because they were back in an instant. Danny watched with mounting horror as the girlish clothing was laid out on his stepmother's bed. A silky soft snow white party dress with tiers of ruffles. A lacy tiered petticoat with three silky layers of ruffle-hemmed lace. Fancy panties with lacy legs and ribbon bows. Pink ankle sox. White satin ribbons for his hair. And a pair of shiny, black patent leather shoes with little high heels.

"But we can't let a horrid little boy wear such pretty clothes!" exclaimed his stepmother. Danny looked relieved. The girls looked confused. "We have to make him pretty first!" Danny sighed. The girls cheered. "What should we do then, mother?" asked Wendy. "First, we need to get him smelling like a girl ... let's give him a nice scented bath!"

Danny was dragged to the adjoining bathroom. The giggling girls put bubble bath crystals the cascading hot water. Jane tied one of the maid's ruffled white bib aprons on and told the girls to do the same. Then, four pairs of pinching, squeezing feminine hands rudely bathed the hapless boy. Those same hands then dried him with huge fluffy towels and dusted him with perfumy powder. Danny was physically teased whenever his nakedness accidentally came into contact with the smooth, cool, nylon or lacy edges of their aprons. Despite his shame, the aprons tickled and excited his penis, and it reacted to the strange new thrill! Jane laughed, "Look, girls, at his little dickie. It's hard and that tells me he likes the touch of nylon and lace. Well, now that he smells like a girl, let's see what he looks like in a frilly gown."

"I've got the most gorgeous silk negligee, shall I get it?" Wendy burst out. Her mother nodded. The other three females

all oohed and aahed at the sight of the lovely, sheer garment. "Oh, Wendy, it's beautiful. Are you sure you want Danny to wear it?" She sighed and answered, "Just for today; I want it back afterwards." Danny stared wide-eyed at the sunny bright yellow negligee. He swallowed nervously. "Here, step into these first," his stepmother said as she held before him a pair of full-cut sunshine yellow panties with black lace around the leg openings and little black satin bows on each side. Goose pimples erupted all over him as his stepmother slid the panties up his skinny little legs. As the panties were whisked up and over his hips and settled into place with a distinctive, hard snap of the elastic waistband, she asked, "So, boy, do you remember these panties? Remember when we came back from the store and in the living room they fell out of the bag? Do you remember how you laughed at them because they were so frilly and girly? Well, now you'll be able to not only see but feel how frilly and girly they are. Enjoy them, boy; now, you have been officially pantied!"

She and the girls laughed heartily; he let out an exasperated exhale that seemed to empty his body of his hopes of ever becoming a man. Before he could evaluate the loss of his masculinity, it was further subdued as the girls made him slide his arms into the silky embrace of the negligee that they then wrapped around him. The glowing yellow panties could be easily seen; in fact they were highlighted, as they showed starkly through the pale yellow, ultra-feminine robe. He wriggled involuntarily. His stepmother's voice yanked him back into reality. "If you tear or spoil this gown, I'll thrash you silly, boy! Keep still!"

The negligee was transparent and the panties were quite sheer too. They did little to hide his naked genitals. He knew he looked silly and wasn't surprised that they were laughing at him. "He still looks like a boy," Wendy said disappointedly. "We could fix his hair," Lulu said doubtfully. "And paint his nails," added Mary-Jane.

"First things first," said Jane, "I will pierce his ears; all girls have their ears pierced at his age." Danny burst into tears, but his stepmother was not swayed. She held him tightly against her smooth nylon apron as she expertly pierced his ears. She didn't prep his ears with an ice cube. She wanted it to hurt. He sobbed. She wanted his entry into girlhood to be painful and unforgiving, the humiliation he felt to be overflowing with bizarre yearnings, strange thrills. Tiny diamond studs were set into his lobes. They sparkled enticingly against his fair hair. He begged his stepmother, "I'll be good. Please, let me out of this silly thing," he said as he held out the hem of the silky negligee with a look of disgust on his face.

"Why Danny, if you don't appreciate your lovely gown, I'll take it off!" So she took off the negligee, but of course, he meant for her to let him out of the panties too. He begged her to let him be a boy again, but before he could say much more, she shoved a baby's pacifier into his mouth. "Now, Danny, you are not a boy, you have already proved that, so all that



is left is for us to do with you is to make you into a pretty little girl. Now, just keep quiet. Keep this baby binky in your mouth or I'll spank you again but use my hairbrush this time! Believe me, it will hurt!"

Danny now wondered if he had made a mistake by asking to take off the robe that had provided at least a little bit of cover. Now, he was naked except for the shameful fancy panties, a baby's pacifier in his mouth and still surrounded by laughing females! His stepmother sat him in the chair. He closed his eyes to blot out the scene as his stepmother twisted lengths of his hair into short ponytails that laughingly stuck straight out from his head. Then she gave the girls their instructions. "I want you to make Danny's nails as pretty as possible. Give him a first class manicure and pedicure, and paint his nails a nice bright pink!"

Suddenly, he felt his wrists being strapped down. Opening his eyes, he saw Mandy, the maid, using dress belts to bind his forearms to the chair's arms and his ankles to the chair's legs. He was bound and helpless. In protest, he spit out the binky screaming, "I don't want to be a stupid girl. Let me go! Let me go!" That outburst was met with a double backhand slap to his face. The binky was shoved back into his mouth but not before Jane shoved it down into her panties, into her pussy and rubbed it around to get it well coated with her juices. The maid giggled, but the girls were shocked to see their mother do that, but oh how they loved it and laughed when that sticky, gooey pacifier was thrust back into Danny's mouth. He admitted defeat by accepting it and not trying to spit it out again. He had been warned — another outburst and she would shove it up his asshole before making him suck on it! Jane then walked away, leaving him at the mercy of the girls!

They had a wonderful time as they prodded and poked and made sly comments about what a sissy he was and how they were going to make him so pretty as a girl. Once again burst into tears of helpless rage and shame. With scissors and files, all three went to work, frowning with concentration as they reshaped and his nails. Lulu chose a shocking pink nail polish. With care she painted Danny's nails until they shone bright and pink! Jane returned. She was very pleased with his nails. "Why they look lovely. What do you think, Danny?" she said as she momentarily took the pacifier out of his mouth. "I hate them!" he replied hotly. She replaced the binky in his mouth and then unstrapped him from the chair and led him to her mirror to see his reflection. He stared in awe at his stunningly girlish look! Jane then led him to the bed where the clothes were lovingly displayed. "I think little Danny is ready for his pretties. Since he is a sissy and not a boy, he can't go around in trousers

anymore, so let's let him be his new self. He needs to wear girls' clothes not funky old trousers. He is like a girl now, isn't he, girls?"

"Yes," laughed Wendy, "he even smells like girl!"

"And he has a girl's pretty hands!" said Mary-Anne.

"And he has pigtails; boys don't have pigtails!" added Lulu!

"Well, Danny," his stepmother said, "I guess we all agree; you certainly are a sissy, and sissies don't wear trousers, so what do you want to do, simply go around as you are now in just your sissy boy panties. Should we take you outside like this too?" Do you want to go outside just in your lacy yellow panties with pink nails, pigtails and smelling like a rose?" Danny squirmed. He knew he could not go out like this. He wanted to cover his shame as much as possible, even if he could only bury it in those girly clothes now staring at him more than he was staring at them. He shook his head 'no.'

"Well, then take your frilly petticoat and step into it," Mary-Anne said as she stood by the bed holding the frothy cancan petti by the waist and gently swishing it back and forth before his horrified eyes. And, with four smiling female faces as an audience, Danny took the petti with a grimace. His polished pink fingertips shook as he held up the delicate bouffant slip and stepped into the elasticized waistband. Despite being just about the most feminine thing he had ever seen, it struck him weirdly that the petticoat was surprising stiff and scratchy with all its lace and tiers of netting. He gasped aloud as it tickled his legs and teased him through his cool silken panties that gripped his penis and balls like a baby girl's soft little hands. There was a gleeful murmur of approval from the girls as he hung his head in shame and willingly wiggled his hips to position the cancan petti on his hips. He knew his face was red. He could feel his cheeks burning with embarrassment.

Lulu then held out her dinky little pink training bra. With a soft moan of despair, he let her pull it up his arms and over his shoulders. A multitude of female hands tightened the snug shoulders straps and made him squirm as they pushed his pectoral muscles together and nestled them into the soft lace-edged bra to fill the nearly flat AA-size cups. Lulu giggled and couldn't resist giving his panty leg elastics a few harsh, stinging snaps as she commanded, "Sit still, sissy! You're such a little pantywaist! Were just trying to make you pretty!"

Next a white satin camisole was slithered down over his once male body. He twitched at its silky embrace. He tried not to move because movement caused the girlie clothes he had on to rub him ever more disturbingly. The full skirts of his multi-tied cancan petticoat seemed to have a life of their own as they noisily bounced and itched and teased him. He wanted to scratch every inch of his legs and panties from the painful scratching of those horrid petticoats. Who ever created such a thing, such a torturous garment, especially for a boy!

And whenever he did move, his every motion was exaggerated and enhanced by his feminine petticoat prison. He gazed down upon himself spellbound at the embroidered bodice of the camisole, the tiny satin ribbons tied in bows at the edges, the puffy petticoat that totally hid his lower half. At least his embarrassingly fancy panties were now hidden from view, but — but these were crazy clothes! He wondered, 'How could girls stand to wear such stuff without going insane?'

Danny was knocked back to reality as his stepmother dropped the open skirt of the heavily ruffled white satin frock over him. His senses seemed to go into shock all over again! The whole world tilted! He was acutely aware of every inch of the dress's sleek embrace. Jane buttoned up the back and watched his face carefully. She was not surprised at his stunned look. It was an incredibly beautiful frock to touch as well as to look at, but she knew he wasn't stunned by its beauty but by the fact that he was wearing it. She saw his palms patting down and smoothing the skirts unconsciously, like he didn't know what to do with his hands or with his petticoat buoyed skirt. Jane, the maid and the three girls had gone quiet as they all were aware that something important had occurred. They could tell the transformation now consumed him; he had been changed from a nasty little boy into a quiet, bashful little girl — or at least into a thoroughly dominated sissy. He was no longer fighting them. He now sat motionless. They had defeated him and they — and he knew it!

To test his compliance, Jane directed him to put the pink ankle socks on by himself, and he did. His stepmother then tied the white satin ribbons around the spiky little ponytails sprouting out from his head. The girls strapped his feet into the shiny black Mary Jane shoes. When told to do so, he stood up and walked around as though treading on eggs. They let him hold onto a long pole to maintain his balance as he learned how to walk in heels. His skirt rose and fell in soft sensuous waves as he moved. His petticoats brushed and caressed his bare thighs intimately and excitingly. His genitals constantly reminded him that they were encased in silken frilly panties. The overpowering sweet perfume invaded his senses; he touched his little pigtails; they hurt. He felt the constant pain they exerted on his head since they had been pulled together and tied so tightly to make him constantly aware of their presence. The assembled females had to admit; he really did look like a girl — pretty enough to be a sister to them — maybe he was even prettier than any one of them. Mandy had been right. They could, should feminize this creature ... turn him into ... into an obedient ... compliant, boy-girl! As Danny saw himself in the mirror, he paled. His mouth dropped. In a burst of bravado, he ran for the door as he attempted to rip the beautiful frock from his body with a savage tearing motion! "NO!" No-o-o-o-o-o!" he wailed as a remaining bit of his masculinity was determined to express itself. He was met by a locked door and four females racing after him, including his stepmother who wet panties as she came at him with her hairbrush in hand! He was about to get an even more intense lesson in lace!

Japanese boys are the most feminine boys in the world! But why?

Sociologists are trying to figure out why Japan has such a high percentage of feminine males, especially boys and young adults. These males are called 'soshokukei danshi,' and the majority of them are NOT gay, but they tend to be asexual. Other terms often applied to them are 'herbivorous' and 'metrosexual.' On average, they rarely date girls, and when they do go out with a girl, the girl probably asked the boy for a date. And another surprise, when one of these males do date, even if he spends the night in the same bed with the girl — a common occurrence — they usually DON'T have sex!

This phenomenon has not happened overnight. It has been developing over recent decades. So what is the cause? Some nutritional experts say the large amount of soy in the Japanese diet has a negative effect on male hormones; they say the culprit is the phytoestrogens present in soy sauce, edamames, tofu, and the many other soy products they eat.

Others say it is the exposure to certain modern chemicals that seep into our foods and rob males of their masculinity. These chemicals are called phthalates; they can mimic the female sex hormone oestrogen. A recent study of pregnant Japanese women exposed to these chemicals found a link to changes in male behavior as they documented the development of the babies the women bore. The boys were much less aggressive than normal boys and tended to like feminine things and girls' toys. Phthalates are often used to soften plastics and are present in household items such as baby bottles, shoes, plastic furniture, PVC flooring and shower curtains. The chemical can be transferred to food and drink from plastic packaging.

Other theories: Despite Japan being the world's 2nd strongest economy, it is NOT a military powerhouse and some say that has left the country without a strong, masculine self image.

The country's absence of a formidable military is a direct result of the terms of their surrender imposed upon them by the U.S. to end World War II. However, their lack of an expensive military machine has produced at least one benefit: it helped Japan become a huge economic power since they have invested in their country, people



and industry instead of military might. But has their lack of a powerful military contributed to Japan's current generation of rather wimpy males? Do they feel less macho compared to males from superpower countries? The Japanese birthrate is only second to Hong Kong as the lowest in the world, having dropped over the years to the point that now there are more deaths than births and their population is shrinking. Has the feminization of the Japanese male made sex less appealing?

Other factors: Japan has a centuries-old tradition of men crossdressing. It is commonly accepted and NOT a taboo. The most well-known example is kabuki — classic Japanese dance-dramas that are performed on stage almost exclusively by men who dress and act like traditional Japanese women. Many of these performers are exquisitely feminine, and they are revered by most everyone in Japan and considered a national treasure. Does the kabuki tradition have something to do with the mindset of young males in that country?

In Japan, boys and young men crossdressing is very popular. Many rock bands feature guys wearing full female makeup and girls' clothing. Japanese audiences seem to like best the





most girlish looking boys in rock bands from other countries as well as their native performers. Young girls, in particular, love most the boys in rock bands who are the most feminine looking and acting. These girls may also be a driving force behind the feminization of the males because it is well known that Japanese males are insanely attracted to very young girls, and they may want to appear distinctively feminine or at least androgynous (like rock stars) to be sexually appealing to young girls. Especially young men in their 20s have adopted feminine ways; they often wear their hair long with it girlishly styled, strive to maintain very slim and un-muscular bodies, carry purses, and not only look girly but act quite feminine.

One of the most popular television shows in Japan is a game show in which the contestants have to guess if the beautifully dressed and made-up challengers are males or females. Some of the boy-girls on this show are absolutely stunning.

Dressing in costumes is very popular in Japan, and the best known modern example of dressing up is 'cosplay' (costume play) in which children and young people, both males and females, dress up as their favorite anime and magna characters. (Some experts think the desire to dress up as various characters is a subconscious search for a new identity since the country's population was very disillusioned and their national image suffered after their defeat in the war.)

Anime and magna are a highly stylized form of Japanese animation and print art, a cartoon-style art with a long history that started to become wildly popular in the 1960s and remains extremely popular today among all ages in Japan (and increasingly throughout the world). Many of the most

interesting anime characters are girls, and they are usually portrayed as smart, physically strong and able to out smart and out fight traditional masculine males. Has the immense popularity of these comic book stories contributed to the feminization of Japanese boys? Boys as well as girls dress up as their favorite characters and have costume parties and even huge conventions, and many of the boys love to dress up as the cutest of the innocent-looking little girl characters that are physically and mentally strong even though they look like the sweetest, even sexiest, young girls imaginable.

Ranma is probably the most famous anime/manga character; he's a boy who magically changes completely into a powerful girl (breasts, full female body and all) whenever he gets splashed with cold water! Ranma and Ranma 1/2 are long, very complex stories, told in serials in comic book-style format. Print versions are widely available throughout the country on corner newsstands, vending machines and everywhere books and magazines are sold.

It gets even stranger! As mentioned, the Japanese have a national fetish for very young girls. They are revered and universally prized as sex objects. Young girls' panties are a related national fetish. Businessmen are known to pay little





The result? No matter the cause or combination of causes, you can walk down a street almost anywhere in Japan, especially in the major cities, and see boys with longish, femininely styled hair, wearing unisex or girlish clothing, and acting with female mannerisms. Japanese males crossdress in many different ways with many types of professionals like kabuki players, drag queens, and an abundance of transsexuals in addition to the milder forms of crossdressing like males with femininely style long hair, those who regularly wear makeup and at least some female items of clothing.



girls for their freshly stained panties. Some grade school and high school girls stand on the corner ready and willing to sell their panties to men passing by. For a few dollars, they will step out of their freshly soiled panties and hand them over to a perfect stranger. Amazingly, freshly packaged soiled panties, certified by the young girl who wore them, are even sold on the street in vending machines! Included in the panty package is a photograph of the young girl wearing those same panties!

Currently, 'Tiger Moms' are in the news because a book of that title has just been published by a Japanese mother who details how she relentlessly drives her children to excel in school. Today, most Japanese husbands leave running the house to their wives since they tend to work very long hours. Consequently, fathers are rarely home to spend much time with their children, and the mothers take a very strong, non-nonsense approach to child rearing. Typically, these Tiger Moms are very strict and demand that their children have no social life, no television time, and no playdates or involvement in sports. Instead, they demand their children have perfect grades in school. Are the boys of such mothers so male role model deprived that they end up wanting to emulate the strongest individuals they encounter every day — their female teachers and all-powerful mothers?

Japan does influence the rest of the world, especially Asia. The Philippines, Korea, Thailand and other Asian countries have long tolerated crossdressing males, but those and other countries seem to be following Japan and becoming even more accepting of crossdressing. But Japan is firmly in the lead. For example, school uniforms are required in almost all schools in Japan; however, at one elementary school (and surely there are others), the policy is that all their students are treated as if they were girls! The boys as well as the girls must wear the standard girls' uniform of skirt and blouse along with all the feminine accessories, including a brassiere, nylon slips and lacy nylon panties underneath. The administrators of this fully accredited and highly regarded school believe that girls are naturally better students than boys, so their answer to having the boys excel in school is to treat them like girls! In all things no distinctions are made between girls and boys! To increase the effect, the boys not only dress like the girls but are encouraged to act like them and use girlish mannerisms. They are also taught domestic skills along with the girls, like cooking, cleaning, and homemaking. They even swim nude, shower together and attend some classes together in just lingerie or even totally naked to teach the boys to be envy girls' bodies while being made ashamed of their own bodies. The teachers and girls constantly poke fun at the boys' little penises and wrinkled baby balls.

It counters the decades of Japanese tradition that held males were superior and females were little more than maids and servants.

Accompanying this article is an assortment of photos of Japanese males from rock stars to 20-something young men with long hair styles, sweetly girlish young boys, and those who dress up as anime characters, as well as professional impersonators who make phenomenal looking girls! So, when are you moving to Japan?

