

# *The* Demale Society

Volume #42

*Notices,  
Testimonials,  
Stories & Pics*

*Clever females  
outdo males and  
replace traditional  
male interests with  
fetishes, and macho  
men and boys are  
disciplined and  
turned into easy-  
to-control sweet  
little sissies for  
females to rule.*

*Fantasy  
Entertainment*

*Adults Only*





## **My Brother Was Our Test Subject for Panty Training**

When my girlfriends and I joined the Demale Society, we decided to focus on my brother Phil as our initial subject to panty train. We did everything just like in the manuals: left panties all over the house (dirty and clean), sat around carelessly exposing our panties, talked openly about panties in front of him, made him get my panties out of the dryer, etc. And when we caught him staring up our skirts, we knew we were hooking him. He had been warned several times about his intolerable behavior, but he seemed to think it was a joke, never thinking my girlfriends and I would do anything to him; after all he was thirteen now and heavily influenced by his developing sexual urges.

One day he was particularly obnoxious to Sylvia, sneaking up behind her, pulling up her skirt and taking a peek at her panties. “You got lacy white ones on today!” he screamed.

I gave him a warning, “If you persist in annoying my friends, we intend to teach you a lesson you won't forget.”

Phil just laughed.

“You won't laugh when we show you just what it's like to be pawed and mauled about, so be warned for the last time.”

The three of us were heavy into luring Phil with panties, and he was taking the bait avidly. But pulling up a girl's skirt was certainly unacceptable behavior, so we made plans to punish the annoying pig and then really train him to our panties.

Over the next few days, he persisted. We caught him peeking through the keyhole when I was using the bathroom and sneaking up the stairs right after our little sister Wendy. I saw him bend over and look up her skirt. So our panty teasing was really working, luring him deeper and deeper into having a panty obsession, but he was acting like a horrible macho male oaf and not becoming the sweet boy we wanted him to be.

After getting more info from other members, we understood he was going through a phase, and it was actually good what he was doing despite how frustrating it was to us. But it was good because it showed how deeply our panties were getting to him. Then we learned how to take him to the next stage, and we planned it all out.

We knew Phil especially fancied Annie, and that following weekend as part of our plan, I had her come to tea. We wondered if Phil was going to behave for once as he went and sat by her on the settee, but we had guessed right; he couldn't stop himself from being a nuisance.

I told them I was going out to prepare the tea, but actually I just went to the next room and kept an eye on them. Within moments he was boldly edging himself ever closer to her, his one arm across the back of the settee and his other arm on her leg. The edge of her miniskirt was hiked up to tempt him with a good two inches of her lacy white half-slip sticking out.

To his surprise Annie didn't seem to object to his antics this time but just talked on, commenting, “Oh, dear, my pretty new slip is showing. I hope you don't mind. This skirt is simply too short for this slip, and I didn't realize it until just now. I see you must like my slip. You keep looking at it and touching it. It is a nice one isn't it?”

He took that as a signal to be even more aggressive and pressed up against her sliding his hand under the edge of her skirt and touching more of her slip as he continued to push it and her skirt upward. She surprised him by suddenly giving him a kiss right on the mouth, laughing at the surprised look on his face. I don't think Phil had ever been kissed by a girl before and he just froze and didn't quite know what to do next.

I went to the phone, called Sandra and simply said, “It's on. He's falling for it. Get Edward over to my place and the other girls over to your place, and we'll get him over there as soon as we can.”

I went back into the sitting-room where I pretended to be shocked at Phil mauling Annie's. I told him to stop it and apologize.”

I was a bit startled, when he told me to, "Fuck off!" This bratty little boy was getting bolder by the moment.

"Oh, no. It's OK, Nancy," Annie said. "He'll stop pestering me and be good; won't you, Phil? Anyway, I'm going home in a few minutes." Then she turned to Phil, winked, and said, "You can see me home if you like, and then I'll see you get what you've been asking for. But let's have tea first."

Phil was wide-eyed and feeling proud of himself. He stuck out his tongue at me.

After tea, as Annie and Phil were leaving, they found Edward strolling past out front as if it were a coincidence. He greeted them and told her; "If you're going home, I'm going your way. We can walk together."

I saw a look of relief on Annie's face. "Oh, thanks a lot. Phil is walking me home, but he won't mind you coming along, will you, Phil?" she said turning to my obviously annoyed brother.

"We don't need you along; why don't you get lost?" said Phil.

Annie resolved the argument by linking arms with both and leading them down the path.

Relieved that Edward had shown up on time to make sure Phil didn't dry anything with Annie on the way to her house, Nancy grabbed her coat and ran the back way all the way to Annie's.

She lived in a big three-story terraced house with her two older brothers, Bruce and Donald, since their parents had passed away. Nancy was able to get to the house ahead of Annie and the two boys. She went in and straight to an upstairs bedroom where she found quite a crowd waiting the arrival of our victim, Phil.

Annie's two brothers were there as well as Sandra, Silvia and my little eight-year-old sister Wendy, whom Phil had so miserably teased. When I went in they all wanted to know how Phil had taken the bait.

"It was laughable the way he fell into our trap," I told them. "As you know, Annie came to tea and the moment I left the room, Phil started his antics. You should have seen his face when Annie plunked a big wet kiss right on his mouth. That's when I rang you up. Edward showed up right on cue. They shouldn't be long. Annie got Phil to come by hinting that 'He'll 'get what he's been asking for!'"

One of the girls was watching out the window and said Annie, Phil and Edward were approaching. We went out onto the landing and a few minutes later heard Annie's voice. She was obviously having a bit of trouble with an impatient Phil.

"Don't be in such a rush, Phil" we heard her say. "You can see we have the house to ourselves, so be patient and wait until we're up in my room. Then I'll have your clothes off you in double quick time."

We crowded back into the empty bedroom next to Annie's and then heard them go into her room. We waited a minute or two and then burst in on them; a surprised Phil turned to face us before he was overwhelmed by us girls and thrown to the floor, five girls piled on top of him and held him down in spite of his furious struggles. He began to shout and curse as we spread-eagled him on his back, and to silence his cries, one of the girls, Sandra, lifted her skirt and sat on his face in her bright lemon yellow silk panties. The three boys all despised Phil, and they stood by and watched, laughing at my brother's futile bucking and squirming as the girls began to strip his clothes off.

“I told you I'd soon have you stripped, didn't I,” Annie said. “I bet you didn't expect it to be like this though. You're in for another treat as well, as soon as we get you prepared.”

After we finally got him naked, I opened the case we had prepared and began to layout a complete outfit of girls' clothes we had collected over the last week from things we had outgrown.

Phil began to lash out wildly and swear at us. Two of the boys held him while all of us girls undressed down to our panties to taunt him. Next, we got him into a tight training bra.

I picked up a saucy pair of pale blue panties and approached him but then pointed to his half-hard penis, I said, “We'll have to get rid of that little hard dick of his before we can put him in this nice pair of panties.”

“Here, let me get rid of it for him,” Donald said as he grabbed up a second pair of silky panties – smooth pink satin panties with roses on the front – and began to wank Phil off into the panties, not even giving him the satisfaction of having one of the girls wank him off.

We all knew Donald was gay, but no one ever talked about it. Still we were a little surprised by his willingness to masturbate Phil in front of all of us, and even more surprised how quickly my brother exploded into the panties while being expertly manipulated by my friend's gay brother.

Annie made us all laugh by removing her pink panties and slipping them up his legs, as she teased, “You've been trying to get into my panties, so here you are, get into them! I know you'll like them warm from my body.”

Then she took a turn and masturbated him as we applauded. He groaned in obvious pain and humiliation, being forced to shoot off once more within such a short amount of time and send streams of his nasty boy juice into her panties.

“I'm going to let you keep them on as you look so pretty wearing them, especially after spurting up the front of them.”

After his legs had been wiped clean of his spunk, he cringed, begged, and sobbed out a forlorn plea, “Please, don't! Don't do this! Oh, let me go, please. Please, let me go. Nancy, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Don't make me wear girls' things, please!”

We had him where we wanted him, so I said, “OK, if you promise to stay away from our panties, stop peeking up our skirts and stop trying to force yourself on every girl you take a fancy too. We'll let you go. You can put your clothes back on – but leave Annie's panties on. When you get home wash them out and dry them. Tomorrow, you can come over here and give them back to Annie.”

He agreed, but we knew he was already too thoroughly hooked on panties and he would mess up again. And then we'd really humiliate him.

Then, less than a week later, he screwed up. He had been out getting a haircut and got back home just minutes before Wendy got home from her dance class. She was still in her dance costume, and Phil made fun of her because he could see her panties peeking out from beneath her costume. Wendy ran to her room to escape his teasing. But about an hour later, I caught him in the bathroom unloading his filthy cum into those panties just after Wendy had changed out of them!

Phil started crying immediately, but I took little notice of his pleading and told him I'd tell mom what he had done unless he followed my orders. He knew he deserved to be punished, so he didn't resist. I had Wendy get out a dance costume from one of the recital routines I do with her. It was made of a short skirt attached to a top. Originally it was worn with a leotard panty underneath, but I left them off and had him wear a regular pair of frilly pale blue nylon panties underneath it. I pulled him to his feet, and he now stood in the middle of the room looking really dejected and pouting quietly, resigned to his fate, tears of frustration running down his cheeks as he realized the helpless position he was in. He looked really pathetic in his frillies as I made him parade up and down with his silky blue panties peeking out from under his short dance skirt.

Phil caught sight of himself in a wall mirror, saw how ridiculous he looked and then screamed, “I'm not going to let you do anything more to me. Give me my clothes!”

I just stepped up to him and gave him a vicious slap across the face and told him, “You'll do as you're told from now on, girl.”

Phil raised a fist and was going to strike me, but before he could, I gave him another backhander that knocked him to his knees. Going to my case I then got out a thick strap and came up to a groveling Phil and began to lash him across his pantied behind, making him yell out and try to scramble to his feet.

His protesting quickly ended, and then I had Wendy force a pair of black satin dance slippers onto his feet and made him walk up and down the room, swinging his hips like a girl, encouraging him by my use of the strap whenever he hesitated. Wendy kept pulling at his short skirt as he walked by us as we laughed at this abject looking girlie-boy mincing about.

After parading in front of us for a few minutes, we made him sit down at my dressing table and lightly made up his face. He kept trying to jerk his head away at first but Wendy finally got hold of him by the ears and held him still while I got busy putting eye shadow and long ‘Bambi’ lashes on his eyelids, and then brushing mascara into them to make them stand out. His eyes I outlined with eyeliner to make them appear bigger and then touched up his face with a bit of

blusher to highlight his cheekbones. Finally I painted his mouth with a deep pink lipstick and a waterproof gloss.

“What can we do about ‘her’ hair,” Wendy asked. “It’s not really long enough to do much with it?”

“Well, so what? We’ll just tell anyone who stares that he’s a girl with short hair.”

When I said that, Phil realized we were going to try and take him out in public – and he was right! He pleaded, but I stuffed his mouth with Wendy’s panties he had soaked with his cum and taped it shut so we wouldn’t have to listen to his complaining.

“We warned you many times not to be naughty, but you have continued to peek at us while we were dressing and look up our skirts when we’re sitting. You taunted your little sister after her dance class and masturbated into her panties – how disgusting! So that is why we have dressed you in a girls’ dance costume. And since I caught you wanking yourself in panties, we know you like it, so you will be wearing pretty panties a lot more from here on out, and we’ll see to it you have plenty of opportunities to spurt them full of your slime.

“You didn’t take our warnings seriously, so we are taking you out to Wendy’s dance class and you can practice dance routines with her. I called Miss Marston and told her of your punishment, and she thinks it will do you good to join the girls’ dance class.

“You’ll do exactly as we say or get an intense spanking every single day until you do. And don’t think mom or dad will come to your rescue. Dad has given up on you, and mom has given us a free hand to make you into the sissy boy we all know you are.”

Phil was slow in obeying and got another couple of slashes across the back of his legs, making him yelp and hop across the room and out the door once we were all ready to go.

Since he has a car, we called Donald and he came by and took us to the dance school. A number of boys like to hang around the dance classes and watch the girls, and when we walked in with Phil, he tried desperately to keep his short skirt down, but there was no way he could keep it from exposing the bottom edges of his pale blue panties. The boys noticed immediately and could probably tell he was wearing real under panties and not a dance leotard. Several of the boys kept swarming around him and to get peeks and even a few feels of his panties under his costume. Twice Phil ran to the girls’ restroom for refuge, only to be assailed by the boys again once he reentered the hall.

The dance class totally unnerved him. Of course, he was clumsy and horrible at dancing, but that just made it all the funnier for us and the more miserable for him. Back at home, mom and dad were there. When Dad saw him in the dance outfit, he quickly got up and went down to the local pub. Mom told him she was upset with his behavior and deserved what he was getting. She warned him that he better be a good girl as long as he couldn’t be a good boy. Then with mom sneering at him, she told me I could do whatever I wanted with him, and I told him of his fate.

“You'll remain in girls' clothes and act like a girl, behaving in every way just like a real girl, and I mean in every way, walking, talking, sitting down and properly keeping your face properly made up without our help. It's up to you how long you stay as a girl – for the whole summer if necessary – and longer if you don't drastically improve as a human being. From now on until you get your own clothes back, you are going to be called Joyce and you'd better get used to that name and answer to it promptly. Now give me a curtsy. You know how to curtsy, don't you?”

A whip-like crack from my leather strap and 'Joyce' jumped to his feet and tottered across to me and did as he had been ordered, curtsying to me. Wendy, mom and I laughed at his wobbly effort to curtsy as he lifted his skirts out and bent his knees, almost toppling over in the process.

Immediately beginning his full transformation, I made him parade up and down in front of us as I gave him instructions on how to comport himself like a real girl.

“Swing your hips more. Joyce. Don't take such big strides, girl. Hold your head up, keep your shoulders straight. Stick your boobs out and let them bounce.” Soon I had him mincing up and down in a real sexy walk with the encouragement of my strap.

Then Wendy hung her handbag from one of his wrists and exclaimed, “Hey! She looks ready to go out for a walk, doesn't she, sis? How about it? Do you think we could get away with it if we took her downtown with us? Maybe into a store to buy him some panties of his own? He'll certainly needs a lot more panties, won't he? Because I don't want him jerking off into my panties anymore!”

Phil got a horrified look on his face as he stopped dead in his tracks. He began to plead with us not to take him out in public.

“Oh! No! Not that. Please don't make' me go outside like this. All those people, someone's sure to spot who I am. Please. Nancy. Please don't. Please!”

We didn't take him out that day. I thought he needed some more schooling in being a girl before we took him out in public, but within a week we did take him out, much to his horror and our delight. He went through the summer in dresses, and actually did improve, except he was so gaga over panties that we let him masturbate himself silly in them every day. At the end of the summer, we gave him a choice – go back to his boys' clothes but no more jerking off in panties – or staying in girls' clothes and being home schooled with three girls, daughters of a former school teacher who was a friend we met at a Demale meeting and teaching her girls herself at home. After a trial run, Phil couldn't even stay away from masturbating in panties for 48 hours, so he had to sadly admit his failure as a boy and go into a full-time life in dresses and his beloved panties. What a fucking pantywaist he is: I can honestly say my brother will be a wimp for life

Thanks, Demale Society.

Photo 1: My little sister, Wendy, and panty boy brother, Phil.

Photo 2: My two girlfriends Sylvia (rt.) and Annie.

*Nancy E.*  
*More Girls than Boys Chapter, Phoenix*  
#01419-M











**Demale Society  
Letter**

**Added 4/18/07**





## I Specialize in Boy-to-Girl Portraits

Long before I knew anything about the Demale Society, I had a desire to dress my young son in girls' clothes but was afraid to do it. Now, I'm a thirty-eight year-old woman, the mother of three children (Louise, 17, and Cindy, 15, and Arthur, 13). I've been divorced for seven years and work full-time as a portrait photographer. I have my own studio on the first floor of our house, and we live above it.

Something I've been asked to do at times is to take a portrait of a woman's daughter in cases where I know that the daughter in the picture is really a boy! And that spurred my interest in women who occasionally like to dress their sons as girls. In some cases, judging by the boy's disposition I think it was for some kind of punishment, but in most instances these moms were just doing it for fun, to see what their boy would look like as a girl, and they wanted to save the moment in a quality photograph. Many of these mothers, I know, were daughterless and just indulging themselves to experience for a few moments what it would be like to have a daughter. And, generally, these sweet little boys went along with it!

My own son is very good looking, and way back to when he was a toddler, I frequently fought the urge to put him into a skirt or dress. I would look at his sweet face and think how pretty he would have been had he been a girl. And I would look at his brown hair and wish I could let it grow long and put it in braids or a ponytail with pink ribbons, but I didn't because long hair on a boy in our family was verboten.

On hand, I always had a supply of girls' clothes in his size I saved as my daughters outgrew them. Plus I supplemented them with little items I couldn't resist buying when I saw in a store, thinking how lovely they would look on him. I especially had a hard time stopping myself from buying him excessively frilly and fancy pairs of girls' panties. I had a fetish for them – not for myself – but wishfully thinking of the panties on him! When he was very young, occasionally, I

gave into the temptation and slipped a pair of the panties on him, but I was strong enough to resist the urge most of the time. It bothered me that I felt that way, and so I rarely acted on my feelings. Certainly he did not spend much time in panties or other items of girls' apparel.

But from time to time, like Halloween or a costume party, a situation did arise that would permit me to feminize his appearance without feeling it was inappropriate. For example, when my oldest daughter got a little girls' makeup kit and a package of three training bras for her 10th birthday, I helped her put on one of her bras (the pink one) and makeup while her sister and brother (he was 6 at the time) watched. I glanced over and without even thinking asked them if they'd like me to put a bra and some makeup on them too. My younger daughter (age 8) of course said yes. My son said no, but both his sisters then began to urge him to do it. He said boys don't do that, but his sisters kept urging him on, telling him it was only for fun, and he finally agreed. I had suspected he really liked the idea but needed to be told it was OK for a boy to do it. Well, pretty soon both girls and my son had on lipstick, mascara, eyeliner, rouge, fingernail polish and training bras (my second daughter in the pale yellow bra and my son in pale blue bra – 'blue for boys after all!'). And I just loved putting the makeup on my six-year-old son and seeing how pretty he looked with a cute training bra around his flat chest (see the enclosed photo).

Another time, the three of them were playing a game where the winner could tell the loser to do something and the loser had to do it. It was mostly silly stuff like acting like an animal or spinning around until you got dizzy. But then my youngest daughter won and told my son he had to put on an outfit of her clothes. (I assure you I had nothing to do with that. I believe most girls just naturally find it amusing to make boys dress like girls.)

He was eight at the time and decided he didn't want to play if that was what he had to do. And so they all started to fight. I was in another room and had no idea what was going on until the yelling got so loud I had to go investigate. When I walked into the room, my two daughters were holding my son face down on the bed with his hands behind his back. They had managed to remove his pants and underpants, had put a pair of lacy white nylon panties on him, and were in the process of working a skirt up his legs. He was struggling and crying, and when I came in, he called to me to make them stop.

I calmed everyone down, then made them each tell me their side of the story. After hearing them out, I told my son it sounded like he'd agreed to play the game, and since he'd lost, and since what he was being made to do wasn't going to hurt him at all, it seemed to me his sisters had every right to make him do it. I remember also telling him I thought he would actually look quite pretty in his sister's clothes and lots of boys actually liked to wear girls' clothes at times and there was nothing wrong with it – and besides, girls wear boys' clothes all the time, so what was the big deal about a boy wearing girls' clothes?

He gave up protesting and did what his sisters wanted, and in just a couple of minutes he was dressed in panties, a skirt, blouse, girls' sweater, frilly anklets, and girls' shoes -- black patent leather Mary Janes -- and with my help, his hair was brushed forward into bangs and a scarf put on him to cover his short hair. And this time the bra he wore was his oldest sister's and she had

developed, so we had to stuff the cups with pairs of her soft nylon panties. He looked adorable! He was so pretty it just melted my heart.

For a long time I never mentioned this or other similar incidents to any of my friends, but over the past few years (now that our kids are mostly grown) as my friends and I reminisce about bringing up our kids, I have been surprised at how many of my friends have similar stories to tell – of wanting to put their boys into dresses and of how much fun it was when they had some opportunity to do so.

For example, my friend Julie said when her son was seven she encouraged him to try out for a Christmas play at their local library. The play only had a couple of parts for boys, and Julie knew those had already been cast. Unbeknownst to her son, she had spoken with the woman organizing the production about selecting her son to play one of the girls' parts - to be a sugarplum fairy. When he got role, he was reluctant at first, but after a lot of encouragement from his mother (who kept emphasizing how much fun it would be, how it didn't matter because it was only a play, and how disappointed she would be in him if he didn't accept the part), he finally agreed. Julie said that it was a wonderful experience. He had to wear a pretty little ballerina outfit – complete with tights, slippers, pink tutu etc. And although he put it on at the library, his mother convinced him that for the ride over to the library it would be better if he wore a dress or skirt and blouse. That way, she said, everyone would think he really was a girl and he wouldn't get teased! And except for her friend, the director of the play, no one knew Julie's daughter was really her son.

As my friends and I admitted these desires to each other, each of us also mentioned how guilty we felt about doing them, although now talking about it was very therapeutic. We realized we had done something most women would have liked to have done but didn't have the guts to do, and since no harm had been done to the boys, we shouldn't feel guilty about it! Our attitude was basically – why not?

That's when one of the members of my little circle of friends told us about the Demale Society. I have to admit I wet my panties just listening to her describe how the Society promoted panty training and feminization for all males, especially little boys as a way of training them to lead good and productive lives as well as be subservient to females. Of course, I got all the info on the club and joined as quickly as I could. I only wish I had known about it when my boy was still a toddler and I wrestled guiltily with those feelings to dress him up. Now that I'm a member of the Society, I get a lot of the mothers bringing their girly boys to me to photograph.

Back to the women who come to me to photograph their sons in girls' clothes: Many of them simply think their sons are pretty and look cute in girls' clothes, and they get their sons to periodically dress up at home. I remember one mother claimed it was really good for her boys to



experience life as a girl a bit, so they'll be more understanding and less sexist as they grow up. That mom had six children and their portrait I've enclosed. It's the one with the six kids, the boys are the middle child in the front and back row.

One mom told me both she and her son think it's fun to have a one-day-a-week time when they can spend time together as mother and daughter, as she claims those are wonderful times for building a close relationship with her child.

During these photo sittings, I can see how pleased the moms are with how pretty they have made their sons, and even a lot of the boys look perfectly happy being so femininely turned out. Some of the boys do blush a lot, and a few of them cry a bit or resist, especially since they are being so femininely presented to me, a stranger for the sake of having a portrait made.

One of the Demale moms, Teresa, told me she and her eleven-year-old son are part of a playgroup with four other mothers of similar-aged boys. The group meets one afternoon per week, during which time the boys get to dress up and play like girls and called by girlish versions of their names while their moms chat over coffee. Teresa said all the boys are comfortable with this and enjoy the opportunity to play with dolls, to be soft and pretty and even lift up their dresses to see who is wearing the prettiest panties! Instead of fighting and playing rough, they have pretend tea parties, play hopscotch, dress up their dolls and brush their dolls' hair, walk around holding hands and giggle a lot when they inspect each other's panties, especially, Teresa said, if a boy has an erection poking up the front of his panties – a condition some of the mothers encourage while some of the mothers consider an insult and demand the boy get rid of his hard on as quickly as possible. Teresa said that one of the boys is already declared himself gay, and he always offers to suck dry whatever boy has an erection, and the three other boys have no problem letting him do it. The mothers consider these panty boy blowjob sessions exquisite entertainment and even bring their camcorders to record the fun! The mothers often bring those videos to their next Demale Society meeting to let the other members see the progress their sons are making!

And one full weekend each month they have a sleepover and the boys are not only dressed in girls' clothes but they have mother-daughter outings like going to museums, plays, and have lunches and dinners in restaurants.

I really admire these Demale women. Even if things like this have been going on for a long time, things really do seem to have changed since my boys were little. Not in terms of women wanting to put their boys into dresses, but in terms of them not feeling guilty about it. The young mothers I meet today who are panty training and feminizing their sons are quite comfortable with what they are doing. Years ago, I wish I'd felt that way.

I've enclosed a random selection of some of my girlie-boy portraits. Some mothers like me to take pictures of their boy both with and without a wig on. I especially like the ones where the boys don't wear a wig or have long hair. I do have a selection of girls' clothes on hand for these sessions (mostly my children's outgrown clothes) if a mother would like to use them. One problem is shoes, and sometimes I don't have shoes that will fit a boy, and he has to wear his

own boys' shoes for the photo shoot, and for some reason, I find those photos of a femininely dressed boy wearing his regular shoes rather erotic!

Here are some of my favorite portrait photos:

1. Mark, 3 - In Victorian Dress, click on the photo to see all three of his sisters
2. Anthony, 3 1/2 - A Little Unsure About Being a Girl
3. Austin, 8 - The Princess
4. David, 11 - Graduation Day
5. Donny, 7 - Ready for the Prom
6. Manny, 4 - A Perfect Little Daughter
7. Alan, 4 - Sweetness Personified
8. Kalin, 6 - He Loves His Silkies - and Robert, 11 - In Girls' Satin Peddle Pushers with Bleach Blonde Hair
9. Buster, 9 - Nice Dress, but With His Boys' Shoes!
10. Sandy, 2 1/2 - More of a Girl than a Boy Already!
11. The Six Hanson Kids - Jonathan, 6, middle top row - and Danny, 2, middle bottom row
12. Johnny, 9 - A Typical Girl in Every Way!  
and
13. My son, Arthur, when he was 6, wearing his first training bra!

*Alice*

*More Girls than Boys Chapter, Phoenix*

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