

# MODERN GIRL PUBLISHERS

*By Patti Ruth*



*ILLUSTRATED BY MISTY MALVEAUX*

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AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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## “MODERN GIRL PUBLISHERS”

By Patti Ruth

### CHAPTER ONE: THE START OF SOMETHING SPECIAL

The special meeting was just coming to order. The new owner, Pam Toomer, was about to speak.

“Welcome to all of you. I’m Pam Toomer. According to the newspaper, I’m the fool who bought your company, even though I surely don’t *consider* myself a fool. After spending nineteen million dollars on this quote, ‘sinking ship’, unquote, I *do* intend to make money. Of course, to do that, we will be making a *lot* of changes. You either are with us, or at the unemployment line. This publishing company is going to change its format entirely. I just wanted the company for its assets, and not for its ideology and product. Starting *immediately*, this company’s dying magazines will be revitalized with a new format, and a new target market. Modern Girl Magazine will no longer focus on young girls being pretty and trying to catch a boy.

“We are going to jump into the 21st Century, and make Modern Girl Magazine *truly* modern. Girls are into sports, and being smart and independent. They no longer see themselves as being trophies for the boys, being cheerleaders, and sweet submissives, ready to jump at any male’s whim. We need a magazine that focuses on self-improvement and accomplishment. A magazine that makes girls *want* to be all they can be. We will focus on female athletes: Basketball players, baseball players, body-builders, soccer players, tennis players and hockey players.

“Then, we will focus on women business people, and what they’ve accomplished. We will then focus on the other end of the spectrum. Instead of emphasizing beauty and fashion for girls, which is what the magazine has been doing, and why it has been forced to sell, we will focus on fashion and beauty for *boys*! We will interview transvestites and female impersonators. For example, we will look for instances of males in “traditional” female roles, such as hairdressers, cheerleaders, nurses, receptionists and such. If you take notice, young girls like feminine males; ever notice how they endorse the Rock n’ Roll groups who dress effeminately, and wear makeup? *This* is the future! *This* is where we are going. Who is going with us?”

The room was silent, then the editor, Jan Stevens began to speak. “Ms. Toomer, where we will get our ad revenue from? Most of our advertising is from cosmetic and fashion companies. We only have a few ads from non-beauty companies. Where will we get the money to operate?”

“Well, Jan, I’m coming in with front money and, once the advertisers see what concepts we’re pushing, they will come aboard. The sports companies will want to be in our magazine, which they aren’t now. The “hygiene” companies will still want to advertise with us, and we will have a new fashion company advertising in our publication,

TG Fashions, a new mail-order company. They specialize in the new “outdoors” look for girls and women, and “refined” fashions for men and boys. I also own a stake in that company, so we are assured its advertising. I need to know at this point, who is with the program, and who is not?”

The five staff members, with Jan as their spokesperson, said they’d need time to make their decision. They did not know if they were cut out for such a radical change in their philosophies. Pam said she understood, but needed to know their answers by tomorrow. If they didn’t think they would fit in, they would be given a fair severance package, and there would be no “hard feelings”. Meanwhile, Pam had other matters to attend to, and would meet with them tomorrow, Tuesday, at 9 AM. The meeting ended.

After Pam left the office, the five staff members expressed their dismay over what this “butch” woman wanted to do to their beloved magazine.

Deb Brinker, the assistant editor spoke up.

“I can’t *believe* she wants to change our magazine. Fashion and beauty are paramount to a young girl. I can’t believe she doesn’t want to enhance this image.”

Jan answered, “You know our readership is half what it was ten years ago. Maybe she’s got a point. Our problem is that we’re all from the old school. We’re all close to retirement, whereas she’s only in her 30’s. If we would stay, I don’t know how we would adapt. I think that I’m going to take the severance and be gone. This woman will be making a lot of changes. I read an article on her.

“Did you take notice of her manner of dress? Those were basically men’s clothes she was wearing, nothing like our business suits. She wasn’t even wearing nylons. She had no makeup on, no jewelry, and she wasn’t even carrying a purse. In fact, you could see she had her wallet and keys in her pockets. Supposedly, she is married to a guy who took her surname, and gave up his. To top it off, they had one of those “Transgendered” weddings. She and her attendants wore tuxedos, and he and his ‘men’ wore gowns!”

“That’s disgusting!”, retorted Helen, “I can’t work for someone like *that!*”

The others agreed. Tomorrow they would all resign!

While the staff members were making their decision, Pam was on her way to TG Fashions, to meet with Susan Rift, the head of the company. Susan was an independent, “macho” type of woman, as was Pam. The two believed in female superiority and dominance; and wanted to spread the philosophy throughout the land.

When Pam arrived at the office, of TG Fashions, Susan was waiting for her.

“Come on Pam, let’s go into the studio; we’re shooting the ads for the first issue,” said Susan.

The two women went into the photo studio, where the models were to be photographed. As the two women sat down, the models came out, dressed in the “outdoors” look; this was the teen girl group. The three girls were wearing similar outfits. The first wore jeans, with a long-sleeve polo shirt, cotton socks with hiking boots; the second wore cotton twill pants, woven cotton shirt, cotton socks and leather oxford shoes; the third wore fleece pants, reverse fleece top, sweat socks and basketball shoes. All three

girls had shortly-cropped hair, no jewelry and no makeup. The female photographer, herself dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, shot the girls, then when they were done, asked for the boys to be sent out.

As the boys came out, a smiling look of approval shot across Pam's face. Susan knew Pam was going to like what she saw.

The first boy had on a cotton denim shirt with a plaid wool-blend vest, and wide-wale cotton corduroy walk shorts, with cotton blend tights and leather penny loafers! The second boy had on a white weskit blouse, flat-front stretch trousers with side zipper, a tailored jacket, textured nylon crew socks, and black cross-strap slip-on shoes. The third boy was wearing a ribbed bodysuit, twill pants, with no pockets, white nylon tights, and black high-heeled patent leather Mary Janes! Each of the boys had backpacks and wore earrings, and each had long hair, one past his shoulders.

After the individual shots were taken, the three girls came out for group photos of the six. The image portrayed in these group photos, was of tomboys and sissies, the new image of Modern Girl!

After the photo shoot was over, Susan and Pam reviewed the day's events.

"How did things go over at the magazine?" asked Susan.

"The five of them will resign," responded Pam.

"Is that what they said?" asked Susan.

"No, but I could tell by their reaction to what I told them, that they will, indeed, resign," answered Pam.

"Well, that will pave the way for us to bring our people in," responded Susan.

"Yes, it will," answered Pam, "and we won't have to fire anyone, which is what we wanted. Now, back to the ad for the first issue. I liked the girls' outfits, as well as the boys', but do you think we're rushing a bit, by advertising the "shorts and tights look" for the boys?"

"No, not at all", responded Susan. "I think it's important that we push the idea of boys showing off their legs from the get-go, with our target market. After all, a lot of our young FSA girls will be subscribing to the magazine, and a lot of them are already used to seeing boys in skirts and dresses, so shorts and tights will be no problem."

The "FSA girls" are members of the Female Superiority Association, which Susan Rift is the founder of. The association is dedicated to the concept of female superiority, and male submissiveness. The goal of the organization is to create a transgendered society, in which females have the political, economic, physical and societal power, and males have no power at all! An ambitious goal, to say the least.

Then Pam stated, "Our first issue is going to feature Gwen Stevens, one of our FSA girls, from Portland Maine, who is the quarterback for the undefeated Portland Bucs, the champions of the southern Maine midget football association. They played eight regular season games, and three playoff games; winning the championship game by 21 points! In addition to Gwen, there are ten other girls on this team, and they are coached by Samantha Barnes. "Sammie", as she is known, is one of our members; she is divorced with two kids, twins, a boy and a girl. Tammy is the fullback on the team,

and her brother Tommy, is on the cheerleading squad, along with another boy, Dale Preamer, who is Gwen's boyfriend. This article has the potential of really going places!"

"Wow! I'll say!" stated Susan.

"Well, we need to make everybody understand that women have the potential for great accomplishment; at the same time, we need to drill into people that submissive, non-threatening males are what's best for society. Too many males with high testosterone levels have screwed up society for too long. We need only to look at the crime rates. Over 98% of violent crime is committed by males. Juvenile violent crime has the highest rate of increase of all crime, with males committing the vast majority of it. We need to create a society where males want to look pretty, and be submissive to females. To do this, we must create strong, dominant, physically superior females, and we must start with the *young!*"

"Well, that has been our goal all along," Susan retorted, "But, I can now see that we are getting on the fast track!"

"Yes, we *are*," answered Pam.

After their discussion, the two women called it a day and decided that tomorrow, after receiving the resignations of the old staff of Modern Girl, they would begin the process of moving in their new staff, and get ready to publish their first issue. The printing equipment would also be able to be used to print the monthly newsletter for FSA, as well as the *new* magazine they were planning.

## CHAPTER TWO: STAFFING, AND THE AGENDA

When Pam arrived home, she found her husband and stepson exercising in their home gym. She always loved to see her two boys doing their aerobics, in their leotards and tights. Today, her husband Jim was wearing a green leotard, white tights and white aerobic shoes; and her stepson Jimmi was wearing a pink leotard with white tights, white aerobic shoes, and pink legwarmers. Both boys had their long hair pulled back in ponytails, so it wouldn't get in their eyes, as they danced and moved. When Pam came into the gym, Jimmi ran over to his mother and gave her a hug and kiss. Then Jim came over, and Pam planted a deep French kiss on his painted lips, as she caressed his little sissy ass!

Jim was an out-of-work construction worker, whose wife had just been killed in an auto accident, when he and Pam met. Pam liked the idea of turning this macho man, and his son, into feminine submissives. After they started dating, Pam started Jim on "vitamins" to help his chronic colds and illnesses. Actually, the "vitamins" were muscle relaxers and a special type of estrogen, developed by FSA scientists, which feminized the male body, but still enabled it to have an erection, a magnificent breakthrough. This made it possible for a woman to use a male's sex-drive against himself!

As time went on, Pam supported him, and made him very comfortable in a life of luxury; the only thing it cost Jim was his masculinity! The once muscular construction worker, who was also an all-star football and basketball player, was now a 6' 0", 135 pound "sissy boy" who couldn't compete in an aggressive sport if his life depended on it. Likewise, his 14-year-old son, who just two years ago was the all-star linebacker on the local midget football team, was now the first boy "Twirler" in the bandfront, for Cressant High School, a local private school. Yes, Pam knew how to get the things she wanted, and the thing she wanted most was females in control!

Jim asked, "How was your day, Honey?"

"Fine," responded Pam, "In fact, I think we're going to have a job for you down at the magazine."

"Oh, really!" said Jim, "I thought you didn't *want* your boys working."

"Well, I think a job as secretary for Denise would be right up your alley, Honey."

Jim cringed. Denise was a good friend of Pam's, who had gone to school with Jim. When they were in school, Denise was a "jock", whom Jim had always given a hard time, because she was so boyish. She always wore pants to school, never carried a purse or wore makeup. When graduation came, she was forced to get dressed up in a dress, nylons, high heels, and makeup.

When Jim had the chance, he flipped her skirt in front of the whole class, which humiliated her to the max, especially since several of his friends got pictures of the "event", and distributed them among the males in the class. Now that *he* was the feminine one, Denise had the upper hand. If he had to work for her, he knew he was in for a problem!

"But, Honey, I don't think that will work out," Jim pleaded.

“Why not, Dear? Denise is a very successful businesswoman and she *does* need a secretary. Anyway, I’m tired of you just lazing around the house all day. It’s about time you go out and work in the “New World”.

At that point, Pam looked over at Jimmi, and told him to go get showered up, and put on something nice to go out to dinner in. She did not want to debate with Jim in front of their child. Jimmi dutifully obeyed his mother.

“Now, as far as I’m concerned,” stated Pam, “You’re going to work as Denise’s secretary, and that’s *final!*”

Jim once again tried to plead his case, but by the look on Pam’s face, he knew he lost; it seemed as though he *always* did with her. As he started to cry, which was his usual reaction anymore, Pam put her strong arm around him, and told him it would be all right.

“Go up and get showered, so I can take my boys out to eat,” said Pam. “How about wearing something sexy, so we can play around later? *That* will make you feel better!”

Jim didn’t know why he had the reactions he had. He remembered years ago when he would face problems head-on. After meeting Pam, it seemed within months of dating her, he had no “fight” to resist her whims. He would just get flustered and start to cry when they argued, and she was always so strong and steadfast. Of course, Jim didn’t realize the “vitamins” he took were specially produced by the FSA organization. The male formula contained the muscle relaxers, the estrogen, and tranquilizers.

There was another FSA breakthrough, The “Mind Trainer”; a special drug formulated to open the mind to female suggestion. Information recorded on tapes, and played while the subject slept, programmed their minds to suggestions concerning “proper” lifestyles and habits. The “male” tapes programmed into the subject’s mind submissiveness, the importance of being “pretty”, non-competitiveness, adoration of strong females, and an obsession with being thin and small. This was linked with the reward of sex, further driving the males to be as feminine as possible so they could get “laid”. By using their strong sex drive against them, the program taught them how to “snap to”.

It would be this same program which would turn many a “macho” male into a sweet “sissy boy”, and Modern Girl Magazine would be the vehicle used to spread the Gospel of this New World Order!

There was also a corresponding opposite set of “vitamins” and programmings. These were the female “vitamins” containing testosterone; small amounts of steroids, and the “Mind Trainer” drug. These were designed to promote aggressiveness, toughness, physical muscularity, and a sexual desire for effeminate males. These were the “vitamins” taken by the women and girls of FSA, and they were producing fabulous results! The first issue of the new Modern Girl would give testimony to that fact, with the interview with Gwen Stevens.

While his father was getting dressed, Jimmi came out to his stepmother to see if she approved of his outfit. Jimmi was wearing a white silk blouse, a tan sleeveless jacket, tan pleated trousers, beige pantyhose and black, mid-heel T-strap pumps, with

matching shoulder bag. He had on full makeup with earrings, and. he had just repainted his nails with a clear glaze.

“Why no skirt?” asked Pam.

“I wore a skirt to school today, so I wanted to change into pants. It’s a little chilly out tonight, and I’d like to stay a little warmer,” said Jimmi.

“Okay. That’s fine,” responded Pam.

To school that day, Jimmi wore a cute little black miniskirt, with white sweater, white tights, and black patent leather Mary Janes with 3-inch heels. A couple of the male students in his class, who were new to the school, taunted him for being such a sissy, but the teachers (all female) came to his aid, and punished his harrassers.

After the school day ended, Jimmi’s girlfriend, Tanya Peters, drove him home, all the while running her hand up the feminine boy’s nylon-encased legs, getting him wonderfully excited! This was the first time he had worn a skirt to school, but by his girlfriend’s reaction, he knew he’d be wearing a lot *more* skirts in the future!

When Jim came down the steps from the bedroom, he was a vision of sexiness to Pam. Jim wore a sand-colored sweater, with a brown corduroy mini-jumper with scoop neck and side zipper, which barely covered his ass, brown tights and double-strap low-heeled pumps, with matching shoulder bag. Full makeup, earrings, ankle bracelet and freshly painted nails completed the picture. Pam was getting horny just looking at her “pretty boy”.

The three went to dinner and talked about the upcoming Thanksgiving holiday. Pam was going to have the three new staff members and their families over for the holiday, and Jim and Jimmi would serve as hostesses. The new staff members were very successful women who shared Pam’s philosophy. They would be bringing their daughters with them, except for Denise, who had no children. The other two women were Cheryl Nance, who was divorced and had two girls, aged ten and nine, and Jill Moyer, who had a thirteen-year-old girl. She, too, was divorced. The two guys said it would make for a busy holiday.

After dinner, they went home and got their night clothes on. Jim and Jimmi always slept in a leotard and tights, and Pam always slept in a T-shirt and sweatpants. After they were dressed for bed, they got together in the Family room to watch a movie. After the movie, they went to bed.

The next day, Pam went to the office and accepted the resignations of the old staff. She was very cordial, and gave the five women an extremely generous severance package. There were no problems, the staff would finish out the year, and the new staff would be in place by the first of the year. In seven weeks, the new Modern Girl would be in full swing. In the meantime, the new staff would be getting acclimated, starting the next week.

With this assignment finished, Pam was off to Cressant High School, to talk to her good friend Dianne Billings, the school administrator. The school was in its second year of existence. It is a private school founded by Pam, Dianne, and the heiress of the world’s largest shipping company, accounting for the seemingly endless flow of cash.

This “silent partner” was the only child of the shipping magnate, himself a trans-vestite and male submissive, who believed strongly in the power of women. At the time when he built his fortune, men basically ruled. Now, however, things were changing, and it was his daughter, and his fortune helping to reverse the gender roles!

As Dianne and Pam exchanged greetings in Dianne’s office, Chris Martin, the school principal, joined them.

Pam started the meeting, “Okay, girls, how’s our enrollment situation?”

Dianne answered, “We now have three hundred twelve students in our classes, two hundred eighty-seven of which are female.”

“Well, that’s very good,” said Pam. “We were targeting three hundred for our second year, so we are ahead by four percent. How’s our sports program going?”

Chris responded, “Our basketball program is in full swing, competing against the other female teams. Our wrestling program is now cleared by the state athletic commission, and our schedule is set. We start the season next week. We have a representative in every weight class, and we are ready to compete!”

“Excellent!” responded Pam, “Now, on to other matters. How are the twenty-five boys fitting into the program?”

Dianne responded, “Some are doing very well; basically, those are the ones in their second year. The first-year boys are still rebelling a bit, but they should be subdued by the time the Thanksgiving break comes along.”

“Well, what’s the problem with these boys,” asked Pam.

Chris answered, “They keep fighting the system. They think they are tough, but it’s becoming more apparent that they are becoming sissies. We talked to each of their mothers, and they have assured us that their sons will comply with the school’s rules. I think when their mothers force them into skirts and dresses, then they will have been defeated. It seems while they still wear pants, they still have some macho bravado in them, but that should soon be gone.

“I sat in on their Home Ec class the other day, and enjoyed watching them learn how to sew. It’s *great* watching these brats become perfect little sissies. I also sat in on the girl’s gym class, and was very impressed with the raw athletic talent of some of our girls. You should see them play football, and wrestle! They are tough! In the weight room, I watched one of our Ninth graders bench press 200 pounds; she is awesome!”

“That all sounds marvelous”, stated Pam. “It seems like we’re getting what we want. Let’s keep it up!”

After she was done at the school, Pam met with the ad agency which represented Turnabout Toys. The Account Manager, Deb Starr, presented the first ads to run in the magazine. First there was the Super Racer miniature race car set. The ad had a picture of two tomboys, in jeans, T-shirts and sneakers, wearing baseball caps with racing logos on them, sitting on the floor, with remote joysticks in their hands, racing the cars around the track. A caption above them said, “Feel the power and excitement of real car racing, the recommended and approved toy of Raye Miller, 1999 winner of the Conestoga 500”. There was an insert of Raye’s picture in the middle of the ad.

The second ad was for a boy's toy. The caption read, "Don't forget your brother's or boyfriend's birthday, get him what he really wants, The Bobbi Doll!" The picture showed two young boys, about ten to twelve years old, one dressed in a pink short set, with white Mary Janes and white tights, the other boy in a pair of black "hot pants" and black sports bra, tan pantyhose and "slip on" sneakers. Both boys were wearing makeup, and had long hair adorned with ribbons. They were on a plush rug playing with their new "Bobbi Dolls" which were dressed in the latest "sissy" fashions; short skirts and mini-dresses!

"What do you think of the ads?" asked Deb.

"I like them very much!" responded Pam. "These are the images we need to push!"

"I thought you would be pleased," retorted Deb, "After all, this is our agenda. Right?"

"You hit the nail on the head," answered Pam!

## CHAPTER THREE: THE CHALLENGE

Now that the pieces were coming together for the new magazine, Pam felt the need to get a newsletter out to the FSA membership. The newsletter would inform all the members of the successful take-over, and new philosophy of Modern Girl, along with a challenge to all the members.

The challenge read like this:

WE, THE LEADERSHIP OF THE SOESA ORGANIZATION, HEREBY CHALLENGE TRUE BELIEVERS OF OUR PHILOSOPHY TO RECRUIT AT LEAST TWO NEW MEMBERS IN THE NEXT THREE MONTHS. THAT WILL SWELL OUR MEMBERSHIP TO 300,000. ALONG WITH THAT, THE YOUTH GROUP, NOW CONSISTING OF HALF OUR MEMBERS (50,000 TEEN AND PRE-TEEN GIRLS), NEEDS WE OLDER MEMBERS TO MAKE PROVISIONS FOR THE FEMININIZATION OF AT LEAST 50,000 TO 100,000 TEEN AND PRE-TEEN BOYS, SO THERE ARE SUFFICIENT "PARTNERS" IN THE COMING "NEW WORLD ORDER". THE FUTURE OF OUR ORGANIZATION *REQUIRES* THAT THESE GOALS BE MET! WE LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR COMMITMENT.

The newsletter went on to give various examples of people who had feminized the men and boys in their lives. The first example told the story of a divorcee, who was having a problem with her thirteen-year-old son. Two years earlier, Brenda was a lesbian mom, living alone with her son, Jerri. (Since this time, Brenda had become a FSA member, and gotten engaged to a twenty-eight-year-old transvestite).

Jerri was becoming very unmanageable, as most thirteen-year-old boys do. One day, in the laundry room, while Brenda was ironing some of her work clothes, which at that time were dresses and skirts, Jerri was bored, making a bunch of smart remarks. Suddenly, he asked the question which would change his life. Because she was wearing jeans and an old flannel work shirt, Jerri blasted, "Why do girls wear men's clothes like you and Vanda Smith do? Men don't wear *skirts!*"

Immediately, Brenda shot back, "I guess men aren't very brave." That took Jerri by surprise. The reference to Wanda Smith, who was a thirteen-year-old girl in Jerri's class was an eye opener, as well. Wanda was a tomboy's tomboy. She made a habit of beating up all the boys in her class, including Jerri; all the boys insisted that she should be forced to act feminine, which she refused to do. Linking that with the fact that Jerri took an unusually keen interest in the clothes she was ironing, Brenda thought that maybe Jerri would like to try on some feminine things himself.

The idea excited Brenda, so she decided she would give Jerri that chance! As the current frustrating day went on, Brenda amused herself with thoughts of feminizing her smart-mouthed brat of a son, who spent the rest of this day degrading girls and women. Although Jerri thought he was really getting under Brenda's skin, she just went about her day planning the task that lay ahead.

The following week, Brenda went to a thrift store and bought several skirts, dresses and blouses she knew would fit Jerri. This was an easy task, because Jerri was a slim kid. Then, Brenda talked with her friend Marsha, who was Wanda's mother. She told Marsha of her plan, and Marsha offered her assistance. The women sat down and talked with Wanda, after Wanda came home from Teener League practice.

She was one of eight girls on the local team; a team that Jerri was not good enough to be part of! They made Wanda aware of their plan and Wanda squealed with delight! Then Wanda offered “all that prissy stuff” her Dad and his new wife had sent her, which she refused to wear (Wanda wore ONLY male clothing, including jockey shirts, and never, ever carried a purse, or wore makeup and jewelry). “I think they sent me three packages of nylon panties, six pair of pantyhose, two slips, a makeup kit, a purse and a dress. There’s no way I’m EVER going to wear them. Take them for Jerri!” she said.

Brenda readily accepted!

This was May, school would be ending in a few weeks; that was when Brenda vowed to have Jerri in skirts for good. She stored the clothes in Jerri’s closet, after removing the panties and pantyhose from their packages and putting them in a grocery bag. Wanda had also given Brenda a pair of white ankle-strap high heels, which she never wore; Brenda put them in Jerri’s closet with the new clothes. When Jerri got home from school that day, he demanded to know what the clothes were doing in his closet. Brenda told him she was collecting for charity, and the clothes would be there for only a few weeks. He accepted the explanation with almost no fuss, just a few smart remarks.

During the next few weeks, she watched the closet closely, and was delighted to find her suspicions confirmed. Jerri was taking the clothes out, and putting them back, all the while trying to make it appear that they had not been tampered with. She had absolute proof he was wearing the clothes when she found a semen stain on a pair of pink nylon bikini panties! At this point, school was almost over and the Plan proceeded.

On the second Saturday in June, which turned out to be a gorgeous day, she told Jerri she was going out to visit some friends, and wouldn’t be back until late in the afternoon. She actually went to Wanda’s baseball game with Marsha. After the game, around 11 AM, Brenda and Marsha, dressed in jeans and pullover shirts, with sneakers and sweat socks, along Wanda with two of her teammates, who were her and Jerri’s classmates, dressed in their baseball uniforms, went to Brenda’s house.

When they got there, the curtains to Jerri’s room were drawn, even though it was a beautiful day. They very quietly let themselves in, tiptoed to Jerri’s room, then barged in. They couldn’t have asked for more! Jerri was lying on his bed wearing the soft pink chiffon dress, with sheer skirt and back zipper, with a delicate bow on the front; he had on pantyhose and the white ankle-strap high heels; a slip and pink panties! Brenda looked at him with his hand on his crotch, and his skirt bulging, then told him to get up. Jerri meekly obeyed. Then, Brenda began to speak.

“Well, Jerri, it seems that you want to be a sissy.”

Wanda interrupted, “He *is* a sissy!”

“Well, that’s undeniable at this point”, stated Brenda, “But I think it’s great. The “Big Man” who has been putting down girls and women is the *real* pussy! One can certainly tell that Wanda, Kate and Ann aren’t prissy sissies They were out playing baseball; beating the so-called “tough boys”, while our pretty pansy here has been playing

dress-up. That's super! That's the way it's going to be! Girls, what do *you* think of our pansy?"

Wanda answered first, "I think he's adorable, especially with his little hard-on bulging out his skirt."

Ann responded similarly, as did Kate.

Brenda continued, "I *was* collecting those prissy clothes to give to charity, and today was the day that I was going to give them away. But you look so good in your dress, that I don't think I'm going to give those clothes away. What I *will* give away is your male clothing!"

At that, Jerri started to protest. He went to stop his mother as she opened his closet, and put the contents into a huge box, which Kate had brought into the room. As Jerri was walking toward his mother, Wanda grabbed him and threw him onto the bed. As he tried to fight against her, Wanda easily pinned him to the bed. He was no match for her! Brenda and Marsha laughed at Jerri as he squirmed under Wanda's weight and superior strength. Then, Brenda began to speak.

"What's the matter, Jerri? I thought males were superior to females. Why can't you overpower this 'inferior', as you have been calling women and girls?"

At that statement, Wanda began to chide Jerri.

"Well, Sissyboy, you couldn't even make the baseball team. You CANT compete with me, or Kate or Ann. *You* are the REAL pussy. You had better NEVER call one of us a pussy again!" (When he could, Jerri would always berate the girls in his class by calling them "pussies"!)

After this statement, with the helplessness of being pinned, the disappearance of all his male clothing and possessions (which Brenda, Marsha, Kate and Ann were packing up, and removing) being dressed so femininely, and all the women dressed so masculinely, Jerri began to cry! The women enjoyed this event enormously! Brenda began to speak.

"It's alright to cry. You are a full-fledged sissy, and it's all right for sissies to cry. You are on this Earth to please women. You are to be pretty and submissive. You are not tough, and you are never *going* to be tough. So sit back and enjoy the fact that not much is expected of you, except for being pretty!"

At this statement, Jerri was defeated. He lay there sobbing, as he watched ALL his male clothing disappear. After the clothes were packed up and taken out of the house, Kate and Ann started to pack away all the other masculine possessions. Out went the model airplanes and cars. "Bye-bye" to the football and baseball cards and posters. "So long" to his pocketknife and fishing rod. But, as all these things were being carried out, Brenda told Jerri that she would replace them with some cute stuffed animals, and collector's dolls!

With all that done, the women and girls went downstairs with Jerri, and they all had a little talk. Brenda informed Jerri that from now on, he would wear panties and nylons ALL his waking hours, and nighties when he went to bed. For the next six months he would wear ONLY skirts and dresses. After that, *if* he were sufficiently

feminized, he could occasionally wear shorts, slacks and jeans, but only if they were clearly feminine in design. He would always wear lipstick, nail polish, makeup and a feminine hairstyle. Then, she added that she would send him to the beauty salon tomorrow for a cut and perm, nail care and waxing and sign him up for a class on makeup and deportment.

At that point, she expected him to be responsible for his own grooming. In the fall, he would enroll into a new school, opening for its first year, and he would be signing up for the cheerleading squad! When Brenda stopped talking, everyone noticed a bulge under Jerri's skirt; His cock was rock hard! Ann spoke.

“You're going to LOVE your new lifestyle!”

As time went by, Jerry grew into his new way of life, and really enjoyed being feminine. He and Wanda started to date, and became very close. Today, Jerri and Wanda are fifteen-years-old; Wanda plays football, basketball and baseball, and Jerri cheerleads and does ballet. Brenda works as a package delivery person making excellent money, and keeping in superb shape. She is engaged to be married to a guy who works as a bank teller, who makes substantially less money than her, and he is quite docile; of course, he's been trained! The other benefits of this transformation is that three other members of the local FSA Group have followed Brenda's example, and have feminized their sons; like Brenda, they are delighted with the results. All the boys have assumed a passive role, and have become traditionally feminine, while the girls in the group have become quite assertive. This example could easily be duplicated.

The second example was a dominant woman who feminized her husband.

About five years ago, Cathy Smith joined a group of women who believed in the superiority of the female species. At that time, she made the determination that females should be in control, based on her experience as a nurse, treating patients as they came into the hospital. Her observation was that men and boys were much bigger “babies”, typically, when dealing with an illness or injury.

She thought of her husband of two years, and what a coward and sissy *he* had become. *She* was the breadwinner, while *he* couldn't keep a job. She and a couple of her friends “worked out”, and stayed physically fit, while her husband “lazed” around. At that time, she joined the group known as WOT (Women on Top), which later became one of the FSA Chapters. She took a new job as Manager of Nursing Operations, in a different city, about a hundred miles from their home town of Tibbville.

When she made the announcement to Tom, he was very upset, and went into a fit of anger. It didn't make sense, since he was not working, and had no income, benefits or anything else for that matter. The most stupid thing that he did, though, was take a swing at Cathy! She promptly responded; even though Tom was six feet tall, and with his “beer belly” 185 pounds. Cathy, at a muscular and trim 5'8”, and 150 pounds quickly and efficiently subdued her husband. She was stronger than he, and in much greater shape.

As she had him “pinned”, sitting on his chest, she forced him to admit that he was a sissy, weaker and totally inferior to her. At first, he would not admit it, so she reached back and unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his jeans, and pulled his fly down. Then, she pushed his pants down and grabbed his balls through his jockey shorts.

She squeezed his balls until he screamed and began to cry. She let him up only after he admitted that he was a sissy, inferior in every way to her, and that he would obey her!

With that done, their relationship began to change. She announced that they would be moving in two weeks, into a private community (a WOT Village). He would be getting a physical that Saturday, at the new hospital (Newtown General), for his new job, as a bank teller at Newtown National Bank. (This bank was run by a member of the Board, the majority of whom were WOT members) He would be starting work in two weeks.

When Saturday came, Cathy drove them to Newtown. Arriving at the hospital, she was met by Dr. Jan Coup, the entree to her new position, and a fellow WOT member. Jan brought them both in, then, to Tom's embarrassment, gave him his physical in front of Cathy. It was very embarrassing for Tom to be in front of his wife and a woman doctor, both wearing slacks, both mannish in looks and behavior (short cropped hair, no makeup) while he stood there, with his shoulder-length hair, in a short nylon hospital gown, which was quite sheer.

He thought that he was going to be embarrassed even more, when Dr. Croup summoned a nurse to come in to run the specimens to the lab. Tom was a little disarmed when he saw the nurse enter the room. It was a male nurse, dressed very androgynously. He was wearing a white nylon top with pockets, his slacks were women's white nurse trousers, with no fly, and quite light in fabric. However, Tom could not see the heavy outline of cotton jockey shorts through them. Things began to make sense to Tom, when the nurse bent over to pick up a paper on the floor, and his top "rode up". Tom could see that he was wearing panties and white pantyhose! He also had on white nurses' shoes! Tom was aghast.

As Danny the male nurse left, the two women talked as if Tom wasn't even there. Jan asked Cathy what she thought of the attire on Danny. Cathy responded that she thought it was very cute!

When the results came back, Jan prescribed some "vitamins" for Tom, and the couple left. They stopped briefly at TW Village, their new home, then went back to Tibbville. Two weeks later, they moved to Newtown, and started their new life. Cathy was in charge of all the nurses at the hospital, and was the breadwinner in the family, bringing in over \$70,000 per year, while Tom was a bank teller making \$13,000.

At the beginning of their new life in Newtown, the vitamins Tom was taking, actually tranquilizers and estrogen, made him quite docile. He hardly made a fuss when, on the Saturday before starting their new jobs, instead of being able to watch college football, Cathy marched him to the bathroom, and told him to shave his entire body.

After he was done, she handed him a pair of white nylon panties and told him to put them on. Because it was a cool day, she handed him a pair of Legg's Sheer Energy beige pantyhose, and showed him how to put them on. After that, he put on his jeans and a sweater. She told him to wear his brown loafers, but NO socks! She put his wallet, keys, handkerchief and a few other items in one of her old shoulder bags, and gave it to him to carry! Even though he was totally humiliated, he didn't give Cathy any

“shit”, as she called it. She had drummed into him, over the last two weeks, how he was weaker than her, and that he *would* do as she commanded.

After Tom was dressed, Cathy got out of her sweats, put on her jeans and flannel shirt, pulled on her sweat socks and sneakers, put her wallet and keys into her pockets, and off they went to the mall.

They went to the New Image store, owned by a well-known movie actor (another WOT member) and picked out a whole new wardrobe for Tom. They got him all manner of panties, girdles, stockings, pantyhose, shoes, pant suits, short sets, tops, slippers, a couple of skirts, and a dress! Cathy made Tom wear a jumpsuit and 3” pumps when leaving the store, leaving his male clothes behind, to be thrown away.

After they were done at the store, they went to New Horizons Salon, and Cathy instructed the stylist to give Tom a complete makeover; a feminine hairdo, manicure, facial—the works!

After all was done, they went home, and their new life began. Tom works for Deb Gibson, the Bank Manager, and he is required to stick to a strict dress code, non-masculine in nature, of course, Deb is a member, as you may have guessed. Cathy controls all the nurses, half of whom are males; they are required to adhere to the new dress code which consists of feminine-cut slacks, nylons and soft makeup!

This method of transformation can be duplicated! The third example, in the Newsletter, was little less forceful, but took instead, a more encouraging approach. The story was of young John Ravens, a fourteen-year-old boy, who was interested in trying on some feminine clothing. John, an only child, was always given whatever he wanted. Unbeknownst to John, his father (also named John) was a transvestite, and member of the local transvestite organization. He attended weekly “Get Togethers” with his wife, and other members of the club, along with their wives and girlfriends. The Ravens were well-off financially, because John and Linda were the owners of a Travel Agency, which did extremely well.

John happened to see the movie, *Just One of the Girls*, about a boy dressing as a girl to escape getting beaten up by a group of bullies, John came to his parents and started asking questions about boys wearing dresses, skirts and such. After talking about this for a half-hour or so, he asked if he could try “dressing up” to see what it felt like. John and Linda were overjoyed. They told John he could, and that while he was in school the next day, Linda and John would buy him some “things”.

On Monday, after John left for school, Linda and John checked in at the office, then were off to Walmart. They had decided that to make John Jr. more comfortable, John Sr. would be dressed up in one of his outfits when Johnny got home from school!

Linda suggested that John Sr. wear his black zip-front jumper with zip pockets, navy mock turtleneck bodysuit, black nylon tights and black mid-heel stretch elastic pumps. The outfit they got for John Jr. was a lavender mock turtleneck bodysuit, lavender zip-front sweater vest, black zip-front jacket, short black skirt with a back zipper, black diamond-pattern tights and black patent leather low-heeled pumps. To make a contrast with her boys, Linda got herself a black pinstriped pant suit, a white button-down shirt, a black tie and a pair of black penny loafers.

With the main outfits decided upon, Linda and John Sr. proceeded to buy Johnny an assortment of clothes. First, they got him several packages of nylon panties; a three-pack of “high-cut” briefs in an assortment of pastel colors, a three-pack assortment of flowery bikini briefs, and another three-pack of assorted hip-huggers in pastels and prints. They also got him two half-slips; one was 16”, and the other 18”, as they assumed a young boy like him would be wearing mostly miniskirts.

They picked out for him a selection of leg wear: Pantyhose, in an assortment of colors and shades; two pair of suntan, two pair of beige, two pair of taupe, two pair of black and two pair of white. A few pairs of tights followed; opaque, ribbed and patterned. After that, at Linda’s insistence, they got him a few bras! She thought sports bras would be most comfortable for him. She picked him out three bras with crisscross bands across the back.

Next, they got their son several bodyshirts and bodysuits, and a couple of jumpers. Then followed this with a pair of “Strap N’ Buckle” kid suede pumps and a pair of T-strap pumps. After the shoes, they selected a “Hobo” handbag with top zipper closure and 13” shoulder strap. From there, they made a quick stop at the cosmetic counter and bought him nail polish, eye shadow, mascara, eyeliner, lipstick, lip-gloss, rouge, powder, blush; in short, everything he would need to dress up and experience femininity firsthand!

After they made all their selections, Linda and John had everything gift-wrapped, then deliv-



ered to the house. They had just enough time to get home and get prepared for the evening. When their son got home, his mother greeted him in the kitchen. She looked somewhat mannish, as usual, in her black pinstripes, with her short, cropped hair and no makeup. She told him that she and his father were really pleased that he had requested to “dress up”. Nervously, John inquired if it was okay with his dad that his only son wanted to wear a dress. At that, Linda chuckled and asked if it would bother him if his Dad wanted to wear a dress. John looked at his mother and responded “No”, then asked, “does he really?”.

At that, John came out from the dining room in his pretty outfit, and asked his namesake for his opinion. Johnny was amazed; his dad was beautiful, in his lovely jumper and stockings with heels, his face made-up, earrings hanging from his lobes and beautiful auburn hair bouncing past his shoulders! John’s mother stepped over to his father, planted a big French kiss on his painted lips, then said to Johnny, “Let’s make you as lovely as your Dad.”

Off they went to John’s room; Linda watched joyously as he opened package after package, relishing his new feminine items. After he opened all his presents, he began to get dressed. First, he had to get out of his boy clothes. Off went the sneakers and sweat socks, followed by the jeans and Dallas Cowboys football jersey. The last thing to go was his jockey shorts. He went into the bathroom and took a nice warm bubble bath; when he came out, his outfit was waiting for him on the bed. On went the lavender bikini panties with lace trim. As he was pulling them up his legs, his “Peter” came to attention, and he began to blush.

His father assured him that it was all right. (it was at that exact moment that Linda and John *knew* their son was going to become addicted to femininity) After his panties were in place, the textured tights were next. John slid them up his legs and adjusted them around his waist. Then came the sports bra; after that, the bodysuit, which zipped up the back, and snapped at the crotch. Then, finally, the black miniskirt, which also zipped up the back. John was in Heaven! Linda and John helped him finish with the rest of his outfit, and did his makeup. After all that was done, they gave him a necklace, clip-on dangling earrings, a bracelet and some rings. They brushed out his shoulder-length hair into a feminine fashion, then asked him how he felt.

“I feel *wonderful!*” John said, as a tear rolled down his cheek. “*Thank you* for letting me dress up, and thanks for all the beautiful clothes!” All three of them were ecstatic.

As John and John Jr. sat in their finery, Linda called her close friend Marci, to share her wonderful revelation. (Marci and her husband Jack were members of the club. Jack had been lucky enough to meet up with Marci, who inherited her father’s car dealership. Marci ran the car dealership, and Jack was a househusband. They had two girls who were star athletes; Sue was 17, and a senior in high school. She was the Captain on the girl’s basketball team. Jen was 14, a classmate of John’s, and Captain of the J.V. basketball team. Both girls were macho tomboys, like their mother.)

After Linda told Marci the news, Marci suggested they bring John to the next club meeting, the coming Saturday night. Linda agreed that that would be an excellent idea. The example went on to a total role reversal theme. John and Jen started dating.

John became totally submissive, first to his mother, then his fiancée, then to his mother-in-law. This all happened four years earlier, in October.

Now, John and Jen were scheduled to get married in June. John was to be given away by his mother, the groom would be wearing a white sequined gown with spaghetti straps; the men will be in baby blue silk gowns with high slits, accented with white lace pantyhose and white 3" pumps. The women would be wearing black tuxedos with shirts matching the guys' gowns. The wedding was expected to be a blast!

Pam ended the newsletter by asking for the member's commitment. The newsletter contained this commitment document:

### **FSA Commitment Form**

NO. 307

I \_\_\_\_\_ solemnly swear, to aggressively recruit two females to join and participate in the FSA Organization. I make this commitment on the \_\_\_\_\_ day of the month of \_\_\_\_\_ of the year \_\_\_\_\_. I will fulfill this commitment within 90 days, of this date. I will also swear to initiate the feminization of my (circle one) husband, boyfriend, fiancée, son, nephew, friend, on this same day.

Signed and Sealed by \_\_\_\_\_

Witnessed by \_\_\_\_\_

## “CHAPTER FOUR: THE POWER OF SPORTS

Pam called a meeting with her new staff, to discuss the articles in the first issue.

“Let’s examine the strong role sports plays on our society”, stated Pam. “First off, sports is *power*. Look at how well the WNBA and the ABL have taken off. Now the WNHL is in its second year, as well as the women’s baseball league. And slated to start its first season, next September, is the WNFL. It’s very important to all “New Age” people, that women’s sports dominate the arena.”

With that statement made, Susan Rift chimed in.

“We need to continue our movement through the political system and financial systems we have set up. We now have eliminated 50% of the male sports scholarships, which when added to the female sports scholarships now gives more scholarships to women, than men, for sports.”

“That’s great news!” exclaimed Susan.

“*That* is what we’re all about,” stated Pam. “Now we need to move forward with our agenda even more. Our first issue features Gwen Stevens; we’re going to have pictures of her “in action”, as well as in her everyday street clothes. Gwen is very much a “New World” girl, and we need to promote her views with our readership. Gwen wants a picture of her, with her ten female teammates, all in uniform, with their coach, “Sammie” Barnes. Her view, and that of her teammates, is that girls are superior to boys. She feels boys should sit back and cheer for the female athletes, the same way females in the past, sat back and cheered for male athletes.”

“That is the FSA philosophy,” stated Denise.

“Yes. But, we must be *sure* we communicate this philosophy correctly. Balance is what we need. If we have “masculine” girls, we **MUST** have feminine boys. The Conservatives are correct when they say you must have balanced gender roles; we only disagree on who is submissive and who is dominant.”

“Well said, Pam”, responded Susan, “We need to get Gwen’s boyfriend, and his brother, along with Sammie’s son Tommi, into the article. Dale, Gwen’s boyfriend, and Tommi are cheerleaders for the team. Their mothers are FSA members who have feminized their sons, so we should have no problem getting them into the story.”

Pam then stated, “The total elimination of traditional male-female stereotypes *must* be implemented. All our young readers need to relate to females being the stronger, dominant gender; and males being the vulnerable, weaker sex. It will be a difficult transition for some, but we *will* accomplish our goal.”

With their agenda being implemented, the women began to focus their attention on the other story at hand. Denise began, “The other article in the first issue is going to be about Marcia Gracia, the teen tennis star from Brazil. You all know who she— is; ranked Number One in the world, and about to take on the men’s division. She is *amazing!* One of the traditional Amazons, from Brazil. Her story is already drafted. Here’s a copy to read.”

Denise handed out copies of Marcia’s story.

The front page showed an “action” photo of Marcia, sweat pouring off her brow, swinging at a tennis ball. She was wearing her cotton Jacquard polo, with three stripe shorts, white socks and tennis shoes— her nontraditional women’s tennis look.

“Marcia Garcia, the world’s Number One female tennis star is about to do what no woman since Billy Jean King has done: Put male tennis players in their place! At 6’1” tall, and a muscular 195 pounds, Marcia looks like no traditional female tennis star. With her short cropped hair, and beautifully tanned body, she is a magnificent sight to behold.

“Marcia lives in New York City, with her mother and two sisters. They left Brazil in 1998, when Marcia first burst onto the scene, at the tender age of fourteen. Now, the superstar rules the tennis world, and has her sights set on bigger and better things.

“As a young girl, Marcia dominated the other kids in her neighborhood. She was always a big kid, and athletically gifted. She started playing tennis when she was eight-years-old, and practiced everyday. When she entered the Pro tennis circuit, she stirred a huge controversy when she absolutely refused to wear a skirt, saying she wasn’t some “Bimbo” who was going to excite the male spectators by flashing her underwear!

She started a movement within tennis predicated on the idea that women had been subjugated by men to conform to outdated, humiliating dress codes on the court, designed to keep women under patriarchal rule. Those days were over! Then, she stated that the men should wear little skirts, with nylon underwear to show off while *they* played sports! Of course, that was the statement which shook the world. From that point on, Marcia was a celebrity.

“As she kept winning, she became the foundation for the new “Women’s movement” in pro sports. The tabloids started hounding her about her romance with Tonya Carson. Tonya was a nineteen-year-old dress shop clerk, when they met. The tabloids thought it was a lesbian relationship, but discovered, as they probed, that Tonya was actually a guy! It was hard to believe the pictures; the 6’1” Marcia in her jeans, sneakers and sweatshirts, with 5’8” Tonya, in his sweater, miniskirt, nylons and pumps.

The tabloids exploited the story and made a fortune. They were the hot “new style” couple. When they got engaged, RuPaul invited them onto his show. As expected, Tonya tried to “out-girl” RuPaul. Both of the males were made up to the hilt with micro-miniskirts and high heels, shimmery nylons, and full makeup, while Marcia showed up in a coat, tie and slacks. What a Transgendered show *that* was!

“Now the two will be getting married; Tonya is going to be a housewife, while Marcia supports the couple. They both encourage females to be assertive and take control, while at the same time, encouraging males to become submissive, and learn their proper role, in the “New World Order”.

Susan said, “That will be a good article to accompany Gwen’s story. After all, it helps bolster the new philosophy.”

The other women agreed.

With these tasks accomplished, Pam headed for home. When she came in the house, Jimmi and his friend Mark were on the sofa, in the family room, polishing each other’s nails.

“How are you boys doing today?” asked Pam, as she sat on the recliner, slipping off her shoes.

“We’re doing *great*,” answered Jimmi.

Then Pam asked Mark, “How’s your Mom doing, Mark? I haven’t seen her lately.”

“She’s doing fine, Ma’am. She’s been working overtime at the steel plant lately; when she’s off, she and my dad have been spending a lot of time together.”

The story of Mark’s parents was this. Brenda and Steve divorced about ten years earlier. In their younger days, Steve was a jock, Brenda was a cheerleader. They got married, Steve was a jerk, and Brenda learned that the hard way. After they divorced, Brenda had to raise Mark on her own, while Steve never spent any time with the boy, or sent any child support. The reconciliation started when Steve had a heart attack at the age of thirty-one. Steve had no family, so the hospital contacted Brenda.

By this time, Brenda had transformed herself into a “New Age” woman. She was now a champion bodybuilder, and worked at the steel mill in town. She was now a dedicated athlete, playing basketball, baseball and football, which kept her in top physical shape. On the other hand, Steve had gone downhill physically after the divorce. He was selling insurance, doing nothing physical, smoking three packs of cigarettes a day, and did no exercise. Even though he was thin, he ate the wrong things, and had clogged arteries, which led to his heart attack.

When Brenda got to the hospital, after not seeing Steve for three years, she was stunned to find how frail he had become. As he lay in the Intensive Care unit, the doctors, citing a little-known law, gave Brenda guardianship over her ex-husband. She was the one who would have to make decisions concerning Steve’s medical situation. Open-heart surgery was necessary, due to the damage incurred. The doctors described to Brenda the procedure needed, as well as a new therapy regimen, which was very effective with reducing stress and hyperactivity in the male patient. It was called Estrogen Therapy. Dr. Elaine Gray outlined the benefits it provided. She felt that Steve was a “Type A” patient, for whom this therapy would be effective. After consulting with the doctor, Brenda saw the need for a prompt decision. She authorized the surgery, as well as the estrogen therapy. Fortunately, the surgery was a success!

When the surgery was over, Steve was in the intensive care unit for three days. During that time, the only one allowed in to see him was Brenda. Elaine informed her that he would be very “calm and mild”, due to the tranquilizers and estrogen implants.

Elaine made Brenda aware that Steve would behave completely opposite to the way he used to behave. Elaine, who was a FSA member, informed Brenda that the treatment was permanent. The implants would last a year at a time, and they would have to be replaced annually. Brenda could now train her husband to be a “New World” person, as she had already done with her son.

While Steve was in intensive care, Brenda decided that she would move all of Steve’s things to her house, and cancel the lease on Steve’s apartment. She called her sister Patti, and asked if she and her two girls would help move the stuff the following Saturday. Patti was glad to be of help, even though Patti never liked Steve. Patti was a

tomboy, Patti was going to enjoy watching, and helping, her ex-brother-in-law get turned into a pretty fairy, just like his son!

Patti, as you might guess, was a radical; she wanted males totally broken, and submissive to females. She had two daughters, one nineteen, the other fourteen. Both are part of the FSA teen group, both very macho. Sherry, the nineteen-year-old, is currently in her second year of college, on an athletic scholarship. She is majoring in Business Management. Val, the fourteen-year-old, goes to a public school in Windham, Massachusetts.

Windham is known mostly for its openly lesbian lifestyles. (70% of the population is female) However, over the past five years, there has been a large migration of “refined” males into the community. Not only does the town have an openly lesbian society, these past five years have produced a growing, openly transvestite society. Many of the males in the school wear girl’s clothing; mostly pant suits and short sets, but also occasionally dresses and skirts. The school has no male sports teams, but the school does field a hockey team, basketball team, wrestling team, baseball team and track team.

The following year, they would have a football team, along with a cheerleading squad. Her lifestyle was the reason that Patti and Steve never got along. Steve had been quite macho, and felt that girls should be prissy, as Brenda was when she got pregnant, prior to their wedding. Now, with what the situation had evolved into, Steve would be on the road to “prissihood”, while his masculine ex-wife called the shots; this is why Patti became so excited.

Steve was discharged from the hospital on September 30th, and was still recuperating at Brenda’s house. While he was in the hospital, Brenda, with the encouragement of Patti, and the help of the law, made drastic decisions concerning Steve. They submitted a resignation to his employer, took ownership of his car and bank accounts, as well as his investments and threw away all his male clothing and possessions, including his guns, fishing rods and tackle.

They had him sign a document, granting Brenda guardianship over him, until he either re-married Brenda, or received a complete medical clearance from Elaine Gray, which the good doctor was not inclined to give.

The signing of the legal document was on September 29th, also the first day he got to see Mark. It had been three years since he last saw the boy, when Brenda was just getting into the FSA lifestyle. Mark, at that time, played sports, and was an average eleven-year-old boy, always in jeans, sneakers, T-shirts or football jerseys. His dirty blonde hair was kept short. In every way, he was an average boy.

On September 29th, Steve met the “new” Mark, along with his ex-niece, Val. Initially, Steve thought Val was Mark, and Mark was Val! As the two entered the room together, Mark was dressed in an ivory-colored turtleneck bodyshirt, with a dyed knit jumper with tortoise-look ring trim, and a back zipper; brown nylon tights and brown suede leather side-zip boots, with elastic gore. His face was completely made-up, he had earrings dangling from his lobes, obscured by his shoulder-length blonde locks, done up in spiral curls. He was the sight of utter femininity. In his short-skirted

jumper, his purse hanging from his shoulder, he looked like his mother had, twelve years ago.

His cousin, on the other hand, was at the opposite end of the spectrum. Val was wearing an ivory, long-sleeved skinny-ribbed T-shirt, with “Classic Fit” blue jeans, brown leather belt, sweat socks and oil-tanned leather “Chukka Boots”. Her “buzz cut” blonde hair was extremely mannish, as was her stride. The contrast between the two cousins was immense. The irony of all this, and one of the things that set Patti on fire, is that when Val and Mark were born, just two weeks apart, Steve relentlessly taunted Patti about having a girl, while he and Brenda had a boy.

Steve made unflattering remarks about how Val could cheerlead for Mark, and how girls were inferior to boys. He pushed Patti to the point where they had actually come to blows. This was about eleven years ago, back when Steve was still in pretty good shape; even then, Patti was overpowering him, setting the stage for the continued standoff. Today, Patti was even stronger, and Steve quite frail; he would never think of challenging her now.

As for his once-macho son, he could NEVER compete with Val now. Mark had become *very* prissy, loving to wear his skirts and dresses, doing his nails, makeup and hair, and reading all the “Femme” literature he can find. As they both entered the room, Mark reached into his purse, and pulled out a “Get Well” card, which he handed to his Dad, with his pink-tipped hand. His niece just said she hoped he was doing well.

Steve was dumbfounded. He couldn’t believe what he was seeing; however, due to the medications, he just accepted their well wishes, and thanked them for coming. Steve’s mind was running a mile a minute. First was the revelation that he had had a severe heart attack, and that his ex-wife was the closest thing to a living relative that he had, that she could make decisions for his well-being. (Steve was an only child, of a couple who themselves were only children, all his grandparents had passed away, and his parents were killed several years ago, in an automobile accident) Second was the revelation that his ex-wife was a member of an organization that was dedicated to the reversing of the gender roles, a goal she took very seriously, and that he was completely at her mercy. The third shocking revelation was that his once-macho son, was a pretty, delicate, ultra-feminine pansy, and loved being so!

Steve wondered what would become of himself, as his ex-wife and ex-sister-in-law, informed him of his situation. He had just signed an agreement which obligated him to remarry his ex-wife. Now she and her sister were informing him of some of the changes that were taking place, starting with his son.

When they finished at the hospital, Brenda, Patti, Val and Mark headed to the local Walmart to get Steve an outfit to wear home. While they were at the store, Val wanted to get a new football, so she was off to the sporting goods department. Patti had to get some oil, and an oil filter, so she could work on her truck, and Brenda needed Mark to pick out some clothes for his Dad. First, they went to lingerie, and bought him some black, high-cut nylon briefs, with a wide, stretch lace waistband. Then, at Dr. Gray’s suggestion, to give his chest support, they got him a pull-on sports bra, with wide,

non-slip straps. Then, again at Dr. Gray's suggestion, they got him several pairs of "total support pantyhose", with reinforced toe, in a beige shade.

They picked up a pair of black stretch pants, with a touch of spandex, a flat front, slim legs and side zipper. To go with the pants, they got him a double-breasted boucle plaid jacket with velvet trim collar and buttons. For his feet, they got him a pair of black, low-heeled pumps with faille bow, and goldtone ornament. For his wallet and keys, they got him a black, top-zip organizer handbag with croco-look trim. This would be the outfit he would wear home from the hospital!

Before they left, Mark needed to get some lipstick and nail polish, so they were off to the cosmetic counter. When they were done at the store, they went home and prepared for Steve's homecoming. That all took place just six weeks ago; now Steve was getting well, and Brenda was making arrangements with JoAnn Platt, the insurance broker, to have Steve work for her, as her secretary!

Mark informed Pam about his Dad's new job.

Pam answered, "That's *lovely*! Did Jimmi tell you that *his* Dad is getting a job also?"

"No, he didn't. Where is he going to work?"

"At our new publishing company. He's going to be a secretary, just like *your* Dad!"

The two boys thought it fantastic that their dads would be working as secretaries.

Pam asked, "What are you boys prettying yourselves up for, some special occasion?"

"There's a pep rally tonight at the school, and Mark and I want to be sure we look our best. Tanya and Sally will be taking us, and you know how they always want to show us off."

Noticing the boys' pantyhose laying on the floor, Pam smiled and asked, "Are you boys going to be taking your shoes off to show the girls your pretty toenails?"

Jimmi and Mark both blushed, giggled and answered that you just never *knew* what might happen!

Pam smiled because one of the features, on the training tapes, was for boys to have pretty, painted hand and toenails; toenails showing through nylons or pantyhose seemed to simply SHOUT femininity.

That night, Tanya and Sally picked up Jimmi and Mark at Jimmi's house. Both boys wore jean skirts and sweaters. Mark had on an ivory-colored sweater with his miniskirt, ivory, ribbed tights and a pair of black, chunky-heel leather pumps. Jimmi had on a red sweater with his miniskirt, with suntan pantyhose and a pair of black round-toe skimmers. The girls were wearing their jeans and football jerseys. Pam had answered the door when the girls came. She invited them in until the boys finished with their makeup.

Pam really liked these two girls. Tanya was sixteen, and was the daughter of Mary Welch. She was the quarterback on the Cressant High football team. She was a very strong and talented athlete. Sally Mills was the fullback on the team, and was also sixteen. Both of these girls were devoted FSA members, both intent on establishing fe-

male superiority in their youth. The three women sat and talked in the living room, while they waited for the boys.

Pam asked, "So, how are we going to do this week?"

Tanya responded, "We look pretty good. The Cougars are three and seven, and they're afraid of having to play us. They're one of the only male teams left, and they're at the bottom of the standings. We, on the other hand, are the only all-female team in the conference, and at nine and one, we're going to win our division!"

"That's great!" responded Pam.

Sally chimed in, "We should not only beat 'em, but run the score up, too, just to show 'em that women are superior!"

Pam agreed that would be a good idea. Then, she added, "It's up to your generation to show the world which is the superior sex. You need to deflate the male ego to the point where every boy is sweet, weak and submissive, as Mark and Jimmi are."

Both girls agreed, as their dates came walking down the steps from Jimmi's room.

"It's about *time* you guys were ready," stated Tanya.

"Well, it's not *easy* for a boy to get ready. You girls want us to look "just right", and that takes time!"

The boys slipped on their jackets, grabbed their purses, then out the door they went, with Tanya and Sally. Tanya and Sally opened the car doors for their dates, then watched with interest as the boys' skirts rode up as they slid into their car seats. As they drove over to the school, Jimmi cuddled up close to Tanya, so she could run her hand up his skirt. Meanwhile, in the back seat, Sally had Mark's skirt up around his waist, as they fondled each other on their way to the school.

At the Pep rally, Coach Martin introduced the starting team, and gave a talk on Achievement, Determination and Persistence. She talked about "the great example to women everywhere" the football team was. Amazingly, although their first season had only been the preceding year, they now were Divisional Champions. She pointed out how hard work had paid off. She also talked about how, just a few years ago, the popular opinion was that football was "too tough" a sport for girls to compete in.

Now they were the only "all-female" team in the Division, and they had proved to be the BEST in the Division. She went over how they secured their championship the previous week, by beating last year's champs by two touchdowns, and how they physically overpowered them. She gave credit to the whole team for hitting the weight room everyday, and developing themselves into hard-bodied competitors. She pointed out how they had proven popular opinion wrong, and that males better give them proper respect, or face the reality of getting their egos squashed!

After the pep rally, Sally and Mark got a ride home with a couple of the players, while Tanya and Jimmi went for a ride. Tanya drove into the country, while Jimmi cuddled close to her. She found a secluded spot, pulled the car in; then, after she put the car in Park and engaged the parking brake, they kissed and hugged, enjoying each other's company.

"You look very pretty tonight," said Tanya.

“Thank you,” responded Jimmi.

Then, as Tanya ran her hand up Jimmi’s leg, she asked, “Does it bother you that you are so feminine?”

“No, not at all,” responded Jimmi, “*should* it?”

“I guess not”, answered Tanya, “It’s just that a couple of years ago, you were the big, tough football player, and now you’re so prissy and soft.”

“Well, I’ve come to accept that, for society’s sake, boys *need* to be the weaker sex. Look at how men have screwed up the world! It’s easy to understand that women need to be in control, and that is what my Mom, and FSA are working toward. That is why I’ve joined the BERN Organization, Boys for Equal Rights Now. The BERN Organization is devoted to establishing equal rights for boys to dress, act and behave in a manner in which they feel comfortable. I think when I wear a skirt or dress, no one should ridicule me. I also think that boys should be allowed to run for the Miss Teen USA crown, and that younger boys should be able to run for Little League Queen. Boys should be able to enter any and all beauty contests, and be cheerleaders and majorettes with no hassle involved. *That* is what I’m for!”

“That’s a great concept, Jimmi,” responded Tanya. “You know that *I’m* all in favor of that.”

Then, as they held hands, Tanya commented on how soft and pretty Jimmi’s hands were. She admired his pink nail polish, and then, as



instructed in the FSA teen manual, pulled him close, using her superior strength and planted a deep French kiss on his pink-painted lips. As he submitted to her advance, she grabbed his legs, and swung them across the seat, so that his feet were on her lap. She removed his shoes, massaged his delicate feet through his pantyhose, and told him how pretty his pink toenails were! Then, she worked her way up the boy's nylon-encased legs, to his pantied crotch, where his "hard-on" was about to burst!

Following the procedures outlined in the FSA teen manual, which detailed how to use the male sex drive to keep a boy in check, she made Jimmi promise to always submit to her in exchange for her giving him release, through massage of his "Sissy Stick". As he spurted his cum, she chastised him for making such a mess, and ordered him to clean it up. As he meekly obeyed, reaching into his purse for tissues, Tanya delighted in the power and control she had over him.

As the night passed by, they talked about the world, and its problems, as well as what the future held in store. They were on the "same page"! Women MUST be in CONTROL!!!

## CHAPTER FIVE: THE POLITICS OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER

As they were getting more and more of the new magazine together, they knew that they needed a section devoted to the politics of the FSA and BERN organizations.

The recent history of women in politics was dismal. The Democrats and Republicans did not meet their needs. There was a basic philosophy which neither of the “traditional” parties would ever subscribe to, until it was evident that women had taken over. The new Party, established just two years earlier, was the Vision Party. Vision’s philosophy was formed by the FSA Organization, with help from its spin-off, BERN. In two years’ time, they had established themselves as the third major party, bypassing the Libertarians, Socialists, Communists and all others.

In those two years, they managed to take 20% of the House, and 22% of the Senate. Their Presidential candidate, in the 2000 election, came in second, with 30% of the vote. Everyone knew that the handwriting was on the wall. Vision was going to be the dominant political party, and their agenda scared most traditionally-minded people.

Part of Vision’s vision statement was as follows:

- 1) To establish women as the ONLY individuals allowed to hold public office, for a period of one hundred years, to offset the inequities of male domination established during the previous years of our Republic.
- 2) To make it unlawful for any male to own property, for the same hundred-year period.
- 3) To establish women as the ONLY Judges and Lawyers, for the same hundred-year period.
- 4) To establish that any and all males become the property of their mothers, wives or other female relatives, for the same hundred-year period.
- 5) To establish that *males* are the “weaker and inferior sex”, citing the fact that when they were running the world, there was always war and unrest, and that they did not live as long as women, nor survive as well as women, from the time of birth forward (infant mortality rates).
- 6) After the first five goals were established in the United States, they were to take the “Revolution” worldwide.

This philosophy would be printed in every issue of Modern Girl, and the new companion magazine, Modern Boy. “Women in politics” would take on a new dimension. After they took control of Congress, they would immediately change the Constitution, legislating their goals into law. The battles in the State and Local governments were going even better than on the Federal level. 38% of the Governors (19 States) were from the Vision Party. One town, Windham, Massachusetts was totally controlled by Vision. The lifestyle in Windham was, shall we say, somewhat “different” than in other towns.

Windham, with a population of 15,000, is unique. The Mayor is a “butch” lesbian, who rules with an iron fist. The entire police force is female, as is the fire department. The town has only female sports teams; no organized male sports are allowed. The

school is run by a very masculine Superintendent, named Barbara White. Females are the only ones allowed to vote, or hold public office.

You would think that males would be fleeing the area; up until three years ago, males comprised 15% or less of the population. Now the male population is over 30%! Men and boys love the fact that the women are in control. (Or, is it that women have forced the males in their lives to move there?)

The school in Windham offers Math, Science and Phys. Ed. to the females ONLY, with the exception of Aerobics for boys. No boy is allowed to take Industrial Arts or Drafting classes. All boys are *required* to take Typing, Shorthand, Home Ec. and Poise and Beauty class. Uniforms MUST be worn! Female uniforms consist of black dress slacks, with black belt; white button-down shirts; tie, any color or design; dress socks and black wing-tip shoes.

Girls' hair must be close-cropped, and fingernails must be short and "squared-off". The male uniforms consist of short black skirts, with back zipper and closure; white weskit blouses, with embroidery on the front and collar; pantyhose or tights, any shade or color; black patent leather Mary Jane shoes, with 2½" heel; black top-zip shoulder bag; hair properly permed or maintained in a minimum shoulder-length style; complete makeup for face, eyes and cheeks; properly manicured and painted fingernails, in an oval design and properly pedicured and painted toenails.

All the authority figures in the school are female. The only male teachers are for the Typing, Secretarial, Shorthand classes, Poise, Beauty and Aerobics. Each of the teachers are held to the same dresscode as the students. Each of the teacher's paychecks are deposited into their husband's accounts. (In the town of Windham, the female partner in a marriage is the "husband", and the male is the "wife")

In the town of Windham, all unmarried males are referred to as "Miss", while all females are referred to as "Ms.". All young males, when they are immunized, are also given estrogen implants, and "time-release" muscle relaxant implants, which prevent them from developing strength and muscle. Any male moving to Windham agrees to have these implanted at the local clinic.

The largest migration of males has been 15 to 30 year olds, most of which are half of a newlywed couple. The males are not allowed to vote, or own property; therefore, their husbands, (former wives) are the "breadwinners", and the "Head of Household". There are men who have their own businesses, however, their "husbands" actually legally own them. These businesses are hair salons, nail salons, hosiery and lingerie stores and dress stores.

The restaurants in town all feature male "waitresses". All waitresses are required to wear short skirt, or dress, uniforms. In the cocktail lounges, the male waitresses wear micro miniskirts, with Lycra tops, pantyhose, and ankle-strap, 3" high heel platform sandals. They wear a garter, high on their left thigh, so the female patrons can deposit their tips, and sometimes, after a few drinks, the patrons run their hands a little higher, and deposit their tips inside the guys panties, (which they are required to wear over their pantyhose), thus "copping a feel"! The town is totally female controlled.

The town's major industry is software and computers, owned by a female conglomerate. The town sponsors male beauty pageants, which draw transvestites from far and wide. The town's motto is "Repentance" for the male population".

An example of a typical new couple, in Windham, is Jennifer and Brett Simms. Jennifer and Brett were married two years; Jenn was 23 and Brett was 22. Jenn was just getting into female domination and petticoat training at this time. She was a hairdresser, and so was Brett.

When Jenn was a teenager, she thought that being "sexy"; small and weak, was the "way to go", for a girl. She was into macho men, but after getting burnt time and again, and conversing with her older sister, always a tough tomboy, she started to change. It really hit her, when she came to visit her older sister and her spouse, in Windham. It was her first trip to Windham, and it certainly was an eye-opening experience for her. She was greeted at the door by her brother-in-law, who used to be a dock worker, at the Hughes Trucking company, in Albany.

Bob, back then, was a muscular, tough, hard-bodied fellow. When he opened the door, however, you could understand Jenn's amazement; Bob was wearing a red sheath dress, which came to about six inches above his knee, and zipped in the back; off-white pantyhose and black, high-heeled T-strap pumps. His makeup was flawless. His dark hair dangled past his shoulders, and his jewelry was simple, but effective; earrings, bracelets and rings.

Bob let Jenn in, giving her a hug and kiss as she entered. Lisa came into the living room, from the exercise room, sweat dripping off her brow, soaking her T-shirt and gym shorts. She came over to her sister to give her a hug and kiss. As the two women sat to converse, Bob picked up his purse and excused himself, to go to his job at the dress shop. After he left, Jenn and Lisa talked about the couple's new lifestyle.

Since Lisa and Bob moved to Windham, Lisa worked a construction job, while Bob worked at Patti's Dress Shop. While Lisa worked at building houses and buildings, Bob worked dressing guys up in dresses and finery. Lisa worked out on weights, and had bulging muscles, while Bob had implants and soft, skinny, non-muscular arms and body. Lisa ruled the roost, while Bob obeyed her commands. They even redid their wedding vows. This time, Lisa wore a tux while Bob wore a beautiful off-white wedding gown. The vows Bob made, were to "love, honor, serve, submit and OBEY"; Lisa's vows were to "cherish and provide for"! Bob was, and is, Lisa's property!

After Lisa took a shower, she told Jenn to dress in the most mannish outfit she had. Lisa was already dressed in her jockey shorts, sports bra, sweatshirt, jeans, sweat socks and sneakers. Jenn was wearing designer jeans, and a bodyshirt, with pantyhose, and a pair of flats. Lisa told Jenn to don one of her outfits: regular jeans, sweat socks, sweatshirt and sneakers. She also removed all of her makeup, and put her keys, wallet and money into her pockets. Then, they were off to the local diner for some lunch.

They got to Sue's Diner, and were greeted by the Hostess, Kevin. Kevin was Sue's wife (*husband* to the "old world"). He was a thirty-eight-year-old, 6 foot tall, blond "babe". He was dressed in a black minidress, barely covering his ass, black pantyhose, black patent leather, two-inch heel strap pumps, with full makeup and jewelry. He

asked them “How many?”, and after they responded, led them to their seat. As they followed him, Lisa was admiring his ass. After they sat down, Jenn remarked about how tall the hostess was; Lisa responded that most of the boys were pretty “leggy”, and the women liked to keep them in their miniskirts, so the customers could enjoy the view!

A couple of minutes passed, then their waitress came. Eric was a nineteen-year-old, brown-haired babe. His waitress uniform was a back-zip, white spandex minidress, a full twelve inches above his knees. Whenever he had to bend to wipe a table, you could see his white nylon slip, as well as the pink panties underneath his nude pantyhose. He was very thin; his bare arms, with the short-sleeved uniform, were hairless and soft, with no signs of muscular development. His face was beautifully made-up. He had on dangling earrings, and he talked in a very melodic, sissy-type voice.

“May I get you women something to drink?” asked Eric.

“Yes,” responded Lisa, “I’ll take an iced tea.”

“I’ll take an iced tea also,” interjected Jenn.

Then, Eric was off to get their drinks. As he went away, Jenn and Lisa talked about the “different” lifestyle that was lived in Windham.

Lisa told Jenn flatly, “Stop being a pussy! We are now in position to take control! The males need to be dominated, to make amends for all the inequities, from the beginning of humankind. Remember when those guys abused you, when you were a teenager?”

Jenn quietly responded, “Yes.”

“Well, now it’s payback time! Look around you. This town is evidence that the Vision Party, and FSA, are not just a fantasy. We are putting men in their rightful place: Under our feet! Just look at Eric!”

Eric was on his way to the table, with their drinks.

“Isn’t it better to watch men doing everything they can, to please us? By keeping them in ultra-feminine clothing, it prevents them from even *thinking* about rebelling. Their cocks and balls are SO vulnerable underneath their short skirts. We make them all wear stockings or pantyhose, so that they are very much aware of their sexiness and vulnerability. No man can put up a fight about anything, when he’s decked out in a miniskirt, and worrying about runs in his pantyhose!”

Eric was there with their drinks. He put them on the table. As the girls gave him their order, Lisa asked him if he was entering the “Miss Waitress Contest”, that was coming up. As he blushed, he told Lisa he certainly was. His fiancée, Megan, *insisted* that he compete. Megan worked on construction with Lisa, and was most insistent that her boyfriend *always* be his feminine best!

While they ate their lunch, Lisa convinced Jenn to move to Windham, become a FSA member, and join the Vision Party. She told her that they had openings at the construction company, and that she could get her in. Meanwhile, they were going to head over to Al’s Beauty Salon, and secure a job for Brett. Al was the wife of Kelly Conners, the owner of Conner’s Construction Company, as well as Al’s Beauty Salon.

When they got to Al's, they were greeted by Al himself. It was about 1:30, and the salon was full of teenage boys, who were getting their hair and nails done, for the Prom that night. Jenn was truly amazed at the thorough reversal of gender roles, in Windham.

All six of the operators were male. Five of the six were wearing either miniskirts or mini-dresses. The sixth was wearing "Daisy Dukes", with shimmery tan pantyhose and high-heeled, ankle strap sandals. His "manhood" was quite visible in his short-shorts. He was *definitely* a slut! Al himself was decked out in a navy-colored sheath dress, with back zipper, nylons and three-inch heel, T-strap pumps. His face was fully made up, and his nails were perfectly polished ovals.

It was hard to believe that ten years ago, Al was the owner of "Broader Construction Company", and his wife owned "Kelly's Beauty salon". Then, Kelly joined the Women's Movement, became a founder of the Vision Party, and feminized her husband and two sons. She took control of Al's Construction Company, fired all the male employees, and hired new female workers. She sent Al to beauty school, then after he graduated, redid their Wedding vows. Al took Kelly's surname, and became Mrs. Kelly Connors.

At the wedding, Kelly's daughter Jean, was the "best Woman", and her sons were "Maids of Honor". Josie and Mikie now worked in the salon with their father, while Jean worked at the construction company, operating heavy equipment.

Lisa introduced Jenn to Al, and confirmed with Al the position for her future brother-in-law. Al said that Kelly had told him that Brett would be the one to fill the position. Jenn was amazed, then she turned to Lisa and said, "You had this all planned out, didn't you?"

Lisa laughed, and responded, "Little sister, you *needed* this "nudge" to take control of your life. You know I love you, and care deeply about you. I am thankful that you never got too hurt by all those macho male assholes, but now it's time to take our rightful place in society, and put the males in their rightful places! Look *around* you. *This* is the new reality, in the New World Order!"

As they looked around, all they saw was femininity; what they were seeing, was the new male gender! Six teenage boys, with their hair in curlers, sitting under hairdryers, getting their nails done, by six young males in ultra-feminine finery. Not one of these males showed any kind of muscular development, in their arms or upper bodies. It appeared as though they each had a small set of breasts, and each wore a bra. They all talked in sweet, melodic "sissy voices", like the waitress at the diner. As they worked, and got "worked on", they all talked about clothes, makeup, fashion and of course, GIRLS! They were all concerned with whether their girlfriends would find them, and their outfits, pretty. They were looking forward to being pampered and seduced by their dates.

As they observed what was happening, Lisa and Jenn listened to one of the eighteen-year-old boys talk about his fantasy for tonight, as he related it to Josie.

"Oh Josie, I can't *wait* for Shannon to see me tonight! I got this beautiful lilac-colored satin bra and panty set; the panty barely covers my 'privates'. It's got high-cut legs, with a really delicate 'see-through' lace front, with a bow. The bra is in lace-over-satin, and holds my little titties nice and snug." (all the boys had little breasts, from

their estrogen implants) “I got beige support pantyhose; I wanted to wear a garter belt and stockings, but Shannon likes me in pantyhose better. She says that they control me more!

“I got a very lacy full slip, with a slit up to my crotch! My dress is lilac, with a scoop neckline, and fitted Princess bodice that zips in the back, and has a slit which also goes right up to my crotch. If I’m not careful, everyone will be seeing my undies all night! My shoes are white ankle-strap platform sandals, with three-inch heels. My handbag is white, and it has a magnetic snap closure and inside zip pocket. I just can’t wait for her to see me in this outfit, with my new perm and nails!”

Josie responded, “You’re going to drive her *wild!*”

“Yes. I *hope* that she can’t keep her hands off of me. I want her to sit on my face, so I can lick her to orgasm. I want her to know *how much* I love her. I want so much to be her wife!”

Jenn was truly amazed. After they said “good-bye” to Al, Lisa drove them over to Tammy’s Gym. They went in, and were greeted by Tammi, the school baseball and football coach. As Lisa introduced Jenn to Tammi, all you could hear were the banging of weights, and groans born of exhaustion, as the young women worked out.

Then Lisa began to speak, “Tammi, this is my sister Jenn I was telling you about. I need you to get her bulked up, so she can handle the new job I got her with Connors Construction.”

“Well, let’s see what we can do. What do you do now for a living”, asked Tammi.

Jenn replied, “I’m a hairdresser.”

Tammi smiled and said, “Another prissy hairdresser, just like my sister Sonja!”

Lisa and Tammi laughed, while Jenn looked confused. After a moment, they let Jenn in on their joke, as Tammi yelled over for Sonja to come to them. As this bodybuilder-type, blonde Amazon started walking toward them, Lisa and Tammi told Jenn the story. Sonja was Tammy’s younger sister, who had always been a “prissy girl” when she was younger. After graduating high school, she married a cocky, macho guy who got her pregnant, and then ran around on her.

At that time Sonja was a hairdresser, who thought that women should be soft, sweet and pretty. After she had her twins, a boy and a girl, her husband Dave was caught running around on her, by Tammi. After an altercation, Dave beat the hell out of Sonja, in response to her sister’s prying. When Tammi caught wind of this, she insisted that Sonja leave Dave, and come to Windham to live. She packed up the kids, who were three years old at the time. and moved in with Tammi and Frank (Tammy’s “wife”). After getting situated, Sonja started working at Tammy’s gym, and began building herself up. Eight years had passed since that time; now Sonja was a thirty-year-old, 5’9”, 185 pound, blonde muscle machine! As Sonja reached them, Tammi looked at Jenn and said, “This is your future! You’re about the same age as Sonja was when she moved to Windham. She was as soft as you, but *now* look at her!”

As Jenn looked at Sonja, Sonja told her that she would be glad to train her, to help her become strong and athletic.

After they made up a “Workout Schedule”, Lisa and Jenn walked around the gym to check things out. When they came to the bench-press machines, they watched as some teenage girls were testing their “max-weights”. As they watched two girls compete against each other, each bench-pressing in excess of 250 pounds, they eavesdropped on their conversation, as the girls rested between “reps”.

“Hey, Shannon. What time are you picking up Ricki tonight?” asked Kate.

“I told him I’d pick him up at six. You know how these guys are, though. I’ll be lucky to get to the hall by seven, by the time he gets his hair and makeup right, and everything else. You know, all I’m concerned about, is that he has on a sexy dress, shows off some leg, and that pretty ass!”

“Yeah. I’ll drink to *that*,” answered Kate.

“I’ve got to pick up George at six-fifteen. My Mom gave me the Land Rover for tonight, and told me to have fun. My Dad got all bent out of shape, saying that I should treat George with respect, and not like some “piece of meat”. Mom told him to be quiet and do his dishes, while she talked to me out in the garage. In the garage, Mom told me that she talked with Brenda, George’s mom, and she thought, seeing as how George and I want to get married, that I should start “Total Domination” on him now. They want me to force myself on him, like it says in the FSA Teen Manual; make him submit to me, by “Eating and worshipping my pussy”, all night long. Then after I’m satisfied, they told me to milk his “sissy stick” dry, and exhaust him!”

“That sounds FANTASTIC,” Shannon exclaimed.

“I think I’m going to take Ricki out to the woods, and rape his pretty little mouth with my pussy. That pink lipstick he wears will look really good on my pussy!”

Both girls laughed, and Lisa and Jenn took it all in. Jenn’s mind was whirling. At the beauty salon, the boys were getting “prettied up”, and talking about getting dominated by the masculine girls, while at the gym, as the girls “bulked up”, *they* were talking about dominating the “prissy boys”. What a turnabout, but then again, this *was* Windham.

After that weekend, Jenn went back to Albany and told Brett that, in light of the economic situation in Windham, they should move there, and make it their permanent home. At first, Brett was not receptive to this idea, especially after seeing Jenn’s new “butch” look: short, cropped hair, no makeup or jewelry, squared-off fingernails with no polish, mannish slacks, shirt, shoes and socks. After a few days, however, Brett started to come around. Jenn used the information she got from the FSA Handbook to coax Brett into submitting to her wishes.

The FSA Handbook, also the basis for the Vision Party’s Mission Statement, gave explicit instructions on how to “tame” a male. The first thing Jenn did was spike Brett’s food with “tranquilizers”. After a couple of hours, Brett became extremely docile. At that point, she had Brett take the FSA-produced “Mind Controller”, a special drug, which makes the “male mind” receptive to female suggestion. When Brett fell asleep, Jenn played the six-hour tape series, which outlined the FSA/Vision philosophy. Brett’s mind absorbed the information again and again for seven nights.

Between the drugs and the tapes, after one week, Brett was unable to disobey any of Jenn's commands. When the weekend came, Jenn told Brett to come directly home from work, and be ready to travel to Windham. Before he left, he was instructed to give his two-week notice to Susan, the owner of the salon. (Jenn had already given her notice) That Friday night, when Brett got home, Jenn ordered him into the bathroom, and told him to remove all his clothes. As he stood in the bathroom Jenn, wearing jeans, T-shirt and sneakers, told him to get out of his briefs, and into the scented bubble bath she had waiting for him.

As he got in the tub, Jenn handed him a "Daisy" razor, and told him to shave off every hair on his body, below his neck, including his crotch! She told him to let her know when he was done. When he was finished and dried off, Jenn handed him a pair of high-cut, Nylon/Lycra floral print panties, and told him to put them on. As he slid them up his legs, his "sissy stick" came to attention.

Jenn grabbed his penis and led him into the bedroom. She pushed him down onto the bed on his back, and told him she could see he apparently liked wearing pretty panties. Brett blushed, Jenn removed her T-shirt, unbuckled her jeans and kicked off her sneakers. Then, she pulled down her jeans, and stood in front of the bed in her jockey shorts and sports bra. Brett's eyes were wide in astonishment, as he gazed at his "Butch" fiancée.

Then, Jenn stated that it was *good* that he liked wearing the panties, because she was the one who was going to be wearing the pants from now on! Then, she pulled down her jockey shorts, and climbed on top of Brett, positioning her pussy at Brett's mouth, and told him to lick her to orgasm! Brett could do nothing but submit (Unknownst to Brett, Jenn was taking the "Female Vitamin Regimen", produced by FSA, which included steroids and testosterone, along with "high protein" muscle developers. Brett was taking his "Male Vitamin Regimen", which contained tranquilizers, estrogen, muscle relaxers and "The Mind Controller")

After Brett licked Jenn to orgasm, Jenn rubbed his "sissy stick" through his panties, until he came. Then Jenn chided him for making such a mess, ordered him to clean up his mess, and put on a fresh pair of panties. (This procedure was part of the FSA program: Train males to associate submissiveness with sexual release, then keep them "milked". Use their sex drive against them, while weakening them physically, to make it easier to control them.)

After Brett cleaned up the bed, and put on fresh undies, Jenn came back into the room with a bag of clothes in her hand. Jenn was dressed and ready to go; she was wearing jeans, button down shirt and boots. She then told Brett to put on the clothes in the bag. As Brett took the clothes out, he realized that he was going "femme". He did not give Jenn any resistance when she told him to put on his off-white pantyhose. Then, she helped him into a white, nylon full slip, and, over the slip, a long, Buffalo-checked dress, which buttoned up the back.

On his feet, she had him slip into a pair of white, two-inch heel sling-back pumps, with crossover straps. He sat down at Jenn's old vanity—now his—and put on his makeup; base foundation, rouge, eye shadow, liner, mascara, lipstick and lip gloss. He put on his pink Lee Press-On Nails, and finally, combed his shoulder-length blonde

hair into a feminine style. While he was doing that, Jenn put his wallet, keys, make-up, lipstick, handkerchief, and extra pair of pantyhose into his new white shoulder bag, and handed it to him to carry. *Now* they were ready to go to Windham!

When they got to Lisa and Bob's, the four of them had a couple of drinks, then they got ready for bed. When they got into the guest room, Jenn told Brett to open the pink suitcase, and get out the nightclothes. In the designated suitcase, Brett found a pair of sweatpants and a T-shirt, which he knew were not going to be for *him* and, underneath that, a red tricot, baby doll nightie, with matching "sissy panties" (The type with the lace ruffles on the back), along with a pair of ballerina style-slippers.

As Jenn put on her pants and shirt, she told Brett to put on his nightie and slippers. When they were finally dressed, they went back to the living room, where Lisa was in her sweatpants and T-shirt, while Bob had on a floral satin Baby Doll, with a string bikini. As they sat back and conversed, Brett became educated about the "New World Order", and how life was going to be in Windham.

The next morning, the four of them got dressed, and then went to see Jenn and Brett's new apartment. Jenn signed the lease, then took care of the moving arrangements, which were handled through the Realtor. After the lease was signed, and the moving arrangements complete, they were off to the Notary, for Brett and Lisa to become "Official Citizens" of Windham.

At the Notary's office, there was a police officer, Ms. Greer, to serve as a witness, along with a security guard. Brett felt like he was being undressed by Ms. Greer, who was a tall, muscular woman with a stern, strong look. This was in contrast to Brett who sat there in his kiwi-colored sheath mini-dress, with his white two-inch heel, strappy pump sandals.

As he nervously crossed his legs, Ms. Greer stared up his skirt, hoping to get a glimpse of his panties. When Jenn's name was called, Brett went with her into the Notary's office. Ms. DeLong, the Notary, handed Jenn the papers, then handed Brett a single paper to sign. After Jenn signed her name in several places, she instructed Brett to sign his paper, which read as follows:

I, BRETT J. SMITH, HEREBY RELINQUISH ANY AND ALL VOTING RIGHTS, PROPERTY RIGHTS, OR OWNERSHIP RIGHTS, AS A NEW CITIZEN OF WINDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS. ANY AND ALL PROPERTY CURRENTLY OWNED BY ME NOW BECOMES THE PROPERTY OF MY GUARDIAN, AND FUTURE SPOUSE, JENNIFER A. SIMMS. I AGREE TO ABIDE BY ALL THE LAWS OF WINDHAM, AND FURTHER AGREE TO HAVE MEDICATIONS IMPLANTED INTO MY BODY, TO ENABLE ME TO BE A MORE STABLE CITIZEN. I PLEDGE TO RAISE MY CHILDREN IN THE MANNER OUTLINED BY THE VISION/FSA PHILOSOPHY, OF FEMALE SUPREMACY, AND MALE SUBMISSIVENESS. I AGREE TO MAKE MY BEST EFFORTS AT ALL TIME TO EXPORT THE VISION/FSA PHILOSOPHY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, WHETHER BY POLITICAL DEMONSTRATIONS, OR VIA THE REARING OF CHILDREN, SO THAT WITHIN THE TIME SPAN OF THE CURRENT GENERATION, GENDER ROLES WILL BE TOTALLY REVERSED, AND WOMEN WILL RULE SOCIETY. SIGNED THIS 12th DAY OF JUNE, 2001

After Brett signed the paper, he handed it to Ms. DeLong. She took the paper, looked at Jenn, and instructed her to take Brett to the clinic. As Jenn and Ms. DeLong shook hands, Brett felt a strong arm pull him into a close embrace and forcefully plant a wet French kiss on his painted lips; a hand simultaneously reached up his short skirt, caressing his pantied ass. He tried to push away, but he was no match for this powerful person. When he was released, Ms. Greer, the assailant, smiled broadly and said, "Welcome to Windham, Sissy Boy. You may as well get use to being treated as a sex toy because, in Windham, males exist ONLY for the pleasure of women. You, my sissy boy, are here to give your spouse pleasure, just as men treated women in the past. Now, the shoe is on the other foot!"

As this event ended, they left for the clinic. During the ride, Jenn and Lisa talked about "taking care of business", as Bob consoled Brett. When they got to the clinic, they were escorted into the waiting room, where another family was also waiting. The family consisted of a mother, daughter, and two sons. The boys were there for their implants. One looked to be about eleven years old, the other, about nine. The girl appeared about fourteen, and the mother was maybe in her mid-thirties. The girl looked like she was on her way to a baseball game. She had on a baseball uniform, with baseball cap and cleats. The boys looked like they had just finished dance class. The older one had on a pink leotard, pink tights, pink dance skirt and white ballet slippers. The younger boy had on a fuchsia leotard, white tights, fuchsia dance skirt and white, ribbon lace-up shoes. As they waited, the women conversed, while the males remained quiet.

After they were done at the clinic, everything was official: Jenn and Brett were citizens of Windham!

Two weeks later, Jenn and Brett moved into town, and four weeks after that, they got married. Brett vowed to "love, honor. OBEY, SUBMIT and cherish", while Jenn vowed to "cherish and provide for". All this had happened a few years earlier; now Jenn and Sonja were like twins. Both were 5'9", both about 185 pounds of solid muscle. Brett, on the other hand, had become a "Babe", at 5'11", 140 pounds. His golden-blond hair was well past his shoulders, and his beautiful slim, soft "masculine" figure made him something for women to enjoy looking at!

Pam summed up, saying, "As you can tell by this story, the people who have political power can control the society! The readership *has* to understand the importance of growing, and empowering the VISION Party. The future is a "Woman's world", and it will take the young to make it a reality."

## CHAPTER SIX: INFORMATION FROM THE WORLD OF MEDICINE

Pam outlined the need to have medical news printed in the magazine, to make everyone aware of fallacies of the past. Fallacies such as: Women are too weak to be able to do hard physical labor. Or, women are too delicate, or physically inferior to be able to compete in physically demanding sports. This section of the magazine would focus on the misinformation given by men, to keep women in their “place”. The magazine would publish articles, based in truth, but modified, about what men had done to women, intended to encourage men to not exert themselves, but instead “soften” themselves, all in the name of good health!

The first articles were focused on strengthening the female body. The articles cited studies, showing that hard, muscular development, begun at a young age, enabled females to avoid osteoporosis in their later years, as well as put off their periods, thereby allowing them to focus more on their physical and mental development, rather than their emotional development.

The studies mentioned the fact that athletic females had fewer physical and emotional problems, while simultaneously becoming mentally tougher individuals. The strong female was “In”.

The first issue had an article on the pros of steroid and “high protein” supplements for females. It contained evidence, that in controlled dosages, steroids posed no harm to the female system. The article elaborated upon the idea of young girls getting themselves “bulked up”, in order to better compete in athletics and life. Low-dose steroids, along with “high protein” diet supplements, and vigorous weight training, would create the “New Woman” image.

The other article in the first issue concentrated on the issue of “Anti-aggressiveness” in the male. It had reports of studies, showing that the over-aggressiveness of males, was one of the major reasons for the shorter male life-span. It also focused on over-aggressive behavior being responsible for the violence by males against society. The article talked at length about studies of “Estrogen Therapy” for young males, to inhibit aggressiveness. It also recommended banning competitive sports activities for boys. The article asserted the belief that boys should concentrate on being cooperative, not competitive.

It then put forth the notion, that boys should start at a young age to attain the “proper” qualities needed to be a “civilized” member of society. Cooperative activities, such as dance and cheerleading, should be the ONLY activities, in which males participated. The article went on to explain how, with the use of estrogen therapy, males would lengthen their life-span, by reducing their blood pressure, and eliminating stress caused by their naturally “high” levels of testosterone. Estrogen, in moderate dosages, would counter the testosterone levels, and make males less stressful, more at ease with themselves, and their environment.

The article cited studies of “Estrogen Therapy” on male heart-attack victims, and its beneficial results. Calmness, mellowness, cooperativeness and open-mindedness were the benefits, for the study group. “Strong emotionalism”, was the one adverse effect (at least according to the traditional world view). Men in the study became very “emo-

tional” during movies or books with a love story theme; they also allegedly become “oversensitive” with delicate issues. However, the benefits outweighed the negatives; therefore estrogen therapy was now being prescribed on most male heart-attack victims, as well as on males with a family history of heart disease.

It is also worth noting, that the type of estrogen used in the “Estrogen Therapy”, was developed by FSA scientists. The estrogen was a synthetic, which gave the benefits of feminization, but did not inhibit the male sex drive. Therefore, the males could still “get it up”, and the females were able to use the strong sex-drive against them!

The article pointed out the need for a “new view”, on the male physical form. The reason for this was that young males, on estrogen therapy, developed small breasts. Boys on “Estrogen Therapy” would definitely be needing bras! The “new” male form, would be much softer and curvier than what it was in the past. Also, the “new male” would become very emotional at the start of his teen years.

They would become very concerned about their feelings, similar to how girls had been in the past. Boys starting estrogen therapy at the age ten—which is what most doctors were now suggesting, (60% of doctors were now female)—would start sprouting breasts by the age of twelve. On the other hand, girls involved with the steroid and muscular development program were not developing breasts until their later teen years, about 17 or 18. Some were not developing breasts at all! What a reversal that was! Boys with nice, firm, bouncy tits and girls with muscular chests!

Other articles were being written for future issues, as well as for the FSA and BERN Newsletters, which focused on the reversal of traditional male-female outlooks. The idea of females being biologically superior to males was the prime focus. Male sex-drives were being researched so as to create “therapies” to induce in the subject, the desire to feminize himself. Rewards, in the form of sex, were given to the males, who became more and more “modern” (feminine). The “ultimate” research was the study of the artificial womb for males. The studies were being done, and there currently were a number of pregnant males!

The way it was accomplished was, after “inception”, the surgeons would remove the minute fetus from the female, then implant it in the “artificial womb” previously put in the male. To date, thirty-seven males had given birth, and another one hundred six were pregnant! The technology was now becoming available, and it looked as though a large percentage of the births in the Twenty First century were going to be by males! Women scientists had discovered the ultimate equalizer, and the FSA/Vision Coalition was determined to keep their men “barefoot and pregnant”!

## CHAPTER SEVEN: THE CHANGING LEGAL SYSTEM

Along with the changes in the medical community, “Times were a’changin’”, in the legal world, too. It was hard to believe that, less than two hundred years ago, women had NO RIGHTS at all. Back in the days of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, women were the property of their husbands, and the law supported that! It took early pioneers, like Elizabeth, to pave the road for women’s equality. In 1848 she put forth her “Declaration of Sentiments” which read, “We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men and women are created equal.” At the time, that statement caused one hell of an uproar.

Men were appalled. They knew that they were bestowing tyranny on women, and they had no conscience when designing laws, such as being allowed to beat your wife with a switch as thick as your thumb (thus creating the saying, “rule of thumb”); not allowing women to vote; forcing women to wear restrictive clothing, clothing which made them vulnerable; and not allowing them to develop their minds, or physical strength. They brainwashed women into thinking, often believing, that they were inferior to men; this was supported by a legal system which had the audacity to profess “Freedom and Liberty for All”. What a hoax by men!

In 1848, that all started to change, though, because one woman had more character and courage than ALL the men in America, combined! Elizabeth Cady Stanton was, and is, a HERO in the strongest meaning of the word. Now, that women were gaining such power, it was time to design laws, which returned the tyrannies to the men.

The first such system was in Windham, Massachusetts. This would be the one upon which all others would be based. All males would become the property of their female relatives. Men would not be allowed to vote, hold political office or own property. Males would be educated in household duties, and service professions ONLY! Males would get it drummed into them that they needed to be concerned with their looks, and being small and thin.

Pleasing women would become the male’s ultimate goal. Dressing for the pleasure of women was to be paramount. Being weak and vulnerable was the way for a male to attract a mate. The new legal system was going to help with all of this. Meanwhile, all women would have to learn how to be dominant, and in control. The changes would not happen on their own, they would have to be established by brave, heroic women, of the type of character that Elizabeth Cady Stanton possessed.

The current situation was:

38% of the judges, in the united States, were female.

53% of the lawyers were female.

71% of the law students were female.

45% of all elected officials were female.

The laws were now starting to change, however; modifications of the existing laws were happening everyday. Female judges were determined to rid society of male barbarianism. Over 95% of violent crime was committed by males, and behavior modifica-

tion was necessary. Some of the incarceration experiments would be described in every issue of the magazine.

The first issue featured the “Pittville State Prison” experiment. Pittville State Prison was a prison for rapists and sexual predators. After twenty years of unsuccessful rehabilitation, the prison was handed over to the “Vision Prison Reform Commission”, in which to conduct their experiment.

The new warden was Ms. Blanchard. She hired an all-female staff. The prison guards, all female, had to go through a rigorous 13-week training camp. The Women became proficient in karate and self-defense, as well as becoming physically fit. The psychology used on these inmates had women in total control.

The males were at their mercy. During the first month of the takeover, the males were kept in their cells, and were not permitted out at all! At first they thought, as in the old days, if they complained the Warden would have to back off. To their utter astonishment, that never happened. The Judge ruled that under the new laws, the males lost ALL RIGHTS, when they committed their crimes, and the law was made retroactive! The males in the prison had NO RIGHTS, and were the property of the State, which in this case was controlled by women. They no longer would exercise and develop into better criminals, at the taxpayers’ expense. Instead, they were going to be converted into law-abiding, decent citizens.

The first measure taken, was one of reduced rations. The males were all on diets, which were low protein (no meat), and high fiber (Lots of vegetables). Along with that, muscle relaxers, tranquilizers and estrogen were mixed into their food. The males’ bodies not only became smaller, they grew weaker, too. Combine that with the soft, mellow music now constantly playing in the cells, with its post-hypnotic suggestions about the “New World Order”,(Masculine Women and Feminine Men) and, finally, you had some REAL rehabilitation going on!

After the first month on the new diet, the average inmate had lost twenty pounds, most of the muscle mass they had put on through weight-training at the taxpayers expense. The exercise room was not going to waste though, because the guards worked out everyday to stay physically fit, to deal with any potential problem. The average prison guard, at this point, had put on ten pounds of muscle. The psychology was now beginning to work; strong, muscular females were guarding shrinking, weakening males.

It was now time for the next step. The males would be allowed out of their cells, one at a time, to get their hair cut and to shower, as long as they obeyed the guards. The males were not able to put up a fuss about anything, therefore they complied.

One by one, they were taken to the shower, then under the watchful eyes of several guards, they had to undress, and give the guards their clothes. They were then physically thrown into the shower, (This was done to confirm the psychological effect that these once-strong males were now being manhandled by females they had previously believed were their inferiors.

This worked on their minds, and instilled in them that it was they who were the “inferiors”) and, as two guards held them down, making them feel totally helpless, a third guard scrubbed their bodies, and then proceeded to shave all their hair, from below

their necks. After they were “baby smooth”, the women ridiculed the men, and then proceeded to fondle their maleness, until they “squirted” in the shower, which made them feel cheap and humiliated.

After this painful humiliation at the hands of these women, the fun was just beginning. The males were taken to the infirmary, and sedated. While they were “under”, they were each implanted with long-lasting time-release tranquilizers and estrogen. After they came around, they were each given a pair of pink panties, with floral designs, to put on.

They were taken to what was the Barber Shop, now a Beauty Salon. There, they had their hair and nails done, as well as the first of many electrolysis treatments. When they were finished there, they were given white pantyhose, a pink romper with flair shorts, along with a pair of pink skimmers, and were told to get dressed.

After they were dressed in their new “prison uniform”, they were escorted to their new cells, which were plush, very pink and feminine.

After several months, the Pittville experiment was ruled a great success. The inmates were very cooperative, and showed proper respect towards women. It was predicted that, when they were returned to society, they would become productive, law-abiding citizens. Humiliation was the best rehabilitation they could be given.

Other experiments focused on the same procedure. Juvenile Delinquent Camps were probably the most fun. Women judges were sentencing teenage males to these camps, for almost any reason. For example, a parking ticket, for a teenage boy, was



now a \$500.00 fine, or 90 days in a camp. Of course, most boys could not afford to pay the fines, so off to “camp” they went.

The Juvenile Delinquent Camps were built next to FSA Teen Camps, where young girls were molded into “New Age Women”. The results of the combination of these two camps, were incredible.

When a boy came to camp, he was immediately taken to the infirmary by one of the female guards, and injected with strong tranquilizers, and muscle relaxers. While he was in the infirmary, he was stripped, by girls his own age from the FSA Camp, and covered with hair-remover lotion. After twenty minutes, the girls would throw him into the shower, and laugh, as all his male body hair went down the drain. During this procedure, most males tried to resist, but were quickly subdued by the girls assigned to him. For the female supremacist, this was the best part. The girls assigned to the males had already gone through at least 13 weeks of rigorous physical training.

Had the males not been given tranquilizers and muscle relaxers, they most likely could fend off the girls; with the tranquilizers and relaxers, the boys were no match at all for the girls. The girls received extreme pleasure at humiliating the boys. Each boy, after he was “de-haired”, was taken to the salon, given clothes, and treated to a hairdo, facial and nail treatment, as the two girls assigned to him looked on.

One of the most humiliating things for a boy to comprehend, was the fact that while he was being feminized, the girls were very masculine. The girls had crewcuts, and were dressed in gym shorts, T-shirts, sweat socks and sneakers. They wore no makeup or nail polish; in fact, their nails were squared off in a “masculine” fashion. Their arms and legs were very muscularly toned from all the weight training that they did, and they spoke in a very authoritarian manner. ALL their mannerisms were macho.

What the males went through, in front of these macho girls was this:

After the shower, each boy would be given a pair of powder blue, lace-trimmed, nylon, bikini panties to put on. After he put them on, he was seated in the chair, and then shampooed by one of the boys who was at the camp, for at least six weeks. (Once again, this was one of the best parts for the FSA girls, as they watched one feminine boy feminize another; they knew that if the boys rebelled, the two FSA girls could easily overpower them, and force them to submit. The feeling of TOTAL POWER over males was FANTASTIC!)

The boy who was shampooing would be dressed in a black micro-mini skirt, exposing his panties when he bent, to the girls’ delight, and sheer white blouse, with puff sleeves. His legs would be encased in beige, support pantyhose, and he would have white high-heeled sandals on his feet. His pantyhose would have the “sandlefoot” feature, thus showing his pink toenails which matched his pink, oval fingernails. His hair would be permed, and his face completely made-up.

After the shampoo, another male, usually an older man, would come in and style the inmate’s hair, do his nails (finger and toe), give him a facial, pierce his ears, then do his make-up. The hairdresser was someone from the BERN Organization, and extremely effeminate. After this was done, the inmate would be given a pair of pantyhose

to put on, then a full slip, followed by a powder blue mini-dress, with puff sleeves, which zipped in the back.

They would be given white high-heeled pumps, and then his jewelry; dangling earrings, rings, bracelets, necklace, feminine watch and delicate ankle bracelet. They would dress in this manner for their entire sentence. No physical activity was allowed, except for aerobics, which was done as a “show” for the FSA girls.

The majority of the male inmates were teenagers; it was quite embarrassing to have to dance, for a half-hour at a time, not only in front of teenage girls, but also in front of their little sisters, who were sometimes only eight and nine years old. As the feminized boys, dressed in leotards and tights, with leg-warmers and aerobic shoes, paraded themselves in front of the masculine girls, all dressed in Army fatigues with short-cropped hair, the girls would whistle and comment.

The girls were encouraged to degrade the males, sometimes going so far as grabbing them and forcefully kissing them, while caressing their backsides. Boys were often reduced to tears, as the girls relished in their superior role, taunting the males by reminding them of how they had put women down in the past. The shoe was truly on the other foot now! Each boy had to learn how to do make-up and hairstyling. Each boy had to read a book per week, and give a report on it. All the books were by either FSA or BERN authors.

This form of punishment was effective in transforming the minds of young delinquents into law-abiding citizens. Unruly boys could be easily controlled by the Juvenile Camps, and the female Judges were sending boys there, in record numbers.

The purpose, of these articles, is to educate the readers on the vast opportunities, at their disposal, of correcting the wrongs of the society. When men ruled society, these problems multiplied, but now that women were taking their rightful place, society was the chief benefactor. The readership *had* to understand this!!

## CHAPTER EIGHT: FINISHING UP THE ADVERTISING, AND LOOSE ENDS

At this point, they had plenty of material for the premiere issue. All they had to do was finish up the advertising, and finalize the distribution details.

Deb Starr from Turnabout Toys was called in, to show the staff the four ads they were buying. The first two, which the staff had already seen, were for The Bobbi Doll and The Super Racer. The other two ads were for The Super Shooter Lazar Gun and The Little Tommi Homemaker Kitchen Set.

The Super Shooter Lazar Gun was a toy for young girls, ages 8 to 12. The ad showed the toy and its accessories: camouflage clothing, army boots, Bowie knife, toy canteen, army helmet, camouflage paint for hands and face and, of course, the army backpack. The ad showed several young girls, in all the gear, playing Army. The caption read:

“GET READY FOR *REAL* ACTION COMBAT, IN THE 21ST CENTURY. YOUR MISSION—PROTECT YOUR HOMELAND AND LOVED ONES. YOUR BOYFRIENDS OR “WIVES” ARE DEPENDING ON YOU TO PROTECT THEM. DON”T LET THEM DOWN!”

The Little Tommi Homemaker Kitchen Set was a toy designed for young boys, 5 to 12. This ad showed several young boys, with their play stove, sink, cabinet, refrigerator and table, playing with their pots and pans, getting a meal ready, for when their “husbands” came home from work. Each of the boys was wearing a little dress and tights, with an apron. The caption with the ad read:

“MAKE SURE YOU HAVE HER MEAL READY WHEN SHE COMES HOME FROM WORK. A WORKING WOMAN IS HUNGRY AFTER A HARD DAY. YOU NEED TO BE LIKE TOMMI; MAKE SURE DINNER IS READY, GET YOURSELF “PRETTIED UP” IN A NICE DRESS, AND PLEASE YOUR HUSBAND!”

The staff thought these ads would “fly”. It was a definite GO on the toys.

They also had a pullout ad, for Wanda’s Football Camp. The ad was for “Girls ONLY”. This camp was designed *by* women, *for* women. The ad read :

“GET A HEADSTART ON YOUR FOOTBALL CAREER. TIRED OF BEING RIDICULED BECAUSE YOU LIKE TO PLAY FOOTBALL? GET AN EARLY START, AND A “FOOT-UP” ON THE BOYS, BY SIGNING UP FOR OUR EIGHT WEEK PROGRAM. YOU’LL LEARN PASSING, KICKING, PUNTING, BLOCKING, AND TACKLING. YOU’LL LEARN HOW TO RUN PLAYS, AND BECOME EXPERT IN FOOTBALL LINGO. IF YOUR LOCAL PROGRAM IS STILL IN THE “DARK AGES” WITH A MAJORITY OF MALE PLAYERS, YOU WILL HAVE TO BE BETTER THAN THE BOYS, TO MAKE THE TEAM. WHEN YOU COME FROM OUR CAMP, PROFICIENT IN THE GAME, THE BOYS WILL BE “WARMING THE BENCH” WHILE *YOU* GO ON TO MAKE THE TOUCHDOWNS! CAMP STARTS ON JUNE 6TH, AND RUNS THROUGH THE WEEK OF JULY 25TH. WHEN YOU LEAVE OUR CAMP, YOU ARE *GUARANTEED* TO KNOW THE GAME, SO LONG AS YOU PUT IN THE EFFORT! WANDA’S CAMP IS FOR AGES NINE THROUGH SIXTEEN. SIGN UP TODAY!”

The four-page ad had pictures of the girls at practice, in full pads and helmets. It also had pictures of the weight room, with girls working out on various equipment: bench press, curls, leg roller, free weights and leg weights.

There was a picture of the girls “In Action”, tackling a ball carrier, catching a pass, and a runner “steamrolling” over a would-be tackler. On the last page, in the bottom right hand corner, was the “FSA Approved” Symbol (a BOLD female symbol, covering a faded male symbol)

Then, there was an ad from BERN, a two-page ad, directed at teen and pre-teen readers. The ad had a picture of a teenage boy, about 14, and his little brother, about ten. They were dressed in matching pink sheer lace dresses, with a bow accent, and satin tie-back sash. They were each wearing white lace pantyhose, and white “Allison Ann” two-piece shoes, with bows, complete with adjustable buckles with 2½’ heels. Each had on full makeup, with dangling earrings, necklaces, bracelets and rings. They both sported white patent leather shoulder bags. They stood side-by-side, looking into the camera. The written text said:

“PLEASE SUPPORT THE BERN ORGANIZATION, AND ASK YOUR MOTHERS TO VOTE FOR THE LEGISLATION CURRENTLY IN CONGRESS. WE ARE BOYS WHO BELIEVE IN EQUALITY FOR ALL THAT MEANS THAT WE DO NOT WANT TO BE DISCRIMINATED AGAINST, JUST BECAUSE WE LIKE TO BE SISSIES! We want to be allowed to be cheerleaders for our schools, without having to go to Court, to force our schools to allow us this choice.

We want to compete for the “Miss Little League” crown, as well as for the “Miss USA Crown” or in any other competition that a girl can compete in. We want to be able to wear dresses and skirts wherever, and whenever we please. We want to be able to be part of the Girl Scouts and Brownies. We want to be allowed to be ballerinas and baton twirlers. We want to be able to grow up and become receptionists and secretaries, *without* being ridiculed.

“In other words, we want the world to realize the great benefit of feminine males. Boys who wear dresses are *not* out being vandals. Boys who wear dresses are *not* harassing women. Boys who wear dresses do *not* ridicule girls who are “prissy”. Teenage boys who wear dresses do *not* go racing cars up and down “Main Street”. Men who wear dresses do *not* beat their wives. Men who wear dresses do *not* let their male egos make them act like jerks. Mothers who let their sons wear dresses *do* get obedient, loving children. Mothers who let their sons wear dresses *do* get clean, neat, well-behaved children. Mothers who let their sons wear dresses *do* get closer, loving relationships with their sons. Wives who let their husbands wear dresses *do* get a loving partner who helps with the housework. Wives who let their husbands wear dresses *do* get a partner to go shopping with. Wives who let their husbands wear dresses *do* get to call the shots in the marriage.

As you can see, the BERN Organization is committed to equality. Please have your mother call your Congressperson, and tell her to vote for Proposition 1214 TODAY!”

Then, throughout the text, it had mini-pictures of boys and men doing “Traditionally” feminine activities. This was a *very* powerful ad! This ad, too, was a GO!

The next ad was from TG Fashions. This ad was for “Unisex” athletic wear, directed at the “Softer” readership. This ad promoted the “new aerobics wear for the modern couple”. The picture was of a teenage couple, about seventeen-years-old. The girl had on a pink, long-sleeved leotard, with white tights, pink legwarmers, white slouch socks, and white aerobic shoes.

Her boyfriend had on a navy leotard, with white tights, navy legwarmers, white slouch socks and white aerobic shoes. Both had their long hair pulled back into a ponytail, and secured with a ribbon. The caption read: THE NEW, MODERN ATHLETIC WEAR FROM TG FASHIONS. NOW YOU CAN *BOTH* LOOK GOOD AT THE GYM, AND GET THE ADMIRING GLANCES OF THE ONLOOKERS! Even though the staff did not like the idea of promoting “femme wear” for girls, they reluctantly approved the ad.

All the ads were now approved. The distribution system was in place. They all agreed, however, that eventually distribution would go through “female owned” companies ONLY. For now, they had to work with what they had.

The next step was to edit, then print. The new magazine was on schedule for the new year. The next project was going to be Modern Boy. That was still a few months away from becoming reality.

## CHAPTER NINE: THE NEW *MODERN GIRL* HITS THE STREETS

The new magazine hit the newsstands in January. Pam gambled correctly; after a slow start, the new format caught on. Girls and women started buying the magazine. The new philosophy was growing! By September, the magazine was selling over three million copies per month. The Conservatives called it “ungodly”, but couldn’t do a thing to stop it!

As the magazine grew, the FSA philosophy grew. The goal of 300,000 FSA members suddenly seemed overly-cautious, compared with the reality of 3,000,000 new members, many of whom became “extremists”. The challenge to feminize 50,000 to 100,000 boys, became a reality of 2,000,000 boys! Sissies were *everywhere*!

The new magazine, *Modern Boy* also became an instant success. Mothers, sisters, girlfriends and wives signed the males in their lives up for subscriptions. The Sissy Look for boys was quickly becoming the “In” thing. The number of female “Heads of Households” was at an all-time high.

More and more males were doing traditionally feminine jobs, while women were doing most of the traditionally “Hard Labor” jobs. It was going to be just a matter of time, before the gender roles were *completely* reversed.

Meanwhile, at the Toomer household, Pam was totally in charge. Jim was now working as Denise’s secretary, and she was doing a great job of humiliating him. He was not allowed to wear pants of any kind to work. He always had to wear pantyhose and high heels, with full make-up and jewelry.

While Denise was quite “mannish”, in her three-piece suits, Jim was the picture of femininity, in his pretty dresses and skirt outfits. Denise would make him get her coffee, and run her errands.

A few months into the job, Denise called some of her old “Jock” classmates in for a meeting. (These were the girls from the basketball team, who Jim had always tried to humiliate) That day, because Pam was in on the “deal”, she insisted that Jim wear a hot pink short-sleeved tunic dress, which zipped in the back and stopped a full twelve inches above his knee, white pantyhose and pink pumps, with three-inch heels. When he got to work, Denise called him into her office, and had him sit to take a letter. When he sat down, Denise was able to see right up his skirt, just as Pam had promised!

After she finished dictating the letter, she informed him that there was going to be a meeting at 10:00, and he was to bring in coffee and pastry, when the participants arrived. At 9:50, when the four women got off the elevator, Jim’s heart started to pound.

There they were, the starting lineup from Lancaster High’s Girl’s Basketball Team, 1985; Wanda, Tracey, Ann, JoAnn and, of course, Denise. They did not recognize him when they got to his desk, so he just sent them in, and sighed with relief. The relief was short lived! Denise summoned Jim into the office and asked the mannish women what they thought of the new magazine. They all LOVED it!

Then, she asked them what they thought of the “femme men”; they all responded that it was “about time”. She asked them if they remembered Jim Burns They all got a stern look on their faces, and related how they hated that “Macho Pig”.

Denise decided to drop her bombshell. She told Jim to come and sit on the chair she positioned in front of the five of them. As he sat, they were all able to look up his skirt. At first the women tried to look away; then Denise revealed the secret.

The prissy little thing sitting in front of them was their old nemesis, Jim Burns, now Jim Toomer! The women were in glee. They all took turns flipping his skirt, and pinching his ass, just like *he* used to do, to the “prissy” girls in school. Revenge was so sweet!

The women locked the door, and made Jim remove his dress and wait on them in just his panties, hose and heels. Each of the women fondled his ass, and rubbed his “sissy stick”, much to Jim’s embarrassment. When they were done with this game, they told him that he must agree to come to their 20th Reunion, coming up next year. Jim had no choice but to agree. This was perhaps the greatest humiliation Jim suffered at Denise’s hand.

Jimmi was the picture of teenage femininity. After the first issue of the magazine came out, Pam made Jimmi wear dresses and skirts exclusively. Jimmi has become quite the “Modern Boy”. Pam likes to emphasize just how weak and prissy Jimmi is.

Competing in masculine activities against girls who are three to four years younger than him is a constant reminder of how he no longer has the strength, stamina or the ability to compete with any female. The girls totally humiliate him playing basketball. He’s so prissy that he can no longer throw a football.

The girls easily pin him, when they wrestle. He can’t swing a baseball bat, and he can’t keep up in soccer. What did they use to say, “Girls can’t compete with boys?” Modern Girls say that “Boys can’t compete with girls, and that’s the way it should be! Boys are here to be our trophies and cheerleaders. Women *will* achieve, and men *will* serve the women. *This* is the New World Order!”

Life goes on. The New World Order has taken off. *Why* had things been the “other” way for so long? *Why* had women not taken their rightful place sooner as the rulers of the world? *Why* had violence by men been tolerated for centuries? Seeing how well things ran now, in the world that Pam Toomer and other female visionaries had designed, one certainly had to wonder. Men seemed happy with their new, subservient role; God knows *women* were happy running things.

Crime was down and society ran smoother now. What had once seemed so “radical” now seemed like the only rational way to go.

One night, after a hard day’s work wooing new advertisers, Pam Toomer returned to her office on the 50th floor of the Toomer Publishing Building. She gave her new (hand picked) secretary, Danni, a tired smile. “Hey, gorgeous,” she said, in a tired voice. The thin blonde with the killer body smiled back brightly. “Oh, Hi, Ms. Toomer,” he said. Pam continued into her private office without another word.

She shut the door, pushed the big, leather chair back from her desk and settled in. She glanced down at the pile of article proposals her editors had left on her desk. The

topmost one caught her eye. It was entitled, “Stephanie Miller, our next President?” Handwritten on the manuscript was the notation, “Pam! Stephanie *really* wants us to interview her!. She thinks our endorsement can put her over the top in the election.”

Pam reached over to the antique wooden box on the desktop, lifted the lid and removed a Montecristo cigar from inside. She turned the expensive cigar around in her hand for a moment. She picked up her cigar cutter and, as she trimmed the end with a loud “Snip!”, thought to herself, “Yes, life *is* good!”

THE END