

Princess Online

Featured Stories
and Letters from the
Princess Productions
Website

No.
45



**Adults
Only**

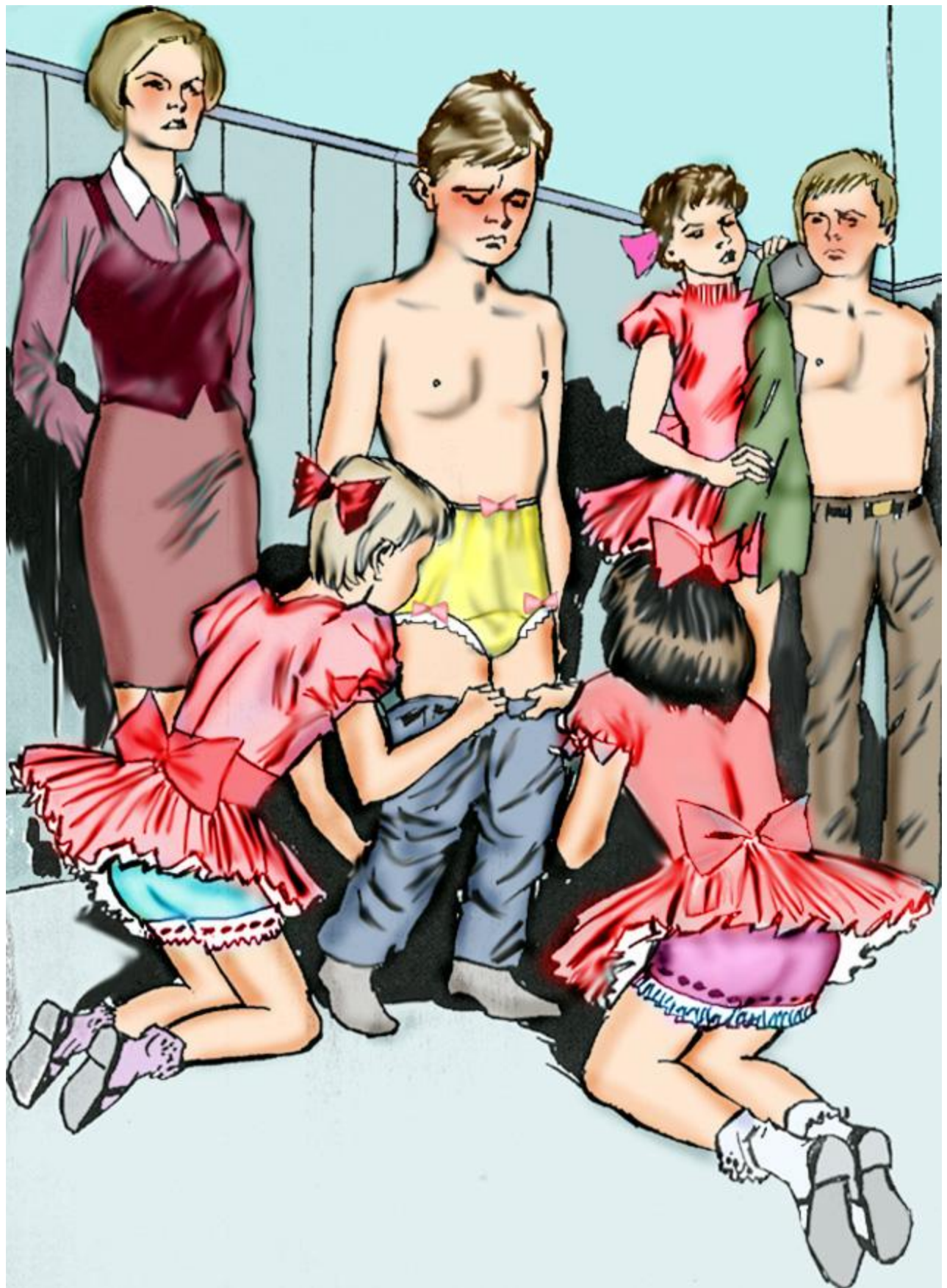
Originally featured on our Internet website, these are our best letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the fantasy fulfillment of adult pantywaist sissies. Stories range for "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

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Carole Jean

Each month, Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of forced crossdressing stories, gives us permission to Princessize a drawing from one of her many publications. By "Princessize," we mean that we colorize and sometimes artistically alter the drawing. At times we only make a few minor changes, and at other times, we make a lot of changes -- all designed to reflect our (and we hope our loyal followers') interests.

The original version of the artwork shown here was drawn by Juan Sole for the book "Beautified Bullies," but never used. We couldn't resist doing our panty magic on the picture. Enjoy!

All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits and girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. The most distinctive feature of Carole Jean's books is the abundance of artwork. She has an exceptionally talented artist illustrate almost every other page of her stories.

Carole Jean has published books both under the name Carole Jean and under the name "Bill."

The Carole Jean books include: "Bound to Be a Maid", "Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", "Crave X -- A Wife's Revenge", "The Sarah School", and "The Male Maid Book of ABC's."

The Bill books include: "Bill's Humiliation in Panties", "Henry's Vacation in Panties", "Darwin's Womanhood", "Jeff's Humiliation", and two of our favorites: "Beautified Bullies" and "Schooled with Girls." You can purchase all her books directly from her website: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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Watchdoggie!

It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout 'family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be contained and constantly monitored. The way to save humanity from itself is to stop those hormones from ruining our men and boys, who in turn are ruining our world.

These radical groups advocate making grassroots changes right in their own communities, schools, churches and homes. They see the problem at its worst in young boys approaching or in the early stages of puberty, many of whom have difficulty controlling their actions because they cannot handle the hormones surging throughout their bodies. And if such boys aren't kept in check, they risk becoming abusive, disgusting and worthless members of society. The way to cure them, these radical groups maintain, is to subdue them with a good dose of panty and petticoat discipline. Therefore, males who can't conduct themselves in a proper manner are forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie. Such clothing shocks them out of their selfish, destructive thinking and makes them receptive to learning how to act properly. Lessons that, the leaders of this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime.

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns and the girls in his fifth grade Catholic school during the 1950s. He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys. Radical groups bent upon destroying the male world circulate propaganda to their followers. Watchdoggie! monitors these groups, who are working to destroy present-day society! After almost 50 years, Watchdoggie! is still haunted by the pain and anguish he suffered undergoing petticoat punishment. As therapy, he creates petticoat punishment pictures like the one above. By abreacting in this way, he relieves the pain he still feels from the humiliation and terror he suffered while dressed in his punishment dress and panties.

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All for Charity!

From Katie

"Oh, come on, John. Be a sport. It's all for a good cause!"

John hesitated but he couldn't say no to Carol, the voluptuous blonde cheerleader who had long been the focus of many of his fantasies. He couldn't say no even though she had just told him she and some other girls were doing a cancan number at the upcoming charity dance, and they wanted a boy to dress up and join them. That, she explained would be a laugh riot and surely bring in a lot of donations.

"But, Carol, people might make me out to be a sissy or gay or something!"

"No! A big strong guy like you! That's why we picked you. That's what will make it so funny. Everybody knows you're not a fag. Anyway, people are going to think what they're going to think!" Carol paused for a moment before going on, "And I'll tell you what. The prom is the week after the show. You can take me to the prom. And afterwards, I'll show you and everybody else that I have no doubts about your masculinity!"

Carol smiled to herself. She had specifically concocted this scheme and selected John because he was so arrogant and so fiercely masculine. She felt sure he was overcompensating for something. And he thought guys were better than girls. It was obvious in how he talked and how he never missed an opportunity to tease a female. But Carol knew he was infatuated with her too. She was going to take care of this poor excuse of a boy once and for all.

John gulped. The girl of his dreams just told him in so many words that she'd go with him to the prom and then have sex with him! Any guy in school would die for that!

"OK then, I'm game. What do I have to do?"

"Well, join me and the other girls in the gym after classes to get you outfitted and to start learning the routine. We want it to be good. We're going to have put in a lot of time together. It's going to be hard work."

When he arrived in the gym, Carol and the girls were all wearing tights and skin-tight pink satin leotards. They gave him a bundle of clothes and told him to go behind the bleachers and change. He was stunned to see the little bundle contained a pair of white tights, a pink leotard and a pair of pink satin panties. In a trance-like state he stripped off and donned the tights, panties and then the leotard. He hesitated going out in front of the girls, but when Carol realized he was taking an unusually long time, she coaxed

him out. She had to bite her lip to keep from laughing and motioned for the other girls to keep it down. Each of the girls had donned a long cancan petticoat and Carol helped John step into one, pulled it up to his waist and let the waist elastic go with a loud snap and a girlish laugh.

"You look great! This is going to be so-o-o-o great!"

Carol explained that he was going to have to do a lot of stretching exercises on his own so by the time of the affair, he'd be able to do all the high kicks and other moves. As they rehearsed, Carol clapped out a rhythm, and he and the girls kicked high with first one leg and then the other. It was exhausting!

When the session was over, a perspiring John waited until the other girls had left, and then approached Carol. He wanted to tell her that it would be too embarrassing to do a dance like that in front of hundreds of people. He wanted to tell her that he couldn't do it, but before he could speak, she put her arms round his neck and kissed him long and hard, her tongue darting between his lips. She lowered one of her hands to roam over his leotard and panty-covered cock and slowly squeezed and stroked life into it.

"I knew you were all man," she murmured. "We're going to have so much fun!"

However, what she was thinking was, "I can hardly wait to show up this guy and let everybody know he's wearing silky panties!"

All John could think about was having sex with this gorgeous girl, and his desire to quit evaporated instantly!

Each day, after classes, he joined the girls, and soon he was reasonably expert at the high kicks, had learnt the routines, and could even do the splits without crushing his balls as he did so! The news got around that the girls were going to be joined by a boy for the charity cancan, but the girls took an oath to keep the identity of the boy secret. They wanted to stir up as much curiosity as possible to increase ticket sales, and, in spite of constant pressure, they kept their word. John joined his classmates when they were discussing the forthcoming event.

"Whoever the girls got roped in to be in their little number must be a complete pantywaist," said Terry, who frequently challenged John as the best in most athletic events.

"A fucking sissy," said Colin. "Dancing around like a wuss, kicking up his heels and showing off his frilly panties. What a dork!"

John smiled to himself. They would sing a different tune when they learned that the "pantywaist" was going to be bedding down the object of all their sexual fantasies!

With a week to go, Carol took John to a theatrical costumier to be measured for his outfit. When they

entered, Mrs. Steiner, a plump, matronly woman, about fifty years old with heavy breasts and hooded eyes looked John like a lamb for sacrifice. She was wearing a black satin dress that emphasised her full figure. Carol had already primed the woman, and they had agreed on a plan to feminize the boy.

"So, come with me, young man," she said, licking her bright red full lips.

Carol gave John an encouraging smile as they followed the woman into a large fitting room, lined with mirrors and heavy deep red curtains.

"Take off your clothes down to your underwear," the woman ordered. "We can't get the right measurements with you dressed like that."

John gulped. Carol sensed he was about to bolt, but with a hot kiss on the lips she got him to begin undressing. He was hesitant, especially in front of this dowdy old woman, because for the filling Carol had talked him into wearing under his clothes a pair of the pink satin panties that she had been keeping him supplied with for their rehearsals. Blushing furiously, he complied. The woman looked him over lustfully.

"Nice pink panties," she said in a loud voice as she hooked her finger into the waist elastic and gave the panty elastic a sharp snap.

John jumped, but Carol held him. The old woman produced a tape measure. First, she measured his waist.

"Too big," she murmured, "none of our dresses will fit you unless we do something about that."

She left the room for a few moments, and returned holding a pink silk and satin waist-cinch, with ties at the back. Before John realised what was happening, she had slipped the garment round his waist, and was vigorously tightening the laces, making him gasp as the air was forced out of his lower chest. Eventually she had tightened it to her satisfaction, and John's waist was firmly and painfully pulled into an hourglass shape.

"He'll have to wear a padded brassiere!" said Mrs. Steiner, smiling evilly at Carol.

She left the room again, and John turned to Carol.

"Please, Carol, I don't want to wear a bra," he pleaded.

"But, it's very important you look like a real girl," replied Carol. "Otherwise, it will spoil it for everybody. We want it to be as difficult as possible to tell which is the boy, so we'll have to have you looking as much like a girl as we can. Oh, and while I think of it, shave those legs when we get back."

She gave him a winning smile, and a peck on the cheek as Mrs. Steiner returned holding a deep pink silk strapless bra, which she fastened round John's chest. She inserted some latex falsies into the cups, and stood back to admire her handiwork.

"That's promising. Now for his garter belt and stockings."

She fastened a black satin garter belt around his nipped-in waist, and handed a pair of black nylon stockings to Carol. Carol told John to sit down on a plush regency chair facing one of the full-length mirrors. She knelt down in front of him, aware of increasing moisture in her panties as she slipped the first stocking over his foot, and began to slowly ease it up his leg. John looked in the mirror in amazement. His body now had a girlish shape, and this gorgeous girl was dressing him in nylons! When she had drawn the stocking up as high as it would go, she slipped her hand under the legband of his pink panties, and began to fumble around inside. John's cock, already half erect, leapt to attention.

"We have to pull the garters under your pants," Carol said, giggling, "or you'll have serious problems if you want a pee!"

She grabbed his cock and gave it a squeeze. Eventually, her hand emerged holding one of the garters, and she fastened it to the top of the stocking. She repeated the process for the other garter, and then for the other stocking. By now, John had an enormous stiffie, and he had great difficulty stopping himself from cumming.

Mrs. Steiner then found his shoes, black patent leather with a buckle on the top, but a sturdy heel so that he would be able to dance in them. She slipped them on his feet, making sure that they were a tight fit.

"Right, stand up, John," she ordered.

John did so, and was immediately aware of a sexy tension as the garters tautened his stockings. His panties were tented at the front by his excited penis, accentuated by the fact that his pelvis was thrust forward by the effect of the shoes on his posture.

"I'll have to make his cancan panties," said Mrs. Steiner, "but I shall have to have very accurate measurements. Also, some boys get very excited if they put on women's panties, and I think we ought to know now if we're going to have to take special precautions."

The two females looked at his bulging panties, and then gave each other knowing looks. This was going to be fun! The boy's cock was like a tent-pole pushing out the pink silk of the panties! Mrs. Steiner approached John with a tape measure, and slipped it between his legs. She drew it up front and back until it was tight against his crotch, and measured the distance from the front of his waist to the back, sliding the tape measure over the bulging panties. Then, she measured his hips, sliding the measure up and down and across the bulge. John breathed in sharply. Was this woman stimulating him deliberately?

"Now, it's very important to maintain some sort of decency while you're dancing, so do the splits on the floor so I can measure how wide the gusset will need to be."

John obeyed, his left leg stretched out in front, and his right leg stretched backwards. Mrs. Steiner motioned to Carol to kneel down with her so that they were on either side of the boy.

"I think we'll find that the gusset will have to be much wider;" Mrs. Steiner said, "so would you help me Carol. I'll feed the tape measure under him, and you pull it through."

Carol and the woman each slipped a hand under John's crotch, and began to feel about. As their fingers "accidentally" tickled him between his legs, and fondled his balls through the silky material of Mrs. Steiner's panties, John moaned. He could not control what was going to happen. His cock began to throb, and then it was spurting inside the panties as if it was never going to stop. The two females smiled as they watched the front of the panties becoming saturated with the boy's cum.

"Some boys just can't stop themselves from cumming if they're wearing silky panties, Carol. On the night of the performance, I suggest you put a condom on him under his cancan panties to protect the panties and prevent any embarrassing accidents!"

John wanted the floor to swallow him up. The two females helped him to his feet, and he was made to strip off with their help, and clean himself up. Carol just happened to have a fresh pair of his pink panties in her purse, saying she knew he was regularly getting excited in his panties and had feared something like this might happen. In a swirl of humiliation, John accepted the panties and pulled them up his trembling legs. The women made no effort to look away or spare his feelings, even exchanging sly little looks and girlish giggles as he was being panties once again. Carol was jumping for joy inwardly. She had loved feeling the throbbing between the boy's legs as he spurted into the panties. She loved the dominance she felt over him. She knew he was becoming a slave to her and to panties!

"Don't worry. These things happen," she said, shrugging her shoulders, and she took him by the hand, and led him out into Mrs. Steiner's office. They made an appointment for a final fitting on the Thursday night, and then left. As they went out to the street, Carol kept reassuring John that everything would be fine on the night of the performance, and that he might even not be recognised, and that she couldn't wait to have a fantastic time with him during and after the prom.

On the Thursday, they arrived at Mrs. Steiner's together, and were shown into the fitting room again. Once more, John had to strip off down to the pink panties that Carol made him wear for the fitting and was then dressed by the two females in the waist cincher, garter belt, stockings, shoes, and brassiere. Once again, Carol made a great play of not being able to find the garters as her fingers roved around inside his pants. Mrs. Steiner then left to return almost immediately with his dress over her arm, and, dangling from her fingers a pair of panties in silky pink nylon, covered in lace and ruffles.

"I think we'll put his dress on first," said Mrs. Steiner. She showed it to Carol. It was a classical cancan

dress, with a tight deep pink satin bodice, and a full pink and black satin skirt lined with tiers of pink and white frothy lace. They eased it over his head, smoothed it down, and zipped it up at the back. It was a perfect fit. The heavy satin skirt hung around John's knees, the inner frills caressing his nylon-clad legs. He had never felt anything like it, but even better was to come!

"Now for his panties. Would you do the honors, Carol? Otherwise, if he loses his balance, he might tear the dress," she said as she handed the pair of pink ruffled panties to her.

Carol knelt down in front of him, looked up, and murmured, "Just enjoy!"

John stood there as if hypnotised as Carol held the panties open by the waist. John looked down. This was it. He placed his left hand on Carol's shoulder, and stepped into the cool slippery garment, and gasped as Carol tugged the stretchy, slithery panties up his legs, and then up around his genitals, enfolding them in a sensual embrace. He felt his cock swelling against his double covering of panties. The two females stood back, smiling. Carol looked at him with a knowing smile and cracked open a foil packet by biting it with her teeth. She pulled out a condom, reached under his skirt and into his double panties and rolled the condom onto his cock.

"He's going a bit wild," she laughed as she turned to the older woman. "I think I got his little jacket on his cockie just in time!"

John embarrassment was all too evident. He was happy when she pulled up his panties with a double snap of pantywaist elastic and then dropped down his skirts.

"All we need now," said Mrs. Steiner, "is a wig and a little make-up."

She fitted a black bouncy wig of curls on John's head, fastening it with grips and then applied dark heavy eye make-up and bright red lipstick. She took him by the hand, and stood him in front of one of the mirrors. John was amazed. He looked exactly as he imagined a cancan dancer should look!

"Right, John," said Carol, "this is what it's all about. Get that dress up, and show off your panties!"

John reached down and grasped the hem of the dress, and lifted it up to his shoulders in the classical cancan pose. This was what it was all about. A blatant display of feminine lingerie, quite the opposite of what young ladies were taught! Decent young ladies were most careful not to give anyone a glimpse of their panties, but in this dance, panties were flaunted in front of strangers!

The two females looked at his panties lasciviously. They did not look frankly indecent, but there was a definite swelling at the front where no swelling should be. As John looked in the mirror, he realised that he was getting turned on by his own reflection. He wriggled his hips suggestively, and the two females clapped with glee.

"Perfect," said Mrs. Steiner, "he deserves a reward."

She walked up to the boy, and stood behind him so that Carol had an uninterrupted view, and slipped her hands round his waist, and down to the bulge in the panties. Expertly, she fondled him, the silk panties gliding sensuously over the slithery rubber on his pantied penis beneath. John stared at himself in the mirror. He was helpless as the middle-aged woman leered at him in the mirror as her fingers played with his genitals. Carol stared at him with ill-disguised sexual lust, revelling in his sexual humiliation. He was helpless, and within moments, John's knees buckled, and he was ejaculating with ecstasy into the rubber within his panties.

"He'll be a complete hit at the charity evening," Mrs. Steiner said. "I wouldn't miss it for anything!"

When John had recovered, they helped him out of the costume, and packed it up. John dressed in his usual clothes but still had the pink satin panties on underneath. Carol gave him two more pairs of the pink satin panties that night as they walked home. She wanted him to wear them all day long to help get him used to the feel of nylon on his cock. She reassured him that all would be "just fine." She did not tell him that her own panties were absolutely saturated with the thought of humiliating him further!

On the night of the charity dance, John arrived early. Carol had brought his costume and set up a private small dressing room for them. He stripped off, and she helped him with the waist cinch and stockings. She got quite a charge from dressing this boy in women's clothes. She slipped the bra round his chest, and put in the falsies. Then, she slipped the dress over his head, pretending to get it snagged so she could ogle the large swelling in his pink panties that made such an interesting contrast with the feminine garments.

"I'd better put you in your condom and rhumba panties," she smiled.

Once more, she thrilled as she groped under the blushing boy's dress to pull down his panties, slip on the condom and then the frilly nylon panties, up his nylon clad legs to enclose his male organs in the ultimate feminine prison. She fussed about the panties, giggling to herself as she saw the male sexual organs swelling but restrained.

"Sit here," she said. "I'll go and change, and then I'll be back to do your wig and make-up."

John sat and waited, his heart pounding. This was it! He was scared, but at the same time excited by the feeling of the clothes, and the thought of what he was going to have to do. He could hear the hall filling with the audience, and was aware of a theatrical frisson, which was becoming almost tangible. Eventually, Carol returned. She looked absolutely stunning in her cancan costume, which seemed to be identical to his. She was wide-eyed with excitement at the prospect of what was going to happen. She fixed his wig, and then put his makeup on. When she was satisfied, she took him by the hand and led him to the wings of the stage where the other girls were waiting. Their first reaction was one of stunned silence, and then they were all chattering excitedly.

"Doesn't he look gorgeous?"

"He looks good enough to eat!"

"I can't wait to see his panties!"

On the stage, an emcee was thanking the audience for their generosity. A great deal of money had been raised.

"And we all know why. Well, we won't keep you in suspense any longer. Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, the French cancan!"

The audience roared as a recording of Offenbach's cancan music was put on. The girls excitedly grabbed the hems of their dresses, and rushed onto the stage, squealing excitedly as they started their routine. The stage seemed filled with frothy petticoats framing beautiful legs in black stockings, taut garters, and frilly panties. Above the petticoats, the faces of the girls gleamed with illicit pleasure, their eyes sparkling as they felt the eyes of the audience devouring the exposure of their lingerie. As planned, John waited in the wings, until the introduction and the first set of cancan music was completed. Then, as the *Vie Parisienne* music started, two girls skipped off the stage, took John's hands in theirs, and ran back onto the stage, until John was center stage, surrounded by an arc of girls holding their frilly dresses high, showing their panties and making froufrou. John bent down and seized the hem of his dress. The audience went quiet. Would this boy be wearing girls' panties?

Shaking his petticoats from side to side, John slowly pulled his dress and petticoats higher and higher until the frilly panties were completely revealed a sea of eyes focussed on his panties, and then a huge cheer filled the room! John felt as if he were being visually devoured. The audience started to clap in rhythm to the music, and John went into his routine with the girls, squealing with them as he hoisted his frilly dress up and down, kicking in line with them, and thrusting his pantied pelvis forwards to the audience. At one point, John rested to one side of the stage while the girls did somersaults and other acrobatic steps center stage, but John was still holding his dress up, and he suddenly realised that in spite of what was happening centre-stage, all eyes were on him, flitting back and forth from his eyes to his panties.

He spotted Terry in the second row. Terry had his hand in his pocket. He was masturbating! John had turned him on sexually, and John knew that Terry had recognised him. This was incredible. John's cock throbbed inside his panties. He maintained eyeball-to-eyeball contact with Terry, dropped his dress, and then once more, seized the hem and inched the dress up, teasing Terry, giving him winks at his stocking-tops, and then his frilly panties came into view. John ground his pelvis around, and then thrust it back and forth obscenely. Terry's hand was like a blur in his pocket. John knew he was making Terry cum, and soon, his own cock was pumping in its rubber prison, which was soon flooded with his cum! His climax subsided, and he had to summon up all his energy to get through the rest of the routine, ending with the splits, which brought the house down!

Back stage, afterwards, the champagne was opened and flowed freely. John was the centre of attention, and loved it. But, the condom was beginning to feel very sticky and uncomfortable. He excused himself, and went to the men's washroom. Big mistake! As he walked in, he was seized by three boys, and forced down on his knees. He heard zips being slid open. He knew that he was about to learn that being one of the girls had drawbacks! A huge cock was thrust in front of his face. He looked up. Terry was towering over him, grinning down at him maliciously. He wanted revenge! Terry told Colin to shut the door and put an "out-of-order" notice on it.

"OK, sissy boy, or should it be sissy girl, clean me up, or we'll rape you and bust open your ass!"

John was helpless. He opened his mouth, allowing Terry to slip his big cock between his lips, and then he was licking and sucking. The three boys mocked him.

"That's good, sissy. I can see you've done this before!"

"Go on, John. Take his cock deep inside. Keep licking and sucking."

"Suck me dry, pantywaist. Swallow every drop!"

Terry exploded in his throat. The other two boys had their turn, and then left a tearful John to wash his mouth out and clean himself up, before adjusting his panties, and returning to the party.

"Are you OK," asked Carol, looking at him anxiously.

John nodded. The last thing he wanted was for her to know what he had just done.

"Come and let me relax you," said Carol, and led him into another room, and locked the door. There was a sofa in the room. She sat down, still wearing her cancan dress, and pulled John over her lap, so that his face was next to her breasts. She stroked his head, and then moved her fingers down his body, feeling the bulge under his dress and the outline of his garters. She took her left breast out of her dress, and smiled as John's lips parted to take the erect nipple in his mouth. Then she slipped her hand up his dress, and pulled it right up so that his panties were revealed. She stared at the erotic vision, and then began to skilfully fondle the boy through the two pairs of panties, occasionally lifting the waistband of the frilly panties to see his excited young cock fully hard and ready to go once again, outlining his panties in a most arousing way. She slithered the frilly panties over the inner pair of pink satin ones, murmuring as she did so.

"Lovely frilly panties. I'm looking at your pretty panties, and playing with your cock. I want to see you in my panties. I want you to wear my panties every day! Beautiful, silky girls' panties!"

Soon, John's cock was fully erect again, and as Carol expertly manipulated him in his panties, he was

transported to another world, a beautiful world of frills, silks, satins, and femininity. As he reached his climax, he knew he was lost in a blissful world of girly thrills!

After that incredible night, even better was to come! So much money had been raised that the girls presented the costume to John as a gift, and Carol was not the only cheerleader who wanted to experience the unique pleasures of sex with a boy who was wearing a cancan costume. Some years later, one of those cheerleaders married him. Trust me. I know!

But Terry and his friends knew about me wearing Carol's pink satin panties every day and they used me like a slut whenever they felt like it. It didn't take long for Carol to find out because rumours circled around the school with abandon. She took another boyfriend but kept me around for laughs and to service her and her boyfriend whenever she wanted to get that feeling she loved from dominating a sissy boy!

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17-year-old boy killed for dressing like a girl?

Police arrest four, say bystanders failed to intervene

By MICHELLE LOCKE

NEWARK, Calif.—The killing of a 17-year-old boy who dressed as a girl was being investigated Friday as a possible hate crime by police who say they were led to his shallow grave by one of four young men arrested on suspicion of murder.

Police believe Eddie Araujo was slain after getting into a fight with several people at an Oct. 3 party in this San Francisco suburb. Araujo was reported missing by his mother when he didn't come home from the party.

The teen had clashed with the suspects a week earlier and tensions flared again at the party, Lt. Tom Milner said.

Milner said Araujo had chosen to dress like a girl "for some time."

"We don't know if that's the prime factor in the altercation or if there were other factors involved such as revenge," he said. "These things are all definitely in play."

Police said Araujo died of blunt trauma to the head, though it was unclear where the boy was killed. His body was found in the Sierra Nevada foothills about 150 miles east of his home in Newark.

Newark Unified School District Supt. Ken Sherer said Araujo had been an independent study student since the eighth grade. He would have been a senior this year, but didn't show up at Crossroads High School this fall.

Michael Magidson, 27, Jaron Nabors, 19, Paul Merel Jr., 25, and his brother, Jose Merel, 24, all of Newark, were arrested Wednesday and held on suspicion of homicide. That same day, one of the suspects led police to the body.

Police said they were looking at



AP

Eddie Araujo had stopped going to school this year and was ostracized by many who knew him, said a pastor who knows his family.

adding hate crime enhancements.

Lt. Lance Morrison called it a "haunting and gruesome situation."

"We're dealing with a number of people who could have helped, stepped in, prevented or reported this," Morrison said. "None of them did."

Araujo had attended Newark schools from kindergarten, but as he grew older gradually stopped coming to school, Sherer said. He had enrolled in an alternate program in which students meet with a teacher once a week and study independently.

He was liked by those who knew him, Sherer said.

"He was always smiling, he selected his friends very carefully and, according to some students, he did have more female friends than male," he said. "I have heard that he did like women's clothing over men's."

In a recent family photo, Araujo appeared with carefully groomed eyebrows and makeup and his hair in a highlighted, shoulder-length bob.

Pastor Ed Moore, who knows Araujo's family, told KRON-TV that Araujo had been ostracized.

"People did not really want to accept him, he didn't get a job because of who he was and things like that," Moore said Friday. "And so there was a struggle going on even within the family, his personal struggle but also how he was viewed by society."

AP



Masquerade

Claudia had a large collection of fancy dolls and a lot of fancy outfits to dress them in.

She couldn't resist dressing her boy dolls up in cute little dresses and lacy lingerie. Claudia's mother just had a baby boy. How long do you think it will be before this little girl will start dressing him up?

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Mom use to
The "LAUNDRYMAT HUMILIATION", She
This 5 times. She would pick
LAUNDRYMAT IN A POOR SECTION WITH
MANY WELFARE MOTHERS, SHE WOULD
WEAR REGULAR CLOTHES, AND SO WOULD
I, SHE WOULD HAVE ALL HER PANTS
AND MINE TO WASH, ONCE IN THE
WE WOULD SEE IF IT WAS SAFE
"JUST WOMEN, GIRLS AND KIDS" THEN
WOULD ORDER ME AROUND, BOSS M
AND WAIT FOR THE WOMEN TO ASK
"WHAT IS UP," "WHAT'S GOING ON." THEN
SHE WOULD TELL THEM I WAS HER
SON AND ALSO A SISSY FAGGOT
WHOM SHE CAUGHT WEARING HER
PANTIES AND PLAYING WITH HIMSELF
100% OF THE TIME THE WOMEN
AND GIRLS WOULD BECOME INTERESTED
AND EXCITED (I THINK IT WAS BECAUSE
THERE WAS NO THREAT TO THEM, IT
WAS SAFE) SHE WOULD TELL THEM
AS PUNISHMENT, I WAS WEARING
PINK PANTIES, AND BE FORCED TO SHOW
MY PANTIES TO THEM.

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I WENT INTO THE SPARE bedroom Looking For The PANTIES OF A 26 YEAR old FULL FIGURE girl THAT CAME ALONG FOR THE TRIP FROM NEW YORK, MUCH TO MY SURPRISE AND delight she LEFT her BLACK BRA AND BLACK SEXY PANTIES IN A PILE ON THE FLOOR NEAR her OVERNIGHT bag, she HAD WORN THEM ABOUT 18 1/2 hours OF WEAR, Well I FELT THEM AND SNIFFED THEM AND IT WAS A VERY PLEASANT CLEAN SMELL THAT WAS A TREMENDOUS TURN ON, I TRIED THEM ON AND MADE LOVE TO THEM SEVERAL TIMES, I THEN WASHED THEM AND DRIED THEM AND PUT EVERYTHING BACK EXACTLY THE WAY THEY WERE.

BUT I GOT CAUGHT, MOM HAD 3 OF her GIRLFRIENDS OVER TO WATCH ME get PUNISHED, AND They did TAUNT AND Verbally ABUSE ME TO NO END, They ALL SPANKED ME.



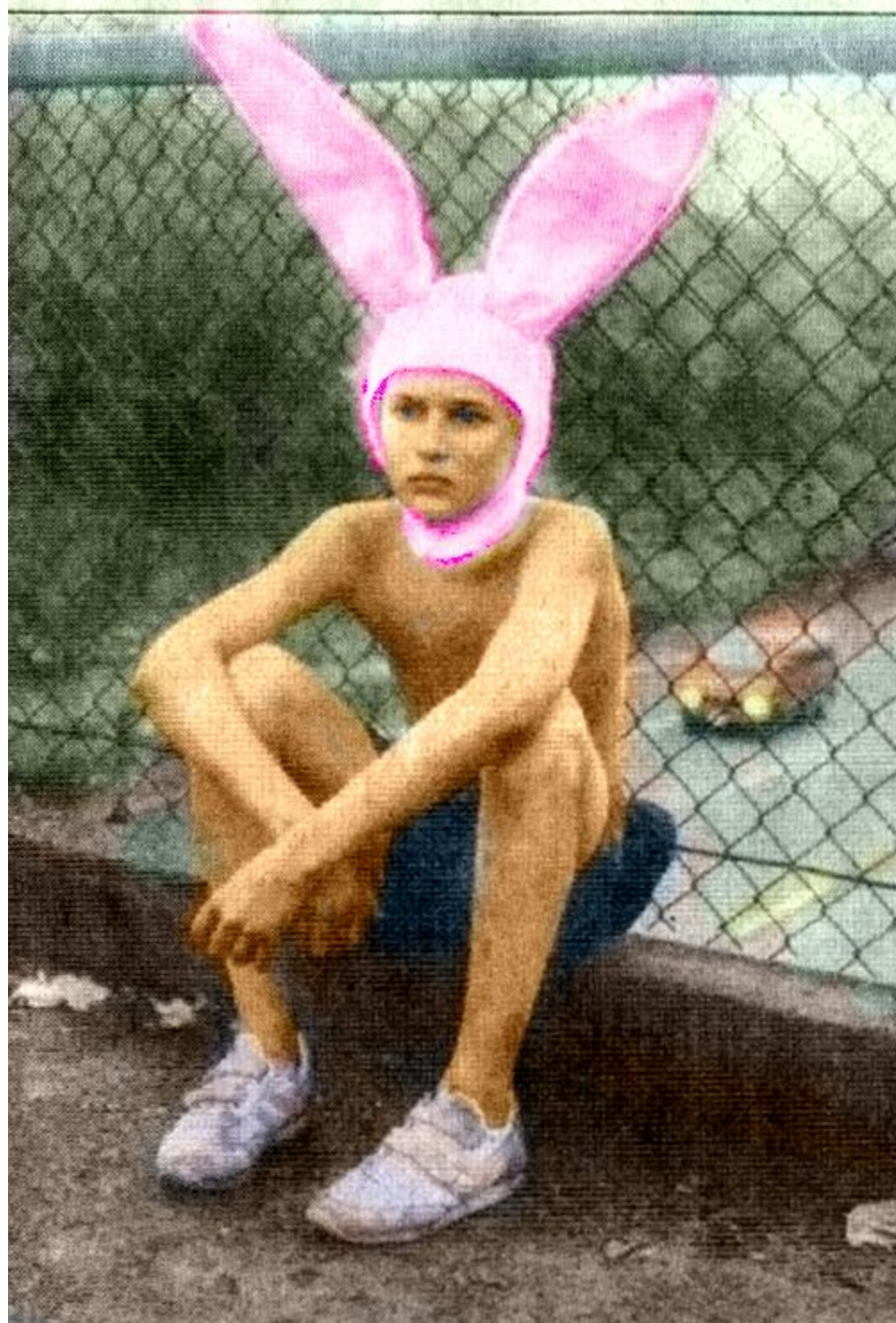
FROM 1966 TO 68 I DROVE A BUS (SCHOOL BUS) FOR HIGH SCHOOL AND THAT WAS THE DAYS OF MINI SKIRTS, AND SHORT GIRL SCHOOL UNIFORMS, AND WE HAD REAR VIEW MIRRORS IN THE BUS THAT WERE 18" X 6" AND WHAT A GREAT VIEW I WOULD GET OF GIRLS PANTIES, THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL GIRLS WORE THE SEXYIST PANTIES, GARTER BELTS AND NYLONS OR SOCKS, AND WHEN THEY WOULD BE SAFELY ON THE BUS AWAY FROM THE SCHOOL THEY WOULD HITCH UP THEIR SKIRTS, TO SHOW OFF TO THE BOYS WHEN THEY GOT OFF THE BUS. SOME OF THEM WOULD SIT WITH THEIR LEGS WIDE OPEN.



I remember back in 1968 I was working as a heating and vent man at a high school, and after school the girls would have a swim meet or practice and I would check out all the girls on both teams for their clothes, then when the meeting would start I would go to the locker room to fix the heat or vents, I would put a sign on the door MEN WORKING, lock myself in, strip naked and check out all the panties of the real sexy girls try them on etc. I never got caught, and never stole any panties, although I wanted to. I always wondered what it would be like with the same job at a residential all girls school or college, the best part is you are almost invisible to the girls, ~~yes~~ I had my uniform ID badge and tools, I was 24 years old and clean cut, and did not give myself away by gawking/looking at the girls, I acted professional just doing my job, so I became invisible to them.

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Movie Review

'Gummo' a shocking exercise in nihilism

By Betsy Sherman
GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

"Gummo" lets the young writer of the movie "Kids," Harmony Korine, pick at the underbelly of bored American youth on his own terms, in his own time. Those terms, in Korine's directorial debut, have everything to do with shock value. As for time, the amateurish auteur's volleys are so weak and repetitive, he makes 95 minutes seem like a torturous eternity. "Gummo" is such a spirit-draining experience you may have to go see "Kundun" twice to regain equilibrium.

One feels a pang for the late Milton "Gummo" Marx – the fifth Marx brother who never made it into the movies – whose moniker Korine chose for the title of his bleak portrait of modern hillbillies. "Gummo" is set in an Ohio town that never recovered from a tornado 20 years ago. To create his fictional Xenia, Korine chose locations in suburban Nashville (he grew up there and in New

York). He took with him a few actors but depended on the locals to populate his picture. Korine points his variety of cameras (the film intercuts 35mm and 8mm film and video) at the plug-ugly populace and palpably smirks. The subjects seem pleased at the attention; none more so than the mentally disabled people whom Korine uses as found objects.

Not to prevent a nihilist from expressing his nihilism – but Korine does little more than scribble aimlessly. He fails at both fiction and documentary. His rightfully plotless tableau includes the boys Tumbler (Nick Sutton) and Solomon (Jacob Reynolds), whose summertime joys are sniffing glue and killing cats, which they sell by the bagful to a supermarket manager. The sadistic Tumbler – his name is the Yiddish word for entertainer – delights in telling corny jokes. Solomon mumbles the movie's narration. Actress Linda Manz – one of cinema history's most hard-boiled child presences in "Days of Heaven" and

"Out of the Blue" – has a few scenes as Solomon's mother.

Another circle of characters are three girls who dote on their black cat (whose path, we know, will cross with Tumbler's). One is played by Chloe Sevigny from "Kids"; she struts her sexuality, the only assertion of her identity that seems open to her. Korine hams it up annoyingly as a drunk with a sob story who makes advances to a muscle-bound black male dwarf. There are copious scenes of regular folks sitting

GUMMO

Directed and written by: *Harmony Korine*

Starring: *Nick Sutton, Jacob Reynolds, Jacob Sewell, Chloe Sevigny, Linda Manz*

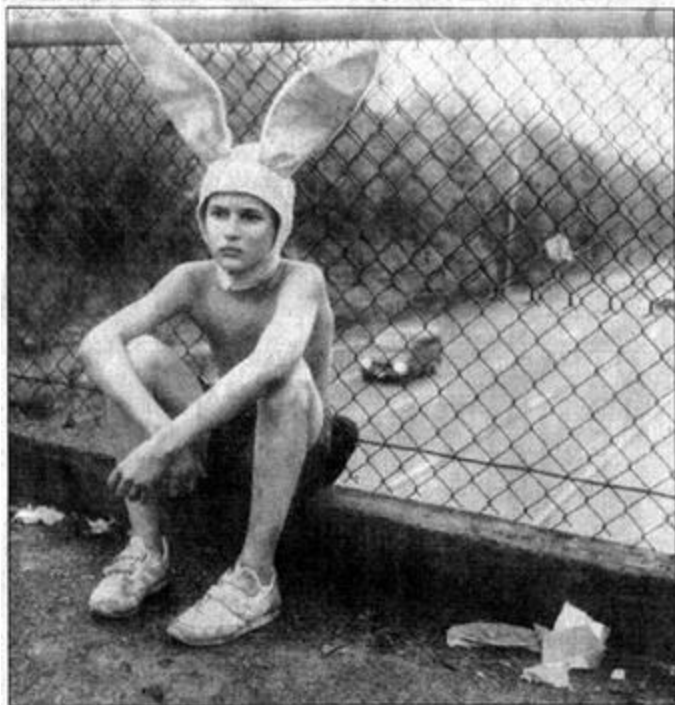
At: *Harvard Film Archive, through 1/28*

Running time: *95 min.*

Rated: *R*

around talking or roughhousing. It's a given that the poison of the parents' boredom and casual cruelty will be passed down to their children.

We have felt the horror of this empty heartland in the recent documentary "Paradise Lost: The Child Murders at Robin Hood Hills"; Korine gives us nothing that's so penetrating. He does, however, present a quasi-mythic figure known as Bunny Boy. Played wordlessly by Jacob Sewell, he's skinny, wears only shorts and sneakers and a pink bonnet with rabbit ears. His face is angelic, and he suffers abuse like a martyr, but he's ultimately no purer than his ratty mates. In him, Korine finds some eloquence, but the image's contradictions could just as easily be conveyed in a still photograph. "Gummo" – its combination of sensory overload (musical as well as visual) and lack of anything unique to say makes it the equivalent of white noise.



Jacob Sewell plays a wordless Bunny Boy in "Gummo."



What is a Pantywaist?

In the first half of the 20th century, a woman or child's blouse was called a 'waist.' The term was used for both overblouses and a vest-type undergarment that featured buttons at the waistline. The underwear garment was either like an undershirt or a harness arrangement that went up over the shoulders with garters that went down the legs to hold up long stockings. Children's short pants and/or underpants without an elastic waistband were kept up by being buttoned to a "waist."

Often the blouses and the panties that buttoned onto them were trimmed with lace like the blouse and panty combination shown on the boy in the above photograph. As boys got older and became more sensitive to such issues, they didn't want to wear lacy blouses with the button-on frilly panties because girls wore them, and a boy who continued to wear them once he attained school age was called a "pantywaist," a slang term still used today to refer to a weak, sissy or effeminate man or boy.

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Perfectly Comfortable in Skirts!

Jack's family lives by a lake in the north woods of Michigan and during the summer months he and his sisters spent a lot of time swimming and playing outside by the water. After swimming, the girls would put on long skirts to keep warm since a cold breeze was often felt even on the warmest days. He doesn't remember exactly how it first happened, but Jack started putting on one of his sister's skirts whenever a cold front moved in. The girls didn't make an issue of it. They knew that he was just trying to keep warm. And at times, he continued to wear the wrap-around skirts long after they went home for the day.

One day after the girls came home from shopping, they were showing off the new clothes they bought, and they talked Jack into trying on some of their skirts and dresses. Jack loved dressing up and soon began wearing his sister's clothes around the house. They soon complained and his mother had to buy Jack some of his own girlie clothes. He wasn't embarrassed in the least when they went shopping. His taste in clothes ran toward the outrageous as you can see in the photo to the right, which is a picture of him in the first outfit that he got for himself, a bold print skirt and midriff top combination with huge platform shoes!

The end of Princess Online #45

