**Young Ms. Leadership Academy**

By NAMB

**Young Ms. Leadership Academy 1**

-=At the Office=-

The woman walked up to the receptionist. “I’m not sure I’m in the right place. My name is Teresa Anderson and I have a 9 AM appointment with Katheryn Stratton.”

The receptionist smiled at her and checked her computer. “Ms. Stratton is expecting you. She should be with you shortly. Please have a seat.”

It wasn’t long until a tall woman in a business suit approached. “You must be Ms. Anderson. I’m Katheryn Stratton. Come with me.”

Katheryn continued the friendly banter, “Can I get you a cup of coffee? What would you like to be called: Theresa, Terry?”

“Terry would be fine, and no thanks on the coffee. I’ve had enough.”

“OK, you can call me Katheryn.”

“Um, Katheryn, I’m not sure I’m in the right place.”

“I get that all the time. FemStaff is a legitimate staffing agency. I started it 10 years ago and have built it into the successful business it is today. We not only place women in all kinds of jobs; we help them with resumes, give them basic training in computer programs, conduct workshops on job skills, train them on how to ‘dress for success’ and how to ace an interview. In other words, we help them with their self-esteem, give them skills and make them more competitive in the workforce.

Our training program is so successful that we actually get government grants from the Department of Labor for them. We’ve taken a number of women off welfare and started them on tracks to successful, self-sustaining and satisfying careers. The money from the grants gave me the opportunity to hire a couple of women to do this training.

I now have additional staff to handle the other routine matters like recruiting and placement. My main job is marketing building relationships with local companies. There are several woman-owned businesses that use us exclusively. On the other hand, we deal with women-owned businesses whenever we can. It’s a mutually beneficial arrangement. We even have an unofficial “Women’s Only” Chamber of Commerce.

My success frees me up to take my program to the next level and that is to work with young women to prepare them to take their rightful place in the world. Many of the adult women I see have had hard lives and have to be re-built ‘from the ground up’ so to speak. This is difficult to do with adult women. But give me a young girl who’s full of enthusiasm and I can work miracles with her.

I want to be proactive. Instead of playing catch-up, girls should be leaders. They should be in the forefront as vibrant, confident young women. That’s where the Young Ms. Leadership Academy comes in. The academy is the true passion of my activities; the agency is merely a means to an end. It endows the academy and funds a good part of its operations.”

Katheryn took a breath and continued, “As you know, you are here on the recommendation of the parent of a former student.”

“Yes, Melonie Briggs.”

“The Academy isn’t like any other school. We don’t take applications and each girl has to be recommended. Apparently, Emily and Melonie’s daughter, Cindy, are good friends and Melonie speaks highly of your daughter’s potential.”

“To tell you the truth, I was a bit leery about the friendship between Cindy and Emily at first. Cindy, as young as she is, seemed so ‘worldly’ if you know what I mean.”

“I do. What you are seeing is Cindy’s knowledge of the way things should work for a girl in the world if she is willing to apply herself and take advantage of her natural talents. Knowledge is power and in this case, knowledge of boys’ weaknesses and girls’ strength is Girl Power.”

Terry nodded, “I found that out. Since her association with Cindy, my daughter who used to be shy and retiring and never willing to try anything new has blossomed into quite a confident girl.”

“Exactly, and that’s the kind of empowerment we would like to continue at the Academy. We believe and teach that there is enormous potential and power in being a girl.

I’ve looked at your daughter’s school transcripts and her grades. Her grades are excellent and the course of study covers all the basics.

We’d like to supplement her education with enhanced feminist training. It’s so important to a girl of her age when she is trying to develop her own personality.

We are dedicated to educating girls in Middle School to recognize their full potential in all areas: academically, physically, socially and in their relationships with boys and men.

Our participants are typically girls aged 13-15 but we have had girls as young as 12 and as old as 16. It’s a critical time in a girl’s life and the right training now will make it more likely that she will be successful in the future.

The program is designed as a three-year program. A girl must start at the freshman level and progress to junior and then senior levels over the next two years. I don’t want to pressure on you, but girls cannot join the program at the junior or senior level, so you need to make the decision this year.

The program is designed so that the older girls mentor the younger girls. Your daughter will be in a dorm with other freshman, but she will have a personal mentor from both the junior and senior classes.

We’ve found that this arrangement provides a good social environment for the girls. Not only will your daughter bind with her classmates, she will also form a bond with the older girls through her “big-sister” mentors.

She, in her turn, as she moves up in grade, will go on to mentor a generation of younger girls and develop her own leadership skills. She will have a built-in network of girls spanning a number of years. We encourage the girls to keep in contact with each other so as they move on into the business world, they can help each other out.”

“It sounds like an ambitious program.”

“It is! Emily will attend camp each summer, starting with this summer and be exposed to physical fitness training, sports, academics, arts and crafts, dance and special feminist training.”

“I, ah ,um, heard some rumors about the feminist training.”

“I've heard them too. Be assured, that although your daughter will be exposed to male nudity, there are no orgies going on.

Boys are under strict female control at all times and except when required for special activities, all boys are locked in chastity. In fact, one of your daughter's duties will be to assure her boy is locked away securely and that his penis is properly taken care of.

Being in charge of her very own boy is one of the leadership building activities. Each girl is responsible for the well-being of the boy assigned to her. She is to see that he eats properly, exercises properly, takes care of his personal hygiene, completes his chores in a timely and efficient manner and obeys camp rules. She is also in charge of his discipline.”

“What about the boys?”

“The boys who are sent here are carefully screened. Yes, they have misdemeanor charges against them, but these are non-violent in nature and every one of them has demonstrated consistent good behavior.

Besides all boys have been on Puericil for at least 9 months. Some of the older boys have been on it for several years.”

“I’ve heard a lot about that drug.”

“It’s covered in the paperwork you’ll be getting. It is exceptionally effective in curbing boys’ aggressive tendencies working to calm them and make them more cooperative than competitive.

It’s been prescribed for everything from hyperactivity to a tool to curb excessive masturbation.

The side effects: being particularly submissive towards females is just another benefit.

I assure you, your daughter is in no danger and will be assigned a particularly docile boy for her first year. Ironically, the younger girls often get older boys since they have been on the drug longer, and have previous obedience training at the hands of other girls.”

“I’m really excited that you are considering my daughter for the program.”

“There is one more hurdle for her to clear. We need to conduct an interview with her personally to make sure she’s emotionally mature enough to deal with the program. I have a psychiatrist in my network, Dr. Amy Amundsen, who will conduct the interview. Here is her card. I’ll have my staff set up an appointment with your daughter sometime next week.”

“This all sounds so sudden.”

“Emily will be getting the training she needs to hold her own in the world of boys. A lot of women report their amazement about the change in the relationship between their daughters and their male relatives. Just knowing about ‘boys’ secrets’ puts a girl in a position of superiority.”

“I like what I’m hearing. This sounds like the right thing for my daughter.”

“Good. We’ll send you out of here with a package of information for your review. There’s a brochure in there that we recommend you review with your daughter. It’s quite explicit about the things she’ll see and do.

Please review the legal forms. I know they are quite stuffy, but my lawyers insist they are necessary. There’s nothing in there we didn’t already discuss.

The interview and the paperwork must be completed and returned by the end of the month. We need to make plans. Every girl has a program designed especially for her needs.”

We got up and shook hands. She said, “See Ann on the way out. She’ll give you your package. I look forward to meeting Emily personally and I hope to be able to tell her, ‘Welcome to the Young Ms. Leadership Academy.’”

**Young Ms. Leadership Academy 2**

Dear Diary,

What an unusual day. Well, it started off OK with school and all that, but after school, mom took me over to a psychiatrist’s office. She said not to worry and to just talk to the doctor and relax and be myself.

The doctor was Doctor Amy Amundsen. She seemed like a nice lady. I felt a little uncomfortable at first, but she had a way of talking that put me at ease. We talked mostly about me: about school, what subjects I liked, who my friends were, about what I like to do as hobbies, what kind of clothes I like and what kind of music I like. I was surprised that she knew some of the groups I listened to. Mom doesn’t even know that.

I was getting to like this woman and I sort of wished that she was my own age. She’s fun to be with and I think she’d fit in good with my friends and we could have a lot of fun on a sleepover together.

I felt like I was talking with Cindy. Cindy is more than my babysitter, she’s also a friend. We have the most interesting talks, especially about boys. She’s older than me and she knows a lot of neat things especially about boys.

I expected Dr. Amy to know a lot about boys too since she’s an adult, but adults think of boys differently than us girls do. Dr. Amy wasn’t like that. She’ more like Cindy. So when we talked about boys, I felt that I could tell her everything Cindy and I talked about with boys.

I even told her about the time Carolyn, a girl named Lisa Small and I tricked Johnny Metz and Billy Tate into making pee for us back in first grade. Mom doesn’t even know about that.

I wasn’t sure what this meeting was supposed to be all about, but it was nice to have an adult woman listen to me and take me seriously. Mom’s pretty good about that, but mom is, well – mom. She still thinks of me as her little girl and doesn’t understand how grown up I am.

The only one I can really tell my secrets to is Cindy, maybe Dr. Amy and of course, you Dear Diary.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

Mom told me today that I would be going to a new school next year. Well, that’s not news, I’ll be graduating grade school and am on my way to Middle School. However, she told me that I wouldn’t be going to the same school where all my friends are going and that I would be going to the school that Cindy went to.

This wouldn’t be so bad if Cindy still went there, but she just graduated. I really made some good friends over the past couple of years and I don’t want to leave them.

Mom suggested I talk to Cindy about this when she sits for me tonight while our moms are at a meeting.

I talked with Cindy about this and she told me that the same thing happened to her, but that she made some new friends and even though they are all going their separate ways, she knows she’ll keep in touch with them forever.

Cindy told me that I would really like the new school and that it was made for girls “just like me.”

I respect Cindy’s opinion a lot, but I’m still uneasy about this.

Cindy also told me that she’s going to miss going to camp this year. I asked her about what camp was all about but all that she told me was that it was a great place to meet girls I’d be going to school with and that we’d do a lot of fun things.

When I asked for more information, she told me that she didn’t want to spoil the fun for me by telling me everything.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

I’m still concerned about camp. It’s not that I didn’t enjoy myself at previous camps: first day camps, then overnight camps and last year, a camp where we were away for a full two weeks.

I made a lot of good friends and I learned a lot from some of the other girls, especially about boys. Some girls apparently have brothers and some others have not led as sheltered a life as I did. Mom’s been good at explaining the birds and the bees to me, but some of these girls claim to have seen and done things “for real.”

I hear from my friends how pesky brothers can be, but I wish I had one so I could see what boys looked like for real instead of in pictures like the book mom gave me or the ones Cindy showed me.

But really. I’m almost 13 now. I’m going into Middle School and I’m not a child anymore. Carolyn and Becky and I have plans for the summer.

I like Carolyn. She started her period sooner than the rest of us girls and she has bigger breasts. All the boys look at her. I figure if I hang out with her, then the boys would look at me too. She’s thinking about getting a new top to show off what she has. Mom would never let me get away with that.

That’s why going to camp this year sucks. Summertime is the best time for a girl to show off what’s she’s got. By the time I get back Carolyn and Becky and the other girls will probably have all the good boys taken up.

I’ll have to talk mom out of this.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

OH-MY-GOD! It’s worth saying again, OH-MY-GOD! Was I ever wrong about camp. This is no ordinary camp.

First mom showed me the big brochure. It looks like a nice place: it has a lake and a private beach and volleyball courts and a tennis court. There’s an archery range, a stage to put on performances, a huge covered eating area and an indoor rec hall. The cabins look very nice too.

But I’ve been there, done that last year. Camp is for kids. This was the point where I was trying to figure out how to tell mom to shove it. And then she showed me the other booklets.

Boys, dear Diary, BOYS! I mean naked boys and teenaged boys at that! They were really cute and so well developed. I mean not just there, but all over. They must work out a lot: no skinny, pimply little boys or tub o’ lards. These boys had nice bodies: every bit of them. More about the boys in a moment.

I read the materials. The main brochure showed the usual things kids do at camp and some of it sounded a little daunting: physical fitness, regimented activities and leadership training.

There’s no cell coverage at the camp and besides phones aren’t allowed and even internet access on the computers in the cabins is limited to specific hours of the day.

There was even a rank system. Freshman girls (that’s me) wear yellow T-shirts with a single female symbol over the heart. Junior girls have light blue T-shirts with two interlocking female symbols and Senior girls have pink T-shirts with three female symbols in a triangular arrangement representing sisterhood.

It sounds a bit too much like boot camp.

Mom assures me that the junior and senior girls are more like mentors than drill sergeants. I hope she’s right, but to see naked boys like this for real, I’d climb over obstacles and crawl under barbed wire.

Apparently, the boys are a part of our “advanced feminist training” as the pamphlet explains. I just skimmed it so far. I haven’t read it all, but it seems so exciting.

There’s one picture in there that I really like it shows a line of naked boys with their feet apart and their hands on their heads. Facing them is a line of yellow-shirt freshman and a couple of blue-shirts that seem to be in charge of the show. In the background are some pink-shirts watching and apparently supervising. That picture really says, “Girl Power” with a capital G and P. There’s no doubt that girls control everything at the camp.

I kept looking at the picture. These were girls just like me. I imagined myself sitting among them. Then it hit me: in a couple of weeks, I will be sitting with them with real, live naked boys right in front of me. My stomach did a couple of back flips.

That’s not all. The text talks about a whole lot of other things that the girls do with the boys. I’m really excited about going to camp this year!

The only bad thing about this is that mom is keeping the pamphlet in the house. She says that only the camper and the camper’s parents are allowed to see it. Something about a contract she had to sign. She says I can tell Carolyn and Becky about it but only because she’s “cleared” it with their moms and that the three of us girls have to keep it a secret.

I would have told them anyway. I can’t keep this a secret from my best friends.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

I told Carolyn and Becky about camp. They said they wouldn’t believe me but their moms told them I was going. They are soooo jealous. We made a swear not to tell anybody. Not that any of the other girls would believe us anyway.

I’d really wish they could come along with me, but mom says the camp is “by invitation only” whatever that means. I remember taking a bunch of special tests a couple of months back that had some funny questions about how I felt about things and talking to Dr. Amy

Mom’s a member of this group of women along with Cindy’s mom and I think one of them suggested to her that I take these tests. I don’t think Carolyn’s or Becky’s moms belong to the group.

Of course, they want me to tell them all about it when I get back, but if I can’t take my phone, I won’t be able to take any pictures. I hope I have time to record everything with you, Dear Diary. They say we’ll have access to computers.

I wish I could show them the pictures in the book, but mom’s keeping that for herself. I kind of wish I could have it at least at night in my room to look at. It makes me excited to think about the pictures.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

I had my physical today. I need one so can go to camp. I went to a new doctor, Dr. Angela Spadifino. She’s a gynecologist. It’s the first time I’ve ever been to a doctor that specializes in women’s health. I was getting too old to go to a pediatrician anyway.

Mom said that the people at the camp recommended the doctor. She’s really nice but that didn’t make the exam any easier to take. I felt very vulnerable wearing that stupid gown, exposed from the waist down, with my feet up in the stirrups and legs spread apart. Then she spread my lips with something called a speculum. Ewe. It didn’t hurt, but it was very embarrassing to be so open and exposed even in front of the doctor and my mom and the nurse. I’m glad the doctor is a woman. I heard some gynecologists are men. I’d never let a man see me like this.

In addition to some medical jargon about the condition of my private parts, the doctor mentioned something to the nurse who was taking notes about tears in my hymen. Apparently, this was some concern to my mother because the doctor felt like she had to explain something to her.

“Don’t worry about it Ms. Anderson. I see this in girls all the time. It’s perfectly normal. Back in the dark ages there was a myth about an intact hymen being the infallible sign of virginity. That’s no longer true.

Today’s girls are not the same as girls of previous generations. They don’t sit around playing with dolls and having tea parties. I can tell by the rest of your daughter’s physical condition that she’s a very active girl. This is literally ‘normal wear and tear’ and nothing to be concerned about.”

I didn’t tell mom or the doctor about my “experiments” down there. Apparently the doctor didn’t notice either, or if she did, she choose to ignore it.

I was given a clean bill of health. In spite of the embarrassing moments, I liked being examined by Dr. Spadifino. I was examined by a real gynecologist just like a real woman! It makes me feel so grown up.

**Young Ms. Leadership Academy 3**

Dear Diary,

Camp is a month away and today mom and I did my favorite activity: shopping! Mom wanted to assure that I had everything I needed to go to camp.

Mostly it was underwear. Lots and lots of underwear. There’s a laundry at the camp, but to keep me from having to use it every day, mom stocked up. Mostly it was plain cotton undies, very comfortable, durable and practical, but she also let me buy a couple of pair of sexy, silky panties. I wonder why the camp recommended those, but hey, I like them and I’m not complaining.

Then there were the shorts. I had shorts of every kind: some loose and obviously athletic others ass-hugging with legs that didn’t even reach my crotch. I didn’t think mom would even let me think about wearing such attire, much less buy it for me. Mom says they’re for camp and I can’t wear them at home until I come back.

Foo, I wanted to parade around in them in front of some of the boys. Carolyn may have the biggest boobs, but I have the best-looking ass.

Mom also stocked up on a couple of bags of no-show socks to wear with my sneakers. I like the way my bare feet look in a sneaker, but mom insists I wear socks, so these are a compromise.

And then there were the sneakers. I have a couple of pairs at home: different ones for different outfits, but mom wanted to make sure I had a good, athletic-quality, brand-new pair for camp. I’ve been to camp before, the sneakers always get trashed. Why would she want to send me with good ones? But new shoes are new shoes and what girl would argue with her mom about getting them?

We settled on a pair of New Balance with pink trim. Even the soles were pink. They’re very sporty, yet very feminine at the same time. I like them. We also bought a new pair of flip-flops for the shower and indoor wear.

I also got refitted with new bras. I’m not as big as Carolyn, but I’m bigger than I used to be and it’s time to step up to a bigger cup. I got several sports bras, two to wear with my school uniform and one sexy, lacy one.

I’m liking the idea that mom is finally realizing that I’m becoming a woman and I’m not her “little girl” anymore.

About the only thing we didn’t buy was T-shirts. The camp was providing them. Of course, they are yellow and have the single female symbol on them. I suppose it’s OK. I got enough wearing a uniform to school, but to camp? I wonder what kind of uniform I’ll have to wear to my new school.

Mom hardly bought anything for herself, yet we filled the trunk with our purchases.

The only bad thing about the whole affair is that mom is going to make me sew name labels in everything even the underwear. It’s another requirement of the camp. I’ve been to a sleepover camp before. It makes sense, but it’s still a boring job. Well, at least I have a couple of weeks to work on it.

I got clothes! This is beginning to become more real. I can’t wait to get to camp.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

Camp is getting even more real. I leave next Saturday. I started packing today. I even picked out the outfit I’m going to wear on the bus!

Mostly I packed the stuff mom bought me a couple of weeks ago. Mom insisted I take my napkins even though I’m sure I’ll be done with my period by then. “A girl can’t be too careful,” she said. It’s probably why I’m always, “packing.” I never used the one in my purse, but I had to lend one to Becky one time when she was having a particularly bad day and needed to change.

I bet if I needed any of the essentials, even toothpaste, I could pick it up at camp. Oh well, they don’t take up that much space and it keeps mom happy.

I went over to Carolyn’s house and she told Becky and me about this cute boy she met at the pool. It’s started already. My friends are moving on with boys without me. I probably won’t get to see him until I get back from camp. But I guess I’ll get my share of boys at the camp if the brochures are right.

Actually, now that it’s almost ready to happen, I’m beginning to feel a bit frightened. What if I freak out in front of the other girls? I mean I know what boys look like. I had that experience with Lisa and Carolyn and those two boys back in the first grade. I helped friends change their baby brothers or cousins and I’ve seen a group of little boys playing in a sprinkler.

Then there are the books at school which are very clinical, but get the point across and of course there is the internet and Cindy’s taught me a few things too.

One thing I learned is that as boys grow, so do their penises except that they don’t grow at the same rate. Little boy penises are about the size of their pinkie finger; big boy penises are much larger. And some place between “fun” size and giant-size, penises start squirting semen.

But now I’m going to see boys. Real live, in-the-flesh boys – big boys with big penises that can squirt semen – right there in front of me. If I read the brochures right, I’m even going to touch them and not just touch them, but it will be very intimate touching in their most private and secret places.

Then there is all the talk in the book about my being a girl and being more mature and being the superior gender. I hope I can live up to it.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

I don’t have a lot of time. I’m at camp now. The camp people rented a van to pick us girls up at the mall parking lot. There were 5 of us, all freshman. Mine wasn’t the only clingy mom. All of them stood there and waved us off as we left the shopping center parking lot.

Besides me there were Madison, Hannah, Ashley and Mia. The ride to the camp took almost a half a day and we stopped for lunch.

The driver was very nice and one of the adult counselors at the camp. I found out that she worked as a trainer for Ms. Stratton, the lady who set things up with mom so I can go to camp. Her name was Ms. Garcia. She told us that like us, this was her two-week “vacation” and she looked forward to it every year. She said that her duties were light, it didn’t count against her “real” vacation and she got paid extra for doing it. I hope I can find a job like that when I grow up. Maybe that’s one of the benefits working for a woman-owned company.

Mostly us girls talked about school, shopping, music and boys.

Once we got talking about boys, the conversation turned towards the topic of the camp. Somewhat hesitantly at first and we cupped our hands to each other’s ears to pass along our experiences and thoughts.

Ms. Garcia caught us and said, “Girls, you are going to be camp buddies soon. You should have no secrets from each other. Besides there is nothing you can say that I haven’t already heard before, so you might as well share with all the girls.”

Being confronted like that, none of us wanted to be the first one to say anything. So Ms. Garcia went on.

“I’m sure you girls all know what boys look like or you wouldn’t be in this van. Why don’t we start with the first time you saw a boy? How about we start with you, Miss Hannah?”

Put on the spot, Hannah stumbled through her story. I was up next. It seemed that all us girls had some variation on making little boys pee for them.

That sort of broke the ice for us girls and we had a very lively conversation after that. One of the girls asked how many penises we’ve seen for real and not on baby boys being changed. Hannah and I had two, Madison and Ashley had one, but Mia claimed a half dozen – as a toddler, she ran into a men’s locker room by mistake. We said that didn’t count.

We also discussed the largest penis we ever saw. “And Mia, the locker room doesn’t count,” we added. It turns out the in Hannah’s case, she had an older cousin Katie who used to baby sit her and her other cousin Matt. Katie made Matt show them his penis. Matt was about 8 at the time and Hannah was about 6. She still likes to bring the incident up with him to make him blush.

Ashley told of a story where she was over her cousin Sarah’s house. She was about 5 at the time. She and her cousin were helping her aunt change her baby cousin, Peter’s diapers. Her older brother, Matt who was maybe 7 at the time complained that the girls got to see a naked boy.

His mom said that it was no big deal, and that it was nice Sarah and Ashley were helping her out. It proved how grown up and responsible they were, but he kept on complaining that it wasn’t fair that girls can see boys and boys can’t see girls.

His mother countered, “If Peter was a girl, you’d see what she looks like.” But that didn’t seem to satisfy him. So she got angry with him and told him, “If you don’t knock it off this minute, I’ll have Sarah and Ashley diaper \*you\*.”

Ashley said that she was sure the threat wasn’t real, but it made her feel funny to think about being in charge of a boy like that.

I agree with her: seeing penises is one thing, but taking control of a boy because he has a penis is what being a girl is all about. I don’t think I could admit that if I weren’t surrounded by girls who thought just like me.

We stopped at a restaurant to eat. Ms. Garcia cautioned us to keep the conversations “clean.” “You girls can pick up where you left off when we get back in the van,” she cautioned us.

Ms. Garcia kept an eye on us, but we were allowed our freedom. She let us roam the shop attached to the restaurant where we ate and even let us sit at our own table. I felt so grown up eating lunch with “the girls.” Hannah poked me in the side at one point and whispered in my ear while pointing at a particularly cute boy. “I wonder what his looks like,” she giggled.

We were pretty much talked out by the time we got to camp.

We got here about three or four in the afternoon and were met by a pink shirt who was with two of her blue shirt “lieutenants.” Also with the girls were 5 boys. Disappointingly, they were dressed in shorts and T-shirts.

The girls apparently were expecting us. They introduced themselves as Mary Ellen, Terri and Helen. They made no effort to introduce the boys. They looked at a list and called us by name.

I was first; with a last name beginning with “A,” that happens a lot. “Emily Anderson,” she said.

“Here!” I replied.

“You will be in cabin 4.” She pointed to a boy and said, “Take Ms. Emily’s things to her cabin.”

“Yes, Ms. Mary Ellen.” was the reply.

“My” boy was kind of cute. He seemed to be about 15 or 16 and had broad shoulders. He had blond hair and a nice smile. He picked up my things and said, “Follow me, Ms. Emily.”

The brochure told me that boys had to call all girls “Ms.” but hearing it not only from my boy but all the other girls’ boys feels funny. I guess I’ll get used to it.

Hannah is also assigned to my cabin. I don’t know where the other girls wound up.

At the cabin, we were met by a couple of pink shirts and two more blue shirts. There were also two other girls, both freshman: Carol and Karen. These were to be my cabin mates.

The older girls gave us a tour of the camp. It is every bit as beautiful as the brochures promised. I can’t wait to go boating and swimming in the lake.

Dinner was very nice, if a bit rustic. We ate in a large, screened in pavilion with benches and picnic tables. The meals were served by the male “staff.” It was nice to be waited on by a gang of well-developed teenaged boys.

Tonight, we had some free time and were encouraged to meet with and get to know our fellow campers. I’m beginning to feel a bit better about camp. The blue shirts and pink shirts aren’t as bad as I thought they would be. They are courteous if not a bit strict. They are definitely in charge, but nice to us. I guess I might be in for a bit of “tough love.”

One of the other things we did was come up with a name for our cabin. “Cabin 4” is hardly a “war cry” on the playing field. We agreed that since our senior pink shirt was named Deborah that we call ourselves, “Debbie’s Dominas.”

I’d like to say more, but I need to get off the computer. There’s one in each cabin, and I have to share it with the other girls. Lights out is at 10 o’clock and that’s also when they cut the cord to the internet. Connections come back on at 8 AM so we can catch up. I’ll send mom another short email then. I don’t think I’ll get a lot of computer time. They have our schedule fairly well packed.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

I’m hot and sweaty and I haven’t even had breakfast yet. They make us get up every morning and do PT. They call it physical training. I call it physical torture. I didn’t mind gym class at school, but I was awake for those. Summertime is for sleeping in!

It could be worse. I hear that the boys have to get up even earlier for their PT and it’s much more strenuous than what we have to go through and that they have to do it naked except for their sneakers. Also there are some pink shirts and blue shirts assigned to put the boys through their paces. So those girls have to get up early too, but at least not every day. They rotate that duty.

Anyway, it’s off to the showers and then breakfast. Rumor has it that we are in for a special treat today: we’ll finally get to see some naked boys.

**Young Ms. Leadership Academy 4**

Dear Diary,

I saw my first naked boys today. Most of the morning was spent in classes learning about male anatomy and physiology. The teacher was Dr. Spadifino! I guess this is what she does on her vacation too.

She had pictures of boys from infant to adult showing their penises – both cut and uncut and flaccid and erect. I didn’t know that even baby boys can have erections!

There were close-ups labeling all the parts. We had to learn the names: glans, frenulum, meatus, corona … Of course, we also learned the slang names for them too along with a lot of giggling.

A good portion of the class was spent on how boys get erections. It explained how various muscles tighten and restrict the blood flow out of the penis. This inflates the penis like a balloon and makes it hard. That’s HOW a penis gets hard

Dr. Spadifino also explained WHY penises get hard. I was surprised, Dear Diary, to learn it’s us girls that cause erections. The boys have almost no control over their own erections. When a boy sees a girl he likes, he gets an erection. It’s like us girls have invisible, magic fingers that can reach across a room, unzip the boy’s fly, take out his penis and make it hard.

Boys can get erections on their own, but they have to think about girls to get them. Wow!

Then we went on to learn all about ejaculations and how when a boy gets excited the Cowper gland makes a clear, viscous, slippery liquid called pre-cum. Besides the erection, it’s a sure sign a girl is making the boy excited.

If you stimulate the penis by rubbing the head (there are various ways of doing this including intercourse), then it causes other muscles to contract and expel the semen. This is the ejaculation or cum that gets women pregnant when shot into the vagina.

Dr. Spadifino also said that there were other ways to “express” cum from a boy and that what we would be seeing today would be normal ejaculations. She explained that ruined ejaculations and milking would be topics for lessons at another time.

We watched several boys ejaculate on the video and there were a couple of scenes where the cocks (giggle) came on their own without the guy touching it. These really showed how an ejaculation works.

Dr. Spadifino described how after boys cum they go flaccid again. She explained that boys need a recovery period before they can do it again but that for oversexed teenaged boys, this could be as short as 15 minutes but even at that, a boy can only cum so many times in a day. I didn’t know that, but it makes sense.

One girl asked, “How many times?” and Dr. Spadifino said that she had read about a case where a boy did it 10 times in one day, but that the last several times were virtually dry cums like little boys have. She was sure that it didn’t feel good for the boy either.

I wonder how she knew that.

These lessons brought us up to lunch time.

The boys served us lunch and it was the last time we saw them with clothes on unless they were involved in a special activity.

I’ll tell you more about that later diary. Hannah is waiting to use the computer, so I better let her. She’s a nice girl. I’m glad she’s in my cabin and I’m not just saying that because she’s reading this over my shoulder.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

It’s raining at the moment so we have some extra time at the computer. That’s a good thing because I got a lot to tell you.

After lunch we got to put into practice what we learned this morning. First we had some free time and then went on a nature walk as the boys transformed the covered outdoor dining area into an exhibition area.

When we came back we found the tables had been moved towards the edge of the concrete. It formed sort a theater in the round with the open area in the middle as the stage.

Ms. Megan, the camp director, gathered the boys in the center assisted by some blue shirts and pink shirts. She gave us a welcoming speech and concluded it with, “and now you girls are in for a treat.”

Then music started and the boys danced. As they danced, they took off their clothes. Obviously, this was a well-rehearsed act in that the boys danced in a circle and twirled around so every girl got to see all the parts of every boy. Although they were wearing only shirts, shorts, underwear and shoes, it took them the whole song to get undressed while we girls hollered and cheered but at the end every one of them was completely naked – except for the shoes. At one point they all faced inwards and bent over and wiggled their cute tushies at us!

Most of the dance was slow and sensuous I guess to give the boys time to remove their clothes. At the end, when they were all naked, a different piece of music came on and it was fast and lively and the dancers responded with a dance that made their boy parts jiggle. It was really neat and it was funny. All us girls were cheering, catcalling and laughing so hard.

I’ve seen boys without clothes on before, but all this naked male flesh was making my insides tingle. I think it was because they did it specifically because a woman told them to do it. Nonetheless, when the music was over we all stood and applauded. One of the girls from another cabin, Carolyn, pulled her lips apart with her pinkies and let out an ear-shattering whistle. She said she had three older brothers and that’s one of the things they taught her.

As we sat down, I wondered if the other girls were as wet in the crotch as I was. I was glad for those extra panties mom made me pack.

Then the pink shirts and blue shirts took the boys to the group of us waiting girls. We were sitting in groups by cabin.

The senior and junior girls then quizzed us on what we learned this morning asking us to identify the parts of the boy’s anatomy using him as a model. During this Q&A session and the incidental but deliberate touching by our instructors, his penis became erect.

It was so cool. He was a cut boy and I estimate about 2-3 inches when flaccid, but when erect, he was 6 inches. I know that because one of the senior girls told us. All the boys are measured. Also he was 14 years old. His name was Jason, but we were to call him “Boy Jason.” He, of course, was to call us “Ms.” and our first name.

We got to the part about ejaculation and our head pink shirt girl, Debbie, simply nodded at him and told him to “do it.”

“It” involved wrapping his fist around the shaft of his penis and pulling the skin up and over the head and then pulling it back. I reminded me of a turtle sticking its head out and in of its shell except that the boy was doing it fast.

Debbie told us that this was the most common way that boys masturbate and that it was called jerking off. I certainly agree that it’s an accurate term. The boy was at it for a couple of minutes when he started to breathe heavy and tighten up his muscles.

Debbie and the blue shirts started chanting, “Cum, cum, cum,” and we all joined in encouraging the boy.

He pumped maybe for another minute and grunted out, “I’m cumming.” Debbie said, “Girls, pay attention.” And then he shot his semen.

It was just like we saw in the videos this morning except that this was a real live boy right in front of us. I watched as it arced out over and over until just tiny squirts were dribbling out. There was a big pool of his stuff on the floor.

Debbie advised us, “Careful, girls, don’t step in it and track it around. It’s slippery. You can slip and fall on it even wearing sneakers. The boys will hose down the exhibition area after we’re done.”

In the background we could hear the chants of “cum, cum, cum” from the other groups of girls and the cheers as the boys at their tables came. Debbie told us that we could go watch other boys who hadn’t cum yet but to come back to the table when we were done.

I felt sorry for the last boy to cum. He had not only his own group of girls watching him, but nearly every girl in the camp urging him to “cum, cum, cum.”

After it was all over, the pink shirts and blue shirts gave us a summary of what we just saw.

When we were all done, we gathered around and watched the blue shirts wash the boys. This was done with buckets of soapy water and sponges. Hygiene is very important, they told us and they showed us how to wash and inspect a penis for cleanliness. Then they rinsed the boys off with hoses. The boys shivered in the cold water, but it made any lingering erections go down.

After that, they put the boys in their chastity cages. The boys will be locked up except for special occasions. They told us that we’d learn how to put the boys in chastity by the end of camp.

We also went boating and swimming this afternoon. The boys assisted us with the boating and went skinny dipping with us as we swam. I’d like to tell you more, but I got to go now.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

I talked to a pink shirt about the boys’ dance performance and how well I thought they did. I asked her where the boys learned how to do that. This was not merely flinging off clothes and wiggling to the music. The boys’ movements were well-synchronized with the music and with each other.

They removed their last stitch of clothing and exposed themselves near the end of the music with just enough time left to wiggle and jiggle their junk for the amusement of us girls without it being drawn out. Not that I or any of the other girls found it boring.

Debbie explained that the adult counselors came up with the idea and the music and dance, and told it to the senior and junior girls. Several of the girls got together and created the act and they taught it to the boys. Those girls had some talent!

Then I wondered what it must have felt like for the boys. How it must have felt to learn the steps and take up one piece of clothing at a time. How many times did they have to practice, and in front of whom? I especially wondered what it would feel like removing that last piece of clothing and exposing themselves to us squealing and cheering girls.

I wondered how I would feel if I were up there dancing with other girls. I mean just dancing with members of your own sex is something boys just don’t do. Us girls do it all the time and it’s OK and nobody thinks anything of it. I’ve even seen grown women do it at weddings.

But boys just don’t dance with each other. I don’t know why it’s not OK for them to do it, but I’ve never seen them do it before and certainly not in such a big bunch. I’m not sure if being in a group like that embarrassed the boys more or if they took some comfort in the other boys’ humiliation.

For me the dancing part wouldn’t be hard. I like to dance. But taking off my clothes and exposing myself to leering and cheering members of the opposite sex? That would be too much.

I think it’s even worse for boys. As a girl, all my stuff is hidden inside the folds of my skin. On boys everything is out in the open, exposed. Their penises and balls were just out there for each of us girls to see.

A naked boy is more exposed than a naked girl. Also none of the boys had hair down there. I’m pretty sure all us girls have hair. I didn’t deliberately look, but it certainly seemed so with the girls in the showers. Some of them were less modest and came out of the stalls to dry off. This made the boys look even more immature even though they were older than us girls.

I can’t imagine what it would be like to have part of my body swinging around so ludely and so comically for the enjoyment of others.

What must have been going through the boys’ minds as they looked at each other naked? Some were cut; others weren’t. Some were bigger than others; some had partial erections that bounced with their movements while others had penises that dangled flaccidly and swung wildly to the music.

I think it would have been embarrassing enough to have done the dance once, but Debbie told me that they made the boys do it over and over again for them until they got it right. In these rehearsals the boys were doing it in front of a small group of the same group of girls who were near the same age as them. For the main performance each boy had to dance in front of a very large audience of strange girls each of whom could easily been his younger sister.

Did they realize that this was a wholesale submission of the male sex to the female sex? How small that must make them feel to admit that girls are better than boys and how proud it makes me feel to be a girl and part of the sisterhood of the superior sex.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

We got rained out of our scheduled afternoon horseback riding, so we got a nature presentation. It started out literally with the birds and the bees.

The video opened talking about insects and how most of them are female and some of them even eat their mates after they fertilize them. Male insects are mainly for sperm donation and to protect the hive or colony. The queen, literally, is the female of the species. Without her, the species would not exist.

The talk then moved onto birds and how in nature the male bird is the one with all the bright plumage and how he puts on a dance for the female bird and only if it pleases her, does she accept him. I had to laugh to myself. Didn’t us girls just see a bunch of boys dance for us?

He does all the work and she gets to choose: that’s nature’s way at least with birds. After mating the male bird stays behind and helps raise the hatchlings.

The presentation went on and talked about mammals like us. With mammals, it looks like the males are in charge, but that’s not totally true. The male animals fight each other for dominance, but only one wins. The rest of the males hang out on the periphery of the herd and protect it. They are first to face danger and are expendable. The real future and value of herd is with the females and the juveniles in the center.

Once the alpha male donates his sperm, he has little to do with the herd. The herd is really taken care of by a matriarch who sees to it that her sisters and daughters are taking care of their offspring.

Closer to home the presentation went onto primates in particular chimpanzees and bonobos. I can’t tell the difference between them, but since I’m neither a chimpanzee nor a bonobo, I guess it doesn’t matter.

The really interesting thing is that in bonobo troops, the girl bonobos rule. They please the boy bonobos with sex and the boy bonobos groom them, bring them food and do all kinds of things to get the girls’ attention. The video made it quite clear that a boy bonobo was addicted to sex and will do anything to keep his penis happy. Male bonobos quickly learn that if they obey the girl bonobos, they live happily ever after.

The movie even showed pictures of three boy bonobos sitting with each other while masturbating. Since they don’t have opposable thumbs like human boys do, they did it by rubbing their penises with the palms of their hands against their stomachs.

So it seems like that activity is not just something just our boys do. The video said that this behavior is usually learned by males observing other members in the troop and that the boys often do it to impress the girls.

Part of the presentation was a comparison of penis sizes among primates. As it turns out us human girls have it lucky; among primates, our boys have the biggest penises in relationship to the size of their bodies.

I wonder if real boys learn from each other or if they sort of pick it up on their own. When we watched the boys masturbate after the dance, they all did what our instructor called, “jerk off” but each boy that we watched did it slightly differently. I’ll have to ask one of the senior girls about this. They seem to know everything.

The film was produced by one of the women associated with the camp. I remember reading about her in one the brochures. Her name is Barbara Elizabeth Brown, and she has her PhD and teaches Women’s Studies at the University. There are a lot of important women associated with the camp.

I’m happy to learn that the video was the first of several in this area. One of the blue shirts mentioned that they frequently have some of these women come speak to us girls. Dr. Brown is scheduled to talk to us. I’m really looking forward to meeting her.

**Young Ms. Leadership Academy 5**

Dear Diary,

Today we went on the sky walk. The sky walk is where you are hooked up to a safety line that is hooked to a cable that runs from tree to tree at each tree there’s a platform where you can rest. Between the trees are tight ropes and swings and swaying things to step on and zip lines.

The older girls showed us what to do. They told us the best way to navigate the obstacles and when we tried them, talked us through them. They explained how to use our hips which is where the center of gravity is on a girl, to maintain our balance. They told us that if we didn’t do that, we would fall or would have to use our arms a lot to hang onto things and that would make them tired.

The first time through the course was the worst. I thought I’d never make it; I was scared; I was tired but cheered on by the other girls I made it. When I came down the final zip line I felt good. I did it!

I went up a second time in the afternoon. This time it was easier. In fact, it was beginning to be fun.

The sky walk is on the list to do a couple more times during the camp. I’m actually looking forward to it. I was told that towards the end of camp, we would be competing with some boys from another camp.

I asked if these boys would be naked. The instructor laughed; she said, “No, but you are welcome to beat the pants off them.”

Whenever we had a competition between cabins for sky walk, archery, swimming or whatever, the winning cabin displayed a pink flag with a symbol of the event, the second-place cabin, a blue one, and third place, a yellow flag. There were a number of small flag poles on either side of the front door of each cabin to display the flags. They were sort of like war trophies.

Our cabin got the blue flag today for the sky walk.

After lunch, before the skywalk, we had a demonstration on how to put a condom on a penis along with a lecture on safe sex. Condoms are supposed to stop sperm from getting to the egg. Also, they prevent diseases from getting to or coming from the penis.

The pink shirts told us that we should always wash our hands before and after handling a penis and except for special occasions always put a condom on it.

We learned how to do this using strap-on dildos. We giggled as the older girls helped us “strap up.” It looked so funny seeing a very feminine girl sporting a huge erected penis over her shorts. We took turns “being boys” and putting condoms on “the boys.”

One of the girls explained how her Girl Scout troop learned how to do this. They didn’t use strap ons, but had a realistic penis made out of polished wood aptly named “Woody.” She giggled as she told us how some of the moms wanted to know where they could buy a Woody of their own.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

I saw my first boy-spanking today. It seemed like Boy Todd was late for morning PT. The boys are required to get up early every morning and do exercises and then get breakfast ready for the camp. The boys ate whatever was left after us girls were served our share or had cold cereal if there wasn’t enough.

Boy Todd was 15 years old, and 6 and a quarter inches. The senior girls had the vital statistics on all the boys.

Since this was his first offense, this was to be a simple, over-the-knee hand spanking to be delivered by the pink shirt who was the disciplinarian on duty that day. Spanking boys is a “senior privilege” and has to be earned. I can’t wait until I’m allowed to spank a boy, but watching is fun too.

Today’s disciplinarian was Ms. Carol C. The “C” to distinguish her from Ms. Carol D, another camper. However, I’ll just call her Ms. Carol for now.

The spanking took place in the screened in area where we held activities in bad weather and in the evening when the bugs come out. I didn’t notice when we got our introductory walk-around how much electronic equipment they had hanging on the rafters.

There was a projector, of course and some speakers, but also several cameras and lights that were controlled by a console off to the side.

These were put to good use for this demonstration. The spotlight was on the chair and one of the cameras was zoomed in. In addition to the fixed cameras in the rafters, a couple of pink shirts were wandering around with portable cameras.

These they trained on different parts of the crowd. It was sort of like being at the ball park and seeing yourself on the jumbocam. We smiled and waved and cheered whenever we showed up on the big screen.

It all seemed so festive. I wonder if the crowds at the Roman Coliseum were like this before the gladiatorial matches.

Boy Todd was brought to the stage and Ms. Carol was standing by the chair. We quieted down in anticipation of the spanking to occur.

Ms. Megan made some announcements, “As you girls know, boys will fail from time to time. It’s inevitable: they’re boys and it’s our duty as girls to correct them when they are wrong and to lend a ‘guiding hand’ when required.

Now I know that some of you have experience with spanking as babysitters and the girls who have been to the camp in prior years have already heard this lecture.

But bear with me. This is about safety. We don’t administer spankings to boys unless they deserve them and our primary aim isn’t to hurt the boy, but to damage his pride. Physical pain is part of the punishment, but we do not want to harm him. We don’t want to do permanent damage to our property.

So first we will have a safety video on spanking.”

Groans went up from the crowd. The video wasn’t all that bad. It showed a boy from the back side and showed what areas could be spanked and what parts to avoid spanking. It showed these parts with the boy standing and also bending over “mooning” the camera. We were told that in general, stick to the cheeks and you’re safe.

There was a second video specifically on over-the-knee spankings. There was a lot of discussions on sturdy chairs that not only can hold two people but won’t tip over, positioning of the girl’s body so as to get the most effective swing, positioning of the boy’s body for best balance without stress and maximum offering of his butt to the spanker.

I found out that sometimes over-the-knee means over the lap as in the case when a bed is used instead of a chair. There are other spanking positions too and we were told we would be trained how to do them in due course. Boys were constantly screwing up so there would be plenty opportunity for demonstrating them.

Now it was time for the real thing. The cameras zoomed in to show Ms. Carol taking her position in the chair. She pointed at her lap, and Boy Todd laid over it in perfect position. Then the spanking began without any further commentary.

She raised her arm and brought it down landing it firmly on one cheek and then the other. Whoever was managing the cameras was doing a good job. There were full-frontal shots, shots from the side, shots from the top and close ups. There was even a shot looking up Boy Todd’s legs – this was more for art than instruction since you really couldn’t see anything. However, it was a nice variety: not that any of us were in danger of getting bored.

With each smack, his behind became pinker and eventually he was letting out grunts and yelps. He never did cry out, nor was he sobbing, but when he got up both sets of cheeks were red, and there were tears streaming down one set of them.

Ms. Carol made him stand and face the crowd, hands on head and apologize for his offense.

Ms. Megan interjected, “It is important for a boy to acknowledge his offense and the exact reason for his punishment and then to apologize to the offended party. By being late for PT, he diminished the smooth working of the entire camp, so it is to the entire camp that he owes his apologies.”

Ms. Carol directed him to stand in the corner with his hands on his head and back to the room. We could all see this red behind. I’m sure he felt that for the rest of the day.

Ms. Megan came back and said, “And that concludes today’s ‘teachable moment.’ Any of you girls who want to feel what a freshly-spanked boy butt feels like; you are welcome to it.

At first nobody wanted to, but with the encouragement of some of the pink shirts and blue shirts, a freshman girl approached and stroked his behind. He shivered at her touch and let out a sigh. After that, another girl approached, and then another until pretty much all the girls in camp were lined up waiting to pat, pinch or tickle that butt.

It felt very warm.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

We did the sky walk again today. It seems like we do it about every other day. I remember how scared I was the first time I tried it. I went a lot easier today and I actually had a lot of fun. All of us girls are doing a lot better on it. One of the girls, Melonie, almost ran through the course. She’s good! She told me she does rock climbing at home.

We got to see another video on of all things, Law! It started off with a very uncomfortable topic: rape.

Almost all rapes are committed by men, but a lot of them don’t even get reported because it’s the woman that feels ashamed. It doesn’t help that “the system” makes her have to recall the event over and over again for police reports and in conversations with prosecutors and defense attorneys. And then she has to blurt it all out again, in public, in court.

Even after that, there’s a surprising low conviction rate and sentencing is too lenient considering the nature of the crime. It makes my blood boil when I think about it.

Men can get raped too, but usually not by women. If you count prison rapes, more men are raped than women. I didn’t know that.

A question was asked about our use of strap-ons on the boys. We were told that every one of the boys has consented to have them used on him but if we ever did it on our own to accept “no” from a boy. Even though they are our sexual inferiors, we need to respect them as much as we expect respect from them.

The video also went on to explain about date rape (and how to avoid it and most of all how to report it if it happens) and statutory rape.

The laws on statutory rape are weird and archaic. In some states, if an 18-year-old boy has sex with this 17-year-old girlfriend it’s rape. In other states, the age difference by gender makes a difference such as the boy has to be over 16 and the girl under 14. This acknowledges that girls are more sexually mature than boys, but makes a mockery of it.

And to be fair to the boys, they are considered to be the rapists. Cases of older girls abusing younger boys rarely come to trial. Also if any girl abuses any boy, he’s considered to be the instigator. Patriarchal thought doesn’t always work out, even for the boys.

A second video dealt with the evolution of feminism. I was surprised to learn how early cultures were matriarchal in nature. The men of the tribe recognized that without women, there would be no future for the tribe and therefore treated their women with respect. It’s completely different from the cartoon of a caveman bashing his woman over the head with a club and dragging her off by her hair.

Women were actually worshiped and honored as the bearers of life. Given the life span of people in that era, women meant girls not much older than us. I could like being worshiped as a goddess.

DNA evidence and archeological finds indicate that when tribes encountered one another, they were more apt to make love, not war. They seemed to find it more profitable to trade with, mate with and learn from one another rather than fight.

It wasn’t until tribes became larger and male-dominated that warfare as we know it, came into being. And that’s the way it’s been for the past 5,000 years: cities, empires and nation-states constantly fighting and killing one another.

Men used their brute force and power to dominate, oppress and enslave other men, and in particular women: even their own women. The odds were stacked against the female gender and women were relegated to menial roles.

This was the harshest kind of oppression: economic enslavement. Women had little ability to make a living on their own and had to depend on men for survival. What’s worse is that it still goes on today. Women don’t make as much money as men even though they do the same jobs.

A lot of advancement has been made in the past 50 years in this area, but there is still a long way to go. Oddly enough, one place where there is equality is in the military. All people of a certain rank with the same amount of time in service make the same money regardless of which rest room they use.

But even there, there have been issues. Women have traditionally been denied the kinds of assignments that get people promoted. It’s only in very recent years that this has changed.

The big change is that brute force is no longer required in the workplace. The days of digging ditches with a pickaxe and shovel are over. A backhoe can be operated by a woman as easily as a man. Likewise, computers don’t know or care who’s pushing the keys.

I was pleased to learn that we are on the turning point. For the past decade or so, women are outnumbering men in college and getting their degrees and the pay gap is shrinking.

I had to reflect on what I was seeing. My great-grandmother stayed at home and didn’t even drive a car. My grandmother actually had a job. It was teaching, a traditionally female occupation, but she kept at it even after getting married and having children. My mom is a successful business woman. It made me wonder how far I can go.

I’m so glad I’m here at camp. It really awakens my feminine spirit. It makes be glad to be a girl.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

Today we learned about fetishes. I was surprised to learn that there was evidence of fetishes even in ancient history.

The original fetishes were religious objects. A priest would bless them and bestow upon them some magical power. Having or using the object would grant one success in business, a good crop, finding a mate or even getting pregnant.

A lot of fetishes had to do with sex and in particular: fertility. There were statues of “Earth Mothers” who had exaggerated breasts and buttocks. Such combinations were considered signs of sexual maturity and fertility. How different from the emaciated super-models of today! That’s what happens when men start running things.

There were also more representations of penises than you could shake a phallic symbol at. (We did have a brief introduction to Freud.)

The Greeks and even the Romans didn’t seem to have a problem displaying these in their homes and in public. When Archimedes went running through the streets of Syracuse yelling, “Eureka,” nobody thought twice about his nudity. They were more likely to remark, “Well, there he goes \*again\*.”

Modern day fetishes are usually associated with sex and it seems to be something that mostly boys and men have. Women can get “turned on” by a good-looking man, but that’s normal sexual attraction.

Boys and men get turned on by things that have nothing at all to do with sex. Of course, they like boobs and asses (yea for Caroline and me) but I think that comes under the heading of normal sexual attraction.

They also get turned on by other body parts like feet. I don’t get that. Boys have feet too. Of course, girls’ feet are smaller, daintier and prettier and we do wear nail polish, but feet are feet.

They also have attraction to articles of clothing. Bras and panties are particular favorites. I can sort of understand this since these are in contact with our “girl parts.” It’s like by wearing them, we become the priests that sanctify them and give them their power over the boys.

However, I’m turned off rather than turned on when I think of boys’ athletic supporters.

Another big favorite is shoes. I like shoes too. What girl doesn’t? But as one of the pink shirts described it, it’s a different kind of like. It doesn’t turn us on sexually like it does boys. We have them to wear them and show them off to our friends. Boys want to have sex with them.

High heels are especially favored among men and boys and I guess that’s because only women are stupid enough to wear them (I have a pair that I wear with my “good dress” when I have to, but I take them off the first opportunity I get. I like to get into my “tennies” as much as I can.) However some boys are even turned on by lowly sneakers or anything a girl might wear on her feet.

There’s not only clothing, but also what clothing can be made of. Silky things turn men on which is why night gowns are seductive (I guess so when compared to flannel pajamas). Leather is a turn on for a lot of men, but leather clothing is expensive. But maybe that also explains the shoes. Rubber is also another favorite (maybe this explains the sneakers). I think rubber would be hot and sweaty :(.

It's all so confusing.

We were told not to concentrate on why boys have fetishes, but to know that they do and that they are a secret weapon we girls can use to control them.

I already knew that we girls are the reason boys have erections, but if we use a fetish, then we can do it even more easily. All we have to do is display the object, and the boy will be interested; we don’t have to do anything more than just be a girl.

One of the girls asked, “How do you know if a boy has a fetish?” The answer was, almost any boy has a fetish of some sort. The trick is to find out what it is.

One of the camp mantras is, “The penis never lies.” If a boy gets an erection, it’s because he likes what is happening to him. No matter how much he may object to an activity, if he’s hard, then deep-down, he likes it. I’ve seen boys get hard even by being spanked! How could anyone like that? Boys!

So to find out what a boy’s fetish is simply expose him to the object. If he gets hard, then he has a fetish for it. Now that I know what some fetish objects are, I know some of the things I can try. I might even re-think my opinion of high heels.

**Young Ms. Leadership Academy 6**

Dear Diary,

Today we learned about milking and pegging a boy.

It started with giving the boys an enema. We were told that it works best if a boy is not full. Normally a good bowel movement would be sufficient, but for the purposes of the exercise, we wanted to assure that these boys be completely clean.

So we administered the enemas and gave the boys a couple of hours rest.

Milking is a lot different than regular masturbation. Even though we get “cream” from the boy by squeezing his penis like a cow’s udder, that’s not what’s meant by milking.

This kind of milking is done from the inside. Dr. Spadifino showed us another video and this one showed a thing called the prostate gland. It’s a bump inside a boy just behind his penis. She explained the purpose of the organ as part of the male reproductive system and showed pictures of what it actually looks like.

After the video, we had a live demonstration. A boy was placed on all fours on the table as we girls gathered around. The instructor explained how it was important to always wear gloves while doing this and to dispose of the gloves properly after doing a boy.

She also explained that lubrication was very important. In her words, “Take what you think you need and double it. There’s no such thing as too much lube.”

She also told us to tell the boy to try to relax and not clench up. I can imagine how funny it would feel to have something go up there in the opposite direction. I’d want to clench up. It must take some will power and practice to receive something that way.

I watched the girl insert her finger into the boy’s rectum and she slowly pushed it in she told us, “Go slow, but don’t be afraid to push in real hard if you have to. Most girls’ fingers are too short to reach the organ if you don’t push in.

What you are looking for is in front of the boy’s body behind and slightly above where the penis is attached. It’s called the prostate gland and it should be about the size of a walnut.

Ah, here it is!”

She went on with her instruction. “Once you find it gently stroke it along the sides. Don’t press on it, just gently probe it. Make sure your fingernails are clipped short and avoid having them come in contact with the organ. Use the pads of your fingers to stimulate the organ.

Although the procedure is invasive, be gentle. Remember, never hurt your boy.”

I watched as her hand moved back and forth in the boy’s ass. I could only imagine what she was doing with her finger. After a while, the boy started to buck back and forth seemingly pushing himself into her thrusts. His penis and balls started to swing and some of the girls giggled at this.

Then it happened. He came. He just came. There was no touching of his penis at all. It just happened. It wasn’t like a normal masturbation. It didn’t “jet” out in spurts, it sort of flowed out.

Dr. Spadifino told us girls that milking a male is important to his well-being. It can prevent cancer and keep the prostate gland firm and small. Apparently that’s an important thing for men’s health. So we were actually learning a medical procedure. That makes me feel grown up.

We donned our rubber gloves and went exploring. It felt kind of funny sticking my finger up a boy’s ass. I probed around and then I felt it! I could actually feel this lump inside the boy. It felt good. I was doing it just like Dr. Spadifino taught us. With my medical examination gloves on, I imagined myself as a nurse, doing this in her office.

I massaged it just like she told us too, and my boy let out the most adorable mewing sound as I stroked him inside. I heard similar sounds in the earlier stages of our ruined ejaculation exercises only those turned into tortured groans as the boys came closer and closer to ejaculation without release. These boys seem contented, like contented cows.

I kept looking in the mirror that was thoughtfully provided so I could see what effect I had. His penis was erect (although Dr. Spadifino said that you can make boys cum this way even without getting them hard) and he was dripping. I definitely was making him excited, and I was doing it with just the tip of my finger!

Then it happened, I could feel his whole body tighten and I could feel him spasm inside. Cum flowed from the end of his penis. It wasn’t the gushing orgasm associated with a jerk off, this was like a river of cum. He relaxed and sighed. I wonder what it felt like for him.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

Today we did the most exciting thing at camp so far: anal penetration of a boy or as one of the pink shirts call it, “pegging.”

The counselors were very clear to explain that a lot of boys don’t like this activity because they somehow think it’s “queer” or “gay.” I don’t see how that could be if a girl is doing it to them. Nonetheless, they told us again that although boys are our inferiors, they still had rights and that if a boy says no we should respect his response.

Usually, boys find milking pleasurable so they are open (giggle) to this kind of activity. All the boys at the camp had already given their consent.

We had an unusually long safety lecture on the topic explaining how with a virgin boy, you have to start with a small dildo and work your way up to longer and wider ones. There is also this thing called a butt plug that boys can wear between peggings to keep them dilated.

Once again, we were advised to use oceans of lube both on the dildo and on the boy’s butt hole. We were told to start slow and easy before picking up the pace.

It felt funny strapping on the dildo again. The last time I wore it was when we learned how to put a condom on a boy. This time, the pink shirts and blue shirts checked and double-checked the fit. It was snug, but comfortable. I giggled when I looked down and saw this penis sticking out from in front of my shorts. I giggled again as it swayed back and forth as I walked. I remember how I used to laugh when I saw boys walking around with their erections waving hello to everybody. Did I look like that?

The boys must have been well dilated since most of us girls were wearing strap-ons about the same size as some of the penises we were used to looking at.

The boys assumed two basic positions: one was on all fours on a bench so that their butt was about waist high to us girls. The other was what I like to call the “diaper” position with the boy on his back on the table and legs spread out.

I wanted to do my boy in the diaper position so I could see his penis and his face as I did him. It was fun to watch other girls do their boys on the all-fours position because that made the boy’s penis and balls jiggle back and forth.

I lubed my dildo up with a generous amount of lube and had it inspected by a blue shirt. She smiled at me and gave me a thumbs up. Then I put a huge glob on my boy’s rectum and used my finger to try to push it in. It was like trying to put toothpaste back in the tube, but I was able to get some in. I looked at my blue shirt supervisor and she gave me another thumbs up.

It was time to go. I positioned the head of my penis at his rectum and slowly pushed my hips forward. There was a little resistance at first, but then I could feel it “pop” in. I slowly pushed until I had buried the entire shaft and could feel the boy’s ass cheeks against my front.

I pulled back out slowly stopping only when I could feel the head “catch” on his sphincter (I had to look at how to spell that word up – I hope I never get it in a spelling bee.)

Then I pushed back in. I repeated the in-and-out a couple more times until I felt comfortable and the boy looked comfortable before picking up the pace.

In about a minute, I was fucking him with full force.

Did I just say “fucking?” Oh wow, Dear Diary! There’s no other word to describe it. I thought that the first time I’d fuck a boy I’d be the one being penetrated. This was something else entirely. I was the one doing the penetration. I was the one in control. The boy could do little more than just lay there and take it passively. I felt the power overcome me.

I was feeling the push-pull pressure where the harness pushed against my crotch. I wasn’t stimulating my clitoris directly, but it was responding. I think I was experiencing the girl’s version of edging. I was getting hotter and hotter. This made me fuck even faster and harder.

The combination of raw, female power and physical stimulation was too much to resist and I surrendered to my body’s urges. I shuttered and almost screamed with the pleasure. Oh, I liked this. Oh, I have to find a boy when I get home to do this to.

When I came down from my high, I was exhausted. Then I realized that I had missed the boy’s orgasm. I know that the dildo was more than long enough to reach his prostate. With the vigorous pumping I had given him I had to have stimulated it to beyond milking.

I saw the puddle of cum on his stomach. There was still some dribbling from the tip of his penis.

I had to settle for watching other girls make their boys cum like this.

Oh, yes, I like this. This was the best day to be a girl in camp so far. Oh, I hope mom knows about this. I hope she’ll buy me one of these marvelous toys.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

I can’t believe that it’s been almost two weeks! Today we had the competition with the boys from another camp. It wasn’t really fair, but fairness had little to do with this competition. All is fair in love and war and the battle of the sexes is both love and war. The boys came into the competition cocky (giggle – that term means something else to me now) that they could beat us “mere girls.”

We girls had true confidence that comes from being members of the superior sex.

I am sure that if we played games that the boys were trained for, they might have done better. But we played unconventional games.

One of them was to get a greased water melon into a goal on the lake. It was sort of a cross between soccer and water polo. Only the boys didn’t figure that out. I have to admit that it was unusual to be swimming with boys who weren’t naked, but it was easy for me to imagine they were and that made me more confident.

We girls quickly established teams and cooperated with each other. The boys competed not only with us girls, but also with each other and fought each other for the water melon.

Each boy wanted the glory of personally scoring a goal. So, he squeezed the melon tight as a girl approached them, which only made it squirt out. We girls were smart enough to pass it on to another girl who was usually open.

We trounced them 7-1.

We had other competitions that were not physical in nature such as spelling bees and trivia contests and a contest that involved finding clues and solving riddles to get to the goal. The boys did surprisingly well in these contests, but we girls won most of them because we’re smarter.

The final competition was the sky walk. This wasn’t fair at all. We had the home field advantage. Each of us girls spent days going through this very course. We were told that the course was designed for girls and that the obstacles were easier to traverse if you had a lower center of gravity.

We had teams of 10 boys and 10 girls each, and the team with the overall lowest time was the winner. I was surprised that I was picked for the team, especially with how scared I was the first time I tried it.

I hate to admit it, but I was the slowest girl. However, I still beat half the boys. Melonie, our rock-climbing champ could have won the contest all by herself. She completed the course in a couple of minutes less time than the best boy.

It was great to hear the cheer, “Girls Rule” throughout the day as we defeated the boys in contest after contest. There is no doubt who the superior gender is.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

The last thing we did at camp was to learn how to lock up boys in chastity devices. We’ve seen the older girls do this numerous times and saw the boys walking around camp this way.

Dr. Spadifio emphasized the importance of chastity to teen boys. “Boys have to masturbate. It’s a healthy, normal activity for them, and almost every boy does it.

Physiologically, it’s important to them so that they do not build up too much semen in their systems. This will either be discharged in the form of wet dream which is rather embarrassing and inconvenient for the boy, or it will back up in the system and cause other medical issues.

Milking and pegging will suffice to take care of this physiological need.

But there is also a psychological importance to masturbation. It relieves boys’ anxiety and stress and calms their naturally aggressive natures. It makes them more docile.

Left unto themselves boys would jerk themselves raw and would do it while entertaining inappropriate, anti-feminist fantasies.

So it is important for us girls to make sure that boys masturbate properly and that we control it.

Putting a boy in chastity gives us that control. We get to decide when he masturbates and the conditions under which he does it. There will be no more jerking off to pornography that degrades women.

However, while a chastity device can be used to reward a boy for good behavior you should not use it as a punishment device. There are other means for dealing with negative behavior.

Be judicious in your use of the device.”

Dr. Spadifino then went on to show us how to inspect penises that were locked up to make sure the device was not hurting the boy and how to wash and perform other hygiene duties with the device on.

I liked the idea that boys locked up like this had to sit and pee and blot themselves dry just like us girls. Ever since I was a little girl and found out that boys could pee standing up, I was envious. These toys are sort of an equalizer in that area.

We were the shown a variety of devices. In spite of variances in the design, they all seemed to work on the same principle. Some were metal, others plastic and they even had some made of rubber. For a boy with a rubber fetish, that would be hard (giggle) to deal with.

I’m tucking this information away. I don’t have a boy to take care of now, but I look forward to taking care of one.

-=o=-

Dear Diary,

This will have to be short. I have to pack up and get ready to leave. I can’t believe it’s the last day :( I made so many good friends here and it’s nice to know that they will be classmates in a couple more weeks. Even the upperclass girls have come to accept us as we proved our worth.

I guess they went through all this in their own turn and knowing that bonds all of us together in a kind of sisterhood. I am really looking forward to going to school with them in the fall.

I’m not the girl I was when I came to camp. Then I had doubts and fears about whether I could live up to the standards of femininity that I was expected of me. I remember the thrill of seeing naked boys, but also feeling just a bit uneasy about it too.

As I was exposed to more and more male nudity, I came to accept it and the nervousness of seeing naked boys was replaced with the excitement of making them do things for us girls. Eventually the excitement was internalized as a recognition of the power I had simply because I was a girl.

Girl Power isn’t just a great slogan; it’s a fact of life. I can see it in myself; I can see it in my sisters in camp; I think I’ll see it in every girl. We’ll smile at each other and know.

I hardly recognize myself. I’m not the same doubtful girl who arrived at camp two weeks ago. Then I had a certain ignorance and uncertainty about boys. I was teetering between being in awe of them and hating them. Now that seems to be such a little girl point of view to hold.

I pity Carolyn and Becky. They’re still little girls in this regard. They don’t know better. I know that they are my friends, but I can’t help but to look down on them. Carolyn strutting her big breasts for the boys’ attention and Becky giggling at them whenever they look at her.

But they are girls, and they should have the power. I feel confident returning to them, not as a peer, but as a mentor to awaken the power within them.

I pity boys even more. They don’t even know how inferior they are. It is our responsibility as girls to take care of them in pretty much the same way as we’d take care of a pet.

We have to shower them with love and pets, feed them and take them out for walks, but also we need to be stern with them and discipline them when they misbehave and to make sure that they know that we are the alpha and we are in charge. Obey the girls and live a happy life.

The camp not only taught me ways to do these things, but also that it is my right as a girl to do these things.

I am so glad to be a GIRL.