

# WHISPERS

You're going to want to sit down for this.



*FRESHMAN AND ECONOMICS MAJOR KENNETH GRANT SHOWN HERE ON THE CAMPUS OF SADIE HAWKINS UNIVERSITY. SAYS HE PLANS TO PLEDGE THE DELTA GIRLS SORORITY TO SHOW WOMEN HOW ANNOYING IT IS WHEN THEY INVADE MALE SPACES. "THEY CAN'T HANDLE ME," HE SAYS. "JUST LIKE THEY CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH."*

## SISTERMAN!

*Jenny Clark, reporting.*

"I've had enough," Kenneth Grant, who recently announced he intends to pledge Delta Girls sorority, says. "Women are always pushing their way into men's sports, our clubs. Well, we're about to find out how they like it when a man invades **their** world."

"How do you think the Delta Girls will react?" I ask.

"They'll beg me to quit," Ken says, confident, even smug. "They won't want a man ruining their fun. Besides, women are all afraid of men. They'll find me too intimidating."

Cassie White, the pledge master for Delta Girls, however, says she welcomes Kenneth's pledge. "I think it's great Ken wants to be a Delta Girl. I just don't know if he can handle it. He'll have to do all the same things as the other girls," Cassie says. "I'm betting he quits in less than a week."

I tell Kenneth what Cassie said, and he smirks. "Men don't quit."

Kenneth has agreed to allow me to monitor his experience and report it here, so come back to check on just who is really stronger: Men or women?

# CORSETS FOR KEN! OR IS IT KENNA?



"To be a Delta girl," Cassie explains to Kenneth and a few other pledges, "you have to have a curvy figure. Therefore, for those of you who don't quite have Delta Girl bods, you'll need to do waist training."

"What does that mean?" Kenneth says. As required for a Delta pledge, he's wearing light makeup and is clean shaven, his whole body smooth after a trip to the salon, polished nail extensions sparkling on his fingertips.

He looks stunned as Cassie opens a box and holds up a corset. "It means, honey, that you will be wearing a corset all day, everyday. That is, unless you want to quit?"

Kenneth looks terrified, ashamed, but to his credit he crosses his arms definitely and declares once more, "Men don't quit."

The girls can't help but laugh as Ken is laced into his corset, groaning in pain as the laces are pulled tighter and tighter. "I can't breathe!" He gasps, and there **are** giggles.

"You'll get used to it," Cassie says, patting him on the cheek. She leads him to a mirror, and I can see Ken looks stunned and confused to see how the corset has given him a curvy, hour glass shape. "You'll have to wear it until your body adjusts and you have a naturally feminine figure."

"Wait. I'm going to be stuck like this?"

Cassie nods. "You're welcome. Oh, by the way, from now on your name is Kenna."



*KENNA EXPERIENCES JEERS AND DERISION FROM INSENSITIVE CLASSMATES AS HE WALKS AROUND CAMPUS IN THE "BABY GIRL" PLEDGE UNIFORM, WORN BY ALL INITIAL DELTA GIRL PLEDGES. "THAT WAS HELL," KENNA SAID AFTER, UNSTRAPPING ONE OF HIS SANDALS AND RUBBING HIS ANKLE AND CALF. "MY FEET ARE KILLING ME. HOW DO GIRLS PUT UP WITH THESE THINGS?"*

MONTH TWO



I manage to catch up with Kenna right before the yoga class he and the other Deltas are taking together as a way to build sisterhood. He looks cute in his pink sports bra and leggings, his waist trainer crushing his waist, giving him a pleasing, curvy shape. "You've lost weight," I say, "is the stress getting to you?"

Kenna taps his long nails on the front desk and scoffs. "All the pledges are on the Slender Miss Diet," he says. "All I'm allowed are Slender Miss shakes and only 1000 calories a day."

"That sounds hard."

"If a girl can do it, I can do it. Besides, with my corsets crushing my tummy, I have, like, no appetite."

I notice his hair is now longer, tied up in a ponytail. "Extensions," he says. "Delta girls are all required to have hair at least down to our shoulders."

"Is it hard presenting as female on campus? I mean, you being such a macho guy and all?"

"It was," Kenna says. "People would make fun of me so bad. But Cassie? She's actually kinda okay. She set me up with a therapist, and the hypnosis sessions are really like, amazing and everything."

As I get ready to leave, Kenna grabs my wrist. "Be careful," he whispers. "Mars is in retrograde." He giggles and tosses his hair. "I am so into astrology."

As I watch Kenna head to yoga class, I can't help but notice a little wiggle in his step as his pony tail bounces from side to side. I could swear I am looking at a woman.



# THE BREAST OF MEN!

"We don't have flatty patties in this sorority," Cassie says to Kenna. I had come on Cassie's invite. She told me Kenna would "blossom" before my eyes. How could I say no?

"What am I supposed to do about that?" Kenna says, sassily throwing his hip to the side. His voice is higher, softer than when he started.

Cassie opens a box and lifts out a breast form. "Surprise! I bought you a pair of boobies."

"No," Kenna says, disgusted. "Hell, no."

"So, you quit," Cassie says. "I knew you weren't strong enough to be a Delta Girl."

Kenna slits his eyes. "'Kay. Fine. Whatever. I'm not scared of breasts."

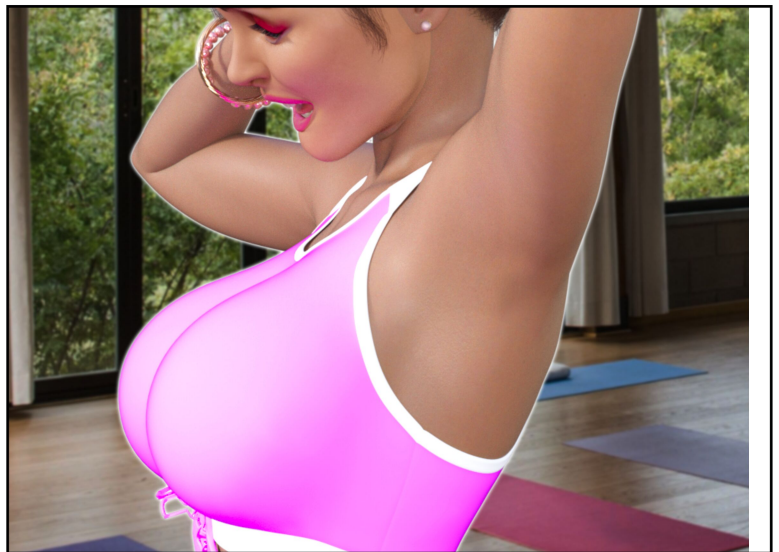
"Take off your bra." Cassie says, and when Kenna does, she **glues** the bouncy breast forms to his hairless chest.

"Glue?" Kenna says, "I'm stuck with these things all the time?"

"The other girls have breasts **all** the time, so you should, too." Cassie laughs.

When Kenna tugs his bra back on over his- they must be D cups- all the Delta girls file into the room, clapping and cheering. "Congrats, girl! You got your titties," one of them shouts.

Kenna has a defeated look in his eyes, but he's learned to be a Delta girl, and smiles through the humiliation. He struggles through yoga, gasping for breath. "I could barely breath as it was with this stupid waist trainer," he says, "and now with my bra crushing these stupid melons to my chest? I almost fainted." I ask him about his voice. "Cassie ordered me to take voice lessons," he says, twisting his bracelet around his wrist. "For the sake of sisterhood."



MONTH THREE



# GO FIGURE!

I meet Kenna for our regular update at a cafe near campus. He's gone blonde, but that's not the only reason I find him unrecognizable.

His walk and mannerisms have become completely and utterly feminine. I feel positively inadequate as a woman sitting next to him. His voice has gotten even higher, and when he speaks it's with the singsong cadence of a flirty female. I tell him I'm impressed. "You really are becoming a Delta Girl," I say.

"Omigod," he says, waving his hands dramatically. "I'll be glad when it's over! The backaches, and my stupid bra straps are always digging trenches in my shoulders! Makeup takes forever, and I have to shave my legs, like, everyday. I never knew what women go through. It's, like, so much work!"

I ask if there is anything else he's learned about the female experience. "Men," he says, leaning forward, "are pigs. They're always hitting on me." He giggles and shrugs his little, round shoulders. "Not that I can blame them. I am pretty hot."

**"ME AND THE GIRLS WERE SO WASTED" KENNA SAYS, EXPLAINING HIS TATTOO. "ONE SEC, I'M DANCING WITH A HUNKY GUY. THE NEXT DAY I WAKE UP WITH A TRAMP STAMP. IT'S SO HUMILIATING!"**

**I POINT OUT TO KENNA THAT HE VOLUNTEERED THIS INFORMATION, THAT HE SUGGESTED OUR PHOTOGRAPHER GET A PICTURE OF HIS "EMBARASSING" TATTOO AND THAT WE DO THE PHOTOSHOOT ON THE QUAD IN THE MIDDLE OF CAMPUS WHERE EVERYONE COULD SEE.**

**HE TWISTS HIS HAIR AROUND HIS FINGER AND FROWNS. "FINE! I WORKED REALLY HARD TO GET THIS ASS. DO YOU BLAME ME FOR WANTING TO SHOW IT OFF?"**





## HE'S A DELTA!

He did it! Kenna Grant is now a sister in the Delta Girls sorority. I meet him on campus the day after initiation. He struts across the quad wearing his Delta Girls sorority shirt, and he greets me with a squeal, a hug and air kisses. "I did it," he says, hopping up and down, clapping his hands. "I'm a Delta Girl!"

"Congratulations," I say. "I guess you can get back to being a man now."

"As if," Kenna says. "Turn my back on my sisters? Never. We've become such good friends. Once you're a Delta Girl, you're a Delta Girl for life."

"So, you're staying a woman?"

"I worked my ass off for these curves," Kenna says. "You're damn right I'm keeping them."

Later, I ask Cassie whether she helped Kenna along, maybe with some estrogen?

Cassie winks. "I can neither confirm nor deny that Kenna may have been gifted the hormonal balance of a girl her age. God, she turned out well. What a sexy little bitch!"





*KENNA, POSING HERE FOR A CHARITY CALENDAR RAISING MONEY TO FIGHT, ACCORDING TO HER, "SOME GROSS DISEASE," HAS CHANGED HER MAJOR FROM ECONOMICS TO ELEMENTARY EDUCATION. "I WANT TO TEACH KINDERGARTEN," KENNA SAYS. "I JUST LOVE THE LITTLE ONES! PLUS, MATH MAKES MY HEAD HURT!"*