


AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

COLIN MILTON



*The Making
of Tissy
Baby
Charlotte*

The Making Of Sissy Baby Charlotte

Poetic Entrée To A Mistress Attendance

*Autumnal early flight o'er open sea and mountain vales,
Then shuttling trains to traverse sweet Yorkshire's dales.
Rest awhile midst the throng of the rustic market fair,
Before setting out in search of elusive Todmorden's lair.*

*By meandering runny brook and lofty railway bridge,
Turn right past the quarry factory and up the hilly ridge,
Where nestled there in the bosom of the cliff's rugged hue,
The charming Practice dwelling so enchanting to my view.*

*In animated spirits, I boldly enter through the wooden gate,
And thrice do pull the bell rope while attending there to wait.
Then a glorious vision to behold of the Mistress at the door,
Invites me in and in submission, I kneel before her on the floor.*

Governess In A Bygone Age



Given GovernessX's interest in and affinity with, the Victorian and Edwardian ages, I wondered what she might think her life would have been like if she were born in such times.

Somehow, I imagine GovernessX, as a highly sophisticated and attractive, middle-aged, titled English Rose, Countess Taylor, who reigns over an expansive country manor and estate in which maids-in-waiting and stable boys feature prominently. As the Lady of the Manor, you are a woman of independent means (perhaps helped by a generous family inheritance from a favourite aunt), financially or otherwise dependent on no man (highly unusual for the times), and a greatly respected figure in the local rural community.

You reside with your two cousins, Lucinda and Prudence Hardright, who are extremely beautiful, fun-loving and feisty young women in their late teenage years who have, unfortunately, fallen on difficult family circumstances and whom, out of the kindness of your heart, you have taken into the bosom of your home. They are constantly seen in your presence as, day by day, you skillfully guide and shape their personal development and social deportment in a manner befitting of their newfound status.

As the young ladies' Benefactor, Guide and Mistress, you are the adored object of their complete devotion and loyalty. For your

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own part, you regard it as your solemn duty to imbue within them a profound sense of the proper order of your own moral universe in which, contrary to the prevailing conservative social mores of the times, women can, and indeed should, take up public leadership roles, while keeping members of the weaker male species under them and firmly in their place, through the application of appropriate measures of female control and discipline.

As a Patron of the Arts and Literature, you set up and manage a small, but extremely successful, publishing house for aspiring and struggling authors, such as the Bronte sisters. In time, the publishing house developed a niche reputation for supporting the literary works of strong-minded female authors who write about socially repressed, but altogether human, themes relating to female domination and the subjugation of the adult male. This interest seems to many to present an added strange and erotic dimension to your already enigmatic persona and reputation.

You also sponsor the establishment and development of a theatre company in your local northern English mill town in which you have a particular interest in informally advising on stage setting and costume design. In fact, you have been known, from time to time, to write and direct plays in your own right. Your dramatic productions are invariably ones that take place in a female-headed domestic, nursery or academic setting in which women actors always play the lead roles, while men are dressed in period girls' or women's clothing, playing minor and subordinate parts. Somehow, nobody is surprised by, or comments on, the fact that the Management Committee of the Taylor Theatrical Company for the Dramatic Arts Ltd. is comprised solely of women of a rather dominant disposition of which you are its lifelong Patron.

As part of your busy public profile, you also fulfil a number of other important and rewarding social leadership roles in the community. For example, as Governor of the Board of Management

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of the Western Grammar School for Aspiring Young Gentlemen, you are personally credited by many for the school's well-established reputation for high standards of moral development and scholastic attainment. Here, you have a pivotal and personal role in ensuring the employment of suitable female teachers whom you are confident will instil the required moral and academic standards of excellence among their young charges – standards which are to be rigorously applied and consistently reinforced through the use of traditional methods of corporal punishment.

Again, it seems to be broadly acceptable within the community that the school is led by the renowned French Headmistress, Madame Hortense de Chambonnard (whom you have personally selected for the post) and her all-female teaching and ancillary staff.

As a Justice of the Peace For Young Offenders in your rural borough, you have an instrumental role in adjudicating on serious misdemeanours and crimes of incorrigible local youths who come before your court. While you have an innate sense of natural justice and fair play, tending towards leniency whenever you feel there is a genuine prospect of the personal rehabilitation of a youth, nonetheless, you have no hesitancy in imposing the most severe and harshest of sentences to recalcitrant boys and young men who fail to show any sign of remorse for their wrongdoing and wickedness. Judicial punishments of cane and birch floggings (which in your official role you are required to personally supervise), allied to long periods of confinement with hard labour in The District Reformatory School For Offending Youth (again, for some odd reason, staffed only by forceful females) is your ultimate, and not infrequent, court sanction.

A number of your other important roles in the community have a significant socially progressive influence which are widely recognised and valued. For example, you have been hugely

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innovative in setting up the first preschool nursery in Great Britain. You view this initiative as a response to the needs of the countless number of poor children of the working class of the Industrial Age, many of them who are abandoned urchins, whose desperate living conditions and pitiful plight are anathema to your highly developed sense of social justice.

Your visionary work in this area comes to the attention of national politicians and public policymakers based, as it is, not just on a traditional childcare model for socially deprived kindergarten children, but on the vital need to promote their early childhood education and development. You have written *A Guide To Good Practice For Preschool Nurseries in Great Britain and The Empire*, which includes a manual on the day-to-day operations of a preschool nursery regime which has been adopted by the Government of the Day as The National Approved Standard For Nursery Childcare And Early Education. In recognition of this and your other outstanding work in this much-neglected field of child welfare, you are publicly awarded The Order of Merit for the Upbringing of Preschool Nursery Babies and Sissies (BS), which you rightly regard with great pride as your singular most professional achievement.

Another progressive initiative is your founding of The Royal Society for the Care of Abandoned and Stray Animals which you set up, through royal imprimatur, with the aim of providing loving homes for the neglected animal cast-offs of society. Here, you have led by your own wonderful example in taking in a minimum of three dogs at any one time, all of whom you make your dearest canine companions. Ahead of your time, you are the first to see the need for foreign adoptions in this area by importing into England and bringing into your home an abandoned Irish redsetter and wolfhound.

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Unbeknown to anyone, save your closest female confidantes and friends, you have dedicated an entire rear wing of your country manor to the conduct of a particular private activity which, while doubtlessly beneficial for the individual attendees involved, would, if discovered, heap down on you untold opprobrium and denunciation from what is, fundamentally, a deeply conservative and repressive society.

However, having never in the past flinched from the carrying out of your duty as to what you regard as being socially responsible and progressive, you demonstrate tremendous visionary courage in establishing a special preschool facility of your own, *The Nursery Institute For The Infantilisation, Sissification, Humiliation and Objectification of Select Gentlemen*.

Your primary motivation for doing so is your heartfelt conviction that there exists within the wider society as a whole an abundance of pathetic, weak adult males who are morally and sexually repressed, and who yearn within themselves for the authentic experience of returning or being regressed to their childhood years.

Indeed, a slightly ulterior motive in providing a new home for your two bright and enchanting cousins, Lucinda and Prudence, is to inveigle them as willing and active collaborators in your secret enterprise. You are necessarily most assiduous in the selection of male attendees to your special preschool nursery, for they must be gentlemen of upright and honest character, of the utmost discretion, of reasonable means, inherently submissive by nature, and willing to enter into a personalised journey of control, discipline and humiliation under the absolute authority of The Governess Taylor, ably assisted by her two Dominant Ladies in-training.

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Thus, does this majestic, mesmerising and mysterious Lady of the Manor interweave her public and private personas in such subtle and wonderful ways that provide beneficial social outlets for her great creativity and enormous organisational skills, while meeting her deeply felt desire to be the paragon of female domination over the abject and submissive adult male of her time?

Truly, Countess Taylor conquers all before her...

Governess in A Bygone Age (Part 2)



Continuing the narrative theme of GovernessX in a Bygone Age, this is a short story of The Governess as a mythical Celtic Goddess who rules over the Land of the Ever Young. It is loosely based on the famous Celtic legend of the Goddess, Niamh of the Golden Hair, and how she brought a mere mortal man, Oisín (pronounced Ush-eeen), to the mythical land of TirNa-nÓg.

The story, like so many others in mythology, is about the inner journey of the human soul/psyche/spirit, the facing of tests and trials set by a powerful God / Goddess and the initiation of the underling into a higher or better state of being, followed by the pre-ordained descent to a disastrous fate.

The Governess of Tir-Na-nÓg (meaning 'Land of the Ever Young') was a Celtic Goddess, daughter of Mannanan, the Celtic God of the Sea who roamed the west coast waters and gave his name to the Isle of Man. The Governess was the most beautiful of all the Celtic Goddesses. Her long raven hair hung down in tresses and at the end of each plait was tied a coloured bead. Slender and

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exquisite as a birch tree, of shape as sweet as the fine clover, of colour as picturesque as a summer morning, The Governess was indeed the Glorianna of the Celtic lands and seas.

One morning, the Fianna (a band of Celtic warriors) were deer-hunting on the shores of Leas Lean on the far west coast of Ireland. Suddenly, they saw a wonderful white horse coming towards them from out across the sea. Riding on the horse was the most beautiful woman they had ever seen. She wore a long dress as blue as the summer sky, studded with silver stars, and she was brandishing a riding whip.

"What is your name and what land have you come from?" asked Fionn, the leader of the Fianna.

"Why, I am The Governess of Tir-Na-nÓg in the western seas. My father is King of Tir-Na-nÓg, " she replied. "I have heard of a certain pretend-big-boy named Oisín. I have been told of his so-called great courage and of his pretentious poetry. I have come to find him and take him back with me to be regressed as a forever newborn in my nursery home of Tir-NanÓg."

"Tell me," Oisín said, without revealing his identity to the awesome Goddess. "Wwhat sort of land is TirNa-nÓg?"

"Why, Tir-Na-nÓg is the land of forever nursery babies and sissies," replied The Governess. "It is a happy place, with no pain or sorrow, and where I, as The Governess, look after every baby and sissy who lives there under my Law and Rule. Any silly wish you make, (only) with my express permission, comes true and no baby or sissy ever grows old there. If you come with me now, Oisín, you will find all this to be true for yourself."

Having nurtured a secret desire all his warrior life to return to his earliest childhood days and experiences, Oisín boldly mounted the white horse of the mesmerising Goddess Governess. She, for her part, was careful that the wannabe nursery baby was

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properly tied so that he would not fall off her horse on his long journey across the western seas.

Oisín fondly said goodbye to his father and friends. He promised them he would return again someday. The horse galloped off over the water, moving as swiftly as a shadow. The Fianna were very sad to see their hero go, but Fionn reminded them of Oisín's promise to return to them one day.

On their arrival at the Land of the Ever Young, all the nursery babies and sissies warmly welcomed Oisín and held a great feast of milkie, rusks, juice and jelly and ice cream in his honour. It was indeed a wonderful land, just as The Governess had said it would be. It was a timeless, ageless, happy place; a source of all wisdom, peace, beauty, harmony and immortality; a world full of magic, enchantment and music.

During the daytime, Oisín played never-ending fun games with his many new baby and sissy friends and at night, before going to beddy-bye-byes, he was allowed by The Goddess Governess to tell them exciting stories of Fionn and the Fianna and of their lives in Ireland. Oisín had never felt so happy as he did with The Governess and before long, he became her very special forever little baby, as she had promised him, and was recognised as such by all the babies and sissies in Tir-Na-nÓg.

Time passed quickly and although he was very happy, Oisín gradually grew more and more lonely and began thinking of returning home to Ireland to visit his father and his former warriors in the Fianna. The Governess refused him permission to do so for, after all, he was nothing more than a tiny little one and he might easily get lost. She had warned him that if he ever went back to Ireland without her permission and touched the soil of the country, he would never return to her or to the Land of the Ever Young again!

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However, despite this clear warning from The Goddess Governess, one early morning, the very naughty Oisín rose silently from his crib and crept into the stables where The Governess's white horse was standing asleep. He gently woke him up and, after feeding him an apple, mounted him with the help of a ladder (due to his little legs) and rode into the western seas, away from Tir-Na-n nÓg, to return from whence he had come. The Goddess Governess, in warning him about leaving, had not alerted him to the fact that, although he thought he had only been away for a few years, he had really been a forever-newborn of The Governess in Tir Na nÓg for well over three hundred years (since there were no clocks allowed by The Governess in The Land of the Ever Young).

Finally, having been guided to Ireland by The Governess's trusty steed after many days travelling across the western seas, his old home seemed to be indeed a very strange place to Oisín. There appeared to be no trace of his father or the rest of the Fianna. The people he met seemed to be very, very big to him.

As he passed through the Glen of the Giants, he saw some huge men trying to move a large stone. "I will help you," shouted the enthusiastic Oisín, being the ever-helpful little baby he had been taught to be by his Goddess Governess. The men were astounded at the sight of this little baby in double terry cloth nappies seated on a white horse. Stooping from his saddle, Oisín tried to lift the stone with one hand and to hurl it with all the little baby strength that he could muster.

With that, the saddle girth broke and poor Oisín was flung to the ground on his botty. Immediately, the white horse disappeared into thin air and the men, to their great shock and horror, saw Oisín turn before them into a grey and wizened old man (and still dressed in his nappies). Then, they gently took him to a holy man who lived nearby.

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"Where is my father and the Fianna?" Oisín asked. When he was told that they were long dead, he was truly heartbroken. He spoke of his wonderful time in Tir-Na- nÓg and of his beautiful Celtic Goddess Governess whom he would never see again. How sorry he was now that he had not obeyed the command of The Governess to stay on her white horse, no matter what. Then, sadly, before their very eyes, Oisín died and crumbled away to dust.

The story of the beautiful Goddess Governess of Tir-Na- nÓg and her darling forever little baby, Oisín, has continued to this day to live on in Celtic folklore. It is not uncommon for modern-day Governesses to tell this sad morality tale to their babies and sissies as a scary reminder to them that they should always be obedient to their Governess and that they should never, ever stray from the nursery without their permission.

Indeed, it is often the case that Governesses today, when placing their little charges in their baby reins before going outside the nursery for walkies, would humorously chide them that it is really for their own good, as: "Otherwise, you might stray off from the Land of the Ever Young and never return again - just like poor Baby Oisín!"

The Sissy Alphabet Nursery Rhyme



A is for my Apron, that I do adore,
Oh so nice and pretty, upon my pinafore.

B is for my Buggy, in which I go outside,
To park, mall or playground, for my daily ride.

C is for my Curtseys, I practise to impress,
By graceful, dainty bows, before my Governess.

D is for my Dollies, Megan, Beth and Sue,
Such lovely party dresses, yellow, pink and blue.

E is my Enema, to make my tummy well,
And clean out all those foodies, that make it oh so swell.

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F is for my Frillies, so delicate to the touch,
My skin cries out aloud, "I love you very much!"

G is for my Garter, to keep my stocking high,
And yields a wondrous vision, of my upper thigh.

H is for my Hair, so shiny does it glow,
My lovely curly ringlets, all tied up in a bow.

I is for my Inky, to feed my nibby pen,
That writes my silly stories, every now and then.

J is for my Jammies, fleece and winceyette,
That my plastic pants, do keep from getting wet.

K is for my Knickers, I love to wear so long,
Directoire or satin frilly, but never skimpy thong.

L is for my Lipstick, to colour my lips a sweet,
My dimply cheeks so rosy, when others I do meet.

M is for my Mummy, oh She who is so rare,
Graceful, tender and loving, to whom can She compare?

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N is for my Nappy, to which I do so thrill,
When my bladder opens, and rushes in to fill.

O is for my Onesie, that keeps me snug and warm,
When curling up to Mummy, safe and free from harm.

P is for my potty, I'm forced at times to sit,
Until my Governess, She deems no longer fit.

Q is for my Qualms, ashamed at what I do,
Pondering the spankies, which surely must accrue.

R is for my Rabbit, all fluffy, soft and pink,
I cradle in my arms, until off to sleep I sink.

S is my Submission, to The Petticoat,
Surrender to its Rule is my lifelong oath.

T is for my Teddy, Toddy by his name,
Dowdy in complexion, I love him all the same.

U is for my Undies, my botty likes to feel,

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Cotton, lace and silk, they do so much appeal.

V is for my Vitamins, that Mummy does insist,
Her milkies, snacks and din-dins, so futile to resist.

W is for my Winkle-tie, with its noisy bell,
Warning vigilant Mummy, of my willy-wanky swell.

X if for the XXXies, that Mummy will impart,
To her goodly sissy girly, who touches her dear heart.

Y is for my Yummies, all dripping down my bib,
As She cleans face and pandies, to place me in my crib.

Z is for my Zeal, to please my Governess,
No higher goal than this, can I aspire to address.