

Tales Of Sissies In Petticoats

Volume 3

Five Tales Of Well Deserved Petticoating.

By Patricia Michelle





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The Sissy Artist

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter-1 What am I going to do?

It didn't take more than a few months to realize what a big mistake I'd made marrying Bob. At first I thought he was the ideal mate. Bob was charming, funny and caring. How perfect I had thought.

There was one thing about Bob, he's short. I'm five feet eight without heels. Bob is maybe four inches shorter. Worse for him his youthful face caused him to look more like a middle schooler. It made him very self-conscious although I kept telling him it really didn't matter to me.

A couple months later I was getting disenchanted. I thought I'd married a take charge guy, but he was anything but. Much worse he was a true dud in bed. I decided I wanted out, but how?

Now Bob was an illustrator, but he was having trouble getting any real work. His publisher was Grace Roberts and thru him Grace and I have become good friends. I poured out my frustration with Bob to her.

"So you want out of the marriage, but you still care for him and don't want to hurt him as he really loves you?" She said.

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“Basically that’s it in a nut shell,” I admitted.

“Let me think on it a couple of days,” She promised.

Chapter-2 Here’s what we do.

A couple days later we met for drinks and with a twinkle in her eye she said she thought she had a solution.

“It will solve your problem with Bob and give me what I’ve always wanted,” She said.

I wondered about her last remark but passed over it when she told me her idea.

Frankly I was dubious. “Really Grace how on earth would he ever agree to that?”

“Trust me,” was all she’d say with a smile.

A couple days later Grace called Bob in for a meeting.

“I know you haven’t had work for a while Bob,” She Started.

“That’s for sure, I’m getting really desperate,” He replied.

“Well, I have good news. While jobs for commercial illustrators have all but dried up there is one category that’s actually growing. Namely children’s books, and they almost all use illustrations. Not only that but I have a client who wants me to find an illustrator for a series of at least six children’s books. For which she’ll pay \$5,000 for each book. But the best part is she’s willing to advance the illustrator half in advance, Grace said.

“Wow, that’s \$15,000. I sure could use it,” He said excitedly.

“Well, I have faith that you can do it. However my client is adamant that as a condition of the contract that the illustrator chosen must complete, to her absolute satisfaction, all the illustrations. If not the illustrator will pay her back the entire sum of \$30,000. Are you willing to abide by that stipulation?” Grace asked innocently.

“I don’t see any problem,” He naively said as he signed the contract.

“So what’s the theme of the books?” He asked.

“The theme of the series is titled, ‘The Adventures of Emily Jane Tippy Toes.’ She’s nine years old, and quite a tomboy. It tells all about how she becomes the perfect, little girl.”

Chapter-3 Not acceptable.

“So, how will this work?” He asked.

“Well, I’ll give you the outline of the first book in which Emily Jane, a real tomboy who acts like one, is transformed into the most adorable, little nine year old girl. She gets a new makeover, including a new hairstyle, has her ears pierced and gets the most precious little girl’s wardrobe. All of which you’ll illustrate,” she said.

“Your first illustration is of Little Emily’s new make over. Specifically pink, cupid’s shaped lips, gorgeous eye make up with the longest, fluttering eyelashes and girlishly arched eyebrows. Her drab, brown hair is dyed a beautiful blonde, All per the client’s instructions,” She added.

Bob worked diligently on the first illustration for days, and while it was decent, as planned, he was crestfallen when Grace informed him that the author rejected it as not sweet and adorable as she wanted it.

So he redid it with the same, deflating results. “Better but still not little enough. This is not good Bob, two rejections on your first effort. Try one with a little girl in the frilliest, sweetest party dress and let’s see what her reaction is,” Grace suggested.

So Bob did his best, but, of course, it too was rejected.

“I’m so sorry, I tried as hard as I could,” He stammered.

Laying it on thick Grace said, “I’m afraid you’re in serious trouble. The author is not at all happy with your efforts Bob. She’s pushing me to find a different illustrator. If she forces me you’ll void your contract and you’ll owe the complete sum of your contract, \$30,000.”

“Oh my God, I don’t have that kind of money, w-what can I do, I-I’ll do anything,” He sounded panicked.

Chapter-4 There’s only one solution I can think of.

“I’ve thought about it Bob, and there is one solution we can try. There’s an acting technique called, ‘total immersion.’ It’s where the actor, to fully understand the character they’re playing actually become that character,” Grace offered.

“I-I don’t understand, how does it relate to me?” He asked.

“For this to work Bob you need to become little Miss Emily Jane Tippy Toes,” She declared.

“B-Become, oh I could never do that,” He replied dumbfounded.

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“You said you’d do anything. Well this is the only thing I could come up with. My thought is you’d tell Monica that until you complete the project you’d be staying with me with my help and guidance. I’m certain you’ll come to understand how little girls look, think and act. Well, make up your mind,” Grace said testily.

“A-Alright, I guess I really have no choice. When do we start?” He asked.

“Right now. I’ve booked an appointment at my salon and beautician for a complete make over with an appropriate wardrobe,” Grace declared.

“But won’t she know I’m not a girl?” He panicked.

“I’ve been totally honest with Betty and she’s been very understanding, so there’s no need to be nervous at all,” Grace said, with a contented smile.

Chapter-5 From Bob to little Emily Jane.

After sitting him in one of her salon chairs she handed him a soda that contained a mild sedative. That in minutes had him awake but quite fuzzy and relaxed.

Bob was aware that Betty was doing something to his hair while one of her assistants was applying something to his lips and eyebrows. He had no idea why he felt tiny pricks to each ear, nor did he think to ask what was being done to his hands.

Several hours went by, although Bob was blissfully unaware of it. Just as he was coming back to life Betty declared his make over was finished and Grace declared it was time to get “her” dressed.

“Can I see what I look like?” she asked.

“Not quite yet, first I need to get this on you,” Gloria said, having her step into a unique, thin, flesh colored panty, and to her shock tucked his organs tightly back between her legs.

“W-What are you doing?” She asked.

“This will help remind you that little girls sit to do their tinkles, and more importantly it will remind you that you are no longer Bob but little, nine year old Emily Jane Tippy Toes as will this,” She said, fitting a most frilly trainer bra on her.

Next she told her to reach up as high as she could on a post and don’t let go as she wrapped a corset around her and began tightening the laces.

“W-Why are you putting that on me, it’s awfully tight,” She complained.

“Because all little girls have the tiniest and daintiest figures. And yours are neither, but this will start to solve that,” she proclaimed, yanking on the laces.

“Stop it, damn it, it’s too tight,” she protest angrily.

“Do you know what little, nine year olds get when they’re nasty? They get a spanking, is that what you want, Emily Jane?” She demanded to know.

“A-A spanking, no you can’t do that,” She retorted.

“Try me,” She sternly said, taking out a mean looking, long handled hairbrush.

“One more word and I’ll bluster your bottom so you won’t be able to sit for days. Now apologize to you Aunt Gloria,” she ordered.

“I-I’m sorry A-Aunt Gloria,” she whimpered contritely, staring at the hairbrush.

“We’ll see just how sorry you are, step into these,” She ordered, holding up the frilliest, little girl rhumba panties.

“Alright you can look now,” She said, turning her to a mirror, curious as to what her reaction would be.

Chapter-6 It’s the real you.

Turning her to a mirror she watched her reaction. At first there was none. Then, gasping in obvious shock, she cried out, “This can’t be m-me. I hate it! I don’t care how much I owe, I’m not a damn little girl!”

“Oh my, I’m afraid that’s exactly what you are. You are little, Emily Jane Tippy Toes and you’re nine years old until you complete the project you agreed to,” She said.

“I won’t and you can’t make me,” She shouted belligerently.

“I thought you might react like the naughty, nasty little girl I’m hearing. So I had Betty and the girls take measures to ensure that you will stay precisely as you are until you meet your obligations. For instance your little girl, pink cupid lips have been dyed in, as has your bright blue eye shadow. Neither will come off for months. Your fluttering, curled, doll-like eyelashes are glued on for as long as I say. As are your darling, pink fingernails and toes. As to your truly blonde little girl hair style, well, Betty gave it such a stiff perm that it will stay exactly like it is until I decide to have it changed,” She flatly stated, and was rewarded with a totally defeated expression on Emily Jane’s face.

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So that little tantrum was over.

Chapter-7 Nanny spans a naughty little girl.

“Ah, there you are Nelly,” She said, welcoming a tall girl, seriously dressed in heels.

“This, young lady, is your Nanny. All little girls have Nannies and she’ll be supervising you daily when I’m away,” Gloria declared.

“N-Nanny, I don’t need a Nanny, damn it,” She angrily yelled.

“I’m afraid Emily Jane has been such a nasty, defiant little girl and using such horrible swear words. Please deal with her if you will,” Gloria instructed.

“Certainly Ma’am,” The girl replied, suddenly grabbing and twisting her ear, yanking her over to a chair, and after pushing down her panties started paddling her unprotected bottom quite vigorously. It didn’t take long before Emily Jane was yelping and then begging her to stop. Which the girl ignored giving her another good fifteen before putting aside her hairbrush.

“Are you ready to greet your Nanny now. Tell her how old you are and apologize for being such a bad, little girl and curtsy?” Nelly demanded to know.

“Looking quite defeated Emily Jane stood, and between sobs, said, “H-Hello Nanny, m-my name is Emily Jane Tippy Toes a-and I’m nine y-years old and I’m sorry I’ve been a bad little girl,” She sobbed and clumsily curtsied.

“Well, she does sound sincere, but obviously her curtsy needs much practice nor does she sound much like a little girl, which I can remedy,” Nanny remarked.

“I agree, show her the proper way to curtsy and when. And you’re right she sounds more like a tomboy. For now I suggest you take her home and get her acquainted with her room, I put a lot of effort into furnishing it as the perfect little girl’s room,” Grace said, grinning to herself.

As Nelly was leading her out by the hand Grace sternly whispered, “Your Nanny doesn’t know who you really are. So you’d better act as little girly as you possibly can or you’ll be in a lot of trouble.”

Chapter-8 Emily Jane’s new room.

Both Grace and I couldn’t wait to see her reaction to her new room which we could as we’d installed cameras in every room and around the house.

Neither of us couldn’t help giggling at her reaction. Her mouth dropped open when Nelly walked her into it. And with good reason for it was all pink and in

the center was a canopied youth bed, actually nothing but a slightly larger crib with high, sliding side bars. With all the furniture dainty to the extreme.

“Oh look Emily Jane at the beautiful room your Aunty has made for you,” Nelly enthused. “Your very own play table and chairs, a rocking horse, drawing table and these gorgeous little girl party dresses, rompers, playsuits, darling socks, tights and shoes. You absolutely must thank her, don’t you think?”

“Y-Yes Nanny,” She replied in dismay.

Taking her by the hand she towed her into an adjoining room that was set up like a classroom with an old-fashioned desk, chalkboard and teacher’s desk.

“This is where you’ll learn everything a tomboy needs to know to become the most adorable, daintiest and obedient little girl,” She informed the obviously crest-fallen pretend little girl.

Leading her into a third room she said, “And this is where you’ll take ballet and tap dance lesson so you’ll become ever so graceful and co-ordinated. Now let’s go back to your classroom.”

Chapter-9 The Golden Rules.

“First I’ll be teaching you how a proper, little girl is expected to sit. For now please sit at your desk, on the edge of your seat, up right with knees and ankles together feet tucked under your seat, hands folded neatly on your lap. You will see a notebook and pencil. The first things a good, little girl must learn is how she’s expected to act at all times. They are called ‘The Golden Rules for Proper, Little Girls.’”

“The first golden rule is Silence is Golden. Which means polite, little girls never speak without first asking permission to speak. Which they do by raising their hand and waiting for permission to speak,” She instructed.

“Raising my hand, what bullshit,” She muttered angrily.

Which caused Nelly to leave the room returning a few minutes later and asking kindly for Emily Jane to open her mouth. Not understanding, but complying, she was shocked when a soft, mushy bar of soap was thrust repeatedly in her mouth.

As she did so to Emily Jane’s repeated gagging Nelly said, “Now this is how I treat, nasty, little girls who say bad words and speak without permission. When I eventually stop washing out your mouth you will apologize to your Nanny.”

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When she did, thoroughly defeated and still gagging Emily Jane said, "I-I'm so sorry for swearing a-and s-speaking without permission Nanny.

"So now you know what will happen every time you swear or speak without permission don't you little girl?" She sternly asked.

"Y-Yes Nanny," She sobbed.

"Now Emily Jane I do want to treat you nicely and fairly. But I won't put up with, or tolerate a naughty, disobedient little girl. Did you like being spanked?" She asked.

"Oh n-no Nanny."

In response, pointing to a mean looking paddle hanging on the wall Nelly said, "If you're being naughty I won't hesitate to spank you with that paddle, which will hurt a lot more than a hairbrush. Do we understand each other Emily Jane?" She demanded to know.

With her eyes fixed fearfully on the paddle she gulped and said, "Y-Yes Nanny, I'll try to be a g-good little g-girl."

"We'll see. Now use your pencil and write in nice, block letters your second Golden rule. What are you doing?" Nelly demanded to know.

"I-I'm writing..."

"Little girls your age aren't old enough to know how to write like grown ups. I told you to print," She ordered, and going on added, "Golden Rule number two. A proper, little girl is an obedient little girl. She never, ever hesitates to do what she's been told to do. Golden rules number three and four. A good, little girl never contradicts, argues or questions anything her Nanny or an adult says. Doing so will result in an immediate paddling. Do you understand Emily Jane?" She asked.

"Y-Yes N-Nanny," She nervously replied.

"Now, for the last, very important, golden rule. A good, little girl never, never does a single thing on her own. You aren't old enough, or responsible enough, to know what's best for you. Your Nanny will decide what you can or cannot be allowed to do. If you forget, of course, you'll be spanked," She was informed.

Oh my, I could see Emily Jane was really gritting her teeth and balling her fists obviously wanting to scream that she wasn't a nine year old, little girl. But obviously she couldn't unless she wanted to be paddled, or experience another wretched mouth sopping and worse, voiding her contract.

“Now then your Aunty Grace has said you have some drawings she wants you to do, which I will allow, in the afternoons. In the mornings I will concentrate on turning you from a tomboy into a most adorable, precious and well-mannered little girl. However if I’m not satisfied will how well you did in the morning you will simply spend the afternoon repeating your morning lessons,” She informed her.

Which, I could see, upset Emily Jane. For naturally she wanted to get all the drawings done as fast as she could. Obviously she didn’t want to spend one more minute at a little girl. But to do so she’d have to try her hardest to pretend to actually be a nine year old little girl. Poor thing, she was quite trapped.

Chapter-10 A small adjustment.

“Now then your Aunty Grace feels you talk more like a tomboy than a darling little, nine year old girl, almost like a boy. Which really concerns her. Would you agree?” she asked innocently.

What else could she say, but agree, after all she really wasn’t a nine year, little girl.

“So I’ve found a solution. Please stick out your tongue as far as you can for me,” She asked, and having no idea why she did as asked. At which time Nelly glued a nickel under the tip of her tongue.

“Good, now thanks your Nanny for helping you,” she instructed.

“Frank you Nanny hor helping meth speak

Chapter- like a whittle girl,” she suddenly lisped in absolute shock.

“Why, my goodness, now you sound just like a nine year old little girl don’t you? Your aunty Grace will be so please,” Nelly gushed.

“Now Emily Jane, your aunty will be out of town for the next few weeks. When she returns she’ll want to see how much progress I’ve made with teaching you to become the most adorable, polite, well mannered little girl. And she’ll want to see how many drawings you’ve completed. However before we get started I need to take some pictures of you,” She explained.

“Pith, pithures?” She blurted in alarm. Obviously the last thing she wanted were picture of her.

“Yes, every day your Aunty Grace wants to pictures. But, what I don’t completely understand is why. She said she feels they’ll help you with your drawings,” Nelly said, adding, “Now give me your biggest, happiest smile.”

Over the next twenty minutes she took close ups and full length photos of her standing, sitting and curtsyng.

Chapter-10 A little girl’s attitude & demeanor.

“Now the Emily Jane we’ll spend the mornings learning the basics of how adorable, charming and darling little girls your age are expected to act and at all times conduct themselves. If I feel you’ve made sufficient progress then after lunch I’ll allow you to draw or you’ll spend _he time revisiting what I’m displeas with,” Nelly told her.

“The first area you need to learn is attitude and demeanor. Please repeat and print what I tell you,” She instructed.

“Perfect little girls are happy little girls. They never frown, look in any way displeas, upset or agitated. I will warn you the first time I notice any. The second time, unfortunately, I will have to wash your mouth out. You didn’t like that when you forced me to do it, did you?” She asked.

“Oh noth Nanny, ith was horrible,” She shuttered.

“In your attitude and demeanor, when you speak, a well mannered little girl always displays noticeable enthusiasm, and in an speaks excitedly happy little voice,” she lectured.

Oh my, I could well image the turmoil a previous young man, now reduced in age to a nine year old little girl named Emily Jane Tippy Toes must be going through. With her Nanny instructing her in exactly how a nine year old, little girl was expected to act at all times.

Chapter-11 A good, little girl’s curtsy.

“The next thing all polite, well mannered little girls need to learn is the curtsy, which you will be expected to do in several situations. First daintily, with only your thumbs and fore fingers hold you skirts and bow your head and fix your eyes on the tip of your right toe. As you begin your curtsy place your left foot precisely behind your right foot. As you raise up you skirts at the same time raise the heel of your left foot until it is precisely perpendicular to the floor with only the very tip of your toe touching it. Now as you dip into your curtsy do so until your left leg is bent exactly

ninety degrees. You curtsy should be ever so graceful and on a count of four seconds. One second down, hold for two seconds and then one second up," She said.

Frankly I lost count of how many Nelly had her do at forty she was finally partially satisfied that Emily Jane had done one exactly perfectly.

"Don't worry, every morning you'll practice curtsying until you're perfect every single time. Now please sit so you can print what's called, 'A Young Girl's Rules of The Curtsy,'" She declared.

"Rule number one. When a little girl is allowed to speak she curtsies before and after she does so."

"Rule number two. When a little girl is told to do anything, by her Nanny or any adult, she curtsies and ever so sweetly says, "Yes Nanny, little Emily Jane understands."

"Rule number three. A polite little girl always curtsies before entering a room at the doorway and before she leaves the room, whether it's occupied or not.

"Rule number four. When introduced a polite little girl curtsies and excitedly curtsies and says, "Emily Jane is truly so wonderfully please to meet you."

"Rule number five. If Emily Jane is seated and an adult enters the room she immediately stands, curtsies and remains standing until given permission to sit again."

"Now Emily Jane I will ask you to memorize your Curtsy Rules word for word. When you have I will give you a tow day grace period. But then each time you forget to curtsy I will have to spank you as a reminder not to forget again. Which I'd really hate to do, but once you've memorized the rules there isn't an excuse for forgetting them, will there be?" Nelly sternly asked.

"No Nanny," She had to agree, I'm sure wondering how she was ever going to avoid being spanked. I'm sure she must be seething inside, but there was nothing she could do about it. Wanting to protest and shout the ridiculous idea to her Nanny would only get her spanked and a mouth washing, or both. Oh well.

Chapter-12 Sitting & standing.

"Now that you know how to curtsy and when it's time to teach you how polite, little girls sit. I'm sure you want to learn how to sit properly, don't you Emily Jane?" she asked.

'Yeth Nanny,'" she replied, although I could see her gritting her teeth.

“That was hardly an excited response, and I didn’t miss that unhappy look on your face. Let’s try again and tell me why you’re so excited, and don’t forget to curtsy,” She ordered.

“Oh yeth Nanny, Emily Jane ith ever so excited to learn how proper, whittle girls sit,” she forced herself to say.

“Goodness, that’s so much better. Now proper chair etiquette for little girls consists of addressing the chair by curtsying to it first,” She instructed.

“Y-You wath me to curtsy to, to a chair?” she blurted out in disbelief.

“Why yes of course, it’s what all well mannered little girls do. And I will remind you that if you want to speak you must first raise your hand and ask permission to speak. I really don’t want to give you another mouth full of soap. But, if that’s what you want...”

“Oh noth Nanny, I-I’ll remember,” She swore with a scared look on her face.

Nelly was quite exacting on how proper, little girls were to sit. “Now after you curtsy to your chair you pivot only on your right toe and very gracefully you sit erectly on the very edge of your chair, knees and ankles together with your feet pointed straight down with on the very tips of your shoes touching the floor. Elbows are in, hands are folded on your lap right over left. While sitting or standing your head is always to be bowed, looking up only to answer a question. Importantly whether sitting or standing you are never to annoy adults or draw attention to yourself by fidgeting or squirming in your seat. If you catch you doing so, unfortunately you’ll get a good spanking as a reminder,” She said, in a casual tone as if spanking was nothing out of normal.

She then had Emily Jane sitting over and over correcting even the slightest fault.

“That pivot wasn’t very graceful at all, do it over please.”

“Your left heel isn’t perpendicular.”

“Only your very toes are to touch the floor,” She admonished.

There was no doubt that Emily Jane hated being made to act so precisely. But if she wanted to avoid another humiliating and painful spanking she had to try her hardest to do precisely as her Nanny dictated.

Actually I did have a little sympathy for her as the way she was told to sit had to be very uncomfortable and perilous.

She probably thought the worst was over, but not quite.

Chapter-13 Learning how little girls walk.

“Now Emily Jane let’s take a look at how you walk. Please walk across the room and back until I give you permission to stop,” Nelly instructed. Which Emily Jane did until her Nanny gave her permission to stop.

“Oh my, that is definitely not how graceful, little girls walk. Why you actually walk more like a boy,” She proclaimed. Which, obviously was true.

“Very well. I want you to walk back and forth again. But this time I want to see you do so with your thighs always touching so that your little bottom will cause your skirts and petticoats swish delightfully back and forth. As you do so I want you to place one foot precisely in front of the other and I want you walking ever so daintily and mincingly up on the very tips of your toes. I don’t want to ever see your heels touching the floor. Arms straight out to your sides, palms parallel and looking straight ahead, little girls never look down,” She said.

As Emily Jane tried to walk in the manner her Nanny directed her to it was obvious there was simply too much to remember.

“That’s hardly any improvement at all. Really young lady you’re obviously not concentrating. What little girl can’t mince so daintily on just her toes? You’re still walking clumsily like a boy for heavens sake. Fortunately your Aunty was so concerned about your tomboy walk and lack of gracefulness that she found a special pair of shoes to help you,” Nelly proclaimed.

Having her sit and hold her feet out Nelly removed her shoes. Then from a shoe box she took out, of all things, a pair of girl’s tap shoes with two inch heels, which she proceeded to buckle onto her feet.

Raising her hand, Nelly asked, “ You wish to say something Emily Jane?”

“Yeth Nanny, you-you whant me to w-wear tap shoes?” she asked in obvious disbelief.

“Why yes, according to your Aunty Grace it’s an old fashioned method to train tomboys, to take much daintier steps. And to teach little girls to mince so daintily on just their tippy toes in each heel is a small wooden block that I understand is very uncomfortable to step on,” She answered.

“Okay, now let’s see you walk back and forth across the room,” She directed.

As she tried doing so the effects were immediate. She slipped, slid and nearly lost her balance, from trying to walk normally with steel taps on her toes. Then secondly she yelped repeatedly as she tried walking heel to toe.

“Keep waling, I’m sure you’ll adjust,” Nelly ordered.

After several sharp yelps, sliding and slipping she was eventually forced to tentatively and cautiously greatly shorten her steps and was forced to walk mincingly and daintily on just her toes.

What amused me no end was, with each step, was the clicking of her taps. A perfect, audible reminder of her little girl status, that I’m sure she hated. I could also tell by her expression how mortified and disbelieving she was of Nanny making her walk precisely as a nine year old little girl.

“Obviously you need a lot of practice,” Nelly commented, as she placed a chair at the other end of the room, and then picked with a wooden pointer.

“Now I want you to walk on this strip over to that chair, curtsy to it, arrange your skirts and then return to this chair. I will walk behind you to correct any faults. When you don’t place one foot precisely in front of the other, if you don’t keep your arms out and hands perfectly in position, or if I don’t see skirts delightfully swishing I’ll simply give you a reminder,” She informed her.

And true to her word every time she didn’t walk precisely as dictated she got a warning whack on the backs of her legs, or lifted her skirts and smack on her pantied bottom.

Back and forth Emily Jane went desperate to walk and mince exactly as her Nanny wanted her to. I’m sure she was a nervous wreck by the time she was finally allowed to stop. Which unfortunately didn’t last very long at all.

“Well, at least it’s a start, but you’ll hardly very graceful, so let’s try it will a book on your head the way they teach models to walk gracefully,” She stated as she placed two books on her head.

“Now try walking back and forth and let’s see how gracefully you can now walk. And, Emily Jane, every time you allow the books to fall I simply give you a reminder,” She explained. Which she didn’t like at all as the books kept falling.

To her great relief Nanny finally called a halt declaring it was time for lunch.

Chapter-14 An unrelenting lunch.

As her Nanny led her by the hand to the dining room she reminded Emily Jane to not forget to curtsy at the doorway before entering. Yet another reminder of her little girl status. And another when Nanny ordered her to hold her arms out and added a most frilly, white pinafore to her.

“Don’t forget to thank your Nanny for putting your pinafore on you then curtsy to your chair before sitting,” she dictated.

Once seated Nelly said, “Please take out your notebook and write as a golden rule, ‘A well mannered little girl always thanks her Nanny whenever she does something for her.’”

If poor Emily Jane thought lunch was to be, in any way, relaxing she was sadly mistaken.

“You’re skirts are uneven, straighten them, young lady,” Nelly chided.

“You’re not sitting on the edge of your seat.”

“Raise your heels so only your toes are touching.”

“I hope I didn’t see you squirming in your seat, it’s very distracting.”

My god, I thought, sitting on the very edge of her seat with just her toes touching the floor. She had to be in constant peril for if she didn’t sit perfectly still she’d most likely actually fall of her chair. It must be absolutely nerve-whacking.

It was as she finished the child’s portion on her plate that Emily Jane tentatively raised her hand.

Given permission to speak she said, “Excuse me Nanny, but I’m still hungry, couth I have some more?”

“Oh good ness, I’m afraid not. For a nine year old, little girl I’m afraid you are really quite a bit chubby. I’m having to put you on a diet until you manage, even in a corset, to lose at least fifteen pounds, perhaps twenty. Hopefully it will also improve your figure,” She declared, to Emily Jane’s disbelieving expression.

As a guy he wasn’t overweight, but as a nine year old, little girl Nelly obviously was, unfortunately for her, quite correct.

Chapter-15 The perfect incentive.

Just before leaving the table Nelly said, “We’ll go back to practice your walking and sitting some more.”

Once back in the room she said, “Now before we begin again I could see how eager you were to learn how a little girl your age is expected to act and conduct themselves. For that I’ll allow you to draw for half an hour. It could well have been more, however while you did try I feel you didn’t try as hard you could have. So now will determine how much longer you can draw. I do hope so as your aunty has said she’s expecting you to have completed the first of your drawings by the time she returns.”

Which I thought supplied Emily Jane with the perfect incentive to try as hard as she could to turn herself into the most perfect, little nine year old girl. Whether she wanted to or not.

Which wasn’t going to be easy at all. Not walking, curtsying and sitting with two books on her head. She obviously was trying much harder but she had the hardest time doing so with the books on her head.

Noticing this Nelly said, “I can see how hard you’re really trying so as an incentive if you can walk, curtsy and sit up and back the room just once I’ll let you draw for another whole fifteen minutes.”

It was just the right incentive for after several tries she actually went up and back across the room without a single mistake. God, how ingenious!

“That’s really quite good. You see what you can accomplish when you really try.

Tomorrow we’ll set your goal at two trips without a mistake, and I’ll add not fifteen, but twenty minutes to your drawing time,” Nelly said, giving Emily Jane a big hug.

Chapter-16 Playtime.

When Nelly finally allowed Emily Jane to stop practicing she announced it as now playtime outside she mistakenly thought it meant a relief from her unwanted immersion as a nine year old little girl. There was a bit of relief on her face when her Nanny dressed her in a short all and schoolgirl’s hat. But, at least she probably thought, she wasn’t wearing the horrible, little girl’s dress any longer.

Her vision of an enjoyable time outdoors changed to one of dismay when Nelly first had her jumping rope which I could see she never had done before. And compounding her dismay was the fact that she was till wearing her tap shoes and unrelenting corset.



After a while she was told she could stop only to have her playing hop-skotch, that was almost as bad. The only relief was when she put her on the swings and was expected to actually be enjoying herself. Well, it was better than jumping rope!

Chapter-17 Drawing time for Emily Jane.

With her play time over, much to her exhausted relief, Nelly declared she had earned her drawing time. After first redressing her in a pink, little girl's gingham dress and darling pink shoes that also had taps and the tiny blocks on her heels. She led her to her drawing table. Emily Jane finally showed some excitement.

"Now Emily Jane your aunty expects you to have all your first drawings completed by the time she gets back. She also mentioned to me that you were having difficulty getting the character exactly right and age appropriate. Is she correct in this?" She asked.

"Yeth Nanny," She had to admit.

"Well then your Aunty Grace, as a solution, had me take pictures of you that you can draw from, isn't that the prefect solution?" She asked, setting a group of photos down.

"Now this first one is a close-up showing your adorable make-up and darling, little girl hair style. Under your drawing you print, as a caption, 'I look so adorable, I just love how sweet I look,

" This second one you caption, "I absolutely love how I look in the frilliest party dress with ruffles, petticoats and the moistest dainty shoes."

"The next one you caption, 'Learning to curtsy like the sweetest, well mannered and proper little girl.'" She stated.

"And this last one shows a little girl sitting ever so properly and you title it, 'Learn-ing to sit so adorably like a good, little girl."

I couldn't help my fascination at Emily Jane's crushed reaction learning that she was going to be drawing herself. Although her enjoyment of drawing herself overcame obvious humiliation of drawing herself. Which I was pleased with as she was truly talented.

As Emily Jane enjoyed herself drawing Nelly was ever vigilant.

"I think you're doing awfully good Emily Jane, but remember how good, little girls sit.

Please keep your knees together, sit more erectly, stop fidgeting and do keep your heels up," she admonished. Emily Jane was obviously disappointed when Nelly said her drawing time was up.

"Did you enjoy your drawing time, Emily Jane??" Nelly asked.

"Oh yeth Nanny, I really dith," She replied honestly.

"Well, if you try your hardest to improve tomorrow I'll let you draw for not thirty but forty minutes," She promised.

I thought Nelly was providing her with the perfect incentive to willingly turn herself into the perfect image of a nine year old little girl.

Chapter-18 Two weeks later.

As I originally told her the only way she could get her drawings acceptable to the, non-existent, author was to immerse herself in the character she was drawing. To actually pretend to be a little girl. And in this Nelly was relentless.

Every morning started with endless curtsies that Nelly mandated had to be absolutely precise. First it was ten perfect curtsies in a row, then fifteen and then twenty.

After which Emily Jane and to practice her walking, sitting and standing. Taking the daintiest, most mincing, tiny little steps, arms and hands perfectly poised at all times across the room over and over and over. All the time Nelly followed her correcting even the most minor of faults with her pointer.

The second week, without mentioning it to Emily Jane, she replaced the small, wooden block in her heels with ones just a little higher and replaced all her shoes with identical ones with her heels and quarter inch higher. She also replaced the steel taps on her toes with ones that were slightly heavier. All of which caused her to mince even higher on just her toes.

At lunch there was no let up. Every day she had Emily Jane recite by memory her Golden Rules as well as her Curtsy Rules.

At supper, all dressed up in increasingly fancier and juvenile attire Nelly would give her words and phrases a little girl must never say starting out with "but" and "can't."

"Now please also print that, at your age, a proper, little girl never says words like, 'nice' or 'good' but substitutes words like 'love,' 'adorable,' 'precious' and 'darling or darlingest.'"