



A small place where a big one can be a little one again

The Age-Play Times

October 2007

<http://www.warlords.dns2go.com/apt/>

Issue 1

Meet the new kids on the net

By Mary Francen

Welcome to the first edition of The Age-Play Times, the online Bi-Monthly newspaper dedicated to all things well play related.

We hope to bring alot of insite to our readers into the world of Age/Role Play and its many facets.

We hope to dispell the many myths that exist about Age-Play and bring out a community feel to this newspaper much like you would find in your local area newspaper.

So please feel free to submit

your local area events to us for a calander that we would like to get set up, as well as anniversaries and news announcements.

Through various columns, business profiles on websites, stores, and product reviews as well as ideas, interviews, and reviews on events that might be of interest to our readers.

We hope that you will gain the same things from here that you do from your local paper but in regards to all things Age/Role-Play.

You can visit our website at



Graphic By: Stephen Richard

The APT Team hard at work on the first issue. L to R Editor Mary Francen, Writer and Photographer Dave Singleton, Co Editor Stephen Richard

<http://www.warlords.dns2go.com/apt/> to send us comments, suggestions, also to ask a kid or grownup a question, even tell us a confession.

You may also subscribe to our notification system that will email you when our latest edition has hit the website.

Two grownups One child how does it really work?

By Mary Francen

Some people wonder how I being a married woman can have an Uncle as well as a Daddy and they not are the same people.

Especially when said uncle is such an important part of

my life.

Well I guess it would be through several ways in reality. The first and most important is a wonderful husband who understands my needs and wants and knows and trusts both of us.

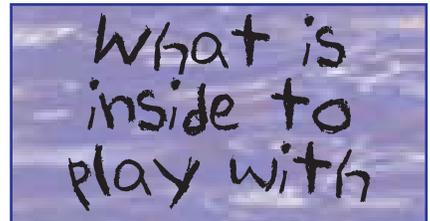
The second and equally important is through constant communication between all of us.

Yes if you are going to have a relationship that for all instance and purposes is a triangle than you had better

have excellent communication skills.

Any relationship requires communication in order for it to be successful but when you add "kink" to it that makes the need even greater.

Continued on page 3



Special Places	Pg. 2
News and Reviews	Pg. 3
Ask A Grownup or Kid	Pg. 4
Punishment Corner	Pg. 4
Play & life together	Pg. 5
Date with a Daddy	Pg. 9

What is Age-Play?

By Mary Francen

Ok now this may seem like a silly article to have in a newspaper called the Age-Play Times, but I thought that since there will be those readers who will come across us on the net by acci-

dent that this would be a good article to put in here.

So if you are already well aware of what AP is than just think of this as well a refresher course or simply just glance over it. And for our new comers sit back and

enjoy the read.

First and foremost important to know is that Age-Play is not child molestation. It doesn't involve bio children at all! This is something that is a stigma

Continued on page 2



Ok so what exactly is Age-Play anyway?

Continued from page 1

that personally I hope this paper helps to dispell extremely quickly.

In fact in some ways everyone age-plays. Each time a parent gets down on the floor with their kids and plays with match box cars your playing.

However Age-Play is a bit more complicated than simply playing.

Age-Play is where a grown adult takes on the role of someone else, perhaps a younger

person, or an adult to another grown adult who is also taking on the role of someone else but in that person's case it is a younger person.

The most common forms you see people take on, Are Mommy's Daddy's, Aunts, Uncle's Teachers, daughters, and sons, nieces, nephews. There are also those who take on the role of coaches, doctor's and police officers.

For someone who takes on the role of an authority figure i.e. the "grownup role" they usually have a nurturing personality and that drives them to wanting to do Age-Play. For those who take on the "younger" figure i.e. "child" role they usually have a personality that wants/needs to be taken care of in some way.

This does not mean that in the rest of their lives that they are that

way.

In fact a lot of people who are "little" in the Age-Play world are in roles of great authority in their work or home lives, i.e. Doctors, managers, mothers, fathers, business people, etc.

The reasons that people Age-Play are varied about just as much as the foods that people like.

Some of the most common are however, as a release from the daily stresses of life, to heal

from past hurts in their bio childhoods, and a love for playing and or taking care of someone in that way.

Age-Play is about a loving, caring and nurturing adult relations between adults who take on the role of someone they are not, for some this is just for a little bit, perhaps just a day long "scene" for others it is a part time thing, and still yet for others it is a full time lifestyle.

Those special spaces for being you, what are they like?

By Mary Francen

Every little one wants a play-room right? Well not everyone has the space in there home to have one of these special rooms to set aside in there house, so how do you set aside a space that is all of your own for those times when you are your little self.

To play to nap to cuddle to do what ever it is that you do when you have those very special times? In my case I have a three bedroom house, one room is an office the other is Dave's room and the other is MY room.

Now when I go to sleep with my hubby Dave it is down stairs in Dave's room, when I go to sleep in my room when I am tucked in by Daddy and Uncle Stephen it is in MY room, my special space.

As you walk up the staircase the very first inclination that you get that you are no longer in a one hundred percent grownup space is the poster that has a picture of "Tinkerbelle on it and reads

"Enter a World of Magic" If you look around my room you

Barbie's still in the boxes standing up at attention draw



can see the many facets of me and my little moods, in one corner you have my stuffies and my vanilla scented baby "a friend gave me her for crissy last year" in the other corner you see my drawing desk that's not an adult sized desk by today's standards anyway that I do my stickers and art work at, my bed is made up with a Tinkerbelle canapé and also shadows sits guard at the pillows a typical very little girl space with the matching comforter and bedding all done up in tink with the night light on the bedside table.

An exercise machine and

your eyes around the room along with the deep purple valances with the matching beads dangling off of them bring out the older little girl in me, a crystal wind chime hangs in the middle window just above a pretty wicker toy box that sits under the middle window holding all my childish treasures from a keyboard to sidewalk chalk and board games and Barbie's for playing with.

A book shelf along the wall as you enter the room holds various sticker books, comics

Children's and adult books all mixed in together showing the

varied feelings that I have when up in the space that I feel the most safest in the house.

On top of my dressers you will see pictures of my bio family and of my hand fasting to Dave along with pictures of Daddy and Uncle Stephen, pretty rocks in a bucket, hair ties and barrettes, my perfume bottle collection my sterling silver antique hairbrush all sit proudly displayed for the world to see amongst a stack of reading material of comic books and Nancy Drew books.

In its own special place in the room is my jewelry box standing proudly just underneath a pink chandelier and rainbow silk scarf under a window holding my collection of sparkly pretty things.

This is a space that is all girl not just little girl or very little baby girl or even almost adult girl or adult girl but a combination of all of the above, a special place to feel and play and just be all the things that I choose to be when I am up there.

News And Reviews

And it draws a double edge with its sleek looks and hard woods

By Mary Francen

Have you been on the hunt for something lately and just don't know where to find it?

I was in search of an old-fashioned ruler, you know one of those good old wooden and I mean solid wood kind. But I just did not know where to even begin my search, the local stores had proven fruitless.

So I had to turn my search to the internet. After typing in a thousand times Ruler into Google and other search engines, the most frequent search that came up was EBAY.

Now I was being specific I wanted a real ruler not something that someone was calling a ruler but was in actuality a paddle made to supposedly look like a ruler. Well I was very surprised when not only did I find a ruler but also a company that would engrave it for free and with any saying on it that I wanted.

This was the exact wording from the EBay auction listing describing the ruler. Hand Crafted Maple And Rosewood 12" Ruler Engraved Free! Our 12-inch rulers are handcrafted from solid maple wood and rosewood. Laser Engraved with your logo, image and/or text for free! Excellent promotional items or business gifts. Comes in handsome gift sleeve. Nearly unlimited font selection! For other gift ideas, please visit our eBay Store. Fast turn-around, most products ship within 48 hours! Email will be sent upon purchase instructing bidder on how to inform us of your text choices, fonts. For a list of popular fonts and other engraving tips and information, click here.

The company still sells the ruler and many other interesting items they will engrave. This is their store front link <http://stores.ebay.com/Lasting->



Impressions-Engraving_Gifts-Promotional-Items_W0QQcolZ4QQdirZ1QQfsubZ7167105QQfidZ2QQpZ4QQtZk.

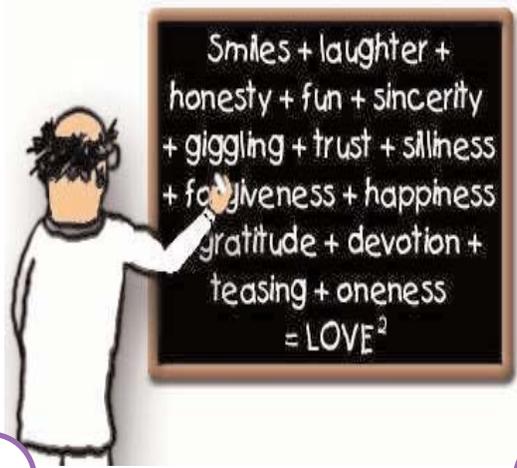
I got the ruler to be used for duel purposes and the inscription that I had them put on it was "To lil_mary from Misr Edwards" and they did so the only thing that they asked me was to clarify the misspelling of Misr which of course is understandable as they did not

want to have to deal with a return due to a mistake.

When I received the item it is indeed a sturdy and beautifully made ruler. It is easy to read and the font that I picked was comic sams.

The ruler also works great for spanking and holds up well in a big spanking given by myself it did not feel as if it was going to break.

The Science of Love



A sucessful family Dymanic, how?

Continued from page 1

There are pitfalls all over the place in any "family" relationship and that goes double for one based upon age-play. You have to be always thinking with your head and communicating with your head not your heart.

Your heart has the feeling factor, which has a lot of wonderful things but it also has the not so great ones, such as jealousy and hurt, which can lead to screeching matches that don't solve anything when a problem does arise

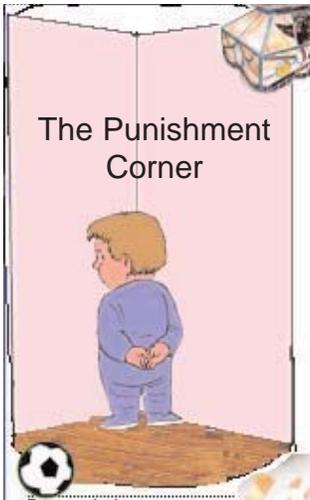
between the family members.

This is not always an easy thing to do, after all it's not everyone who can just flick a switch and shut off their hearts emotions and deal with something. Nor can everyone separate things into nice neat little categories to deal with work, home, kids, the hubby, the A-P side of things, and the real life bio family that's having a crises at the moment.

So remember treat your AP family the same way you would your bio family, and communicate.

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So you've done something naughty, and earned a trip to the punishment corner huh?

In each issue we are going to discuss the pros and cons of one particular punishment in this column. This time around we are going to talk about righting lines.

With the computer being the most common form of communication in today's world, righting lines or letter righting has become almost a forgotten art. However there was a time when righting lines was a very common punishment in schools.

This is also an effective form of punishment in the family environment as well. Having to sit still with pen and paper in hand, no copy and pasting allowed here guys sorry. Can be just well... Pure torture for a lot of people, of course there are those who it is simply not going to be practical as a punishment.

Sitting at a table and hand righting out a minimum of fifty or one hundred times "I will tell Uncle Stephen when I am mad at him and not allow myself to get upset about it all day long" or something to those words does add up to an extremely painful punishment.

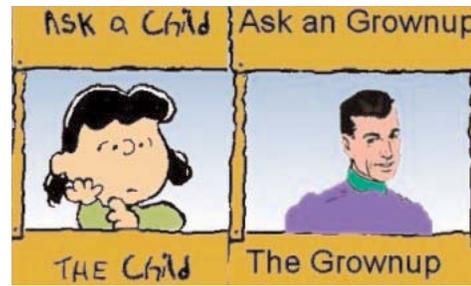
Of course there are even added things that can be done to make this a bit "more" on the as I call it squirmy side. Bare bottomed while sitting at said table, while wearing my most "little girl" pair of jimmies.

Yes both of those have been done to me, in fact while righting out that above sentence one hundred times. Oh and let me tell you answering the phone when it rings because it is a business call while sitting like that, is something that is well... extremely embarrassing I could swear that real-estate agent could see me right through that phone! I have never forgotten that punishment that happened almost two years go now.

The downside to line righting is that it can become in effective as well. If you are like me say for instance the same punishment done on a repetitive way loses its effectiveness. I had done this very thing with myself many years ago where if I cussed I would assign myself lines. And I sat down and did them each time, however the cussing did not stop but the lines went up and up and up each day.

So I would be cautious while using just the line righting as a single punishment for repeated offences, or perhaps to add things to it if you are going to use it as a regular form of punishment for varied offences.

Also be careful of your sitting position while doing the lines, you can hurt yourself while sitting doing them physically if you take a long time to do them properly, so keep your posture nicely.



Our readers have asked one of our resident grownups a couple of questions here is what he had to say to our two readers this issue.

Dear Grownup Hi I got a great Uncle an I love him lots an lots an he loves me to! An he takes real good care a me an we play lots an cuddle an stuff, an now Uncle he gets a grownup friend to. Will my Uncle Still love me an stuff even though he got a grownup friend now? Huggiessss babygurl in USA

Dear Huggiessss babygurl in USA

Yes your uncle will still love you, even though he may have a grownup friend who may be more than just a "friend" he will still love you. An uncle or a daddy sometimes needs a grownup friend just like you need your cuddles and your love and attention that every little one needs. If your uncle loves you as much as you say he does then you have nothing to worry about his new relationship with someone else will not change what your relationship is with him.

Dear Grownup, I met a very nice man who seems to be very "Daddy" how do I find out if he really is without telling him my secret, since we work together? Sincerely Lil007

Dear Lil007

Moving ahead with telling your new friend that you would like them to be your daddy would be one of the scariest things you will have to face. You will have to be very ready to face some questions and answers in which you will need to be ready to answer honestly and openly. The real issue is since you two work together you have to be very careful on how you approach things. The work relationship can add a whole new dynamic to things. More so if one of the two of you is in supervisor role over the other. I would advise keeping things very much professional and keep the relationship outside of work. Work issues aside, have you tried hinting at the idea that you need a "daddy"? If you are secure in your friendship of this person you should hint at the idea perhaps one of the best ideas I could give you would be to make a comment like if my Daddy was here he would do this or that. See how he reacts to it. Or ask him if you were my daddy what would you say about me doing this? As I said be very careful with how to proceed with things. You may get more than you ask for.

Real trouble, real consequences real feelings, keeping it real

By **Mary Francen**
& **Stephen Richard**

Age-Play isn't always about just playing, for some it is a lifestyle choice. This lifestyle is a choice that the age/role-player makes about those people whom live in a relationship with their partner or partners as said case may be or a "family" and in this situation sometimes things may come up that are not always in relation to the "fun" or cute times of "playing" as in the case of having a bio family not everyone gets along all of the time.

So what do you do when things come up that transcend the boundaries of just simply requiring a punishment of some sort for those small things even play things that come up? What do you do when it might be something quite large? Even something that could be dangerous? Or even something that goes out of the bounds of what could be considered normal behavior of acting up or acting out as some cases may be?

For example I will use myself in this story and something that recently occurred between Uncle Stephen and me.

I live a twenty-four seven relationship with both him and my Daddy and both Daddy

and Uncle Stephen are my "in loco parentis" and "raise" me as such within our family structure. Communicating with each other just as bio parents would.

This does not mean that I am always a child and that as my parents they control my every move and every thought and every action. What it means is that I am always in my mind and heart their little one, but that I am

means that I am cuddled and treated as a three year old would be at various times throughout my day. The problem starts when the two sides start to collide and conflict with each other.

One of the "Real" rules or as some would call them "deal breakers" between Uncle Stephen and I have always been no disappearing or going off without leaving a note or a phone

would do with their children worry about them and always need to know where they are in case of emergencies.

Well this was done by me last Thursday; it was not done intentionally mind you at least not on a conscious level it wasn't. I had called Daddy and told him what I was doing, but I have never in all the time that I have known Uncle Stephen NOT called left a message as to my whereabouts.

He was out on a date and I truly felt that he did not want to be disturbed, even though I have called him many times while out with same person before, or left a txt message or voicemail in the past.

Can I explain why I did feel this way, at the time I felt by his words and my own feelings that were going on at the time that week that he did not want me to call him and I was trying my very best to do what I thought he wanted. He would call it assuming. It should be noted about right now that it can be much a negative thing to ever assume what a grownup may or may not be thinking or meaning. Just as a side note when in doubt ask or at least clarify a statement or question.

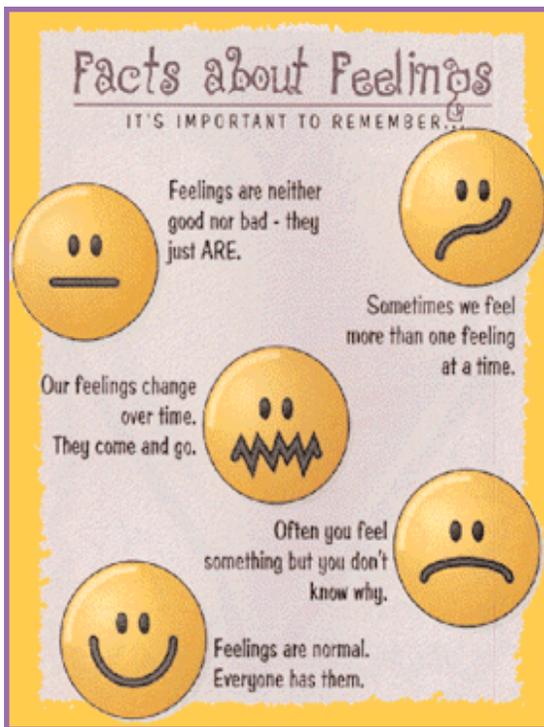
Instead I ended up

scaring the holy you know what out of him, when I went someplace to do something that he did not approve of me doing because the person I met up with was someone who had hurt me emotionally in the past through manipulation and when he tried to call me twice he could not reach me because my cell was in a dead zone.

The last thing he knew was I was driving home from the supermarket on a busy shopping day, hence why I scared him so badly he had no idea if I had been in an accident as my phone just kept ringing and going into voicemail. The only way he had found out was he called the house and my daddy answered and told him. Again it should be noted that another rule he told me from the start has always been tell me something yourself don't wait until I find out from someone else because its part of being honest.

Now you have the facts of the situation, so what happens next? How is something like this handled in an age-play family? How is something this big handled between adults as well? How do the feelings and the agreement play into all of the current facts?

Continued on page 6



Keeping it real, but not losing the love

Continued from page 5

My feelings when I realized that I had disappeared for three hours instead of just dropping off a thank you card as I had intended to and I had scared and hurt Uncle Stephen were so immense I can't even remember feeling that way before at least not since I was a small child. The fear and physical illness I felt in my stomach were unbelievable.

Hearing the change in his voice towards me just about killed me inside, the great disappointment and hurt and anger were well overwhelming. To be honest I guess in hind sight I knew he would react that way about such an issue being that this was the first time I had ever come face to face with these emotions and these feelings.

Myself as her uncle I was amazed at first at her boldness for actually doing this. The first thoughts in my mind were that she had actually done this purposely and that was something that really caused me considerable amount of frustration and anger at her. And I will freely admit that at first I wasn't really listening to what she was saying and was only seeing her making up excuses for her actions.

Once my emotions and frustrations and fear

and anger had actually calmed down and I started to actually listen to what she had to say. I could hear the things that were going on in her mind and the things that her voice could tell me about how my initial reactions could have been far better. It could have even lead to the deep spiral of her emotional state had taken.

Now the very real problems start. This is a real issue, real emotions, real people and real loss of trust, so what do you do in this case? How do you recover the things that have been lost and how to you let the trust rebuild when trust has been lost.

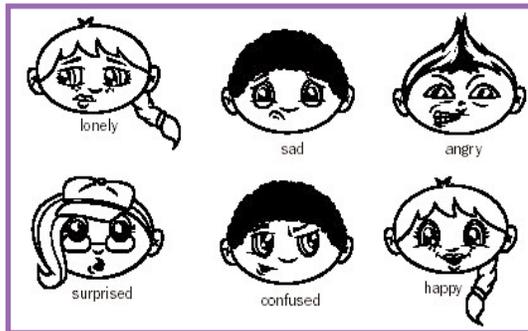
From my point of view as an uncle I have to first and foremost remember that this is still my niece that I love and that she didn't do this on purpose. I have to allow myself to trust her in her words and trust her in her actions and trust her in doing what she said she would do.

From her point of view as a niece at this point in time she is feeling as such.

The realization that I had caused Uncle Stephen to lose trust in me was absolutely devastating to me, and still is. It was my own

actions that caused this to happen, was even more devastating to me. I pride myself on being an honest and loving person in all of

"yelling at me" it is still there. I know he loves me and it hurts each time I speak to him to hear the disappointment and hurt in is



my actions, and yet I had done just the opposite of that last week.

This is the only time that I can remember the two things colliding in such a horrific way. My love for Daddy and Uncle Stephen is extremely strong and always very real. The fear that I felt when I realized that I had broken that one biggie as we call the very few rules we actually have, has almost got me in a paralyzed state.

One of the things that my adult tells me is that ok we need to communicate and talk through this just as we do everything else. The child in me she is well simply in total hiding and fears that she has lost one of her parents by her own fault.

I still feel the disappointment each time I talk to Uncle Stephen it is in his voice even though he is no longer

voice. He tells me it will go away these feelings of insecurity and hurt and pain which are both emotional and physical, along with the incredible sadness, once I have been punished. I only pray that he is right because I want so badly for things to go back the way they were before I did what I did.

The worst thing I heard him say to me was that he couldn't trust me or what I had to say to him, when he had calmed down and we were talking one night earlier this past week and I asked him in a scared voice still with an upset tummy over all of the things that I had done. "How do I fix this? When will you trust me again?" he told me that I can't fix it. And that was the worst thing I could have ever heard. It was something that I hadn't ever expected to hear from him.

He meant that there is

not a quick fix for a problem like this and my head knows this but my heart does not. He also told me that it would take time for him to trust what I had to say to him, and that things would take time to go back to what they were. The next night he told me that yes he believed what I had to say to him again and that he trusted me.

Did this make me feel better? No. Can I feel the disappointment in his voice still? Yes I can. I know he still has mistrust in me, and it is tearing me up.

So now were do you we go with this real issue? Keep in mind this is real feelings, real consequences and very real trouble. In every real relationship there will be these conflicts that you will have to deal with. How you choose to deal with these types of issues can have a domino effect on your relationship. Keep these things in mind when you have to deal with Real issues. Keeping it real can be very rewarding and very fulfilling, however "real" adds a whole different dimension to how you will need to deal with things. Keep this in mind when you get upset with your little one over something you consider to be a real issue.

Learning is a treasure that will follow its owner everywhere.

For the love of a little girl: Spanko "player" to Age-Player

By Michael Parker

I have known I was into spanking my whole life. Literally, minus about 4 years for the required mental development.

Although I was very likely fascinated by spanking way before I was four years old, I was about that age when I was watching the Jerry Lewis Labor Day Telethon, and I didn't know they were talking about a little girl with a horrible disease that I didn't understand, I only heard the man say something along the lines of "this is so sad, and I'm sure all of you, especially those of you who always wanted a little

girl....." The heartfelt plea for donations was lost on my young ears, as my young mind had just wrapped itself around the thought that if I had a daughter when I grew up, I would have someone to spank.

I also thought that it wouldn't be fair to her, as I'd probably look for reasons to spank her since I wanted to spank her. As I contemplated a spankless adulthood, when I had no idea that little pervs like me would grow up to be kinky adults who spank or are spanked by each other for enjoyment, I realized I HAD to do the right thing and only spank my daughter(s) if she had truly

deserved it. As I said my prayers that night, I felt perfectly justified in asking God to send me at least one very naughty daughter when I grew up. After that, a little monster with a spanking fetish was born.

Though I thought it must be a bad thing and never told anyone about it. In those days, the early 70's, there were a lot of spankings in childrens entertainment. I saw spankings on the little rascals, on Warner Brothers cartoons as well as on other ones. I enjoyed them, but was very unhappy that it was always a BOY being spanked.

I would go to bed at night, and falling asleep would rewrite the little rascals episode "Birthday Blues" in my mind. Same script, mind you, just that it was Darla who threw a pay-party to finance a birthday present for her mother, and it was Darla's angry father who after chasing away all the kids, would, not turn her under his arm, as he did the boy, but sit down and take her over his lap, and give her the same hard spanking that was given; though Darla would not remain pretty much silent through it as he did, but cry and kick and shriek.

In some versions her father simply lifted her dress to spank her hard on her panties, in the "juicy" version he pulled her panties down and spanked her bare bottom!

By the time I hit Kindergarten, I was picturing pretty much every girl in my class over her fathers knee getting a spanking. However, I did not discriminate: I pretty much pictured every girl or woman I knew or encountered, with he exceptions of my mother,

grandmother and great-grandmother over my or someone Else's knee.

As I lay in bed after my first day of first grade, I pictured myself spanking my new, elderly teacher, Mrs.Richter, for being such an old crab.

In second grade, after many threats to many of us, I actually saw the true class brat (who just had to grow up to be a true you-know-what on wheels), Kim, called to the front of the class and be ordered to lay over Mrs.K's lap and got a light but very embarrassing spanking in front of all of us.

Years later I asked Mrs.K about that incident and she told me her mother had not only given permission, but encouraged it. Oh the spankings Kim got at home in my head!

One last thought on Kim, also in second grade, she was in trouble about something or another, and Mrs. K said to her in front of the class "This is just as much your mothers fault as it is yours". Kinky second grader alert! That night I pictured Mrs.S being called to a parent/teacher conference and being taken over Mrs.K's knee and being spanked bare bottomed in front of her daughter!

I could just picture Kim's face, first from seeing her mother red faced and red bottomed, getting a spanking and bawling like a little girl, and THEN when Mrs. K told her the same thing was going to happen to her.

This might give a clue to how I grew up not really caring if the woman over my knee is my age, younger or even a lot older than me. I was BORN an equal opportunity spanker!

I went into my preteen years,
Continued on page 8

The Age-Play Times WebPoll

Each issue of the APT will feature a report from the APT WebPoll, each WebPoll will be ran from one issue to the next. In other words the current WebPoll which is titled, "What are some of the things you like to do with your time when age/role playing?" Has been posted now, its results will be featured in the December Issue.

What you will see in the results will look like this.

This is test blank Data for the APT Poll

APT Rocks		20.00%	5
APT Rocks Out		12.00%	3
@P7 R0gk'		24.00%	6
APT rockZ		16.00%	4
4P7 rockz		12.00%	3
apt ROC <5		16.00%	4

Total Responses 25

If you want to take the poll you can do this from:
<http://www.warlords.dns2go.com/apt>

From Spanking scene player to loving Uncle...

Continued from page 7

knowing this was not going away, yet not understanding it. A big breakthrough came in my early teen years, when I seemed to look old enough to get in and out of X rated theaters, topless bars, peep shows, etc.

I was seldom if ever asked for ID or asked to leave. It was in the adult bookstores I first encountered the world of adult spanking, albeit a rather sleazy one made for male entertainment, full of cheesy stories written by men from the female spankees point of view.

How my female spankee counterparts must have been disheartened by all that, thinking that if there were any men out there who wanted to spank them, they would be like THAT!

The only good thing about my seeing these slimy, cheesy (with lots of rouge on the spankee's bottoms) and misogynist publications was that I knew I wasn't the only one in the world who got a thrill from this subject. And the women dressed as little girls got me HOT.

Things looked up when I discovered Kinematics, the famous NYC fetish bookstore. Not only where there publications by people who were actually INTO spanking, as I bought these mags and read them, there were actually real live women who were into this, and wondered, just like I did, if there were any counterparts to what we wanted actually out there.

I learned there were, and the peep booths were full of Nu West movies, with real spankings, often with real tears. Oh I was in heaven!

One time in Kinematics I saw

a personal ad on back of one of the magazines from a woman who wanted men to spank her while she went back mentally to being ten years old. The ad had a phone number asking interested men to call Emily.

I was so tempted to call Emily, but did not dare call the west coast and was too young anyway. Little did I know I would be Emily's Uncle Michael one day. We'll cover Emily more as we go along.

I managed to give a few spankings in my youth, games of "house" where I always wanted to be the daddy (though my "daughters" didn't



always go along with it) To my hapless younger cousin, who's bottom I never bared, though she told me I could, to my summer in camp when I was 13, where a few girls actually came to me and asked for a playful spanking, as I was seen around the camp doing just that so often, to slap and tickle games with girlfriends. By the time I was 20, I was hitting the NYC S&M clubs looking for women to spank.

I wasn't always very successful at that goal, but I kept plugging away at it, and had my share of triumphs mixed in the the frustration and rejection.

Yet after a few years at this, I did know a handful of people who were mostly into spanking, and had a few play partners when they were around.

When ageplay came into the mix here, it was often as simply a roleplay situation where we'd sit down, and decide how old she was, and what she'd done, and my favorite part, what I would do about it, easy to figure that part out.

In those pre-Emily days, spanking was my main if not only focus during "ageplay" scenes.

One day I went to a meeting of TES, the famous BDSM organization, and happened to attend on a night when the subject was ageplay.

One commentator, the renowned Master Jim, made a

statement that changed my outlook on ageplay forever, though I still age played with women who were "players" not "age players".

Jim said that age play is not just about spanking, it's about trips to the petting zoo, about buying your little girl one of those huge, flat lollipops and walking hand in hand with her on the street while she licks it.

It is about winning her a stuffed animal at the carnival. And yes, for those into spanking, it IS about spanking, but thanks to Jim, I realized, years before it would become as important to me as it is now, that it was so much MORE than spanking.

To continue the age play story we must now advance a few years, to the mid 90's, as my

20's are rapidly slipping away from me

I met a woman in the club, a woman of about 60 who was dressed in a schoolgirl uniform and we began talking, I met her husband, Fred, who invited me to spank her.

As I sat and talked with her, she told me how she, like me, was fascinated by spanking since she was a little girl, and how she always wants to be a ten year old girl when she was spanked.

I remembered that long ago personal ad at the same time as her name clicked with that memory I thought "naah, it couldn't be" and told her only to find out she really was "the" Emily!

She had a laugh that as a teen, I'd have called her except that 1). my mother would have KILLED me if I called the west coast, and 2). I guessed I was "kind of, sort of" too young at the time. After she stopped laughing she said "well, sir, you're of legal age NOW, and since I'm only ten years old, your not too young for me". Our first spanking happened then and there, near the bar at the old Hellfire, and I think her seventh spanking from me happened the same night. We really clicked.

Fred and Emily lived in New England, and I would spend time by phone and letter getting to know Emily, who had styled me as her Uncle Michael by now (sort of a generic title, as all her spankers who were not Mr. something or another were "uncle") and we discussed her naughtiness, which had to be something she approved of as a childish naughtiness, anything she'd not have done as a child was

Continued on page 9

The perfect lecture, can lead to getting into the role of an uncle perfectly

Continued from page 8

not suitable.

So picking the right naughtiness was a big part of the game. Most of the reasons were fun and cartoonish:

Once I was having as much trouble holding in the laughter as she was when, with her over my lap, I began describing how her and her little friends had been up to naughty mischief at school, I began talking about how her class had a bulletin board outside their class where their book reports on "the Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" were displayed.

I went to describe how her Principal stated that on this board, were rectangular pieces of construction paper stapled together to spell the name "Huck". As I slightly intensified the stinging and rapid spansks that were landing across Emily's bare bottom, I scolded: "And THEN, you and your friends went out there when no one was looking, with a stapler and staple remover you had "borrowed" from your teachers desk, and what did you do? <whack whack whack> You altered that capital H <whack whack whack> and made it spell a VERY <whack whack whack> NAUGHTY <whack whack whack> WORD< whack whack whack>!"

Most of my encounters with Emily were like that, fun, light, and our laughter filled the air and our long involved play acting, which usually took place in a public club, though we hardly knew that, as we'd block out any and all around us and get lost in what we were doing, filled a need for us both, and something I never tired of.

There was however, another

side to it, when the situation was something she felt guilty about, real or imagined, and the right combination of stern, authoritative scolding and hard, fast spansks was achieved, Emily would transform into as realistic a ten year old girl getting a spanking as I would care to see.

I was prepared for this when it happened with us, as she had told me in a letter that should such a situation occur "please don't stop sir, at that point I am truly ten years old, and will only be kicking and crying so as you are doing everything just the way I need it at that time".

When this happened, it was not for a real reason, it was for "sassing her mother". I think all we agreed on before hand was that this was to be a slightly more intense spanking then most.

To that end, after putting Emily over my knee, I did not start off by smoothing her little girl dress across her bottom and talking to her while gently stroking her bottom.

This was my way of telling Emily how much I've missed her and how glad to see her, and it always made her purr like a kitten.

However, since Emily had been a very, very naughty girl this time, her spanking did not even begin atop her skirt.

As soon as Emily was across my lap, I rudely lifted her skirt, above her waist, tucking the front of it under her thighs and hips and told her "Emily Mary, I have warned you about sassing your mother before, I have spanked you for sassing your mother before..... I have told you that it had better not happen again..... And it has"..... I then began the spanking, not as hard as it was going to be, but every spank was hard and stinging, and they were quite fast.

This spanking was quite different then any other I had given Emily, and thus her reaction was quite different.

When the spanking started, she lay there pretty still and was giving out a helpless whimper and no other sounds

or protests. As Emily's spanking progressed, she repeated "ow oww owwww owww" in a small, helpless, very ten year old voice.

When I stopped spanking her, but kept her firmly across my lap, she began to weep softly, as she knew the spanking was far from over, and the kindness in my voice was not there.

I was very much the disappointed, frustrated uncle whose ten year old niece had finally gone too far, and was going to be taught a lesson.

At this moment, Emily was every bit that naughty, frightened ten year old girl who was about to get the spanking of her life.

I continued scolding her, while Emily cringed and tried to fight back the tears that were flowing down her face.

I said "Emily, do you know when I was ten years old like you, I beat up a fourteen year old boy who was twice my size? It took four boys to pull me off him. Do you know why

Continued on page 10

Popcorn, movies and little girls: "The Daddy & Daughter Movie Night Out"

By David Singleton

One of the things that I as a Daddy to an adult little girl like to do is to take her out to do some special things that the General Population wouldn't even know we were doing "play things" while we are doing them.

A couple of weeks ago I took my little one to the movies, it was called Dragon Wars. Now before you all ask we both wanted to see this movie.

We had a good time, there were not too many people there because it was an early showing. We had dinner at home before we went, not that this stopped my little princess from

"asking" for her raisinettes and popcorn which she likes to eat at the same time. Being the big softy that I am we got the large popcorn, soda and the candy.

The movie was very good, we talked about it for the rest of the night needless to say my little one had a good time. That was a fun night out for us.

We are planning another movie night very soon. There is a movie that I want to see, but my little one is declining to go to see it because of the contents of it as she puts it somethin about "yuky doggies". That is all for now till next night out. What is it that you like to do with your little one?

Cotton candy helps to show to turn a new leaf

Continued from page 9

Emily???? That boy pushed your mother down and made her scrape both her knees, he made her cry..... Did you know, Emily, that when your mother called me to tell me what you said to her, she was crying..... I think you need to know, and NEVER forget one fact".....

I abruptly began working Emily's flowery little girl panties past her thighs, and once freeing them, forcefully yanked them down to the backs of her knees as I told her "NO-ONE-HURTS-MY-BABY-SISTER"!!

Emily lost the fight to remain stoic at that point, and began bawling like a true little girl, letting out a long, high pitched "aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa" and not making any other sound, except when she had to take in air, and that came in the form of a sob.

I kept her over my lap without spanking her just long enough to ask her what she had to say for herself. Nothing came out except "I'mmmmmmm soooooooooooooooooooooooyy.

"Not as sorry as you're going to be" I said, and then the spanking began again, this time VERY hard and VERY fast, with pauses to allow it to sink in, to give her bottom a break, and to continue the constant scolding and expressions of disappointment, and to let Emily know that the spanking was not over yet.

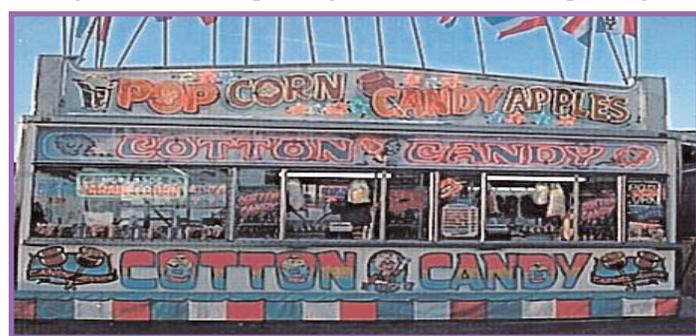
By the time the spanking was over, Emily was howling like a beagle, and promising me she'd never do it again. I held her and comforted her, assured her I still loved her, but that she'd best not put me in a position where I am defending my little sister again.

Emily came up to hug me and thank me several times before

they left, and before they did, I took her over my knee one more time, this time to rub moisturizing skin cream on her bottom, as she really needed it.

One detail of that scene that is quite hilarious: that night Hellfire was hosting the LSM (Lesbian Sex Mafia), who had parties that started at 5 pm and went to midnight. At 10pm the club would open to the regular crowd, who only had access to the front of the club and the bar area.

The LSM crowd was still partying in the back rooms. At midnight, the door separating



the two crowds opened and all the women mingled with the Hellfire crowd..... I bared Emily's bottom at about 11:54.....

It seems that when the door opened and the LSM crowd poured out of the back rooms to find a woman, bare bottomed, kicking her arms and legs wildly, screaming and crying, getting a spanking from a MAN. It would seem that a few of the ladies took exception to this, to put it mildly.

I hadn't even noticed any of them until after Emily's after-care. Then as I went around stretching my legs and such, it seems every ten feet I was face to face with another angry woman who looked like she wanted to gut me with a dull butter knife.....Slowly.

I did my best to hide my satisfied smile, and as the LSM

crowd didn't hang around long after midnight, I made it through that night without being assassinated.

A point about Emily and after-care; the first time I patted my lap with my arms wide open, Emily began to get OVER my lap, as that was the only involvement with laps she had ever had.

She was astonished when I wanted her to SIT on my lap, as it was the first time with anybody.

Even then, and though Emily was as spanking centered as I was, I knew that spanking was

simply a part of ageplay, though for some of us, a very big part. This new for her aspect, cemented the bond between Emily and I.

As much as Emily means to me, there is no doubt she was mainly the forerunner. It is ironic that she has the middle name that is the name of my "true" niece.

In 2004 I was a member of a spanking group that yahoo has long since deleted, and I there was a woman posting who I could tell was into ageplay and didn't really know there was such a thing as ageplay.

We began talking, first on the group then in private email, then on the phone.

For the first year, Mary and I sort of drifted in and out of each others life, loosing contact and then regaining it;at the time she suffered from crip-

pling migraines and I would get an answer to an email I'd forgotten I'd sent her months prior.

We regained contact in '05, and she told me she had placed an ad on ALT.com looking for an uncle.

The thought horrified me of all the pervs that would likely contact her. I asked her to consider me, as I'd love to be Uncle Michael to her.

She told me she'd have to talk about it with Dave, and she'd let me know.

A few days later I got an email starting with "Dear Uncle Michael". And nothings been the same ever since.

When I read her blog after our first meeting, I knew this was to be taken seriously or not taken at all.

Mary's little self is very real to her, and if it was not real to me, the only right thing to do would be to tell her I had a new girlfriend or something and back out.

I could not imagine backing out, not for the reason that her first adult spanking from someone other then her husband was the most special and delightful one I have ever given in my long, distinguished spanking career, but because I cherished every aspect of being with her, the boardwalk amusement that took most of Dave's and my money as we won her a stuffed Alf. Her delight in that Alf and the cotton candy I bought her.

I had age played before in the past, but could never have called myself an ageplayer before Mary.

There have been rough spots here and there, I've gotten stuck in my "player" mentality when Mary needed me in age-play mentality. I've wanted my

Continued on page 11

To play or not to play; and who has to know your doing it?

By **Mary Francen**

Smelling a scent or hearing a certain noise will bring back flashes of memories of times gone past. What are some of those things that will do that for you?

This morning as I ran to the store to grab my latte and bagel I heard a song and I was smiling and singing along in no time flat. For me music is a way in which the "little girl" in me will come flying out pretty fast.

Baking things especially those that require me to use my hands in a gooey mess will make me feel younger as well as sniffing body wash at the Bath and Body Works store. All those wonderful scents remind me of the bubble baths of my childhood.

A simple errand that normally could be seen as boring and tedious such as cloths shopping, the other day I was out shopping with Uncle Stephen on the phone with me during our "babysitting day" and even though I was a total grownup in the store I felt very much a little girl while doing the errand. I was their to look for nice cloths that could be used for an office environment, not the cute things that I normally purchase and I had a blast and felt every bit "teenish" while doing it.

Of course there are also the times when I am snuggled in my bed with my bright pink favorite "blanke" and my stuffed black panther "shadows" hearing a story and getting sung to over the phone, that when I close my eyes I am a "little girl"

who is being tucked in to her bed for a nap or to bed.

There are many times through out our lives that we can "feel" like a kid, without it necessarily being a "play time" it's just a happy feeling that you feel in your heart and a smile that creeps across your face maybe it's a certain sparkle that shines in your eye at seeing something you love or a triumphant YES!, at winning on a video game. Whatever it is that brings out that little kid in you is something that constitutes age-play.

Those and many more little things you can do alone or with someone else is how you can play even in a "play" situation it doesn't matter if you are alone or not or if you are in vanilla company or not. Yet still be age-playing without everyone knowing. Those are things that you can do at any time to let your inner "kid feelings" shine through.

Age-Play does not require that you have a partner so even if you feel you have to have a partner this is not necessarily true.

Simply doing some of those things that put you into little kid space is Age-Playing at the same time that you are surrounded by vanilla people.

The key is as my old gym teacher in high school used to say "Everything in moderation people" This was his Friday afternoon speech to us just before the last bell would ring.

So long as you can keep control of your

"little kid feelings" in an appropriate manner in the appropriate places and times, such as around vanilla people and places, there is nothing wrong with having a bit of fun at the same time.

What this means is that would it be appropriate to climb into a vanilla persons lap just because you were feeling that way?

Of course not, but why not laugh a bit or watch a Disney movie with a group of people? Or play video games with friends they aren't just made for bio kids you know.

Or even order that happy meal at the local fast food joint, your friends don't have to know the real reason you're ordering it. Simply tell them you're not that hungry or it's a small amount of food, or tell them your bio kids wants to collect the toys and you're helping them out.

Either way you still get to have fun while out with them, doing something totally "play" orientated while at the same time being an adult.

These same things can be done with your partner even if you aren't in a play situation. The two of you will know, exactly what it is, that it is happening, even without others knowing or verbally acknowledging it.

This is what makes Age/Role-Play so much fun in that you can do it outside the house without fear of what others might think.

I AM an Age-Player; all for the love of a little girl; my true niece

Continued from page 10

little niece when only big Mary was onhand; Mary's needed her Uncle Michael at times when he only wanted to talk to his adult friend, and other turbulence that is part and parcel with getting to know each other. We've hurt each others feelings through careless comments, said things we regretted and moved on and forward. As I said, my life will never be the same, and I love it!

I'm sure I will write thousands of words about Mary for this publication. In this introductory article, I would like to state that, for years I would indulge in ageplay flavored playing, and after Mary I can say that I am not just an age play dabbling player, but an age player. With much to learn about ageplay and my little niece, and yet can truly state now that I AM an ageplayer. All for the love of a little girl.

Child's Logic means 1 M&M for you and 4 M&M's for me is Equal

By **Stephen Richard**

How does a grownup really come to understand a child anyway? What magical powers do we have? Do we have eyes in the back of our heads? Can we see through walls? Can we read minds? Just how does a grownup know what a child may be thinking or may be doing? Or then again may not be thinking or may not be doing?

One of the things about age and role-play is that for

some people we have the ability to move from one role to another either for a short term for as more a permanent change. In the community these are sometimes refereed to as a switch.

Switch? Do you mean that thing used to turn on the light? Or that thing to turn on the computer or that there thingy hanging right over thair that um getsa used on my britches when

Continued on page 12

Being a grownup while understanding child logic

Continued from page 11

maw and paw are plum just fed up with my sass'n them?

Well no not those types of switches, although the last one could be a little part of it. This switch is a different type of switch, this is someone who moves from one role to another sometimes they could be a child sometimes they could be a grownup. Here let me give you a personal example.

Long ago when I started into age-play I felt that I was a brat child who needed a mommy to control him. Until I found a mommy well to put it bluntly I was going to be a hellion and be as big of a brat as I could be.

This was fine and good, but there still appeared in my life a void which would not go away. I had felt it was just that I needed a mommy and then that void would be filled.

Then one day in my favorite chat room on IRC called #spanking which was on Effnet a long since forgotten server group, I met this adult little girl, she was very shy and hardly ever spoke in the channel.

This girl had came back into the channel after getting disconnected and I said hi to her in the channel she actually spoke to me in the channel which even for her was a shocking event.

Through talking to her I learned she was looking for a daddy, for some reason beyond really understanding what was happening. I started to think of this girl as my little sister. Someone I was to look over and take care of and keep safe.

Strangely enough that void started to fill in a bit and I started to feel that this was perhaps what I was really searching for. While this girl didn't

want a brother full time she wanted a daddy so I knew it couldn't have lasted. Something else started to happen; I started to find myself feeling like a daddy to her.

It wasn't long afterward that I introduced her to my daddy side and well to this day she is still my daughter. And that was almost 12 years ago.

For a while I was doing the Daddy side with her just in private. It wasn't sexual for her at all and still to this day is not. It goes back to her childhood which I will not get into for the sake of opening up a larger story.

Eventually except for a few small visits with his "Sister" the child side went away and I was from that point on a grownup Daddy, moving onward and upward now to the question at hand.

What does it really take to understand a "child"? While it is easy to say don't do this and don't do that. And you have to do this and you have to do that. This could be considered "playing" a daddy.

To a child there are always two constants that never change be they a real child or an adult child. This first constant is they will almost always do exactly the 100% total opposite of what you tell them not to do or tell them to do. The second constant that is part of a child is they will almost always ask you the dreaded question "Why"?

To some it would seem that this question is more asked just to be annoying but when you look deeply at what it takes to be a child then you may just understand that they are honestly asking "why". To a child there world is just starting to form and they are starting to

try and understand the basic rules of Why? How? When? Where?

No this article is not going to get into the babble of child psychology so you don't have to stop reading. However you do have to understand that to really answer those How? Why? Where? And When? Questions that you have to think like a child.

To think like a child may be a scary thought to say the least. But when you are once again face to face with that child asking those all important to them questions you will have to come up with honest answer. Even those Adult children are at some point going to ask why? Why can't I have this ice-cream even if it's not past dinner time yet? Why do I have to take my medicine?

How do you know the answers to these and other pressing questions when a child would ask them? Remember just like with real parents there is no manual when it comes to raising a child. There is no set this is the answer and the only answer. No end all tome of mystical knowledge waiting for you to pick it up.

You will have to come up with those answers yourself. I am sorry my friend to tell you this, but you are on your own to finding some of the answers to those pressing questions you will need to either simply make it up or have some first hand knowledge of someone telling you the answers in the past.

With myself I started out as an age-play child so I would have asked those questions and I would have been told perhaps the same things. So it is very easy for me to answer those questions because I have done

the same things, I have said the same things I have pressed the buttons I have flipped those switches, I have turned those knobs, I have done all those things that the adult child would have done.

The adult child can and more than likely will be looking for a logical answer, the old "Because I told you so" is not going to get it. Even if it's a silly question like them asking why do I have to listen to you? Because I said so will not logically help this adult child to understand that there are actual reasons why they need to listen to what you are telling them to do or not to do.

Let us say for example that your adult who is a child is on some type of medicine and logically speaking as a grownup adult they know that they will need to take this medicine because it is a health issue. But this same person logically speaking as a child would perhaps question why they need to take this yucky stuff. Staying in the grownup dealing with a real child role, how are you going to answer this question?

If you want to keep things real then I would suggest sitting down with that child and saying something like this "well you know when you don't take it how you feel yucky and how this may hurt or that may hurt or how this problem starts or that problem happens. Those things happen because you didn't take your things that I am telling you that you have to take. And I don't want you to get sick and you don't like to feel sick so that is why you have to take them" If you do this then your child may just understand why they need to take their pills.