

WHISPERS

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

MEN WHO MENSTRUATE? AN INVESTIGATION. PART 2



As I enter Clancy's, I am hard pressed once more to try and spot any men. Everyone here looks like a female to my eyes, with feminine faces, curvy bodies. No one is hides their figures under baggy clothes. Everyone seems okay with their bodies. There are a few skirts, a few dresses, but a lot of the folks wear unisex clothing- jeans and t-shirts or flannels. No one here is dressed to the nines for a night on the town. This is an after work crowd just looking to unwind.

Country music churns out of the jukebox, an old song about a tear in a beer. Hey, you all know I have a weakness for country. I do not apologize.

I can't help but notice I am being noticed. I am a stranger, and not too many strangers come through town. I find a table in the corner, meaning to observe, but by the time I sit down, I am approached by a slender waisted and buxom stranger I have no doubt is wearing a push up bra. No man or woman's tits ride that high on their chest.

"Name's Mike Finn," he says in a bright, feminine voice. "And in case you're wondering, I'm a dude. You mind?" He says. He has two glasses of beer, so of course I say, "Not at all."

As I introduce myself, Mike sits and slides one of the beers across the table toward me. "Welcome to Fair Haven," he says with a crooked smile, "where we put the **men** back in menstruation."

That does earn him a laugh. We get to talking, and I ask Mike, at the risk of being rude, how people in town are able to tell the men from the women. "Well, we all grew up here, so there's that," Mike says, "but given we all look like what to your eyes are females, we do tend to differentiate through style, mostly hair. We copy the outsider styles. Guys tend to have short hair. Most of the girls have longer hair. Makeup. Jewelry. That kind of stuff, but there are couples you couldn't tell at a glance who was the guy or the girl. What does it matter, anyway?"



FAIR HAVEN CITIZENS USE STYLE TO DIFFERENTIATE BETWEEN THE SEXES, ESPECIALLY WHEN SEEKING A MATE.



MIKE FINN EXPLAINED THAT HE AND MOST GUYS CHOSE "MASCULINE BRAS" IN DARK, SOLID COLORS. HE DID ADMIT, HOWEVER, THAT HE HAD A COUPLE LACY THINGS FOR "SPECIAL OCCASIONS."

Looking around the bar, I see what he means. Plain faces with butch hair cuts, and just about everyone with longer hair is made up. It's obvious now that he points it out, and I can't believe I didn't notice. "So, it's all locals?"

"Once and awhile, some girls from Nightingale, that's the next town over, will drop in to have some fun with what they call BoyGirls, but mostly it's just the natives."

"Do any men ever pop in?"

"Hell, no," Mike says, laughing. "They're all terrified of the curse."

We chat some more, and he tells me about life in Fair Haven. He's sweet, has the prettiest big, green eyes and a bright, sexy smile. I go home with him. I've never slept with a man who had such soft skin. Or, his own bouncy fun bags.

The next morning, I drop by Rachel Hollister, Fair Haven's K-12 school. to meet with Principal Holly Durham. Walking down the hall, I am surprised to find Mike's lessons do not seem to serve me here. The halls in the high-school wing are teeming with what look to my eyes like leggy, bright-faced females and just about all of them dress cute in girls' clothes that look straight off the rack at Hot Topic or Abercrombie and Fitch. I do see a few of the short, boyish haircuts, but I see a lot more messy bobs, ponytails. I mention this to Holly.

"The younger generation," Holly says, chuckling. "For decades there was a boy and girl code, you could say. I mean, with our figures, just about everyone in town has always bought their clothes from the girls or women's departments, but guys were always trying to dress like the guys they saw on television, the girls the same."

"What changed?" I asked.

"Kids being kids, rejecting the ways of the older generation. The boys dress like girls to defy their fathers, plus the girls seem to love it."



ZACH POLANSKI. PUBERTY CHANGED HIS LIFE.



HIGH SCHOOL BOYS IN FAIRHAVEN. I HAVE THE EXACT SAME OUTFIT AS THE BOY ON THE RIGHT. HE PULLS IT OFF WAY BETTER THAN I DO. NOT COOL. SERIOUSLY.

She takes me on a tour of the school. "There's been a total breakdown in gender roles. Half the football team is girls now, and half the cheerleaders, boys, and all the cheerleaders wear skirts. Look there," she says, nodding toward a couple walking down the hall together holding hands. One is petite, smiling, pretty, wearing a cheerleader uniform, clinging to the arm of the taller one, who wears a football jersey. "Which one do you think is the guy?"

"Well, since you asked, I am guessing he's the perky little cheerleader."

"Right. That's Zach, head cheerleader and homecoming queen."



"This'll help you understand Fair Haven. Back in seventh grade, Zach was the star quarterback on the football team, very successful athlete, and Stacey was the head of the cheerleading squad. They dated, but then they had a big argument and broke up.

Well, the summer between 7th and 8th grade, Stacey had a growth spurt. Purely out of spite, she went out for football and took that quarterback job away from Zach. He couldn't stand being his ex-girlfriend's backup, so he quit the team and joined the cheerleaders. Well, Stacey sees Zach walking around campus in that little skirt, and she can't get enough of those long legs. Pretty soon, she's chasing him all over, and they end up back together, their roles completely reversed. See, Zach realized that if he wanted any status, he needed to be pretty and cute, land himself a big, strong girlfriend. Now, he and Stacey are the **IT** couple on campus, and he's the perfect, supportive little partner for Stacey.

It's genetics. Some girls are bigger and stronger, and some guys are bigger and stronger. **They** end up as the athletes, and the more petite students, male or female, find their places. The whole flute section in the marching band is male."

"Interesting," I say. "So, it's Darwinian."

"Yes. Once puberty left him small and curvy, Zach found his place, and so did Stacey. Look how happy they are together. Zach will make a really fine housewife and mother someday."

"Mother? I thought the guys here can't have babies?"

"Oh, they can't, but we have a saying here: If you do the mothering, then you're the mother. A boy like Zach? Stacey will hand the baby off to him once it's born, and he'll take care of the feedings, changing diapers, and later running to soccer practice, the dentists, dance class. He'll be the mommy. Mark my words."

Back in Holly's office, she explains more. "Keep in mind, puberty for boys here is the same as puberty for girls. You know how kids are. They can't wait to grow up, and the boys here are excited and anxious for their first periods. They can't wait for the big trip to the store with their father's to get their first training bras. It's a big, father-son moment here."

"That's so sweet."

"Girls here mature faster than boys, just like in the outside world, so the girls have everything a boy wants a year or so before he does. They tease the boys mercilessly, calling them "flat pat," or "babies" because they haven't had their first period. The boys here learn to envy girls, to identify with them. Then, when the boys finally do get their boobs, there's a lot of bra snapping. The girls at that age tend to be taller, bigger. The boys just learn to put up with it."

"That's an impressionable age," I say, considering the ramifications.

"None of them would ever admit it, but I think most males here end up suffering from female envy."

"I just think it must be great that the males here menstruate," I say.

Holly snorts. "You've obviously never had to deal with a man on the rag. Ugh. They are such **bitches**. And don't even get me started on what hellborn hags they are when they go through menopause."

My interview with Holly over, my sojourn to fair Fair Haven came to and end, mostly because I ran out of money.

I have learned a few things. Firstly, I actually find guys with big tits and sexy little girl voices a huge turn on. Secondly, maybe it is better that guys outside Fairhaven do not menstruate after all. Evidently, they are even more incredibly annoying than usual when they are on the rag.

Let me sign off with this joyous news! Mike and I have already made plans for him to come visit me in the spring. I told him to make sure to bring one of those bras he keeps for a "special occasion."



ESTHER MEH REPORTS ON ALL THINGS GENDER. THEY ALSO HOST THE WEEKLY PODCAST, "WHATEVER," AND SERVE AS FOUNDING DIRECTOR OF SNARKFEST, HELD EACH YEAR IN TOLEDO, OHIO, FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE NO FUCKS TO GIVE, BUT LIKE TO HANG OUT AND BITCH ABOUT STUFF ANYWAY.



MIKE SENT ME A TIT PIC. SHOULD I BE TURNED ON OR JEALOUS?