

WHISPERS

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

SWAPAROO!

**HE THOUGHT
HIS WIFE HAD
IT EASY.**



**MISS RAM
THOUGHT
HE SHOULD
SPEND SOME
TIME AS A
HOUSEWIFE.**





Body swapped couples are trending these days. Social media is drowning in "#boswap" videos. Most of them are fake, so I am naturally a little suspicious when a suburban couple contacts me wanting to tell their story. The boswappers are mostly in their teens and early twenties. Most married men in the burbs are still embarrassed to have their own boobs.

I knock on the door to 69 Thorne Street. A young woman answers.

"You the reporter?" She asks, and right away her body language and vocal style reads "male."

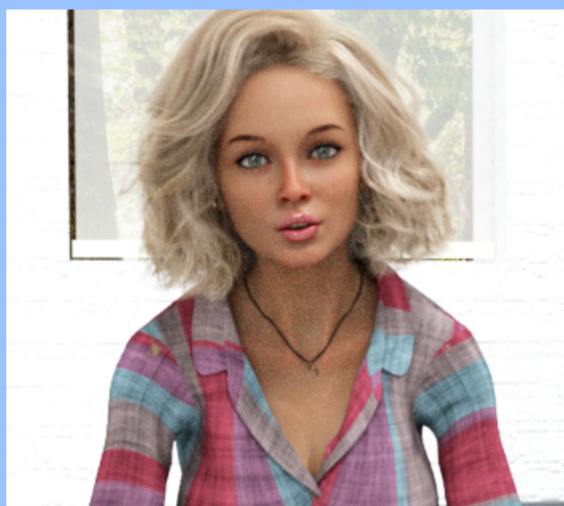
"You the dude who got body swapped?" I ask.

"Yup."

"Then, yeah, I'm the reporter."

"Name's Carl," the woman says, reaching out and giving me a firm, manly shake. "Come on in."

I am led into the house, and a tall, muscular man rises to greet me.



WHEN I WOKE UP AS GINGER, I NEVER EXPECTED I WOULD END UP WEARING MAKEUP, GETTING MY HAIR DONE. EVENTUALLY, I REALIZED THAT IF I WANTED MY FAMILY TO FIT IN, AND ESPECIALLY MY DAUGHTER, I HAD TO CONFORM TO THE SUBURBAN MOMMY CODE. BEING A GOOD FATHER MEANS BEING A PROPER GIRL.

The man gives me a hug and air kisses. "Butch it up," Carl says.

"She knows who we really are," the guy says, rolling his eyes. "I'm Ginger," she says, then turns her attention to her pretty little husband. "Go get the refreshments, dear."

Carl's eyes flash with anger, but he plasters a smile on his face. "Of course, **darling**."

"Please sit," Ginger says, then, by way of explanation. "Since we switched bodies, we've also switched roles."

"Ah. So, that's why Carl has to play the little wifey and get the snacks?"

"Yeah. He really hates it, too" she whispers with a little smile.

"Don't forget," Carl shouts from the kitchen. "You need to clean the gutters."

Ginger shrugs. "I do all the boy stuff."

Carl comes back into the living room with a tray of snacks. He puts them on the table and sits. Ginger stares at him. "How about some drinks?"

Carl does a double take. "Oh. Wow. I totally forgot the drinks."

"He is **such** a blonde," Ginger says.

"You know I hate that!" He turns to me. "For your information, **she** talked me into going blonde."

"You agreed," she says, smirking. "So maybe you always were an airhead on the inside."

"You have some nerve," Carl says.



The bickering, I suspect, would have gone on and on, but they suddenly seem to remember I'm there, and they both stop and plaster fake smiles on their faces. They are, after all, a suburban couple, swapped as they may be.

"We're never usually like this," Ginger says.

"We get along great," Carl insists. They exchange a for-show kiss. "I love it when she teases me. She's so funny."

"How do you make a blonde's eyes light up?" Ginger says.

"Maybe save the jokes for later?" Carl says, struggling and failing to hide his annoyance. "Let me get those drinks." He comes back, as they say, in a jiff.



"So, let's start at the top. How'd you guys get swapped?"

"Her!" They both say, pointing to a statue that sits on the coffee table.

"Miss Ram," Carl hisses.

"Ah! The Magic Statue. There are a surprising number of these Miss and Mr. Ram statues around body swapping people. Classic. Let me guess, you had an argument?"

"We were arguing one night," Carl says, but Ginger interrupts. "We were **talking.**"

"We were talking, and then one of us—"

"You."

"One of us says, 'I wish you knew what it was like to be me.'"

"'You wouldn't last a day in my heels,' I answered after **he** started it."

"We go to bed, and the next day, she's freaking out because she's a dude," Carl says.

"**He** was the one who freaked. I wasn't surprised. I'd had this dream where I rose out of my body, like a ghost, and I saw Carl, and he was all-- unh, I want to be a woman 'cause you have it so easy. Duh."

"She shoved me me into her body, actually."

"I did not!"

Carl catches my eyes and mouths, *she did*.

"Describe the morning."

"Carl woke me up. When he realized he had a vagina, he started screaming like a little girl."

"I did not!" Carl says. "It was more a barbaric howl."



"And then **he** spent the whole morning crying."

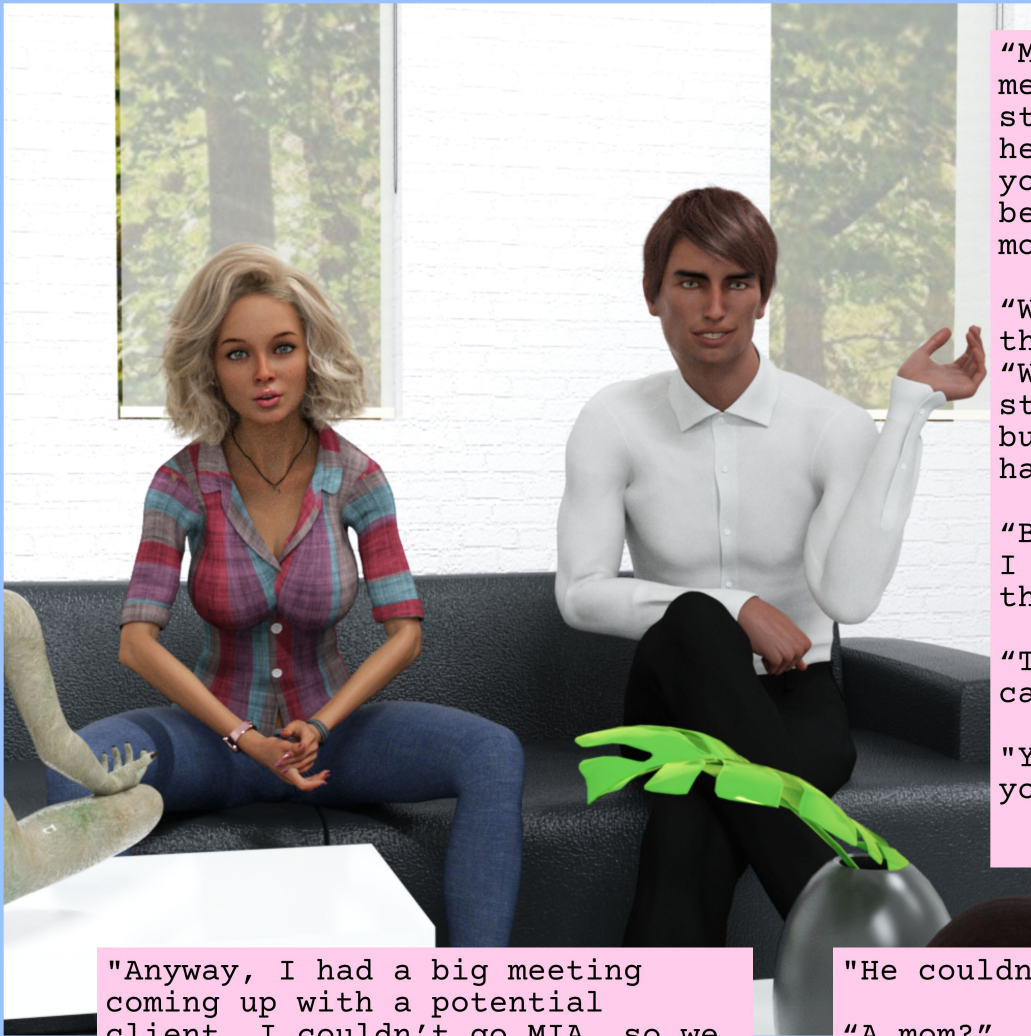
"**You** cried."

"So? I'm a **girl**," Ginger says.

"Not anymore."

"Obviously."

FACTOID: 73% OF MEN WHO GET BODY-SWAPPED INTO WOMEN REPORT AN INCREASE IN TEARS AND OVERALL EMOTIONALITY. HOWEVER, SWAPPED WOMEN REPORT NO CHANGE IN THEIR INCIDENCE OF CRYING.



"Maybe you each just tell me your version of the story? Otherwise, we'll be here all day. So, you said you've been pretending to be each other. Tell me more about that."

"Well, I called in sick the first day," Carl says. "We begged this stupid statue to switch us back, but the next day, I still had tits."

"Breasts, honey. You know I hate it when you call them tits."

"They're mine now. I'll call 'em whatever I want."

"You should respect yourself as a woman."

"Anyway, I had a big meeting coming up with a potential client. I couldn't go MIA, so we finally decided Ginger would have to go into the office as me."

"And I said, if I have to be you, then you have to be me."

"Yeah, like going to your book club was as important as me not getting fired."

"It's just as important to me. Anyway, for years he was always, like, oh, my job is so hard, you have no idea the stress. Unh. Unh. I go in, and it was nothing. All I did was stand in front of a room reading from slides his secretary made."

"It isn't always that easy."

"Okay. Whatever. So, I land the client, of course, and when I get home I find little miss man in tears, frazzled, overwhelmed."

"You are so full of it!"

"He couldn't handle being a mom."

"A mom?"

"We have a 9 month old baby," Ginger says. "Oh, I have pictures."

I know better than to try and stop a proud mother from showing me baby pictures, so I look and say all the right things, while Carl tries to defend himself.

"The baby kept crying and crying-not me. I was just going nuts because I couldn't figure out what to do to make her stop."

"It turned out Veronica's diaper needed to be changed. Of course, Carl hadn't changed a diaper in his life, so he had no idea."

"Guys don't change diapers."

"Your words to my ears, honey."

As if on cue, I hear a baby start to cry over the baby monitor.

"Mommy?" Ginger says with a smile.

Carl groans, but he gets up and goes off for diaper duty.

"So, he's doing the whole mom thing now?" I ask now that Ginger and I are alone.

"And, girl, I love it! After years and years of him telling me housework was woman's work, I just threw that right back at him. Plus, I threatened to wear a skirt to work if he wouldn't be the wifey."

"So, what's it like being the man?"

"Good. Bad. I mean, it turns out I'm pretty good at his job. It's so easy, mostly. But I have to go play golf with the other idiot men, and they're always smoking disgusting cigars, plus the conversation is soooo boring and crude. The things they say about women! Even their own wives."

Carl catches the end of that as he returns. "Well, your friends can be pretty disgusting, too," he says. "The mouths on those girls. I had no idea the way women talk when they think there aren't any guys around."

**FACTOID:
RESEARCHERS IN
THE UK FOUND ONLY 8 TO
25% OF GENDERED
BEHAVIOR IS PROGRAMMED
IN OUR GENES!**



I STILL LOVE TO GET A MANICURE, A FACIAL. LONG BUBBLE BATHS ARE TO DIE FOR. I AM SUPER JEALOUS, THOUGH, THAT CARL GETS TO HANG OUT AND DISH WITH THE MOMS. I MISS MY BESTIES.

CARL LOVES BEING A HOUSEWIFE!

COOKING AND CLEANING BETTER THAN SEX! (SARCASM ALERT!)



"So, what's life like as a housewife?"

"Paradise," Carl says. "Cooking, cleaning, changing poopy diapers. And, oh, for fun I get to go to a book club and listen to scatter-brained women gush over chick lit. Oh, and how fucking fun, we get together in the park sometimes and talk about our husbands and our children. That is, when we aren't going after each other or making passive aggressive comments about whoever didn't show that day. Oh, and, don't let me forget about the doctor's appointments, and trips to the salon to get my nails done, and my hair. And, of course, there's keeping up with the latest fashions and shopping! It's heaven!"

"He doesn't think I have it easy anymore."

"No, I do not. Oh, and let's not forget I have to wear two bras if I want to go jogging, and don't get me started on the backaches. The female body," he says, "has a lot of design flaws."

"You should write a letter to God," Ginger says.



80% OF MEN FIND SEX AS A FEMALE EQUALLY OR MORE GRATIFYING!



"There must be something good about being a woman," I say.

Carl and Ginger exchange a glance.

"What?"

"Can I tell her?" Ginger asks.

"Go ahead."

"Well, Carl loves taking pictures of his breasts."

"They're really sexy," he says, blushing.

Ginger laughs, patting him on the knee. "He's always texting me boob pics."

"I'm a guy. Whadya expect?"

"Anything else?" I ask, because I can tell there is something else.

Carl finally shrugs. "It turns out, she's really good in bed as a guy."

"I know how to get a woman off," Ginger says with a proud, manly smile. They move closer together, hold hands.

"She's not bad as a husband," Carl says, getting a little mooney-eyed. "I have to give her credit for that. She really listens to me."

Ginger smiles. "And he's a good little wife." They kiss, and it is a sweet, tender kiss. I can tell they really love each other.

The baby starts crying again. "Feeding time," Ginger gloats.

"Thank God," Carl says. "My breasts feel like they're about to burst. I hope the little one is hungry." He goes off to nurse his baby.

"Do you regret missing out on a chance to bond with your baby, to be the mommy?"

Ginger laughs. "I never bought into all that romantic bullshit about motherhood," she says. "Nursing sucks. I'll gladly clean the gutters. Let him deal with the raw nipples."