

Tony is Not Tony Anymore

by [Armando Simón](#) (May 2024)



My Children –Abbott Handerson Thayer, 1897

Hilda was a single mother, and it would be hard to say when the notion first entered her head. Certainly the drive to turn as many children as possible into homosexuals or transgenders had been going full throttle in the country for the past three years. At any rate, once the idea took root, she ran with it.

Hilda had noticed on different occasions that, out of curiosity, Tony, her four-year-old son, had picked up a couple of girls' toys at Target to look at. Being brightly colored and having familiar cartoon characters in the packages in order to entice children to buy them, said toys did indeed attract the attention of children. He had also picked up similarly colored boys' toys.

So, she concluded that her little boy was transgender, that is, her son was really a girl trapped inside a boy's body, and it was her duty to free her. And so, she began to "affirm" his "real" gender. She bought him girls' toys and encouraged him to play with them, while slowly removing his traditional male toys from the home.

She then moved on to clothes. At a department store, she pointed to some brightly colored clothes.

"Don't you like this outfit?" she asked Tony. "Look at how pretty it is, and it's got Elmo on it! You like Elmo, don't you?"

"Mommy, isn't that a girl's dress?" Tony asked, a bit confused.

"Oh, anybody can wear it! And if *you* like it that's what matters! You can wear it! Try it on! I think it's going to feel more comfy than your regular clothes." And she took him to the fitting room, put it on him and gushed how good he looked now.

“It’s more comfy,” he had to admit.

“There! You see?” She bought him several other loose-fitting outfits, even those that he did not like. And she also let his hair grow down to his shoulders.

Hilda then introduced a brand new word in his vocabulary: “transgender.”

Any doubts, objections, or questions that Tony posed were skillfully dealt with.

She took him to “family friendly drag shows” where grown men wearing women’s sexy outfits and underwear, including thongs, strutted around to music. They had five pounds of makeup caked on each of their faces, giving the appearance that they had donned Venetian masks during carnival. Other progressive families were there for the show, grinning with approval, with children in tow, the children being at various stages of transitioning. The parents praised the perverts to the children and even gave them dollar bills to tuck into their crotches.

Hilda and Tony made friends with the other attendees and from then on visited each other and formed a support group for both the parents and their children. “You’re so courageous” was a phrase that was constantly repeated and exchanged among them. At the same time, there seemed to be an undercurrent of competition among them which furthered an impetus to turn their children to the opposite sex.

One time, one of Hilda’s new friends recommended a video on YouTube of a transgender child calling himself—or rather, being called— “Amazing Desmond.” Hilda and Tony watched it. It was shot in a television studio with a specially picked audience who would be supportive and not make any jarring comments. A boy of about eight years of age, wearing a girl’s dress, face pasted with makeup, made his entrance in tempo with upbeat music—the audience clapping along—and strutted

around like a cheap prostitute stoned out of her mind, finally ending with him lying on his back, as if ready for sexual intercourse. The audience and TV hosts were delighted at the performance, clapping and showering him with praise at the end. "Trailblazing!" and "Very courageous!" were repeated several times.

Hilda and Tony were likewise delighted at the performance.

At such a young age, it did not take much time to thoroughly convince the little boy that he was really a girl, and to ensure he stuck to his assigned role, he was warned that there were mean people called "transphobic" that he should ignore or report them to the authorities.

And, sure enough, when it came for Sandra to enroll in school—prior to that they had gone over a list of girls' names for Tony to choose from—they encountered just such an evil person.

In the process of explaining Sandra's new status, the stupefied teacher interrupted her.

"Are you insane?!?"

In a huff, Hilda took Sandra with her to the principal's office to complain. Fortunately, the principal was a sympathetic, progressive soul, very apologetic and supportive.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry that you were exposed to this individual. We had no idea that she was transphobic. This school has no place for hate," said the principal before uttering some hateful epithets directed at the offending teacher. "Let me assure you that gender-affirming is something that we strongly believe in and is one of our goals. We have a policy of Diversity, Inclusiveness and Equity in this school." That same day, the teacher was fired and, in accordance with D.I.E. principles, was replaced with a thin man with pink hair who quickly put up a Pride flag in the classroom.

And so it went on for several years, with Hilda steadily cementing the psychological change.

Once, she even enrolled Sandra on a special summer camp called Camp Brave Trails, sponsored by North Face, wherein among other activities it was stated in the program the children would learn and perform in drag shows. Not stated in the program, Sandra and other children learned the fine art of fellatio.

Eventually, inevitably, the time came when Sandra insisted on his/her own to have a sex change. After following several leads, she/he settled on a surgeon. Hilda and Sandra made an appointment and traveled to the clinic where they met the good doctor.

The thin doctor with blue hair that matched his pump shoes appealed to both the mother and the offspring, not to mention his bubbling enthusiasm at describing his work.

"Here, at our clinic, we are carrying out groundbreaking treatment at gender affirmation for young people. We specialize in innovative techniques for gender reassignment in a safe, supportive environment. Our patients will receive puberty blockers prior to and after surgery and, of course, will receive post-operative care in our facility. Our dedicated staff will monitor progress throughout, from beginning to end." He spoke to them while handing them glossy pamphlets.

He put forth a wonderful proposal wherein he would castrate Tony, then restructure the rectum such that it would now serve as a vagina for Sandra. On hearing him, the impression was given that it was commonplace and normal. Such was his enthusiasm, Sandra's eagerness, and Hilda's single-minded determination that they could hardly wait for Sandra to go under the knife.

And under the knife, Sandra did indeed go.

After a couple of hours of sexually mutilating the child, both Tony and Sandra died.

“Well, damn, that didn’t work,” was the doctor’s disappointed comment in the operating room. “Oh, well. Now we know.”

He broke the news to the mother, and she had the remains sent to a mortician. The embalmer was shocked at what he found, and he called the police ... but nothing came of it.

[Table of Contents](#)

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