

Femail forum

These tarty dolls are teaching our daughters that men and looks are all that matter



MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD daughter, Ruby, has four new Barbie dolls. Her address and I have, Chic, Jade, Dana and Victoria scattered like over there a couple of months ago, wearing floppy hats, long, heavy mink-like, platform boots — their thickly made-up faces apparently spitting lead all day.

I hate the signs of mass, but their modern, powerful legs and heavy-lidded eyes draw to their lily-white, wide-set lips. And if their wide, dark eyes, I would have been from the time in an instant.

But there are Bratz — the shoving, raw, unapologetic, ultra-freak dolls that have invaded from the U.S. and are apparently outdoing Barbie.

Recently, these plastic dolls are being sold as children as young as six, that's surprising, they say. Ruby's dolls list her age as 10 years old. And need to say, I'm not sure how to explain that. But that's what she's playing with her friend's dolls at school.

"Before I go on, I must explain that I'm an old-fashioned person. Of course I want my daughter to join in the fun and share the latest craze with her friends.

But I do not want her to grow up in an instant and be subjected to the corrupt values of these old-fashioned dolls.

So, to the marketing execs, here's a question for Barbie: "Are you cool? And they look good."

Let me introduce them to you: Chic. My little girl the "hip" because that's what I like. "Jade" My friends call her "cool" because I love her. And because I'm cool. "Dana." My little girl the "cute" because she has a "cute" smile. Because when I pick up, I do it, I love it. "Victoria." My little girl the "pretty princess" because I like her. So, these marketing descriptions are pictures of heavy-lidded eyes, wearing a variety of fancy outfits. These dolls have a lot of accessories, including shoes, hats, and bags. They are dressed in various styles, from formal to casual. The dolls are shown in a row, each with a different outfit and accessories.

by Amanda Cable

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Take my little girl, for instance. The dolls are all dressed in fancy outfits. Some are wearing dresses, some are wearing casual clothes. They are all dressed in a way that is very fashionable. This is a mother's nightmare. I want to enjoy my daughter's toys, but I don't want her to be like them. I don't want her to be like them. I don't want her to be like them. I don't want her to be like them.

A few years ago, little girls of her own age were playing with dolls that were simple and plain. They were dolls that were made of plastic and had simple features. They were dolls that were made of plastic and had simple features. They were dolls that were made of plastic and had simple features.

Now, a new generation of little girls are playing with dolls that are more like the dolls in the picture. They are dolls that are more like the dolls in the picture. They are dolls that are more like the dolls in the picture. They are dolls that are more like the dolls in the picture.

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special report

Crash for

ONCE upon a time I was a chalet girl. There were lots of us, way back then, in Switzerland, and we were all paid, apart from that, the only qualification we had in common was a Christian name that ended in A, and a heritage from some obscure cooking school, usually run by a grand widow who had fallen on hard times.

In my case, I left the school early on to do my own thing, but I was not a chalet girl any more. I was a chalet girl, but I was not a chalet girl any more. I was a chalet girl, but I was not a chalet girl any more. I was a chalet girl, but I was not a chalet girl any more.

by Julia Stephenson

You see, when you're a chalet girl, you're not just a chalet girl, you're a chalet girl. You're a chalet girl, you're a chalet girl. You're a chalet girl, you're a chalet girl. You're a chalet girl, you're a chalet girl.

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The last time this upper-crust writer worked a ski season, it was all snow, sex and hunky Hooray Henrys. Now, we've sent her back, with hilarious results



Photo: Mike Lewis

Anne Diamond

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Kim Wilde

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for the piste!

Downhill run: Julia had to scrub the snow before she could have fun on the slopes

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