

## Singapore Shrinkage

**Think you're too small? It might be all in your head**

Koro, also known as the genital retraction syndrome, is the pathological fear that one's genitals are shrinking into the body, eventually causing death. Usually occurring in culturally backward societies where witchcraft, promiscuity and masturbation are believed to be causes of this faux disease, Koro nonetheless hit Singapore shores in the 1960s.

In 1967, as part of a government initiative to regulate pork meat for health and hygiene reasons, all pigs were inoculated before slaughter. In October that year, a rumour began circulating that eating inoculated pork was causing a shrinking of the penis into the abdomen. Talk of the connection between Koro and consuming 'contaminated' pork blazed through the Chinese community. The older, uneducated Chinese folk readily believed the rumours as most of them were descendents of migrants from China who had brought along with them Chinese medical texts that had recorded Koro (*suo yang*) as real disease.

According to records, over 500 cases of Koro were recorded during the period of October to April 1968, and only after repeated attempts by the government to allay these fears, including issuing statements disclaiming the malady in the major newspapers, did the Koro panic subside.

Psychologists believe that Koro is frequently triggered by emotional distress or even a drop in temperature (right after a swim, for instance), causing the penis to suffer a slight decrease in size. The anxiety caused by this phenomenon leads the Koro victim to perceive the decrease to be more severe than it really is. So if you think your penis is getting smaller, maybe it's time to see a, well, shrink.

thing. The Andro-Penis comes with a base ring, two metal spokes that run parallel to each other, and connects to a plastic saddle with a loop in the middle. The two metal pieces spring apart because they are divided by springs. You insert your flaccid prick through the base ring, depress the springs and rest your glans (the head of your penis) on the saddle. Then, with your foreskin pulled back, you tighten the loop around the base of your glans. (See photos... just kidding.) What follows is a diary of discomfort, embarrassment and untimely horniness.

### DAY 1 TO 5: START SMALL

To be honest – and I'd actually meant to skip this part – it was a little difficult putting my flaccid schlong into a device that seemed too long for it. Being a Grower (where there is a marked difference between the flaccid and erect state) as opposed to a Shower (where what you see is what you get, erect or not), I wondered if I should be using the mini Andro-Penis instead. Yes, they make those; kinda

## I came up to 5.1 inches. (Add four inches if you're a girl reading this.)

like the iPod shuffle but way less hip when you tell your friends you've got one.

So I send a query to AndroMedical, makers of the Andro-Penis, and their advice was to press the springs down so it would better fit my tiny Tod and "lasso" the glans. It sounds simple, but really isn't. With grim determination (and a fair bit of hair-loss in the nether region), I manage to get the Andro-Penis on.

The instruction manual also warned to wear loose clothing when using the device, and because I had worn briefs on the first day of use, I learnt the hard way why loose clothing might be a better option. I had no choice but to go commando the rest of the day, with nothing keeping my rod in place save the Andro-Penis. Among other things, it would've been a particularly bad day to get kneed in the groin.

And because I didn't tighten the loop around the glans enough, it – doh – slipped out on the bus journey home. I don't know which is worse, being caught adjusting my package on a public bus or being caught wearing a contraption that must look like I had recently broke my co\*k.

After that, though, everything went without a hitch. Each time I'd put my happy stick in the contraption, I'd set an alarm to free willy every three hours, as stipulated in the manual.

### DAY 6 TO 10: DOUBLE TROUBLE

After the first week, it's easier to slip my hot rod

into the saddle. Either it's working or the springs are getting worn in quick. For the second week, I would have to leave the Andro-Penis on for six hours, double that of Week One. Which isn't a problem except that I have to stop my work at the computer every 15 minutes, scoot off to the toilet to massage and relax my member. No, it's not because Windows XP turns me on; you're advised to release it from the Andro-Penis and massage it (your pecker, not the Andro-Penis) every 15 minutes.

### DAY 11 TO 15: GROWING PAINS

Hallelujah! The damn thing works! I've already added 2.5 cm to my flaccid length and my erect boner had gone up a whopping centimetre. If this goes on, I'd be hung like a horse circa 2008.

But make no mistake – subjecting my lust log to constant traction for past three weeks hasn't been a bed of roses. Even worse than the humiliation of an inexplicably awkward gait was the fact that leaving my willy in a constant state

of duress meant that some (slight) blisters had appeared at the base of the glans.

The most worrying of it all was the increase in libido. I've no idea if it's the constant massaging or the tightening and releasing of the glans but I do know my libido is at an all-time high. And for it to happen when I'm single is painful. More so than even having blisters on my piston (I'm running out of phallic synonyms).

### DAY 16 TO 20: THE REVEAL

After more than two weeks with the Andro (we're on a first-name basis now), I'm giving my schlong a well-deserved rest. I'm happy to report that not wearing the device didn't cause a reversal of my newfound fortune and the increase I've achieved thus far remained intact.

Unfortunately, I am still single and haven't yet had the chance to brandish my winning wiener while the lucky lady gasps in glee. But this much I know: If I were to ever visit Japan, I know I'll walk the Tokyo streets tall, proud and slightly longer than your average Miyagi. ☺

*The opinions expressed in the preceding story are those of the writer's and is in no way an endorsement of any product by Men's Health magazine.*

*Andro-Penis is available at [www.andromedical.com](http://www.andromedical.com) and retails for US\$299 (S\$471). Visit [www.andromedical.com](http://www.andromedical.com) for more information.*

# Man to Man

By Wah Kah Teck

## GAG SHORTY

Our writer tries to be a 'bigger' man with the help of a tool that supposedly pulls, stretches and chokes his member into elongation

### This might be the hardest story

I've ever written.

It seemed easy enough when *Men's Health* suggested I try out the Andro-Penis, a DIY contraption by AndroMedical that promises to lengthen my manhood by basically stretching and tugging it. In my own warped, masochist way, it even sounded like fun.

But as it turned out, the only thing 'fun' about this assignment was trawling through the thesaurus in my head to recall all the synonyms for the one word I would be using repeatedly throughout these three pages - 'penis'. So far, I've got: Dick, dong, schlong, member, willy, wiener, pecker, boner, prick, hot rod, lust log, happy stick, and a couple of

One of these  
things...

Hokkien ones that would very likely violate some publishing penal code.

And then, when I started writing this column proper, I realised that I would essentially be broadcasting my size (or lack thereof) and other most intimate details to the entire *Men's Health*-reading population and their giggling girlfriends or wives.

It would be my Tammy moment.

The Andro-Penis, a device that you wear on your dong over a period of time, works on the principle of traction – your wiener is



**Andro-Penis:  
The max-box  
and its contents.**

stretched whenever you wear the Andro-Penis, stimulating the growth of your penile tissues. It's basically how the giraffe women of the Paduang tribe in Burma achieve their elongated necks, or as other bodily 'mutilations' (disc lips, etc) performed by certain indigenous African womenfolk.

My initial meeting with the Andro-Penis device is nothing short of shocking. Housed in a thick wooden box, the actual thingamajig comprises white plastic pieces held together by menacing screws and springs. This isn't a contraption you'd put your enemy's pinkie in, much less your family jewels. On closer inspection, the device isn't nearly as frightening as I had first assumed. What proved to be really scary, though, is the instructional VCD. Basically a moving-image version of the instruction manual (also provided), the VCD contains a 15-second video clip of a man fitting the device onto himself, with an overwhelming view of this guy's flaccid wiener. A 15-second clip that is 15 seconds too long, if you ask me.

I promptly decide to read the manual for instructions instead and learn that I need to understand two concepts before I could fit the thing on my pecker – Initial Size and Personal Size. To calculate your Personal Size, you subtract 4 cm from your erect dong. And the

Initial Size refers to the size of the Andro Penis (about 9 cm). Based on these two sizes, you'll be able to calculate (with the help of mathematical formulas) how long you need to extend the gadget to achieve your desired results.

The Andro-Penis programme requires me to first measure and record both the length and girth of my schlong. By earlier measurements, using a less-than-scientific method also known as 'guessing', I had estimated myself to be somewhere between 'huge-ass' and 'immense'. With the highly accurate measuring tape provided in the Andro-Penis package, there was no fudging with the numbers. Herein lies my conundrum: Should I stretch the truth a little (by about, say, four inches) or should I be utterly and brutally honest (by about, say, two inches).

Here goes: I came up to 5.1 inches (erect) in both length and girth. (Add four inches if you're a cute girl reading this.)

According to the *Journal of Sexology of Japan*, 5.1 inches is the length and girth of the average Japanese man. Which means, if you subscribe to the widely believed notion that Japanese men have willies the size of paperclips, I am really a little, little Miyagi.

But all that might change real soon, after I put the damn thing on my own damn

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