

# The day I figured it out

*Kieran Wong*

From the start I knew that I was different. Not just the fact that I stood up for what I believed in more than the other kids my age did, I just... looked at things differently. By the time I realised this this I had figured out that one of the main ways that I was different was that I had never really had a crush on a boy. Having always felt uncomfortable when my friends talked about some cute boy that they liked, I realised that I had always been attracted to girls and only girls. But for most of my time at school I often heard kids say things such as “Eugh! That’s so gay!” or, “Are you a lesbian? That’s so weird!” I tended to cover up my tracks by lying. I copied the way some of my boy-crazy friends behaved, and when my friends asked me if I had a crush, I just thought of one of the most annoying and gross boys that I knew and said his name. Strangely, they believed me. I came out to my “friends” in the end though. It felt like I could breathe again.

After I came out to my “friends” about that, it still felt like something was wrong. Still another thing that made me different from everyone else. I think that slowly came into realisation about a year and a half before I came out to my friends about liking girls. I still remember it to this day. It had been a really hot summers day halfway through term one. Me and my friends had been walking along the field past some boys who always played soccer, and a thought came into my head, so I asked myself out loud, “I wonder what it’d be like to be a boy?” Then I remembered that I’d said it out loud. My friends who were girls gave me some pretty funny and disapproving looks, and one of them said “What? Why would you want to be a boy? They’re annoying and gross.” So naturally, I quickly excused my thought and apologised. “Never mind,” I said, “I don’t know why I said that.” But over the year and a half that I’ve had to think about that moment, I’ve realised that it had been a genuine question. I think from that moment on I started imagining myself as a boy, but then again, I’d never really been a “girly girl”.

When I found out what Transgender was, it reminded me of something, which, in the end turned out it was what I was. It felt relieving that what I felt was something that other people have felt before. I took my time to think about whether I actually felt like that, and when I was sure that I did, I told my family, which was probably a bad idea because I’d already had other change going on in my life. So I told my parents and sister to call me she again, because quick change isn’t something that I can cope with. I took my time to think about it. But that feeling of being trapped that I always had just came back, and that’s a feeling that I REALLY hate. The second time I told my parents I was sure. Then came the hard part-telling my friends.



Telling my friends has probably been one of the hardest things that I've done during my time being Trans, especially the fact that some of my friends are Christian, and most Christians I know don't understand or even know what Transgender is. When I told someone who was one of my closest friends at the time, her reaction was, "When did this happen?" I told her when, explained to her what Transgender is, and after a awkward pause she said, "But...Why?" That feeling of being trapped didn't go away in this situation, it just got worse. Being Transgender isn't a choice that people should want to make [and it's not even a choice], I'm sure that basically all Trans people besides from me didn't want to be Trans, it's just a part of who we are. Another incident was when I was talking to the same girl and another girl who is also a Christian, and I was telling them about how my teacher might tell my class [and theirs], and one of them said " Just think about it for longer, otherwise you might regret it." And her and the other girl started saying a bunch of crap like that. They really have NO PLACE to have an opinion about my life and how long I thought about that. I've thought about it for as long as I can remember. The first girl also said that she would just use my girl name and not my boy name, which is Kieran, so I've just lost it at them a lot.

One of the things that I've had to learn during my time being Transgender is that I can control how I react to what other people say and do, but I can't control what people say about or to me. Another thing is that if you're Trans, there will be people who support you who are your friends and the ones who matter the most, and there will be those who don't support you who don't matter. That's one of the things that I often say to myself to stop the feeling of self-hatred coming back. And I also have a decent amount of people who support and love me. My family started using masculine pronouns for me, and so does the rest of my family. Some of my friends use them, and now I'm the boy Kieran according to my friends. My school will know soon, and so will the rest of the world. But after all, I am only 11, so there may be more than earth to call me that.