

# I'M NOT HER

DW

Being a girl is hard. It's worse when you know that you're not actually a girl, but a boy.

Having to wake up every morning and seeing someone in the reflection of the mirror that isn't you, when you speak your voice not matching who you really are. Parts of your body feeling out of place and incorrect because they don't belong there, not having a flat chest even though all the other boys do. Every Time someone calls "your" name feeling a sense of disconnection because that's a girl's name.....and you're a boy. "She" "her" "girl" "daughter" "sister", none of these sound right because you're a boy they don't call the other boys these things. Something is different about you, you're a boy stuck in a girl's body, you cry yourself to sleep because you were born wrong, why you? Why do the other boys get to be in the right bodies?

It hurts knowing that there are things that can help ease this pain you feel in your heart while not knowing how people will react. How would your Mom feel? You've been her "little girl" for the longest time, but you haven't have her? You've always been her son, even if you couldn't put a name on it. "You're just a tomboy" you're not though are you? A "tomboy" is a girl who dresses stereotypically boy-ish, you were never a girl in the first place. High school is scary, it gets worse when you don't know if people would hurt you for being you. Watching kids in America, who are in this situation, just like you have their rights stripped away, killed for something outside of their control, you cry for your brothers and sisters and you crawl back into your shell, because that could be you.

I am Transgender, and I am scared, lost and dysphoric.

I can layer my clothes, pretend I don't have breasts, lower my voice but it's not enough. I am dysphoric about my hands, my legs, my height, I can't change my hair without raising questions and I don't know where to go from here. Where do I go from here?



I am still a minor, if I tell my parents and they don't accept me, I have no home. If I tell my friends and they don't accept me, I have no heart. My dog accepts me, I don't know if that really counts though.

I don't want to cry. I don't want to hide. I don't want to be scared. I don't want to tell anyone. I want to tell everyone.

I am Transgender and I am human.

*We are Transgender and we are human*

