

# **This is Me**

**By BlossomHeart**

Submitted: December 27, 2013

Updated: December 27, 2013

*I know, I know; The title is horrible. I didn't know anything better, alright?!*

*Anyways, It's about me. See it as a diary or a blog about my life. I guess you'll find out more about me than anyone of my regular friends ever has or will. There is not much to tell.*

*If you're interested you can read it, if not.. Then don't ?*

*(LGBT topics!)*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/BlossomHeart/60116/This-is-Me>

<b>Chapter 1 - He, She or It</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - Choices</b>	<b>5</b>

# 1 - He, She or It

There weren't any obvious signs when I was a kid. I guess I was just that 'normal' little girl. I loved pink, I loved playing with pony toys but I also loved playing with toy cars and action figures. Yet at school you had this boy vs girl game which I just detested. Even if I wanted to be on the boy's side I couldn't. Why? Well I wasn't really a boy, was I? However, I didn't think about Gender all too much. I was happy back then.

Yet when I went to High School that happy child turned into a frustrated teen for at least 3 years. There was something wrong and I just couldn't figure out what it was. But I did know that whenever I closed my eyes the world was so much better. I started daydreaming about things. But, instead of being female in those dreams, I was male. In my dreams I have this stubble beard and short brown hair. I finally have some muscles and am a bit broader. It is and was fantastic until I opened my eyes again. Because then there was me again. That girl. I was so different from the other girls and I just couldn't see myself as one of them. Yet I tried.. I wore make-up to hide myself behind. Actually only eyeliner, but that was already enough if you'd ask me.

Every day was getting tougher, longer and more frustrating. My body was wearing me down and isolated me from who I really wanted to be. It still does. The fact that everyone was using the word 'woman' on me just made it worse. Society was forcing this female identity on me and I just couldn't stand it. "This is wrong.", was all that was going through my mind.

Also, due to all this, I neglected a lot of my friends and my family. I wasn't comfortable with who I was so I didn't really feel like seeing anyone. I locked myself up in my room and sat there with my face pressed against the screen of my laptop. There I watched anime's, read manga's and talked to a lot of people from all over the world. I wasn't really busy with love and all that. How would I be able to love someone when I had no clue who and what I was. But I think the most important thing about it all was when I started searching the internet about gender related things, because that was and is still a major issue to me. At first I didn't really think a lot nor did I connect myself to being Transgender. So I clicked it away again. I thought this would just be a temporary issue. Once again I was wrong.

After about a month that I had found out about Transgender I started reading more about it. I started to get more interested in it and I started to recognize myself. That didn't really make me more satisfied or happy with myself, though. However I was relieved that I wasn't the only one. I was relieved that I could be helped. It would get easier.

Guess what? I was wrong!

I felt like I had to tell my parents about how I felt. That took me another 2 years of stress and fear. What if they wouldn't accept me? What if they think I'm just fooling around? Maybe I'm wrong and shouldn't tell them about it. Maybe it's temporarily? I knew it wasn't. I knew who I was and what I wanted and needed to be.

So finally, before my 16th birthday I told them. I remember telling my mother first. I cried so much that I,

after a few words, wasn't really sure what I was going to tell her anymore. She was very accepting as far as I know. Of course it was hard for her too. She wouldn't have to tell me that as I already knew. That same day I told my sister. She didn't really get it at first. Sometimes when I look at her I wonder if I'm going too fast. Within several months I was already buying male clothes and talking about how I wanted to look later on. I don't think she was ready for that yet. But that won't slow me down. I've been preparing for this for a big part of my life. It had tormented me and now I am ready to deal with it. My father heard it a week later. I'm not sure why I waited for such a long time. Maybe I was afraid he wouldn't understand or accept it, which is nonsense. Anyways, I was relieved when I told them.

Now it had to be easier, right?!

After telling my most important friends it did indeed get easier. One of them, Charlotte, actually calls me 'dude' and 'he/him' when I'm with her. She's a great support and I couldn't ask for someone better. In a short period of time we found out more things about each other than I would've ever expected to find out about someone ever in my life. It was satisfying and I felt like I could really build on her. I trust her. We spend far too much time together at school and sometimes, at night, we talk for far too long. She calls me her Gay Best Friend. I don't mind though. I came up with it myself after all!

Also telling Kyara had been a good idea. She's probably one of the most important people in my life. We've known each other for forever. I've been to Disney with her and Utrecht. She's very important to me. She doesn't talk about it too much but we do joke about it from time to time. I already promised that ,one day when I finally am who I want to be, I'll wear a very feminine scarf, T-shirt and tight jeans. I'll be her Gay Best Friend for ever and ever whether she likes it or not.

I also met this girl via a site where we wrote stories about two created characters, OC's, called Heath and Ken. Heath was my guy. Actually he was a reflection of me. After talking to her for a while we exchanged Skype names and started to talk to each other. Also via Facebook we contacted from time to time. Soon it started to become a habit that, when I'd wake up, I'd check my Facebook or Skype to see if she had said something. It took me a while to find out her real name though. Honestly I wasn't sure what to do because I instantly fell in love with her personality. I had no idea what she looked like beneath that make-up and wig that she uses for Cosplay. So one day we called each other. It was cute because she didn't really dare to speak. She was afraid that I'd laugh at her lack of English. Yes, sometimes it's hard to understand what she tries to say but then she'll just describe it or skip the word. (Which leaves me guessing what the hell she meant.) But above that I saw her face. She's beautiful, especially when she smiles. I just love to make her smile...

Anyways, I'll write about all the lovey-dovey detailed stuff some day later. Don't worry it's no PG 16 or 18 story.

When I admitted that I loved her I also told her how I felt about myself. Because there is this amazing lag between us when we write each other it took her about 5 minutes to reply. Those 5 minutes were tormenting. I really felt like I was going to implode. I almost had deleted the message but then she replied and told me that she loved me too.

I remember that I just laughed. I laughed like a retarded duck and just flopped on my bed out of relieve. Yes, I was happy.

I also finally made an appointment with the VUmc in Amsterdam, which will try to help me with

identifying my gender. Sadly though... I'll have to wait till begin July before I can finally go there. There is this huge waiting list of people that want to get helped. But, I guess I can wait. At least I know I'm taking those important steps and along the way, with every step, things will get better. Of course it won't be perfect. Sometimes I'll take a step forward to be pushed backwards. Maybe I'll even fall over. But I will just stand up again and try over and over again until I reach my goals. One day I'll have to tell everyone about how I feel and I'm sure I'll lose a lot of my so-called friends. But I know I have a few of those wonderful people that are around me and who will support me.

I just hope I can finally be the man that I see whenever I close my eyes..

## 2 - Choices

Sometimes you have to choose between two things. You'll have to make a sacrifice. People will say that you can achieve everything. But sometimes that's just not true. Sometimes you'll have to make a choice knowing that if you choose one the other would not be achieved. Making those choices is hard and it breaks you.. You doubt and hesitate. Yet eventually you make a choice.

I made that choice not all too long ago. I had to choose between two dreams of mine. Two things I wanted with all my heart. A job. An opportunity that was within my grasp. Something I've always wanted. Not only my family but also one of my good friends triggered my interest for it. The army. It was always my dream to fight for my country and help people out. Or maybe I just need the thrill of it. I can't really say what it is about the army that interests me this much. The helping people and fighting for your country feels so weird. Because honestly.. what are we fighting for? Whatever it is, it's interesting and I need it. I always wanted to be either a medic or tech in the army. Whatever people would say to discourage me it wouldn't help. I wanted it, I needed it. It was a goal of mine and it still is. But now I know that, due to the choice I made, I won't be able to pass the tests and join the army. Because in their eyes the choice that I made will make me mentally weaker than others. Even if it only makes me stronger as a person.

I choose to be who I want to be and whom I should always have been. Being born in a female body while knowing you don't belong isn't the easiest thing. I choose the path to change my appearance and gender. I usually am not the person who focusses on looks all too much but just try to imagine this; You're born in a body that doesn't belong to you. You're a male/female born in a female/male body. You look in the mirror and observe yourself. Who is that, you ask. You don't recognize yourself. You don't want to recognize yourself.

Thus I choose the path to change whom I am and try to become happy with myself. Yet it's still very tormenting having to choose between two things that are within your grasp. Two dreams. Two wishes.

But maybe it's just an excellent excuse for me to be weak. I want to believe that me being me won't stop me from being what I want to be. I want to be me and I want to be a soldier. Maybe I'll be a soldier without the titles and ranks. Yet I believe that, due to my choices, I can't be either of those. I can't be me nor can I be a soldier. Somewhere inside of me I'll always know that this isn't meant to be me. And I also know I won't be that soldier as I am not strong. I find myself a wreck compared to others. I'm constantly wearing a mask.

The people who think I am strong are quite wrong. I'm not strong. I'm trying to be myself. The people who know me know that I am a perverted, rude, random asshole. But they also know that I love them and I'm loyal to them. Yet I find it hard to trust. I am not trying to be someone I'm not and I say what I think. When you ask me to be honest I'll wait and see whether or not you truly want me to be honest. Usually I'll be polite and say what you want to hear but with my true friends I say what I think. If I don't like it I'll let them know. If I find them assholes or jerks I'll let them know. I'm not the best friend someone can have. I'm just me. A guy with a disguise.

I do have to admit that I find myself feeling very selfish for writing this. Making my problems seem grand.

I should be complaining about all the starving children and hunger around the world. Yet instead I write about myself and I post it. Somehow it feels wrong posting this while I could be doing something much better at this time. I could be helping others and making others happy. For god's sake I could be feeding alpacas now!