

Hi. I am a trans guy, and I've been out for almost a year now.

I've struggled with my gender since I was about six. I never thought of myself as a boy or a girl. I was just a kid in my mind. I loved to wrestle in the mud, play army, yell and just be boyish. I was confused when my mom started getting upset whenever I came into the house with mud on my pants. She started making me wear skirts, and put a bow in my hair. I didn't want to wear that stuff, so I would refuse to wear it. I wore my cargo shorts and tee shirts instead. I guess she knew she was fighting a losing battle, so I wore what I wanted.

When I started sixth grade, I met Darrell. We became instant friends. Later in the year, he told me he was trans. I didn't know what that was, so he showed me what he had researched online. It didn't faze me. I had always seen him as a guy anyways. Eventually, we dated. We broke up when I moved that summer.

That summer, I got to thinking about Darrell. I realized I had been feeling some of the same things he had been. So I looked it up. I found some reputable sites and I read others stories. I was so happy. I knew what I was. Then I thought about my mom. I hadn't been raised homophobic, but we never talked about it. So, I waited a couple years until the summer of 2015. I had just gotten home from summer school and my grandmother was home. I told her that I needed to talk to her. We sat down and I told her everything that I had been feeling and what I had learned. She accepted it right away. I was surprised, but it took a weight off of my shoulders. I just had to tell mom. She seemed surprised, but she accepted it too. Or so I thought.

It took three months for her to allow me to cut my hair. We eventually convinced her to allow me to get a binder as well. She calls me he when I'm around, but "slips up" when she thinks I'm not listening. Both her and my grandmother refuse to talk about testosterone. They won't even think about it, even though I've presented a lot of information that proves it would be a good thing and that it won't harm me. They believe that it will make me even more depressed and suicidal than I already am. So, I'm stuck for now. But, I'm optimistic. If I have to wait, I only have to wait two more years till I can legally do everything myself. Hopefully, they'll come around before then. If not, oh well. I'll wait. I don't think they're quite ready to let go of their little girl, but she's not there anymore. I guess my message for you is, be patient. Everything will work out eventually. And I'll leave you with a quote.

"Those who mind, don't matter. And those who matter, don't mind"