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Living a Dream

Starting to Live the Life that I'd Been Dreaming Of

by L.B.

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My mother said that I wouldn't live to see my twenty-first birthday. Well, I am now twenty-four and pleased to have proven her wrong. I am a drag queen but no longer dress as a woman. I decided to take on a male role when I was drunk and having a bad night at work.

I finally took the back door out of my life and started to live the life I had been dreaming of for a number of years. I left Sydney because I couldn't cope. The main thing I couldn't cope with was me; being a prostitute and a drug addict and then not even knowing what drug I wanted to use. I narrowed it down to heroin and speed. Heroin was okay but I didn't like the fact that I nodded off while doing a job (especially in cars), so speed it was, for work anyway. I liked speed for the first part, the rush and about five hours afterwards. I hated the rest of the comedown and I wanted to commit suicide to get it over and done with.

I left Sydney at 1:30am on the first of April 1993 and I feel like it is the best move I have ever made in my life. I detoxed at home with help from my ex and I can cope really well without using now even though I think about it a great deal. I have used three times since I moved to the mountains. I spend my money on things that I need, which is a big step for me because I never did in the past.

The hardest things to cope with are the memories. I only ever liked two people, one of which is dead and the other I still keep in touch with. I could never like anyone because I never liked myself, the only reason I liked these two people is the fact that they never pushed their views or moral values onto me. I'm starting to like myself now but I'm very scared at what I have become and what I'm capable of becoming. Not that I'm a monster but I'm scared of living a normal life. I put myself through torture some days because I wake up and look at myself and there are tits. The trouble is that I have short hair, beard and dress as a male and my tits are visible in some of the things that I wear.

So then I get depressed and think about suicide, but I get through it somehow. Perhaps that's because I still feel that I have made the right decision. I told people for years that I wanted to move to the country and have a vegetable garden. Well, my vegetable garden may not be so great at the moment but it will get there in the end. I also never realised that I could live so nicely on the pension; I've got so much money it's not funny. I eventually spend it on books or some other thing, but I never go hungry any more.

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The Gender Centre is committed to developing and providing services and activities, which enhance the ability of people with gender issues to make informed choices. We offer a wide range of services to people with gender issues, their partners, family members and friends in New South Wales. We are an accommodation service and also act as an education, support, training and referral resource centre to other organisations and service providers. The Gender Centre is committed to educating the public and service providers about the needs of people with gender issues. We specifically aim to provide a high quality service, which acknowledges human rights and ensures respect and confidentiality.

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