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Trapped

It all started in a middle-class suburb in Melbourne ...

by Leisha

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Hi, my name is Leisha and this is my story. I identify as a transsexual lesbian pre-op.

It all started in a middle-class suburb in Melbourne some seventeen years ago. At the tender age of ten I found that I was different from the other kids in that I was female and was wrongly dressed as the girls were wearing skirts, but I was wearing trousers, I wanted to wear what the girls were wearing. I would have rather me go to school with plaits in my hair, tights, a school skirt and gloves, it was not to be.

At ten years old I made the mistake of telling my father that I wanted to become a female; what a mistake that was, he returned with the threat to kill me if I ever spoke about wanting to be female again.

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When I turned eleven years old my parents separated with horrible results with my father dragging my mother through the courts for seven years.

By the age of thirteen I was a role model for my seven-year-old brother, then to make things worse I was sent to a college in outer eastern Melbourne, my feelings of femaleness became stronger every day I knew then I was very different to the others.

Privately I would dress in female clothes during my teenage years from thirteen to eighteen years-old, during those years I ran away a lot too.

At thirteen years old I was sexually abused, that left an emotional and physical wound on me for life. This I carried around for sixteen years, until I told my psychologist this deep dark secret.

When I turned fifteen year-old my father had a road accident causing brain damage and memory loss.

At eighteen years old I begun my journey to womanhood with a clinic dealing with transgender issues, while undergoing treatment which has expanded over nine years, I worked as a electrical fitter in a straight job for six years which seem great, but it was not a typical female role to be in. The Clinic ran many tests even to this day still no decision, except confirmation that three of the six panel members are in favour of me having surgery in the future.

Between the ages of ten to twenty-five I lived with my mother, my mother knew about my yearnings to be female, but she never helped me to deal with these feelings when I was young. At the age of nineteen years old I also started an electrical apprenticeship to block my feelings but it didn't work.

On a dark winter's night in the August of 1998 in front of my mother and best friend, I told all, female hormone treatment, sex-change yearnings the lot. My mother hit roof, her reaction was to put me in a mental ward to try to cure me of these ideas, so to my supposed best friend as well.

From here on in, my life was made difficult by my mother and some friends are so standoffish. I now live life by this: "If it is to be it is up to me".

Seventeen years have passed by so quickly, so fast, only now I face final decisions from my doctors. Breast augmentation is only months away. My transition has being hard and full of pitfalls, ups and downs and all around so has my life. When I look back some said to me "is it all worth it" and it's not over until I reach the peak, when I reach that goal S.R.S. to rewrite what nature wrongly gave me the wrong body but a little of my past will remain inside only.

I have fallen in love and out of love over the past seventeen years to have a partner to share your feelings with right now would be heaven on earth, but the waiting game is still there (S.R.S.).

Why? Because it was destiny to become a female, that is I am a female. I remember cutting the cake at my twenty-first birthday and

wishing that my breasts would grow bigger that wish didn't happen instead I was trapped in a male body with a female body trapped inside wanting to get out. I kept this secret very close to my chest away from friends, etc. If they had found out the likelihood of being bashed was very high.

Years passed, the yearn inside of me became more tense, it was only a matter of time before the bubble would burst. I then decided to leave my trade and go into something, what a mistake that was. A transsexual amongst country folk it was the first time I was threatened outside of my family by someone who was so narrow-minded about things, the change from working to study was a mistake, going to college in the country, then changing at the age of twenty-five years old to security work which at times has it's own challenges in life. I began the long road to changing what was wrong to right for nine months I kept my female hormone treatment secret from my mother the changes occurred instantly, things started to happen so I left and moved in with a friend who was understanding to me and understanding about what I was going through.

As for my mother she will never, never accept my decision as a female not even try to understand me at all, for some friends acceptance is already there with understanding to a point.

To those who venture into this world change - of direction comes at price, for some of us change brings new life, others hardship.

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