

Prompt: Create a character and write from a perspective outside of your own.

I do not understand what is so hard for everyone to understand. It feels so simple to me. But it isn't simple to anyone else. I was born who I am. I do and wear and behave as I am. I always have. I was born a girl. Something just happened along the way to me entering the world where my parts got mixed up with somebody else's. I have a theory that when someone is born with the wrong parts, someone else is born at the same exact time with the wrong parts too, and they just got swapped along the way. It's like God just accidentally put part A on person B and part B on person A. It makes total sense to me. Everybody makes mistakes - even God. Trust me if you read the bible you'll find plenty of them. Did you know there's 385,000 babies born each day? And 0.6% of US adults identify as transgender. And those are just the people who are out. So with 385,000 babies born a day, God was bound to mix up a few of the parts, and this makes a lot of sense to me with the numbers and stuff. It made sense to my dad too. I told him about it when he was drinking coffee and doing his crossword puzzle. I explained it just like that. And he was still looking at his crossword but I could tell he was listening. He always listens. And he said, "That makes a lot of sense Kayla." And I felt better. It always feels better when I remember that someone else understands. Something else not a lot of people understand is me believing in God and stuff. For some reason people love to separate God from good people. But I grew up in the church. We live in a typical small Texas town in Corsicana. Corsicana has 23,746 people and they all go to church on Sunday. And I liked church. Everybody would sing and we'd hear beautiful stories and I would leave and the air would be warm with a whole day just getting started. It was this specific moment of leaving the dim exit to the church and the sun would hit me and I'd think "that's God." And I'd feel love. See that's what I took from church. That God is love. And he cares about our souls. And our souls are what go to heaven. Not our bodies. We bury our bodies and our souls go up to heaven. That's what they've always said. And my soul has always been a girl's. Just like my moms, and your moms, and Anne Hathaway, and AOC, and every other girl you know. I don't see how other Christians don't see it that way. I stay the same. My soul doesn't change. I just dress like other girls and change my appearance on the outside to match the inside just like other girls. Girls from church would dye their hair blonde when

it was brown and draw on eyebrows they didn't have, wore bras that gave them a bit extra than God did, and even Mrs. Wilson got lip fillers. And nobody says a word. Not one. And they were just trying to match how they wanted to look like. I genuinely am matching my soul exactly like it is on the inside. Just doing a favor for God. He mixed two of us up on March 31st 16 years ago, and I'm just helping him fix it. I do not understand what is so hard to understand. As a kid they'd get so mad. I wanted to play dress up like my sister. I wanted to put on moms heels and the party dresses and tiara she got to pick out at Disney world. Mom would always say "Katie, baby look at you! Just like a princess!" The first time I dressed up like Katie mom laughed. I would copy Katie when I was 3 or 4 and mom would laugh. She thought it was cute. But then she realized it wasn't a game. I'm a girl just like Katie and that's why I couldn't help but play like her. And then even after playtime was done I'd want to be able to put on a dress too to go to school. And mom said no. She didn't understand. And Katie didn't understand. And the kids at school didn't understand. And mom said that the church wouldn't understand and church was a place where I had to "be on my best behavior." How is dressing nice and acting ladylike not on my best behavior? And they say gender is the parts God gave you. And that that's all gender is. And they should determine everything about you. But then if I want to wear a dress or paint my nails, then gender is how you act. It's acting like a man. And "Katie you can't let Kyle paint his nails too because he's not a girl." So is gender the parts that I've got or the things I wear and do? And which is more important - your parts and your soul? Because the bible says it's your soul. And Dad knows it's your soul. Dad and I moved to Austin. It's much much bigger than Corsicana. It was scary at first. But I like it here. It's funny because even though there's so many people it's lonely. We came here so I could get the surgeries done that I need to help God fix his mix up. But I'm not in school right now. I'm working on getting my GED online. So really it's just me and Dad all the time. And sometimes that's nice. And it's nice that I'm gonna be all done with high school by 17. Dad says that'll give us time to get on our feet and give me a fresh start. Sometimes he gets excited and tells me about how we're gonna go on a roadtrip and look at colleges all over America once I'm done with my GED and surgeries. And I get excited because he's excited. And I hope

we can find a place that has people that understand souls and my theory about the mixed up parts.