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Comp I

02/xx/2025

Personal Memoir

If you believed that no matter what you did that you were fated to die. No matter what you did or didn't do, that you would die young or miserable, what would you do? That was ultimately the choice I was faced with last year. After a whole year I was stuck in a part time cashier job after I graduated high school. The worst part was that I was stuck in my own skin because I am transgender, someone who identifies with a gender different than their birth sex. I had known and struggled accepting this for years at that point. I had recognized these feelings since high school, but my parents were less than supportive about it. So, since I was dependent on them even after I turned 18, I didn’t pursue getting Hormone Replacement Therapy. These are consisted of medication intended to replace the sex hormones in the body to that of the desired sex.

Stuck at this part time job my mind fell inward. My house was my prison, my body as my cell, for my mind to be held by the prisoner. My life was not real. Not that it wasn’t my reality, but it was a slog of never-ending stillness. Every day was the exact same, doing nothing or going to work. I was not me. I was not anything at all. I was in this mode of behavior because I was convinced the alternative would guarantee being kicked out of the house. Of course, no-one in my family ever said that, but they would do this sort of mafia-esc “Oh, we wouldn’t be happy if you transitioned, and there may be consequences if you do”. My spirit was so far broken that even doing gender affirming things such as wearing different clothing, or putting on makeup just made things worse. They only served reminders of what I could never have.

At this rock-bottom point, I saw two paths. One where I stayed where I was and did nothing. This path would leave two likely outcomes, staying stuck and dependent on my parents for a long time, or my mental state reaching the point that I would co