

# That's Me, Mom!



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Thank you to the courageous transgender people from the past who made it possible for someone like me to write this book: Reed Erickson, Marsha P. Johnson, Christine Jorgenson, and Sylvia Rivera.

To all future trans girls and boys: No matter who you are, where you live, or how you identify, you are valid and deserve respect. Feel safe and always remember—  
you are not alone.

You matter!

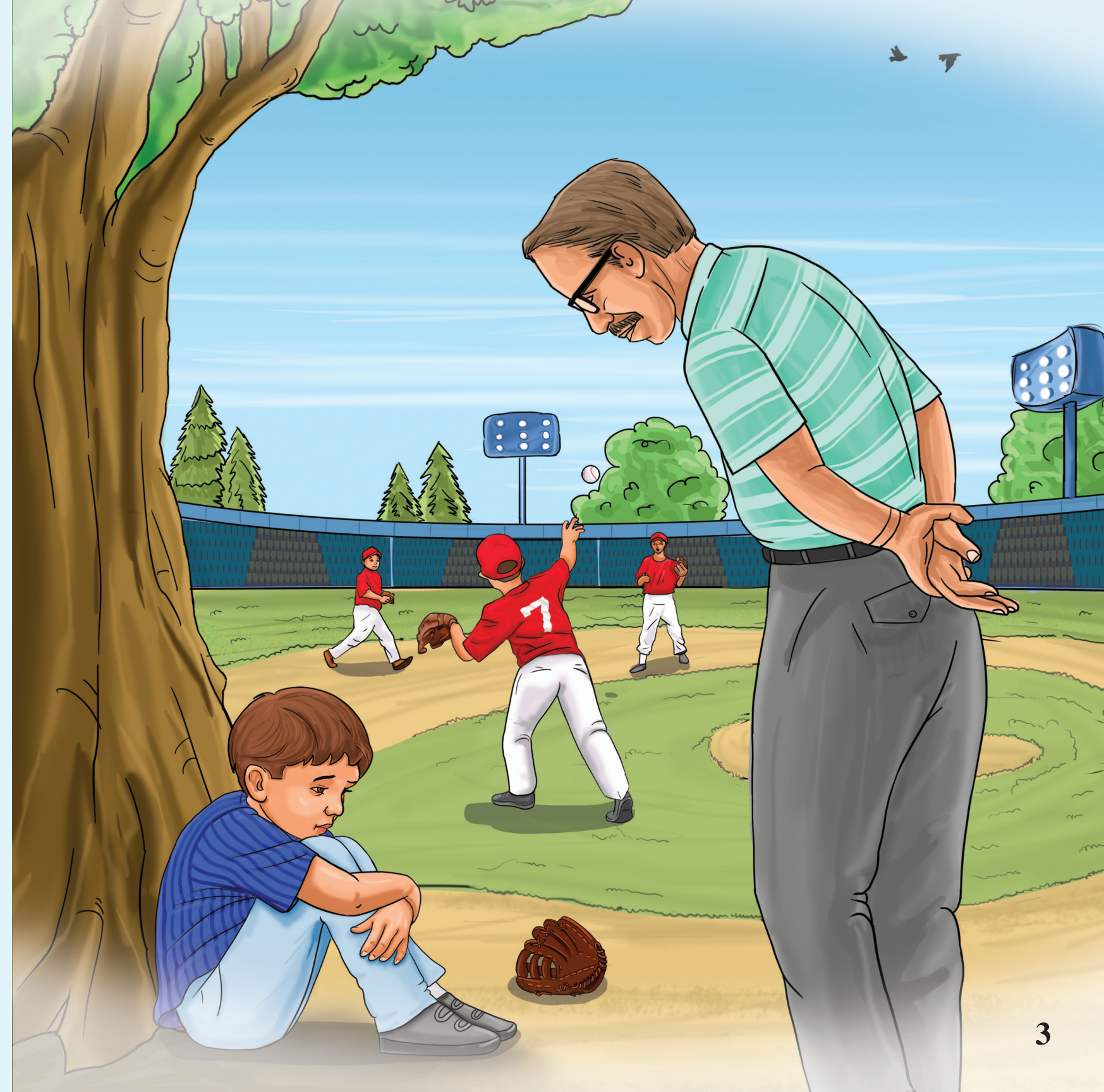


Saturdays were Grandpa and Me Day. Each week, he took me on a new adventure. I was so excited to find out where we were going this time.

But when we arrived at the T-ball field, I got sad. All the boys were running, shouting, and having fun with each other.

I just sat there, covering my face with my baseball glove.

I wanted to go home.





I always felt in my heart that I was just like the other girls. And I wanted to look like them, too.

At the barber shop, there were photos on the walls of boys with different hairstyles. Not one had a haircut that I liked!

I always cried when I sat in the barber's chair because I didn't want to have my hair cut.

I wanted to have long, pretty hair just like most of the other girls.

