# I am Liam

I woke up in my bed. Again in the wrong body. I knew what was going to happen, another day full of deadnaming, misgendering, dysphoria and breathing problems. I could not do this any longer. I could not live like this, always having suicidal thoughts and dysphoria. But I stood up. You could never imagine how hard it was to stand up everyday. I put on my binder, my packer, my big black dysphoria hoodie and my jeans. The only thing I was glad about was the fact that it was winter because now I could easily cover my scarred arms.

"Lea, hurry up or you will be late for school!" my mum shouted. I outed myself two years ago and she still did not accept who I am. It was so hard to know that your own mother will never accept who you are. Everytime I got misgendered or deadnamed I felt a sting in my heart and the disphoria got worse. "Lea won´t be late for school because Lea doesn´t exist. Lea never existed. I am Liam!" I answered, but my mum just ignored me. She always ignored me, when I told her that I was Liam not Lea. When I told her that I was her son not her daughter. The fact that she just ignored me was so much harder because in this way she showed me that I was not worth an answer. This always minimized my sense of self-esteem. I knew it was pointless to argue with my mother because it would not matter what I would say. She would not accept me anyway.

I went to school but on the way my head was full of thoughts. "Why can´t I be cis? Why do I have to go this hard journey with hormone therapy and surgeries? And why do I have to wait until I am eighteen to start with testosterone just because of my transphobic mother? In general it´s unfair that we have to fight for hormones, our right body and to become legally ourselves, while cis people get this all from birth!" I almost arrived at my school and I remembered that I had religious education with my transphobic teacher in the first two lessons. Although he was not the only transphobic teacher I had, he was the worst one. He always told me that I was unnatural and against god. Even though I did not believe in god, it always hurt me.

I went into class but I was too late, so my teacher immediately started shouting: "Lea, you are late to religious education! What can be a good reason for that?" I got angry. He was only shouting because I was trans. Everyday he had a new reason to shout at me, but he never shouted at someone else. "Because I don´t want to hear the same shit as everyday!" I shouted back. I knew that this was too much but he always made me feel so disphobic, angry and unworthy to be alive. I could not live like this any longer. Everyone is deadnaming and misgendering me, although I outed myself two years ago. Nobody was there for me, nobody accepted me. And I knew that this would be the same for the rest of my life. That was why I ran out of class as fast as I could with me binder on, which always caused breathing problems. I could hear my teacher shouting at me, but I did not understand what he said.

I went on the top of our school building. I never wanted to kill myself, but I just wanted to be dead because then I would not have to live with all this shit any longer. I took a deep breath and shouted "I´m Liam, a proud ftm transgender! I just wanted to be me but you didn´t accept me. Please keep in mind that you are responsible for my death!"

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