

Error

By: Alex W.

I've never felt like a girl and never felt like a boy, maybe I'm non binary? What if I'm genderfluid? Maybe I'm just not-- Just then the third period bell rings into the crowded halls. Tiny sixth graders rushing to class while I stand there non existent lost in my identity. A couple seconds go by when a teacher yells at me "Get to class missy!" I shivered. *Missy? Do I really look so much like a girl that a stranger can tell? I don't exactly want to look like a girl, but I don't exactly want to look like a boy. Maybe--* Yelled at yet again. "Do you want to go to the office? If not I suggest you get moving." *Pff lay off you snotty teacher.* I arrived to history class, 10:12 AM, one minute late.

The rest of the school day is always a blur after second period. It is now maths class and I cannot concentrate whatsoever. My mind is racing with anxious thoughts. Today is the day, the day I decided to ask my mum if I could get my haircut to a pixie. I have always wanted one since second grade and today was the day. *She is propably going to say no. Mum believes in girls being feminine and boys being masculine. Heck I had to argue with her forever just for me trim my hair that was at my waist! She is going to say no why even--* "Do you know the answer or no?" says my maths teacher. *No I don't, please don't embaress me like this, you know I'm not good with maths--* I shake my head no and look down at my empty paper. "Ok then. You-" she points to someone else. *Nice job stupid. Way to make it look like you're smart--*

School is out, finally. *What a horrible day, atleast I'm out of this hole. All that makes me want to go here is to see my friends--* "Hey!" shouts my boyfriend from behind me. *Phew at least he makes me happy.* "So what's up with you?" *He can tell something is wrong, hide it--* "Hey? Buddy? You good?" I shake my head "Yea I'm good sorry, it's just been a long day and I'm so tired." He smiles, "Me too." *Oh my gosh he believed it.* We cross the crosswalk and walk home together. Laughter and joy is spread about our conversation on the way home.

Act calm okay? Just stay calm and if you need to cry, don't. The back door screams as I open it. Mum is sitting in the recliner, little sister and brother upstairs. "How was your day?" She doesn't want a true answer she justs wants me to say it was good and move on. "Good, just a normal day." I lied, again. *Pff like she would care anyways.* I take my stuff upstairs and lay in bed. The other day I uploaded a photo saying "gay is not an insult." and it got barely any likes, unlike the other stuff I post. Mum comes upstairs and stands in my bedroom doorway and rudely asks "I saw your post, are you gay?" as if it was a bad thing. I lie and say "no." *I like girls and boys. Don't tell them. Staying closeted is the only safe option right now--* she leaves, finally. I take down the post out of shame and guilt.

I text my secret online friend Callie and tell her what happened. She is a cloeseted trans girl becuase of her transphobic parents and I'm a closested bisexual because of my homophobic parents. Tears run down my face as if I was a waterfall. She helps me calm down, "If staying

closested is your only safe option, stay closested.” she texts me. *I always told her that but now maybe I have to go by that quote--* We chat for a bit, tell eachother about our days. She lives in the UK so I can only talk to her for a bit. It's 9 Pm there so I tell her goodnight and to sleep well and she says the same.

“Dinner!” shouts Mum. *Ugh, dinner. Time to pop the question, don't cry you idiot. If she says no it's a no.* I slowly walk downstairs and sit at the bar in the kitchen. She hands everyone their plates and asks how everyones' day was. My siblings chat it up and then she asks me about mine and I just mumble “Fine.” and get a dirty look. “Stop being such a grump.” my little sister says, I don't look at her and keep my head down looking at my plate. “Eat. I gave you a tiny bit come on.” Mum scoffs at me. *Here it goes--* “Can I get my hair cut? Like into a long pixie?” She shoots me a nasty look, “No, you already have hair short enough.” “But-” “Can't you just look like a girl for once! Do you want to look like a boy! You're thirteen!” I look back down at my plate. *Yea nice job idiot like she was gonna let you.* I put down my utensils and go to the bathroom. Shaking looking in the mirror with tears streaming down my cheeks all I can hear in my head is *can't you just look like a girl for once, can't you just look like a girl fro once, can't you look like a girl--* I walk out and act like I wasn't just balling my eyes out and sit back down.

I go to bed earlier. Maybe some people aren't meant to be accepted by their family. Maybe I'm one of them. I plug in my earplugs and turn on my music and close my eyes. I tell myself my favorite quote--

“The sun will rise and we will try again” -Tyler Joseph