

A Transsexual Analogy
by blake d. woodworth

There once was a boy who lived in a house. Except it wasn't really a house--it was a prison. Maybe not so shabby for a prison (and really rather decent to the eyes of most folks), but it was still a prison. Funny thing was, no one else saw that it was a prison! They truly saw a house. A pretty, little house at that. Yup.

"What a pretty house!" people would say. "Such a pretty house! Just the kind of place a pretty, little girl would live!" No one saw the boy looking out the windows.

Well...not exactly no one, but if, and when, someone caught sight of that lonely prisoner, they would very loudly say to themselves, "Well, that's not right! Such a pretty house should have a pretty, little girl living in it. I bet that really was a girl! What a pretty little place..."

And, so, in that way they would dismiss the boy, since boys are not supposed to live in such pretty, little houses.

In fact, occasionally the boy would go outside, hoping someone would notice him, and like him, and be his friend. ...but no one ever did. When he was noticed, his neighbours seemed startled, and even a bit frightened. So the boy usually stayed inside his prison, and he often spent hours watching out the windows at a world he wanted to be a part of.

Well, one day it sudden hit the boy. His problem--the problem!--It's that everyone looks at the prison-house, and sees a place for a little girl! What if...? What if the boy made the prison-house look like a place for a little boy instead? Would his neighbours see him then? Would they like him? Might they... even... be his friend?

Oh, the boy was excited about this wonderful revelation!...and afraid.

At first, because the boy was afraid, he changed only little things, deep inside the prison-house, starting nearest to his heart.

He started in his bedroom. First, he changed the sheets on his bed. Just this little change made the boy so happy!--but anxious

too. He was afraid someone would notice that little change, hidden even beneath the bed comforter, and that that someone would laugh...or worse.

The boy didn't like to think about the 'worse', so it took him a long time before he changed anything else--some knick-knacks in the dresser drawers. Well, he kept changing little things more and more, feeling more and more pleased with himself. Soon, the entire bed went to make room for a new, boyish one. The books and toys on the shelves were replaced, the walls painted, and even most of the clothes in the closet exchanged--all to items fitting a boy...

The boy soon had a perfectly happy bedroom--one he was completely comfortable in. Now he moved his efforts out into the hall and into the rest of the house-prison.

The boy worked much faster now, driven with the glorious project. He couldn't believe he could change his life so much with just the simplest adjustment! The slightest splash of boyish paint and a room was instantly re-focused. Replacing even a light bulb seemed to change the energy of a room so much! The boy wished he had worked on remodeling the house-prison sooner, and almost couldn't wait for the finished results.

...Then, one day, the boy was scared again. Terrified. It had come time for the truly dramatic changes--the changes to the outside. The boy was so nervous it took him weeks to really start. He even took so many false starts, venturing outside just to quickly come running back in.

His first step was to replace a few flowers along the walkway. The whole time he was pulling up the old flowers and planting the new, he felt giddy and anxious, and sick to the stomach, and happy and guilty, and so many other feelings all rolled into one. He was especially worried of his neighbours' criticism about altering the outside of the "pretty, little" house-prison. No one said anything about the change of the flowers, so the boy planted a tree. A neighbour or two seemed a little disappointed about the choice of tree, but the boy forged on.

Then, one day, he got to scraping paint off the siding of the house. Oh, the sudden disappointment he overheard when no one realized he was there and listening! "What a shame! It was such a pretty, little house as it was! I didn't see anything wrong with the paint--it was practically brand new!"

You should have heard the uproar when the boy re-roofed the house! A few neighbours even suggested the neighbourhood wouldn't be the same again! In fact, now the boy was getting noticed, and some neighbours weren't happy at all. They wanted to see their fantasy of a little girl living in such a pretty, little house.

Well, once the boy got over the initial negative reactions, he put his whole energy into his project. Despite what the neighbours said, he was getting to love the house and to have a loving connection to it. He loved the muted colour of the new paint and the texture of the shingles. He soaked in the sight and fragrances of his new plants. He found the windows and their new blinds pleasing.

Things were not easy, though. When the boy knocked down a couple walls and added a garage, some neighbours would no longer even walk by the house. If they saw the boy working on his yard, they would not acknowledge him. Some neighbours even openly scoffed the boy and his improved house. They openly--and, for some, loudly--lamented the loss of the "pretty, little house" they remember used to exist, and of the "pretty, little girl" they knew ought to live there.

However, what was most interesting was the reaction of neighbours new to the neighbourhood. They saw the boy's new house and saw a pleasant place--a place good for a boy to live. They had a difficult time understanding the complaints of some of the old neighbours, and in fact had a most difficult time seeing how the house was ever a place seen to be for a little girl. Oh, a few new neighbours were shown pictures of what the house looked like before, but then they would see the boy in his yard or in his house, and agreed the place seemed a much better fit for the boy now than as it used to be.

Life was going well for the boy. He even got his wish for friendship, making friends with many of his new neighbours. He also made friends with the small handful of old neighbours who could look past the pleasant memories of the past to the memories to be made in the present.

One day, the boy reflected upon all that had happened within his short life, and upon all the wonderful changes that had been made. The amazing thing the boy saw now was that he finally found he enjoyed life. He was happy! He now felt quite comfortable inside and outside his house. In fact, he was no longer a prisoner at all! He was finally free.