

# Transfear

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There is fear sweeping this nation in regards to transsexuality and what it means. Friends or family that have been through this obviously have unsubstantiated fear of the people they know who have gone through the change. This is to try and help to alleviate fears and give some better understanding to the subject.



Published on  
**Booksie**

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Greetings,

Most of you know me as Iason on here and I'm not going to give you my current legal name. What I will give you is insight to my own thoughts and progress in regards to this subject.

I was born a female in San Diego California, a place I barely remember today. I have traveled alot in my short life time of 25 years and been through a failed marraige among several other things. What I wantto do today is try and open a few eyes in regards to who and what I am regardless of my physical appearance.

I think it best to start with my childhood because that was when I first started realizing my mind and body did not match up. Like most five year olds I dressed in big dresses and fantasized about the boys in my class being my husband, even though I did not really understand what that meant. However there was something different about me. Though I liked the comments of "your so pretty" and "I love that dress", I actually preferred to wear pants. I loved climbing trees, going into the forest and often was curious about hunting and weapons. I had a very vivid imagination as well, playing with cars, macdonalds toys and barbies giving each a unique name and voice. The part of me that was unhappy tended to give them all boys names and tried to take on boy voices as well.

The biggest thing I remember that lets me know I was not like every other girl however was how I pictured my future. When I dreampt of what I would become I was always male in my head. I never pictured myself with breasts or being called 'Mrs' I was always a male in my fantasies. As I grew older my fantasies became more complex. Every barbie I owned began having the ability to be male. They were 'Batman', 'Superman', 'Wolverine' or 'Gambit'. Eventually I discovered action figures, and I tended to want the male superhero toys over the female ones. I pictured myself becoming them and when playing outside as a power ranger or x-men I never chose a female role, I always wanted to be the males.

I figured out at 15 that I wanted to be male and was unhappy as a female, but being in a christian home i wanted to make my parents happy too. Instead of asking about this or discussing it with anyone I began doing my own research on the subject. I tried to remain a female for everyone elses sake. I love my family and the last thing I wanted to do was upset them. I began role playing online as male characters, and not just as males, but tended to lean towards playing gay or bisexual characters to vent my frustrations.

The oddest thing in remembering this is the reactions I got when I fell for a girl I role played with who lived in Oklahoma. I got tired of all the gay bashing and jokes and finally out of anger I approached my mom with the intention of starting an argument over it. My first words of course were "Mom, I'm gay, and I would appreciate it if you would stop bashing us." She stood there for several minutes and said "Ok, so who is the girl?" This took me back a few steps. I had expected her to argue or at the very least try and convince me it was evil. Out of both my parents my mom was the most religious, always attended every church gathering she could, so to hear her say that left me in a bit of shock. I told her about Kristi and found out that I had been judging my mom about as much as I had thought she would judge me.

I took this as a matter of hope and on my birthday 'date' with my dad I told him too. We even started working out plans as to how I could meet the girl I liked. None of it turned out in the end, mostly because I met a boy a few months later. That boy would later become my fiance and then at 18 I would marry him. Between those points however I became more and more depressed over what everyone saw when looking at me. The times I think I was most happy during those rocky years of self-denial through High School were with my Uncle Ron and Uncle Joe. My Uncle Ron taught me to draw and never judged what I drew so long as it made me happy.

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He never really suspected completely what was in my head though. When he died I was only 16 and my last words to him still haunt me. I had argued with my parents and as I stormed towards my room he had tried to help me. Instead of listening I told him that it was none of his business and to leave me alone. He died a few weeks later and I never got to tell him I was sorry or that I loved him. A life line was severed and it broke something in me that I didn't heal from for several years.

I wanted to be like my Uncle Ron and I aspired to at the very least act like him. I refused to judge anyone for their faults or dreams, kept an open mind and did my best to make others smile. That broken heart wanted to live for him and so I did. I did what everyone wanted me to do and pretended to be a woman. I got married even and though I loved my husband with all I was I wanted to think he knew me and loved all of me too.

This is where the biggest heart break occurred to me and began to allow me to start acting myself. I had been married for a little over three years, and it was december of 2005 I believe, about 3 weeks before he asked for a divorce. We were in the truck and had pulled into our apartment complex in Medina Ohio. He turned and looked at me and asked "Why do you always draw gay men? Why don't you draw or role play a heterosexual man or woman?" I thought he would accept my answer so as we got out of the truck and into the snow I told him the truth, "Ever since I was little I always wanted to be a man, but I put aside all those dreams for you because I love you."

His response left me mentally standing there in the snow for years, he said "Oh my god, I never want to hear that from your mouth again." I was in shock, standing in the snow unable to move till after he had already trudged the several yards to go inside. I wanted to scream, cry, take it back, anything to make my heart stop hurting. I knew then that I couldn't stay female, and that he was going to leave when I didn't.

After he left me, supposedly over other subjects, and had requested a divorce I decided that anyone who wanted me had to accept ALL of me to start with. I met my current fiance and I never hid a single thing from him about who or what I was. He not only accepted me but we have been through so much in and out of my depressions ever since. We even have a son together who is one and a half. I read another transsexuals comment that hit home recently it said "The only time I felt right as a woman was while I was pregnant." It has been the same for me.

How can we possibly explain this to you? How can we make you understand where we are? I don't think we can really, all we can say is this- we don't blame God nor do we think he made a mistake. In truth most of us are christians, and we know in our hearts that genetics and chemical warfare has played a great deal in how we ended up this way. God gave men free will, by doing this it meant we could harm ourselves and our children. We have done that time and again, it's because of this that some of us now are born with one sex for our minds and another for our bodies. You ask how can I say that and not blame God? Well, born in the world we have seen men who have flat chests, full beards, an adams apple and body all except between his legs. He was BORN with female genitalia, but NOTHING else agreed. Then we have women who were born with long hair, full lips, slender body, sexual drive, breasts, no adams apple and a MALE genitalia! And if you really want to understand look at those born with both or no sex at all between their legs! Are we going to fault God for it all? Is it \*wrong\*? I can't see how my position is different from any of theirs except that I was born head to toe physically as a woman but in my mind and heart I am a man and always have been.

I was given the right on birth as a U.S. Citizen to persue happiness. This is really untrue however in my case. I am allowed to stare at it from a distance but because of financial problems I am unable to really persue it yet. That means if you see me on the street you'll call me 'mam', 'lady', or 'mrs' and I won't be angry at you for it, but know this- it hurts. Every day that I am told I should be happy this way is a day I cry myself to sleep wishing the world could see me through this costume I am forced to wear. It's hard, it hurts and all I want is to be myself.

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I hope that through reading this a few of you who once gave transsexuals a hard time or felt them dangerous to your children might realize we aren't evil. We don't have anything wrong with us that is a threat to you, it's a threat to us. It kills us slowly over time when we can't take the steps to change. We are happy once that opportunity allows for us to change our bodies to match our souls. We don't want anything more than to be seen as we really are.

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