

Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities

Volume 4

Article 19

2022

Marco's Diary

Sophia Furshpan

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/rwc>

Recommended Citation

Furshpan, Sophia (2022) "Marco's Diary," *Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities*: Vol. 4, Article 19.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/rwc/vol4/iss1/19>

This Narrative is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Digital Commons @ Cal Poly Humboldt. It has been accepted for inclusion in Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Cal Poly Humboldt. For more information, please contact kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu.

Marco's Diary

By: Sophia Furshpan

4/6/16, Sunday, 1:46 P.M.:

Hi. This is my second diary. My first one got lost, I found it but it fell in a mud puddle when I was running to school, late. It's okay, I hardly ever wrote in it anyways. If this diary had my name on the front then maybe it wouldn't get lost or tragically fall into mud puddles. I guess. I've never liked my name. "Marco" Sounds dumb, not gonna lie. I think at one point in second grade, everybody started calling me "Marco Polo" then forgot about it entirely the next year. Maybe one day when I'm older, I can change my name to something cooler. The boys' names are all pretty similar, though. It's girls who have pretty names. I like Margo, but that's too similar to Marco. It sort of reminds me of mango. Now I want mangoes. I LOVE mangoes. Oh, I also like Trixie. The more I say Trixie the more I like it. If I was a girl I'd want to be named Trixie, but if my parents hate that name, then Margo. It's beautiful because of how unique it is. I've never met a girl named Trixie. If I did, I'd totally want to be friends with her...But I'm a boy, and my name is Marco. Dumb old Marco.

4/6/16, Sunday, 2:13 P.M.:

I told my parents about the names I like. They laughed at me. My mom told me I was so silly and my dad messed up my hair. Maybe they just don't like the names I chose. If I choose better names, I bet they won't laugh. Something like Penny. Yeah, I bet they'd like that name. It seems like something that they would name me if I was a girl, which I'm not. If I was, then I'm sure they would. Penny is pretty too, but Trixie is still better. There's plenty of Pennys out there, but not enough Trixies.

4/6/16, Sunday, 10:46 P.M.:

I couldn't sleep so I decided to write. As a 13 year old, I believe that my bedtime should be at least a little later than a 10 year old's. Sundays are the worst. Especially Sunday nights because you have to lay down all night and go to sleep knowing tomorrow you have school, and I hate school. Everybody is so mean. Even my teacher. The only thing good about school is that I get to see Victoria. I wish she

could come over to my house and hang out but her parents are so strict, according to her. I've never actually met them. She's really nice, although sometimes even she steals my lunch. Lately I've been putting her least favorite foods in my lunch to make sure she doesn't steal them. Surprisingly enough, it works.

4/6/16, Sunday, 11:16 P.M

Actually, I was about to go to sleep but I wanted to write about Victoria just in case so that when we grow old and we get wrinkly I can remember what she used to look like. I'm not worried. Even when we get ugly, she'll always be my beautiful best friend. Even as an old lady. She's very pretty. She always has a golden french braid that almost goes down to her arms. Almost. She says she might want to grow it even longer but it's a pain to always be washing and brushing. She says she was probably Rapunzel in another life. We met in 1st grade when she said that the jelly sandwich I had brought to school that day stunk and that I should start eating more peanut butter since peanut butter doesn't make your stomach turn red like strawberry jam. According to her 1st grade knowledge, the more jelly you eat, the redder your stomach becomes. Then the jelly stays in your stomach since it's so sticky and it stays there until your stomach is so full since all the other food sticks to the jelly covered walls of your stomach and you can't eat anything anymore and you die. I think her source of information was an 8th grader that was teasing her and she actually believed it. Ever since that day, Victoria has always been my best friend.

4/7/16, Monday, 2:18 P.M

It's lunch break. Vicky's in the bathroom and I obviously can't go with her since I'm a boy. She takes ages in there. Victoria hates when I call her Vicky, but I like it. It's a cute

nickname, I hope she grows to like it, too. Today I packed a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, apple slices, and a Kinder Joy. Vicky hates jelly and says that Kinder Joys are too sweet. She only packed a bag of BBQ Lays today, so she stole my apple slices. It's okay though because while she wasn't looking I ate a few of her chips. She licked some of the flavoring off though, so I got an unpleasant surprise. Why does the world never side with me?

4/9/16, Wednesday, 2:31 P.M

Lunch break again. I packed a bag of pistachios, a Kool Aid, and a Cup O Noodles. Victoria brought nothing. I felt bad so I gave her my pistachios without her needing

to steal them. She showed an awful lot of gratitude over a bag of pistachios. Then she almost tripped and spilled them when she realized she sat in dried bird poop. You know, Victoria is such a clumsy girl. She's always forgetting stuff and always walks into class with fresh bruises and scrapes that she tries to hide. Every time I ask about them she changes the subject or makes up an excuse. I guess she's just embarrassed. One of these days I should fall on purpose to show her that she's not the only clumsy one and that there's nothing to be ashamed of. I'm sure she'd like that.

4/11/16, Friday, 4:07 P.M

I'm sitting in the dressing room of the mall with the door locked. My mom took me shopping because she said I needed new clothes, but she doesn't like any of the clothes I picked out. The ones she picked out for me are more of her taste though, I wouldn't wear them. Everything she chooses for me is so masculine. I don't want to wear shirts with Monster Trucks doing backflips. Plus that type of stuff is more for little boys, I'm 13. I guess in her eyes I'll always be her sweet little boy. I found a shirt I really liked, except it was in the girls' section. It was a light yellow shirt with a monarch butterfly sitting on the Earth. I liked how they made all the colors pastel so it matched. When I showed it to my mom she told me I couldn't get that, since it was for girls. It was clear to me that my mom only took me shopping so that she could pick out my clothes and watch me try them on. That's how I wound up sitting here writing in my diary on the bench in the dressing room. I want to go home.

4/14/16, Monday, 12:54 A.M

I probably shouldn't be up right now, but I couldn't sleep again. If Victoria could come over to my house I bet we'd be having the best sleepover right now. We could be watching a movie together, staying up telling scary stories, eating BBQ Lays (the king of chip flavors,) and having awesome pillow fights. I wish I could talk to her right now. If I had a phone I could, but my parents refuse to get me one. I think it would be super useful, I could contact them, my friends, have some source of entertainment, and call for help in case of an emergency. My parents say that I need to learn responsibility before I get a phone. I think I'm pretty responsible though. They also say phones are too expensive, which is understandable, because they are. I still think that I deserve one.

4/16/16, Wednesday, 3:06 P.M

I hate school. I hate school so, so much. Jax and his stupid friends called me disrespectful names today. I didn't really know what they meant, and I don't want

to say them now that I do know what they mean. I asked Victoria, she said that they called me gay in a really disrespectful way, but I'm not gay. I've never even thought of being gay. It's so unfair. I wish my dad would hurry up and pick me up from this sad excuse of a school. School is a place where you should make friends and learn, not get called names that immature 13 year old boys shouldn't even know. I want to leave school forever and never ever return. I can be homeschooled. Actually, maybe that's not such a good idea. I'd never see Victoria again if I were homeschooled. So actually, I'd want Jax and his stupid smug friends to leave this school and never return for the rest of their sorry lives.

4/16/16, Wednesday, 3:11 P.M

My dad finally picked me up and now I'm in the car with him. He doesn't usually pick me up but mom had a special appointment today and she was running late. She's a dentist for kids. I told him what Jax and his friends had said. He said they were just pre-teen boys joking around and that I shouldn't take it to heart. He also said that he bets that if I explain how Jax and his friends made me feel then maybe Jax would feel bad and I could finally have a friend that's a boy. I love my parents and all, but sometimes they have no idea what they're talking about. Plus I would never replace someone like Victoria with someone like Jax.

4/22/16, Tuesday, 2:04 P.M

Lunch just started. Art class was before lunch today. We were making self portraits out of finger paints. I wanted to give myself a pink shirt because I liked how pretty that shade of pink looked. Jax had finished before me though, and walked over to me to see what I was doing. When he saw I gave myself a pink shirt he laughed and smeared it a little. The teacher heard him though and he got sent to the office. He said it was an "accident" but our teacher saw right through him. The world finally did me a favor, although I don't understand what's wrong with pink.

4/25/16, Friday, 2:22 A.M

2:22, what a funny time. Yeah, I probably shouldn't be up at a time like this, but I am anyway. I definitely think a later bedtime would help me get more sleep. All I've been doing is tossing and turning all night long because of how early it feels. I have a haircut tomorrow, I don't want to cut my hair though. I like it long, I think it looks better. I already know Jax would make fun of me if I let it go to my shoulders. Maybe my mom will let me keep my hair if I use the birthday excuse, my birthday is in a week and I'm super excited. I really hope I get a cellphone so I can text Vicky on nights like these instead of writing here. Not that writing here is bad or anything,

bad is a strong word. I just think that writing and talking to nobody but myself can get a little boring after a while. I also start feeling like I'm going mentally insane. I don't even have any siblings, I'm an only child. Sometimes I wish I had a sibling, sometimes I don't. I like the idea of having someone really close to you who you can ask advice from, or play with when you're bored. What I don't like is the idea of constant sharing and split attention. I've grown up with all the attention from my parents on me. Now that I know what it feels like, I could never watch my parents love someone else as much as they love me, if not more. It doesn't really matter, though. I'm never gonna get a sibling.

4/26/16, Saturday, 5:46 P.M

I feel really bad. My mom made it very clear to my hair stylist to cut my hair so that it's extremely short, but I told the stylist to only cut it only a little. The stylist listened to me, and it turns out a little wasn't good enough for my mom, so my mom yelled at the stylist. She didn't do anything though, it was me who told her not to cut my hair. I think sometimes my mom expects things to be perfect and when they don't, she gets a little hot headed. Well, at least I got to keep my hair pretty much at the length it was. I really hope to grow my hair to my shoulders. Maybe even longer, but Victoria long is a little too long.

4/29/16, Tuesday, 7:21 P.M

Today at school, Victoria said that my hair should be my choice. I fully agree, sometimes I feel like Victoria is the sister I never had. Victoria sometimes seems smarter than most adults. She's like family to me. I just wish she would tell me more about HER family, though. It's such a big secret over such a little thing. I love her to death though, she's the best. But if she steals my lunch one more time, I'm gonna smack her to Mars.

5/2/16, Saturday, 3:45 P.M

Since my Birthday is in 2 days I've decided it would be appropriate to list the things I want the most for my birthday. (I really REALLY hope I get them.)

#1: Cell phone

#2: Sleepover with Victoria

#3: For Victoria to stop stealing my lunch

#4: A fish

#5: A trip to the mall where I pick my own clothes for once

#6: Free choice over my hair

Is that really so much to ask for? I already explained to my parents multiple times why a cell phone would be useful. I also think that I deserve a pet since I've never got one. A fish would be a great starter pet. I could take care of it and make sure it has a happy long life. I would be the one to feed it and clean its tank, no matter how much work it is. There's an empty spot on my desk just BEGGING for a fish tank. I can practically hear its desperate cries. If the fish is a boy fish I'd name it Bubbles, and Trixie if it's a girl fish. #2, #3, #6 and #5 are also simple things that don't cost money. Except for #5 but I think I should be the one to pick out my own clothes for once. My free choice over my hair also shouldn't be something I'm listing as a birthday wish, that should just be something that happens without me even having to ask.

5/4/16, Monday, 2:13 P.M

YESSS!!! It's finally my birthday and it's been the best birthday EVER!! I got to take a day off school to celebrate. I also got my cell phone. I'm very grateful my parents bought something so expensive for me. They said they'd take it away if I'm not responsible though, so I'll prove to them that I can take care of it. I didn't get the fish though. Always next year, I guess. Only 365 days to go. Yay.

5/5/16, Tuesday, 1:02 P.M

It's snack break. The day after your birthday is always the most sad day because you had the best day of the year come and then it's gone, just like that. Sure, you have all your cool gifts and toys to play with, but it's not really the same. It's fine though. I finally got Victoria's number and we can stay up late and text all night. I also asked her about a birthday sleepover but she said she couldn't. Again. She said she could try and sneakily text me at night though.

5/6/16, Wednesday, 3:37 A.M

It's so late and I've stayed up all night staring at text messages between Victoria and me. She hasn't responded. I texted her at least six times all at different times and she hasn't responded to any of them. The strange part is, she left me on read. Why would she flake like this? Victoria always keeps her word. She might have just fallen asleep since it's super late. I should probably sleep as well. Good night, diary.

5/8/16, 1:06 P.M

Victoria has missed 2 days of school and she hasn't responded to any of my texts. I hope she's okay, this is nothing like her. I'm sure she's fine, she might just have caught a cold or her parents may have taken away her phone for a while. I'd feel bad if it was because she was caught reading my text messages at night, since I made her do that. I might ask the teacher if her parents said anything about her being grounded or sick.

5/12/16, Tuesday, 2:04 P.M

Victoria is back at school. I feel absolutely awful. She said her parents have been constantly arguing and her dad decided they wanted a divorce. Her face has been blank and emotionless all day and she's been spending a lot of her time in the girl's bathroom. I wish I could go check on her. I think I might ask one of our girl classmates to go in and check on her since I can't.

5/11/16, Tuesday, 2:21 P.M

I asked Bailey Renardo to go in and check on her, but Bailey called me a creep for wanting to see Vicky while she's in the bathroom. Then she told me to just get lost. It wasn't like that though, I didn't mean anything like that. I just wanted to make sure she was okay and doing all right. I would never do anything like that to Victoria, she's my best friend and she trusts me and I trust her just the same. Bailey wouldn't understand friendship. She stuffs her bra with toilet paper to compete with her so-called "friends" to see who has the larger breasts. That's stupid if you ask me, they're all thirteen going on fourteen, not sixteen. I should have asked someone else, anyone else would have been better than Bailey Renardo. That was my mistake.

5/14/16, Friday, 5:45 P.M

Vicky finally got out of the bathroom at lunch today to tell me she was all right and that she was sorry for not spending enough time with me, she just needed a little alone time to think about things. I totally understood and comforted her. She said she'd text me later, which she did and we had a conversation that wasn't depressing for once. I could tell she wasn't her usual bright and sarcastic self, though. I could tell it was hard for her to hold a conversation and stay positive. We still managed to have a little fun together, even with her current situation. She introduced me to Instagram, as well. I followed her account and followed some other celebrities I look up to. I don't think my parents would like that I

downloaded a social media app. I might need to keep this secret from them, or they might take away my phone.

5/19/16, Wednesday, 2:13 P.M

Victoria has been sorta eating lunch alone lately. She's been coming into school with more and more bumps and bruises. She decided to eat with me today, though. I brought peaches, Gatorade, and a tray of Oreos. She stole some of my Oreos since she only brought a rotting old pear. She tried to take a few of my peach slices but I snatched them away before she could get her hands on them. She offered to swing together once we're done eating, so I'm looking forward to that. It's been a while since we played on the playground together like actual kids. We normally just walk the track together and talk.

5/24/16, Monday, 1:37 P.M

Jax called me something he shouldn't today. He called me something that only homosexual people can say. I asked Victoria what it meant and she told me it was actually a slur and that Jax most definitely shouldn't have been saying that since it's extremely disrespectful to the LGBTQ+ community. She also said that Jax definitely doesn't support the LGBTQ+ community since he had said that. The audacity he has. She said it could be his religious beliefs, his family, or just his own beliefs. I will never understand Jax.

6/1/16, Tuesday, 2:52 P.M

I stayed up last night on my phone and was scrolling through Instagram and saw something called pride month. I asked Vicky about it and she explained it to me. It was kind of hard to hear what she was saying since her mouth was stuffed with a nutella sandwich she stole from me but from what I heard, she said it's a month where the members of the LGBTQ+ community come together and celebrate who they are and show off their pride. I used to think that LGBTQ+ only consisted of women who like other women and men who like other men. After seeing some Instagram posts I learned that there is more than just that. There're people who love boys and girls, people who don't identify as either a boy or a girl, people who constantly change their sexualities, people who transition to the other gender and more. I was curious about the last one. Is it legal to transition to the other gender? I asked Victoria and she laughed and said yes. I tried to ignore the bits of nutella sandwich that flew everywhere when she laughed. If I'm being honest her laugh sounded kind of forced. I can imagine it would be hard to laugh considering the divorce situation and all that she's in right now. She's doing amazing.

6/4/16, Tuesday, 6:24 P.M

I researched transitioning to the other gender a lot more. I learned it's called "Transgender." I learned anybody can do it and that some people even get surgery to have the same body parts as the gender they're transitioned to. The surgery isn't required though. I don't like the idea of surgery. Blades and things always have scared me. What if I were to wake up mid surgery? What if something goes wrong? What if the anesthesia goes wrong and I'm actually awake and feeling the pain? What if they get me confused with a different patient and perform the wrong surgery on me? Too many horrifying risks I'm not willing to take. Doctors are scary too. A lot of the time they're the ones telling you you're gonna die. I don't want to die, but what I'm even more afraid of is someone I love dying. That might be one of my worst fears. Doctors are also normally the ones to tell you your loved one is gonna die. So doctors, blades, needles, surgery, and pain are all a big nope.

6/7/16, Friday 2:18 P.M

Transgender really is interesting. Could I consider it? Should I consider it? I could finally wear the clothes I want without negative judgment because people would think I'm a girl. I would be a girl, I guess, and I could name myself Trixie, or Margo. I could grow out my hair and paint my art pink. I could do anything I wanted without the evil judgment. Except for Jax. Jax would judge me, I just know it. Jax is just stupid though. If I were to be transgender, would my parents support me? Would my school support me? I already know Jax would never stop picking on me. In fact, it would get even worse. I can already imagine it. Jax and his friends would never shut up about it. The only person who knows I'm thinking about being a girl is Vicky. She supports me. That's only because she's the best friend in the world and will always support me no matter what I do, but I'm not sure if my parents would support me. What if they kick me out? I've never heard their opinion on the LGBTQ+ community. My mom doesn't let me pick out my clothes if they're feminine and my dad hasn't said a word about LGBTQ+. It's not like we're religious or have some rule in our family history that says nobody in our family is allowed to be gay. I think. Could they still be homophobic? I don't know, it's too much to think about and too many possibilities with a terrible outcome. At least Victoria will always be there for me.

6/8/16, Saturday, 5:23 P.M

I want it. I want it really badly. I thought about it a lot last night. Being a girl would feel so much more like me. Sometimes I get this weird feeling that's hard to

describe. I get it when my mom picks out masculine clothes for me that I don't want, or when Jax picks on me or calls me gay, or when I get looked at funny for browsing at the girls' section at the mall. It's like I'm out of place, sort of like I was born into the wrong body. I've always felt more drawn to feminine things, I've never really known why before, though. I do now though. It's because I want to be a girl.

6/10/16, Monday, 2:49 P.M

I texted Victoria yesterday that I wanted to be a girl. She asked if my parents knew and I said no, because they don't. I don't know if I want to tell them yet. I'm scared of what they would think. She said it takes courage and that she's proud of me. She also brought a present for me that she put in my backpack. It was a blue box and it had a holographic ribbon. I untied the ribbon and inside the box were some old shirts of hers that were cute and feminine. I felt like crying, it was very sweet. Even with her current situation, she still made time for me. We also spent a lot of lunch break on her phone as she taught me about feminine products. She taught me about periods, makeup, and how there are stuffed bras that could give me a feminine appearance. My parents would never buy me makeup or bras though. They would say it's a huge waste of money for someone who doesn't "need" things like those.

6/18/16, Tuesday, 1:28 P.M

I spent all week researching things about the female body and more feminine products. Victoria helped a lot, as well. My parents didn't find the clothes Victoria gave me because I hid them at the back of the closet. I don't know if I'll ever get a chance to wear them. Not like this, I won't. My mom would immediately know that someone else gave those to me since she picks and buys all my clothes. Speaking of my parents, I think I may want to tell them. I think I may be ready. It feels like a big secret and the longer I keep it from them the more worried I get. If I keep it from them any longer, they'll probably be even more mad, if they end up not supporting me. If I don't tell them, I'll never know if they do support me. I'm gonna tell them at dinner tonight. I really hope they understand how I feel.

6/19/16, Wednesday, 12:07 P.M

This is the literal worst day of my life, and I'm not being dramatic. Can you believe it? My own parents don't support me. Are they really even my parents then? I told them about how I felt and how I liked the idea of being a girl. They thought I was joking at first and forced a laugh until I told them I was serious and that I actually wanted to be a girl. They didn't even say anything, they just looked at me with

disgusted faces. Once they were done looking at me like I had just told them I killed my non-existent baby sister, they said they were taking away my phone because these social media influencers were setting a bad example and teaching me about things I shouldn't know at my age. They don't understand that I've always felt this way. The internet only helped me discover more about who I want to be. They'll never understand. I can't even tell Victoria about this since my phone is taken away. Maybe I should just forget about it. Maybe I should just be a boy. This gender stuff is just too confusing and stressful. I don't even know who I am anymore.

8/18/16, Thursday, 2:18 P.M

Oh. I forgot about this Journal over summer break. I think I was too stressed to continue writing. I found it in the corner of my bookshelf collecting dust and I reread it. I kind of wish I didn't. It was a reminder of all the horrible things going on in my life. I still want to be a girl. I still want my phone back. Nothing has changed. It was the most awful summer ever. I couldn't contact Victoria, my parents treated me like a stranger, I wasted it cooped up inside my room, and the whole time I felt like I wasn't myself. Every day was the same. Like a groundhog day or a broken record in an abandoned house that nobody bothered to fix. I have even more to be stressed about now. For example, Victoria. She never returned to school. I asked our teacher and he said that she was still a student at our school, so she should have been coming to school. It's been two weeks and no Victoria. I'm really worried. Worried sick. I couldn't contact her throughout the entire summer, either. I tried to get my phone back from my parents so many times but they said I'm just gonna learn more stuff I shouldn't. Rumors have started around school. Victoria was never really that noticed around school, but now she finally is. Her grades dropped last year. They slowly and slowly declined until she went from straight As to C-s.

8/27/16, Friday, 5:02 P.M

Victoria is gone. Victoria is gone forever and there was so much I could have done about it. I'm so stupid. So, so stupid. This whole time, I've been so concerned about myself I completely forgot about Victoria. Victoria had been going through so much more pain this whole time and I never realized because I was so focused on my own sorry life. Victoria doesn't deserve this, she never deserved this. I would give anything to trade my spot with her. I would take her pain. Now, I'll never get to see her smile again. Our teacher announced that Victoria took her own life over the summer. I think Victoria's parents just requested that the school not tell anybody for a while. All the kids in school are acting all sad and depressed and some are claiming to be friends with her or to know her for attention. It makes my blood boil

watching the people who didn't even look her way pretend to suddenly be her best friend. It's not fair. This whole time, I could have said something, done something, anything. I have a sick feeling in my stomach, like I want to throw up, except I don't. I've been sitting at the toilet since school ended feeling like I actually have to throw up. It's a feeling that hasn't gone away since our teacher announced her death. I haven't been getting any sleep and my eyes hurt from crying so much. I hate my mom so much. If I had my phone, I could have responded to all the Facetimes I missed. My mom only gave it back to me when I told her about Victoria. I guess she felt bad. Victoria Facetimed me so many times, every day. I missed them all. Why, though? She knew my phone was taken away, I told her before summer break. Was she hoping I would find my phone and respond? She only texted me once though. She sent a paragraph. That paragraph gave me hope. For a second it made me forget that Victoria was gone forever. I felt like she was sitting beside me, with her head on my shoulder rubbing my back. It made me smile, even though all the tears pouring down my face. It made me feel warm inside. A feeling I didn't have for a long, long time. I will never forget it.

"To my best friend Marco,

I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry. You don't deserve this, and I'm probably going to hurt you by doing this. I'm sorry I can't tell you this in person, you don't deserve this sudden weight dropped on you out of nothing. I just can't live any longer knowing that my parents despise me and my father expresses it to me every day by hurting me physically. You don't need to understand and you don't need to forgive me, I wouldn't forgive me either. But before I go, I want you to know, what other people think of you is garbage. The only opinion that matters is your own. If you want to be a girl, then be a girl. I have a feeling that you're going to be the most beautiful girl this whole world has ever seen. You will get negative judgment and you will get hate, but it's worth it, because you're being yourself and you're being the best Marco you can be. So Marco, be yourself, because yourself is the most beautiful version of Marco. It's also my favorite version. Never forget this. I understand if you don't want to listen to a word I have to say after I've done something so awful to a person like you, someone who doesn't deserve any of this. What you deserve is a life where you can be who you want to be. That is my final request though, because I want you to have the happy life I sadly can't have. But, once in a while in my darkest moments, someone lit me up and made me forget all my troubles and all my responsibilities and pain. You, Marco. You were the one who brought me hope. You were the only one. You're my favorite person on this Earth, Marco. You forever will be, no matter who you are. Girl, boy, neither, you're still my best

friend. That will never change. Not even when I'm not here in this world anymore. I love you, forever and always."

8/29/16, Sunday, 6:42 P.M

This is my last entry. That is okay though, because I have nothing else to say. Except for this. I am no longer a boy. I'm a girl. Victoria has guided me and I will never forget her. One day, when I'm older, I will see her again. Until then I must be patient. Until then, I will be myself. No matter who supports me. Jax won't stop picking on me but that's okay. I can stand up for myself now. If my parents don't support me, they'll have to get over it, because their daughter isn't leaving anytime soon. I express myself now, too. I wear and cherish the clothes that Victoria gave me with pride and I'll make some money of my own to buy more clothes for myself that are of my own taste. I may even consider surgery, probably not, though. I can still be myself and a girl without having to get surgery. Oh, I almost forgot. I decided to change my name as well. It took me a while to choose but I decided on the perfect name. I've decided not to go with Trixie or Margo. My name is now Victoria, and I am a girl.