

I glance at the mirror to see if I have become a monster. Just me looking back at me.

Later in the day I am able to stand and chat in the bathroom. For me, too, it's the only place off the production floor to hide!

After a while, when someone from another department asks, "Is that a boy or a girl?," the elder women will say, "A girl. Oh, you know this younger generation."

Not all places are so kind. In some shops a few bigots and bullies hold sway. In others, co-workers who are angered by cruelty put in their two cents worth for me.

Wednesday, July 18

When I first entered a sex-change program a decade ago, in order to avoid embarrassment my parents disposed of all pictures of me, a little girl or young woman growing up with the tenseness of puberty etched on my face.

When I later took back control of my body after four years of being on the program, my parents discarded all pictures of me living as a man.

I have one photo left. A friend took it thirteen years ago. It is tacked up on the wall: a 17-year-old and 28-year-old woman sitting against each other on the floor, just looking at each other. Captured tenderness between two women.

One woman has long hair; she is not yet dressed up to go out to a gay bar. The other woman has short cropped hair, wearing half a suit with a tie, jacket on the couch.

To dance together was against the law then, and enforced.

They danced together well.

Thursday, July 19

It's hard to believe it but I'm laid off again.

Thirteen jobs last year before I made 20 weeks eligibility for unemployment.

Seventeen jobs the year before that before I made 20 weeks.

Seven this year. Am I doing something right?

I have been pricing a meal all morning. I stop where I can get a hamburger and