

Dilemma---Christmas
Dreamt on: December 23, 2010
Recorded on: December 24, 2010
By R.A. Blackpaws

I sip my tea as I sit before the computer, waiting for it to load up my journal site.
Mmm...warm tea first thing in the morning...good....oh, it's up!

I set my mug down and log in, checking out my friends entries.

All of them seem so happy and joyous this holiday season.

It makes me happy for them...and a little sad for me, to some degree.

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Then, I access my journal...and begin typing:

" Hi, all.

Well, the holidays are here, finally.

Work hasn't been to bad. Been busy but not nasty insane.

Home life...that's been rougher.

My mom has been on me regarding my Christmas list...which, in the past was pretty epic.

This year though, there are only two things I want.

One we went out and got. The other...that I don't think I'll be getting any decade soon.

I know that you all are saying, "Oh, you'll be a girl someday."

That's not what I wanted.

What I wanted...was a definitive mother-DAUGHTER bonding experience."

I sigh and pause for a bit...then resume.

"See, I just want a real sign that she supports me in what I'm doing. She says she supports me...but I guess I just want more.

And I kinda have reason to want more.

We kinda had a shopping trip a few months ago where we were both going to get new clothes.

The first part went okay. I helped her pick out some very nice tops.

But, when it came time for her to help me select clothes...she ditched me.

Let me say that again: SHE...DITCHED...ME!

Then next time we went clothes shopping, it happened again...and I called her on it.

She replied with, "Oh, I'm just not that much of a shopper."

Bullshit.

You did fine when it was shopping for YOU. When it came time to return the favor, you wimped out and ran away."

I unclench my paws, my tail thumping against the chair and rocking it with each thump.

"So, after that talk with her, I told her that she was off the hook when it came to shopping. That I wouldn't have her shop for clothes with me anymore.

But I do still want that mother-daughter connection...cause she still calls me her son, even now. A year AFTER I came out to her as trans or "gender-fluid" as I like to call it.

I just want some real sign that she supports me. That it isn't all just words said to placate me.

Actions...not talk."

I look at the entry on the screen...and I scroll down to the bottom of the page.

I move the mouse over the "Viewing options" bar...and select friends...

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...then I switch it to private...

...

...then back to friends...

...

...and I hit post.

Then, I sigh...and drink my tea while it uploads.