

QUEER.INK

No 1

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presents

Fiona Margrie's

**GENDERS
GONNA
GEND**

1990

Something has always been a little off.

I did not have fun going through my first puberty.

1995

Between autism, hormones, school, depression, and anxiety, it was a very hard time for me and those who cared about me.

I didn't have much luck in school after that. I was scared, awkward, confused, uncomfortable in my body.

2000



Without positive trans representation on TV and no education in school on trans topics, it took me years to consider the possibility.

2005

I remember wanting to be a girl, but I didn't know anything about sex or gender, transitioning, or surgery.

Was I gay? Bi? Pan? Asexual? Poly?

I didn't know, but I knew I wasn't straight.

2010

I started finding films about the trans experience and YouTubers who were going through the same things I was.

I came out to my partner in April 2022.

2015



I've spent decades thinking about it, years considering it, and months researching it... and I think... I'm a girl

And I want to thank you for providing a space where I'm free to comfortably get explore my identity and connect the dots that have been accumulating throughout my life

I love you Tatis, and I want to hug and smooch you so much

2020

2022

Oh my bean

I'm so proud of you

2025

What followed was months of reading, research, reflection, and resource gathering as I forged a path forward to a happier and more fulfilling future, as...

To: everyone@████████.com
From: fiona@████████.com

FIONA

Dear Colleagues,

This email is a bit difficult for me to write, but I feel that it is important for me to write it. I'm not big on freely expressing my inner thoughts and emotional needs, but there is something I've been carrying with me that I feel I'm ready to share with you.

I am transgender. While you've always known me as [deadname], I've never really felt at home as a man. I've discovered that I am, in fact, a woman. I've known this for some time but haven't felt ready to come out publicly until now.

This might come as a shock, or you may have had your suspicions, but I trust you with this information about who I am, and I would like it if, in return, you started calling me by my chosen name, which is *Fiona*, and using my pronouns, which are *she/they*.

Dying and growing out my hair, painting my nails, and expanding my wardrobe have been an exploration of gender expression for me, and [the company]'s support and acceptance has played a big part in helping me discover my true self. I will be changing my name by deed poll and have found a private doctor to start medically transitioning to feel more at home in my body and the world.

And I know that you may have some slip-ups calling me [deadname] or using *he/him* at first, and that is okay. I would just like to know that you are trying your best to learn, understand, and support me. If you do slip up, you do not have to make a big deal out of it. Correcting yourself is enough for me to see that you care about and respect who I am.

If you have any questions, I want to help answer them. I've also included a [QR code to the right that links] to more information that I encourage you to read and share.

Thank you for your support and understanding,

Fiona Margrie
She/They

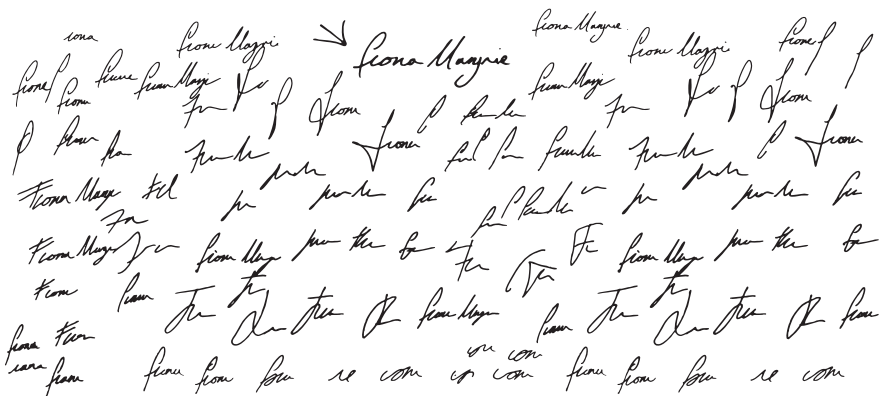


Changing your name in the UK is surprisingly easy. Getting everyone to update their records is depressingly hard. It all starts with a...

Deed of Change of Name

A deed of change of name is a legal document in which you declare that you will renounce your old name and only use your new name going forward. As soon as you sign it with our old and new names in front of a witness, you've legally changed your name.

The hardest part was coming up with a new signature to replace the one I've been using since I opened a bank account at age 10.

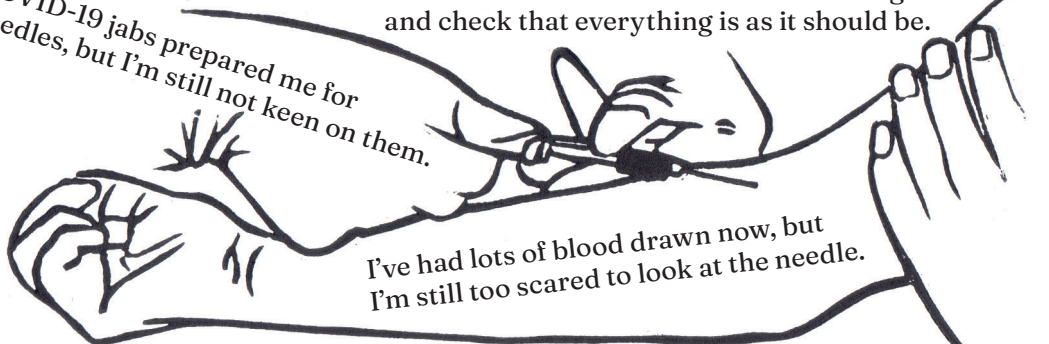


Some places where I told them I'd changed my name were all too happy to help and provide a really gender-affirming experience. Others, particularly government departments, were ignorant to the point of discrimination with a lack of basic training in assisting trans clients, customers, or patients.

With the social aspects of my transition underway, it was time to tackle the medical side of it. GPs in this country can't provide trans healthcare and can only refer you to the NHS Gender Identity Clinic, which has a waiting list several years long. Some people wait. Some go for DIY HRT and buy their hormones online. I'm fortunate enough to be in a position where I can choose private health care and found a specialist who could diagnose me with gender incongruence and an endocrinologist who can recommend the best course of HRT to my GP.

The endocrinologist needs to keep tabs on my liver function and hormone levels to inform dosages and check that everything is as it should be.

COVID-19 jabs prepared me for needles, but I'm still not keen on them.



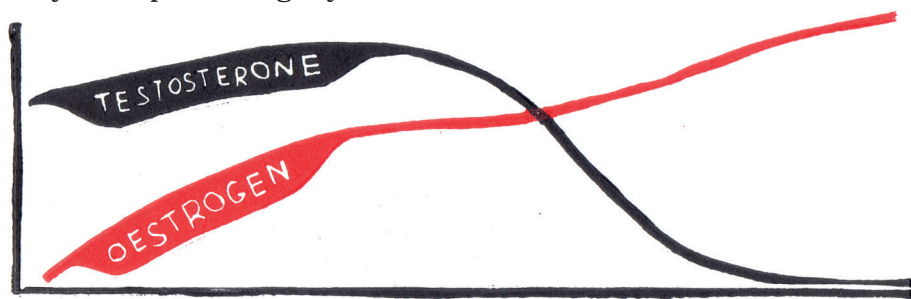
I've had lots of blood drawn now, but I'm still too scared to look at the needle.

BLOOD TESTS

and



As my oestrogen level has gone up with a gradually increasing dose of estradiol valerate, my testosterone wasn't lowering very much, so I started getting triptorelin injections every 3 months to stop my body from producing my own sex hormones.



I didn't notice too many changes for the first few months, but after the triptorelin kicked in and my testosterone hit the floor, I've been feeling a lot different... **better**.

My skin is softer, body hair doesn't grow as thick or as fast, and my boobs are growing!



With a new name, a formal diagnosis, and a doctor who could vouch for my *transness*, I had everything I needed to get a new **passport...**

with a new photo,
with my new name,
and an *F* under “Sex”

It's often the little things, like a passport or a letter addressed “*Dear Ms. Margrie,*” that fill me with great euphoria and provide me with the reassurance that I'm taking big steps in the right direction to becoming who I really am.

A little gender affirmation goes a long way for the mental health of people like me and can easily make our day.

I gave speech therapy a try. I've always had a peculiar dislike for my voice and find myself keeping very quiet as a result. I made decent progress but had difficulty practicing and stopped going due to the cost.

When I'm reading aloud, I can get my voice quite high and consistent. But when it comes to conversation and projecting my voice, I wasn't able to keep it up, no matter how hard I tried.

But then I heard Stephen Davidson of the London Trans Choir say “*I don't feel like we owe the world any particular type of feminine or masculine voice,*” and that stuck with me. I want to be able to just exist as me and not have to strive for societal gender ideals.

THANK YOU FOR SHARING THIS JOURNEY WITH ME...

Through this little zine, I've shared glimpses into my personal journey and gender transition over the course of nearly two years. It's been a path filled with self-discovery, challenges, and moments of profound growth.

The love and support I've received from my friends and family has been truly heart-warming and has assuaged the fears of rejection, interrogation, and judgement I had before coming out.

There have been harder times too, though, and it is so important to call out bigotry, transphobia, homophobia, and discrimination of all types. From an off-colour joke by a co-worker to institutional incompetence, we can all help create a better future and a culture of acceptance of all gender identities and sexualities.

As I continue on my path, I carry with me the lessons and love I've encountered, and I look forward to a future where we can all thrive in a world that celebrates diversity and inclusivity. Thank you for joining me on this journey, and may your own path be filled with the love and acceptance you deserve.

There is a lot more I want to share, and I welcome submissions, so keep an eye out for upcoming issues of queer.ink in the near future.



<https://queer.ink/>

Find out more at <https://queer.ink/>



GENDER



You never
actually own a gender.

You merely look after it
for the next generation.



Trans you *own* gender.