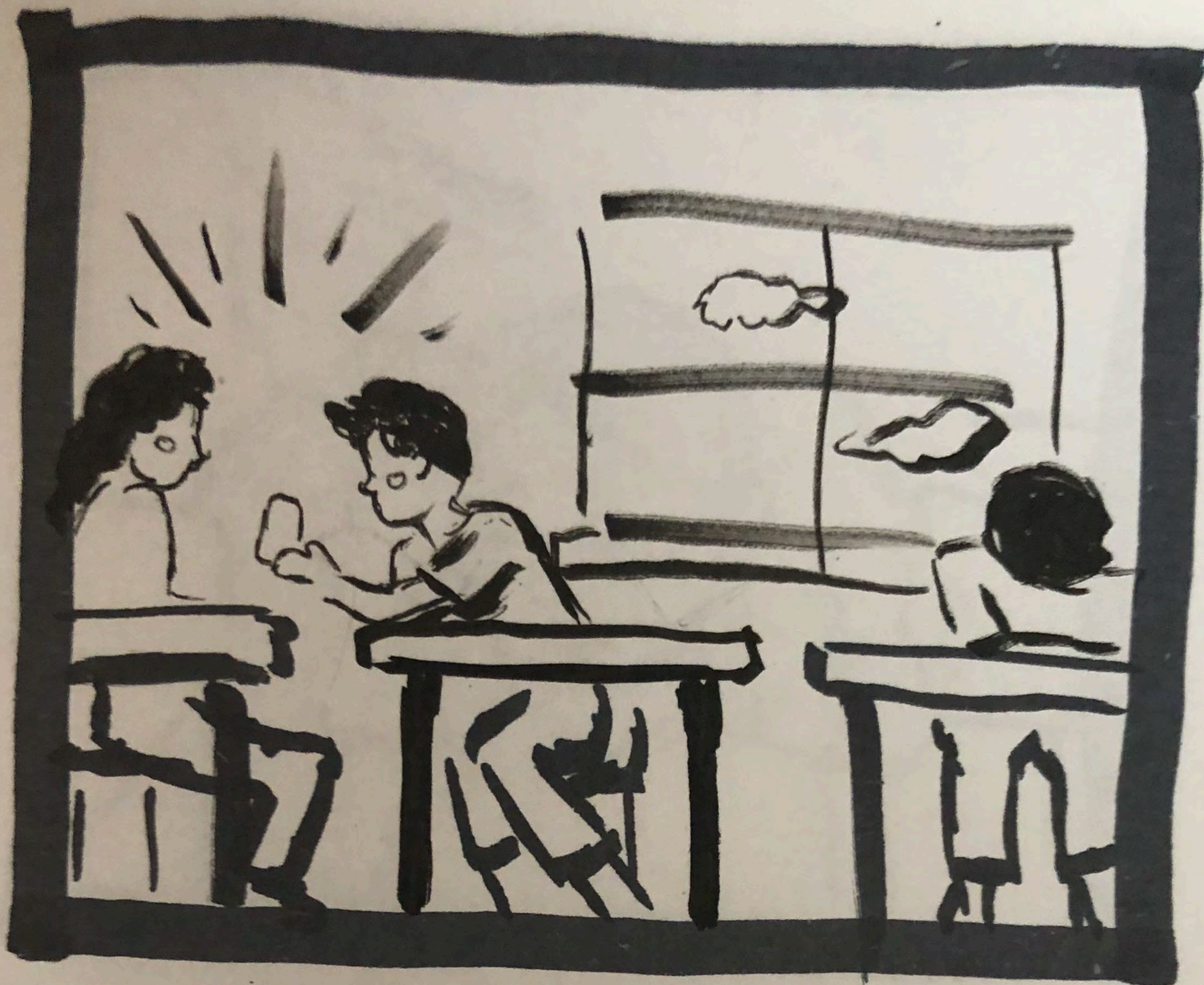


# BECK



By: Bailey Coady



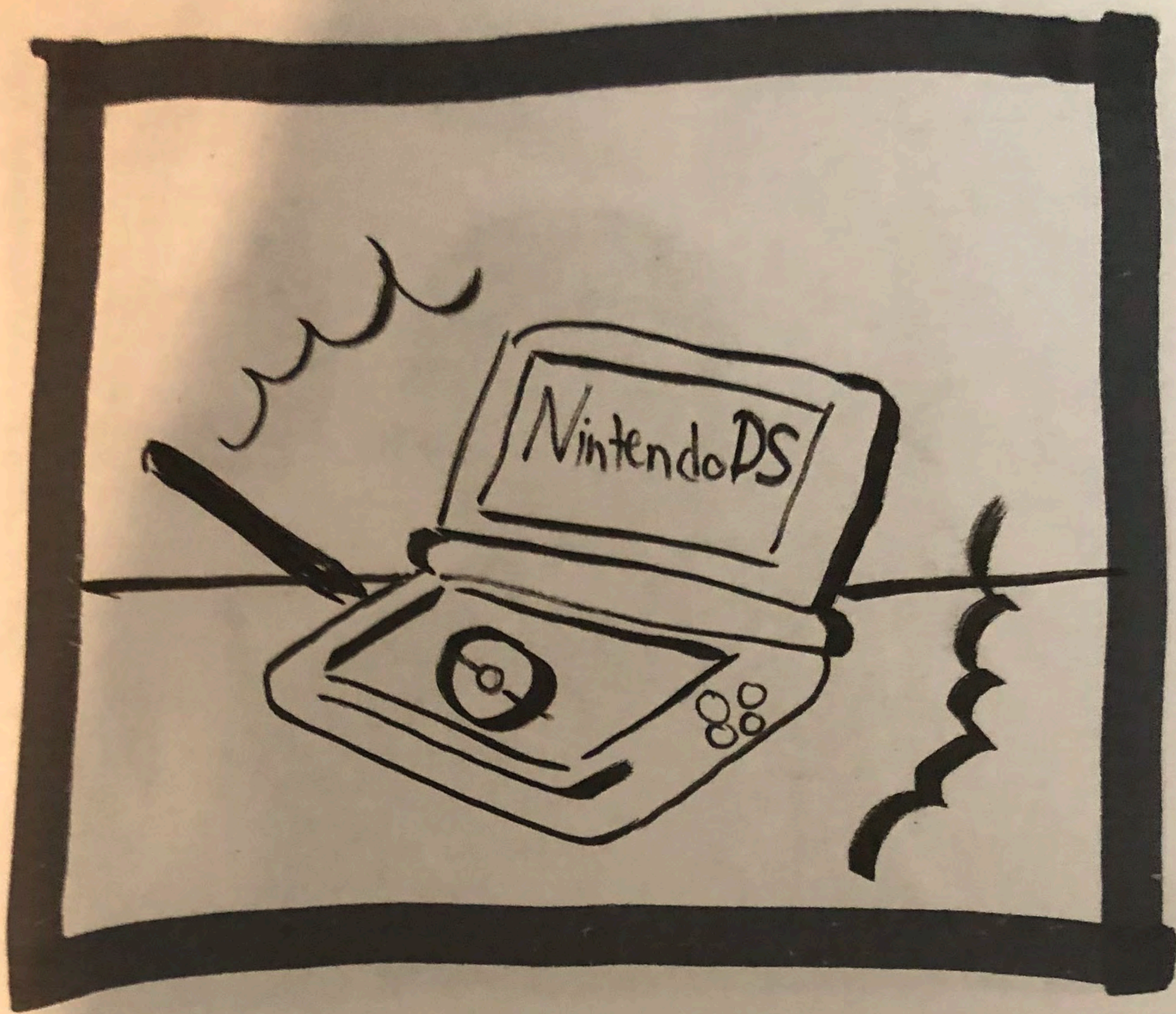
## Chapter One

We met back in grade 6 on our first day of middle school. Beck and I were sitting next to each other in Math class and bonded over our love of "Dragonvale." It was this joy of caring for a virtual dragon zoo that started a friendship that I will cherish forever.



## Chapter Two

Growing up as one of the few black kids in town, Beck was used to being surrounded by white folks. There was one teacher in particular that would grab and pull at Beck's black, kinky hair without permission. They were made out to be a spectacle to the other kids in their class.



## Chapter Three

Beck and I would spend all our time thinking up these amazing characters when we were little. A big part of this was playing on our Nintendo DS's and coming up with things we would add to that world. I miss trading Pokémon with them and battling.

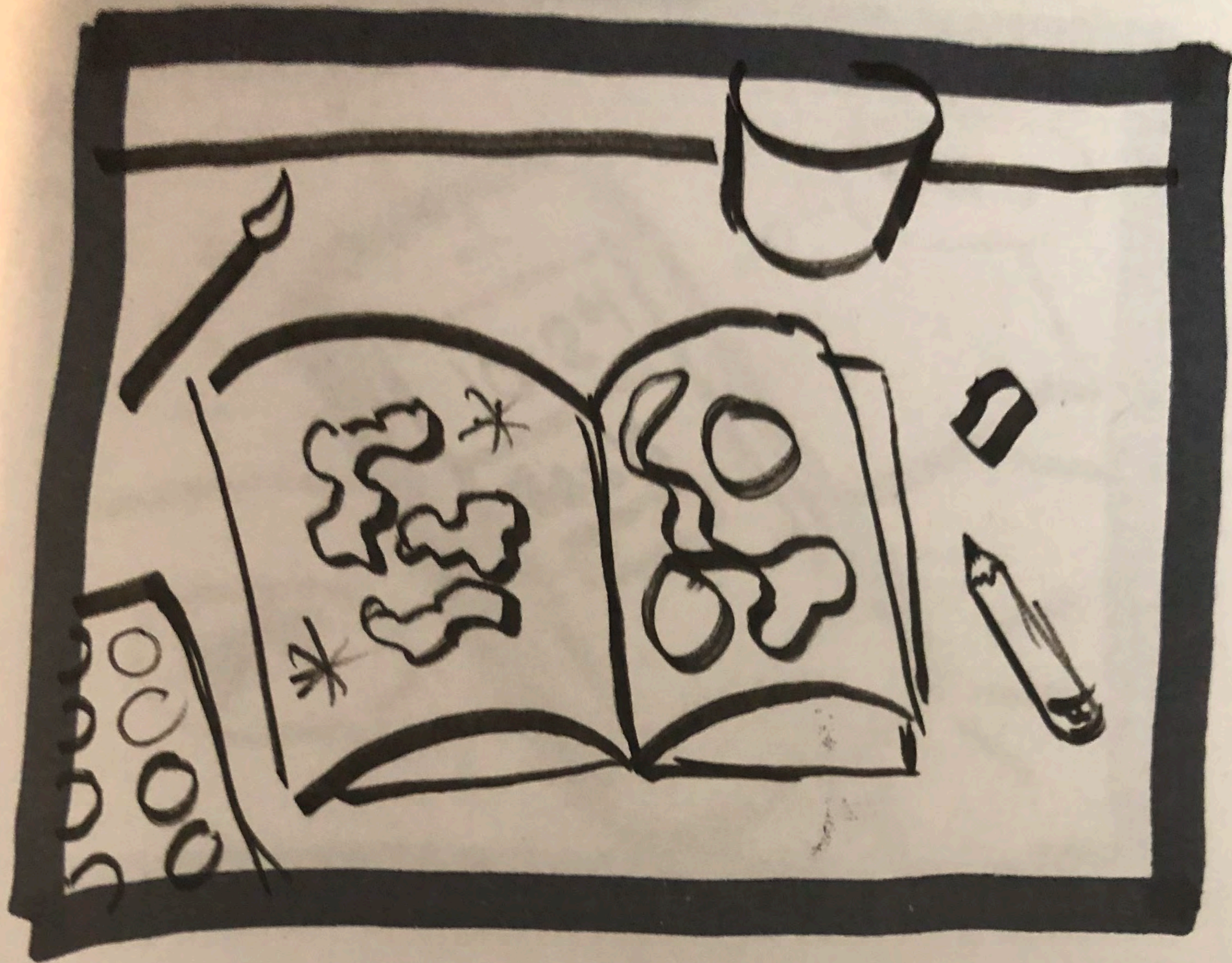


## Chapter Four

"I want you to stop talking to my daughter, you aren't welcome in our home anymore,"

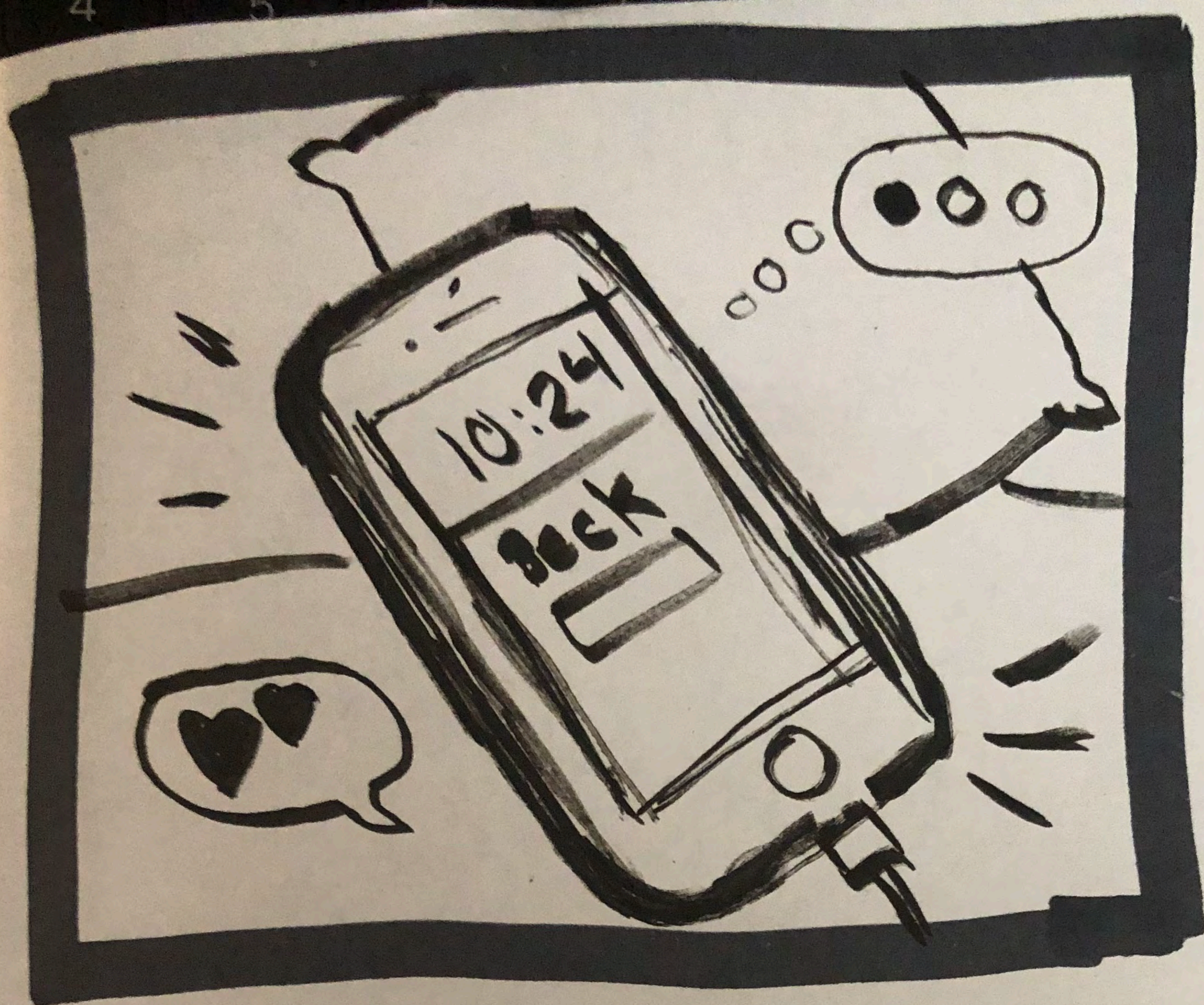
"Why not? I didn't do anything wrong,"

"You're a sissy and you are having a bad influence on Beck. She needs to focus on church and her relationship with Christ,"



## Chapter Five

Beck can easily spend all day lost in their sketchbook. Anything from daydreams to working out their feelings, Beck creates the most joyful illustrations and I always admire that about their work. Drawing is the thing that makes Beck feel at peace.

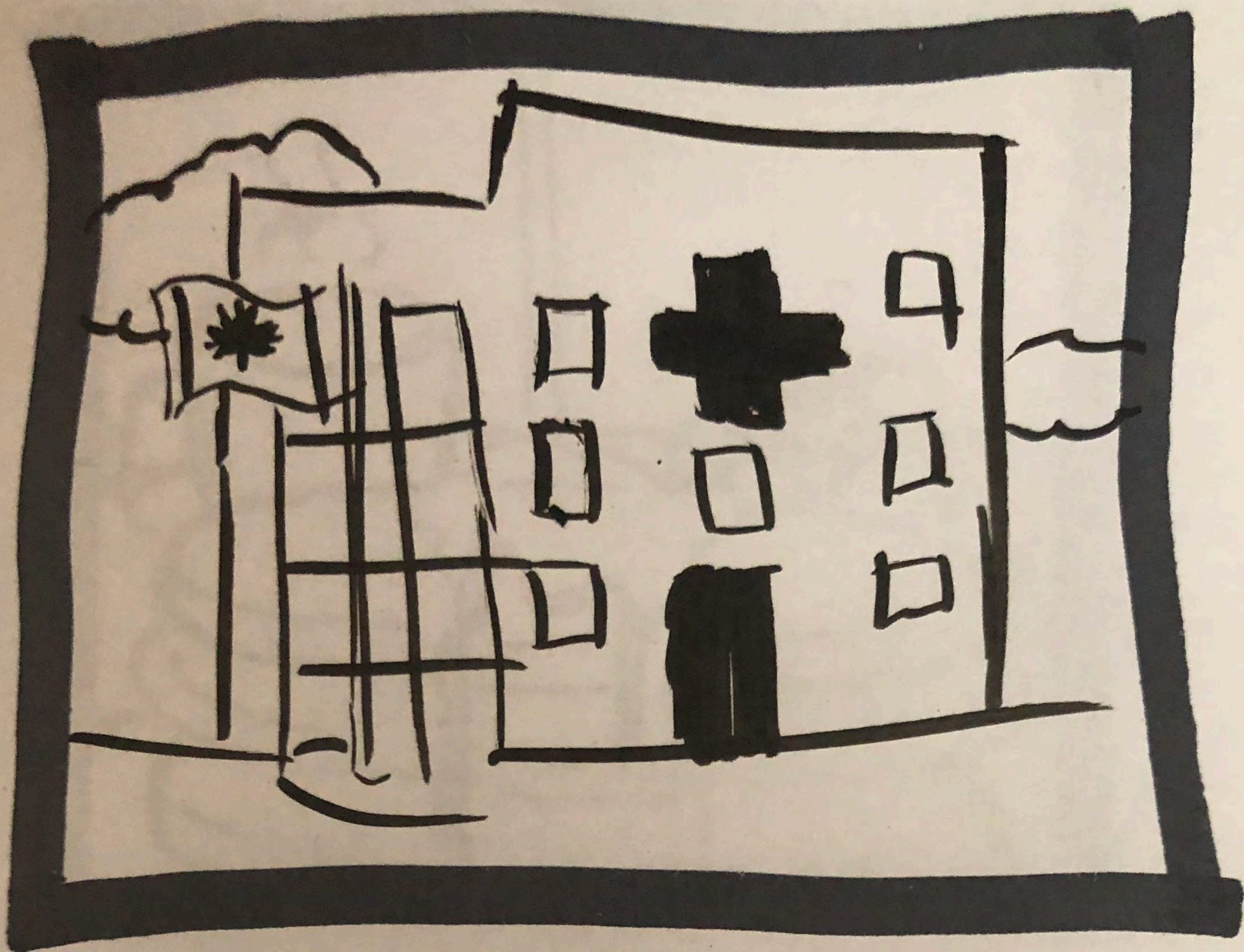


## Chapter Six

Earlier this month, I was sitting on my couch when my phone pinged with a text message from Beck.

"I started testosterone today!"

My eyes fogged up and I beamed with joy.



## Chapter Seven

Beck and I have a pact to go to Montreal together for my gender confirmation surgery. It isn't the most lavish vacation by any means but I really look forward to the two of us watching movies and hanging out while I'm recovering. We've been friends long before either of us transitioned so having them there with me will mean the world.





## Chapter Eight

Bundled up in our parkas, we walked through the Ontario snow to the best breakfast spot in the neighborhood. It'd been a few years since I got to see Beck and I kept thinking about how different they looked. We shared hashbrowns and pancakes while we laughed and told stories from our time apart.

