

LAURA:

I know she's ... I know she's not girly.

She was always wild. Loud.

When she was three she told us she hated the color pink. Which was ironic because her whole room was fucking pink: the walls, her crib, most of her clothes. Even the drapes. Not tacky pink, like bubble gum, but ... soft. Delicate.

I thought she'd love it.

Anyway we painted her room blue and donated most of her dresses and I thought, maybe this is good. Maybe she'll grow up to be determined, fierce. Like me.

And who cares if she'd rather play with a baseball than an Easy-Bake Oven? Or draws airplanes instead of princesses?

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That doesn't mean she's a *boy*.