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The room stood before me, an old wooden bed draped in cream sheets and pillows. A large wooden wardrobe hiding masses of clothes sat silent in the far corner next to the stained glass window. In front of me loomed the lanky wooden framed mirror, refracting back the distraught image of my face. I sat still, immersed in thoughts that circle in and out of my head. My eyes dance around the room, capturing the images of furniture and books - one leather bound, one pink photo album, one blue photo album, the Bible - and one worn out sheet of paper, a letter - a note.

Slowly water rolled down the arches of Adara's cheek bone, gliding swiftly over her olive coloured skin. Memories played over and over in her mind, some of being a boy, happy and dirty, immersed in mud while playing with trucks. Others were covered in the pink lace and ribbons of being a girl, dancing in the spring grass, pouring tea for her dolls. 'Girl' or 'boy', the words had no meaning, no solidity in this childhood.

Slowly my shaking hand reached to the Bible and swiftly turned to the first page - the only page ever read. The paragraph stood before her like a

shadow. A shadow hiding the truth, blurring reality with fiction.

"God created man in his own image
Man and woman created ~~he~~ them."

(The Creation, The Bible)

The false statement irritated Adara. How could society allow such words to dictate their world, how could they allow inequality to surface from these words, it was irresponsible, careless, thoughtless.

The book dropped from her hand. Pages bent and creased on impact, but such a book did not deserve better. Instead her hands reached for the leather bound book and caressed its cover with care and respect. Lips moved in a silent sentence as eyes danced across each word remembering the truth, remembering the history.

The Great Divergence.

The Entitas of Ancient Greece were all of one entity, all equal and content with life. Each Entitas was identical in physical attributes allowing for the even distribution of rights and responsibilities. The Greek Gods were cherished by the Entitas for bringing them happiness and wealth in both land and animals. Equality was always present until the Great Divergence.

The God Hermaphroditus became enraged and envious

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of the Entitas' good lives. He sent a crippling curse throughout the land transforming each ~~Entitas~~ Entitas, forcing their bodies to diverge.

The history book closed slowly and sat back on the floor. ~~Her~~ Adara's fingers then reached for the letter, the last piece of her heritage. The paper, stained and crumpled lay concealed in an envelope closed with a wax seal. A seal that had never been opened before. ~~Her~~ ~~finger~~ Adara's fingers slowly slipped the envelope open to reveal not a letter, not a note, but a diary entry.

28.03

I Thomasa, Entitas of Greece am witnessing the downfall of society. Disease has been spread through my land, crippling my people causing their bodies to transform and split. The end result is two separate entities, one of ^{large} ~~massive~~ physique with muscles and strong limbs. The other is of smaller bodies, less muscle. Our community is duplicating, growing in size, but they are not Entitas's, they are new, different, but similar. Their bodies each carry different attributes of the original body, the muscular body having penis and testicles whilst the weaker has breasts and a vagina of the original entity. Two separate entities, two individuals are

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born from this curse. Confusion has raged through our villages and new words have been formed to cater for the identification of these new beings. They call the larger 'Masculus' and the smaller 'Femella'. People whisper that the God Hermaphroditus sent us 'Gendered' beings to curse us for our happy, equal lives. Not long now until I ~~lose~~ lose myself to this disease. I will write, though, after the pain has passed.

28.04

One month has passed since I last wrote, since part of I ~~as~~ once wrote. For I am no longer Thomasa, Entitas of Greece. My body shifted, transformed. I am Thomasina, Femella of Greece and my twin body is Thomas, Masculus of Greece. These words of identity sicken me. Now 'mas' and 'femina' have been created as the singular form of 'masculus' and 'femella' but why are these words necessary? Why is distinction necessary? Those who have remained unchanged by the curse now face the ridicule of society, they too have been labelled with 'Gendered language' - no one can escape. They call the untouched 'Hermaphrodites' after the God that brought havoc to our world. Hatred fills the soul at the thought of some being favoured by the Gods more than others. Some now disguise themselves as femella or masculus to avoid the ridicule and hate - they have been forced to conform to

Society's new expectations of the norm. But what should the 'norm' be? The new entities or the original? Sexual desire also creates unease. Many have stayed with their original partners resulting in some 'gender' relationships. Again society ridicules and yells for they do not contribute to the production of society. Inequality has been shattered. The masculus due to their differing bodies have been assigned to the stronger rights and responsibilities in society. The femella forced to maintain lesser roles. Gender, femella, masculus, femina and mas all words that should mean nothing, but now they dictate the world.

I blink my eyes, attempting to stop the tears from soaking the entities. I Adara Entitas am a direct descent of Thomasa, Thomasina and Thomas of Ancient Greece. A recessive gene within Thomasina, carried from the divergence created me. I am the purple ^{between} societies accepted pink and blue. I am a unisex being, not having any distinguishable attributes that specifically associate me with males or females. The language of the Great Divergence still lingers in society today, carrying its meaning across centuries of inequality. The Great Divergence created inequality from the creation of gender, and with it gendered language, roles and rights. Language has been a vessel through time, leaving behind scars of a lack of acceptance and respect for those who carry the true gene of life - the gene

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no classification, not even on a birth certificate. I hide behind the façade of a female - the stereotypical clothing, appearance and activities dictating how I should conform in society - how I should although I secretly donot.

My eyes glance down at the Bible, a fiction story created to hide the truth, the leather bound book, - the secrets of the past, the envelope - a window into my ancestors experience, and to the photo albums, one blue, one pink. My mother gave me an androgynous name at birth, she kept my hair short and on my birthday dressed me in feminine clothes in the morning where I would receive feminine presents. In the afternoon I would be transformed into a masculine identity and receive my masculine presents of trucks and sports equipment. No gendered experience remained untouched and each moment was captured in case one day I chose to conform. If one day I chose to be assigned a gender, a word of male or female, in corrective surgery. Should I be the perfect daughter? Or should I be the perfect son? My biggest question is should I have to choose? To conform to a society that has irresponsibly shunned the very being that I am. I am what is classified as an Hermaphrodite, but with that word comes remorse for my true identity and how I have been shunned by society.

My hand slowly slides down the ballustrade of the

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stair case. My body cloaked in shorts and a t-shirt expose my choice to my family.

On Adara's ~~21~~ twenty first birthday the choice was made to stay as an androgynous, unisex and complicated ~~entity~~ entity. The purple present in the go-between of the pink and the blue.

My hands clasped the purple wrapping paper and slowly split the paper in two. There sitting on my lap was a purple photo album and a book: 'Orlando' by Virginia Woolf, my idol of creating a gender neutral identity. I open the book and read the words as they slowly but definitely describe the setting of my room - Orlando's room.