



insecurity and self-uncertainty ran further than my desire to lose weight. He needed so much time to understand himself, so much time to learn to love himself; that which I believe I lacked patience for.

One of my big things in a relationship, any relationship is to feel understood. As cheesy as it sounds, I think that's what most people want to feel. We want to feel loved in a way that we don't even know exists, and to this day, I'm really not sure if it does. Little baby Raegan didn't believe that, though. I demanded someone who didn't even understand himself, to not just attempt, but to fully wrap his head around everything I was as a moody teenager. I demanded for someone who didn't love themselves, to love every inch of me. Though Alex tried, (maybe even succeeded, who knows), I didn't feel like it. The same went the other way, it was hard to keep up with myself changing so much, never mind Alex

Now that's the "*negative*" side of things. Let's get to the good shit.

Alex's transition was one of the most captivating things I've ever had the front seat pleasure of witnessing. Compared to that experience, sunsets come second, and seeing "Mr. Brightside" performed live comes third, though that one is debatable. Living so close to his journey and hearing at least a snippet of what was in his mind during the process is something I hold so dear to my heart. I watched the death of my girlfriend, and the birth of my boyfriend, all while I got to keep my best friend. Ultimately, I got to see this person become who they were always meant to be. I got to see the tears and discomfort transform into relief and satisfaction. I still remember prom, one of my favourites to this day, because he glowed more confidence in his suit than I had ever seen him feel. I remember going in to Charlies Girl with him to get his long Princess Merida hair cut off, and having to leave because I started crying (happy tears, of course). And I remember the first time I watched him take a T-shot to the thigh in his bathroom.

Thankfully, today I am still able to call Alex one of my best friends, and as gross as it may sound, he might as well be my brother at this point. We truly are the unicorns of people going from lovers to friends, but hey, it works for us! He is truly one of my greatest inspirations, and I owe so much of my life to him.

I guess the moral of the story is: don't be afraid of change in others, and don't be afraid of change in yourself.

Happy growing!