



Billie:

In Blackpool, round the back of Topping Street, there's this black and white mural of Cara Delevingne. It's proper stunning, it is. She's wearing a cap backwards and smirking like she's saying "oh yeah; I know I'm fucking fit!" I used to just stand there and look at her all proper jealous like. Probably looked like a right creep or a perv or something but what can I say? Couldn't help it. I wished she wasn't a mural. I wished she was a mirror...

I get jealous way too easily, I do. I guess that's who I am. Jealous. All the time... Add that to being trans and yeah... It's not fun. I think my experience of being trans is mainly based on that jealousy. I know that doesn't sound wonderful or poetic or anything but it's bloody accurate is what it is. It's honest.

I don't think I'm somebody people should want to look up to. I'm a salty prick. Like seriously, if somebody has something I want I get fucking mad at them. It's not their fault... I know that but... See? I'm a nobhead. There are so many wonderful and pure trans people out there. Like the hashtag says: "Transisbeautiful." Me, though... I'm just a green-eyed bitch.

As Billie the Vision and the Dancers once said: "I want to cannot help but smile." I wanna to be able to smile back at Cara instead of being jealous of her... Being mad at her... Now there's a vision.