

My name is written in front of me.
I try to say it, over and over again.

When I think of the name Edward,
I imagine old kings who snore a lot.

It is the name my parents gave me.
But I call myself something else.



I AM SIX.

I like playing with dolls.

They are awesome superheroes.

My dad cuts my hair so short.

He says, “This is what a boy looks like.”

