

# STORY OF A LESBIAN WOMAN

They sat on the beach watching each wave slap the shoreline in gentle motion. Neither of them felt a need to converse. Finally, they were as connected in their silence, as they were in conversation. They had both fought hard to reach this peaceful place. They watched their children, now nineteen and seventeen chase each other in playful competition. They are my children now, she thought, and Sara is my life. Her mind drifted back through time and memory of her own life and the life she now shared.

Sports were Thea's deepest love. She participated in every sport she could squeeze into her busy schedule and excelled in most. It was disappointing that her family showed little interest in her athletic achievements, even when ribbons, plaques, and banners accumulated in her bedroom. They wanted her to be an academic wonder, but she was too busy.

Thea knew that boys were her best friends. She loved doing what they did. She loved their determination to be free. She identified with their competitiveness, because it made life more interesting. However, they saw her differently, now that breasts and skirts were part of their friendship. They wanted more from her than she wanted to give. They seemed to want what she represented more than who she was. She became an object ... and it infuriated her! "They, too, are ruled by another code," she thought. It was mysterious, unfathomable, and alienating.