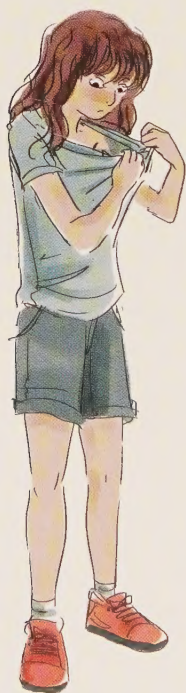


CATHERINE CASTRO & QUENTIN ZUTTON

# CALL ME NATHAN



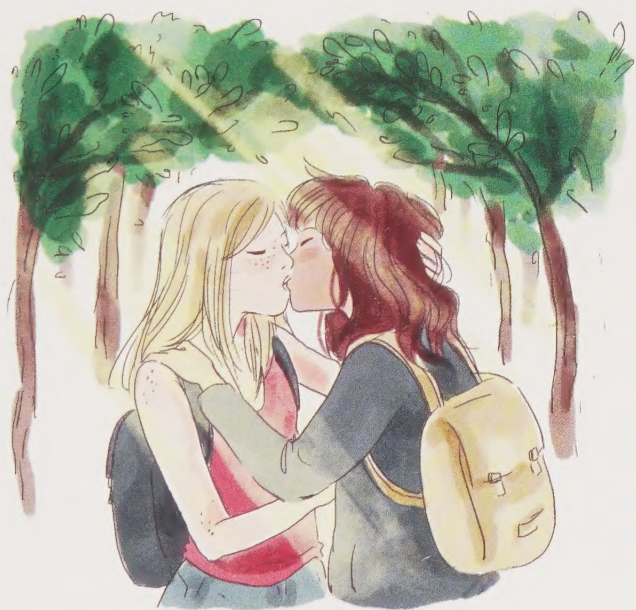
Is this some kind of joke?



CATHERINE CASTRO & QUENTIN ZUTTON

# CALL ME NATHAN

Translated by Evan McGorray



In this book, the main character is fictional, identifies as male and goes through surgery. CW: trans healthcare, transphobia, self-harm, surgery, nudity, crude language



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Written by Catherine Castro and drawn by Quentin Zuttion  
Translated by Evan McGorray

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Song lyrics on pages 28, 29 and 30:

“The Other Side” written by Emily Warren Schwartz & Scott Harris Friedman

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Administered by Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd

“The Other Side” words and music by Warren Felder / Scott Harris / Emily Warren

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## PREFACE

Some books take ages to come into the world. They mature for a long time, months, years. *Call Me Nathan* was born in the blink of an eye one afternoon in the countryside, at a party among family and friends. I was introduced to someone I had once seen as a baby in similar circumstances: family, friends, etc. The being that this baby had become was standing in front of me. Radiant and anxious, anchored and floating, determined and uncertain. It was Lucas, though at that time he was only named 'Lucas' in the secret recesses of his body and soul. He was 14 years old. I don't remember exactly what we talked about, but we met one another as the music of Abba and Bob Marley brought a spark to us all on that patch of grass, the most natural of dancefloors. Back in Paris, I thought again about Lucas-whose-name-was-not-yet-Lucas. He was a rock star. Someone you don't tell what to do or not to do, someone ready to pay the price for being free. Freedom has its cost, taking the plunge and persevering, ready to fail, to make mistakes, to break up, to be judged, to catch fire, it's vital, there's no stopping it. Lucas wanted to be himself. It wasn't a dream, it was a necessity.

Lucas and I met each other again with his parents. I told the three of them that I wanted to tell the story of this blossoming in a protagonist-driven style rather than a documentarian one. At that time, five years ago, questions of transness were seldom discussed. And when they were, they caused quite a bit of controversy and misunderstanding in the public space and drama in private. Lucas was a boy trapped in a girl's body by biology. While other teens spent their time on social media checking out sneakers that would give them a sense of style that they mistook for identity, Lucas surfed forums to understand who he was. He already had style, and he came to understand his identity intimately. We are not born ourselves, we become them; this can take a lifetime, and we still don't always end up understanding who we are. Lucas was a man in the making. That is the story I wanted to tell. What he was going through took on a universal dimension. Becoming oneself is a whole life's work, a work that concerns us all, no matter our gender, our refusal to be limited to a gender or our sexuality. For Lucas, becoming himself was achieved through physical discovery and the (de)construction and conquest of his place in society.

He showed me the muscles that he'd discovered over the course of his injections. His path would be difficult but illuminating. For his family, too, providing unconditional support, the path was difficult, often painful. For each of them, the transition was a hard, disarming, totally unexpected journey. Through these meetings, the character of Nathan and the true fiction of his life were born. Several passages are pure fiction, in fact. But what wasn't made up is the love that flows from every page. Meeting with Lucas and his family was deeply emotional every time. What they experienced alongside one another had a name: love. Love alone can do anything. On the path that Lucas, Nathan and so many others are on, that makes such a difference.

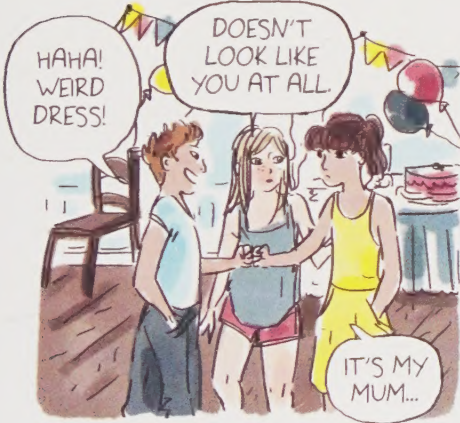


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I could tell you about the day I wore a dress to make my mother happy.



That lasted 5 minutes.

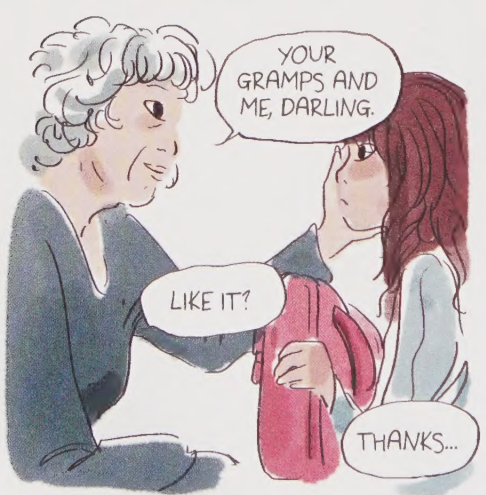


Or the day I got bullied during water polo.





Or the time my grandma bought me a Hello Kitty bag for Christmas.



But I'd rather begin with the day when it all started to go wrong.  
Said like that, it's kinda pessimistic. I'm not a pessimist.  
Lemme start over...

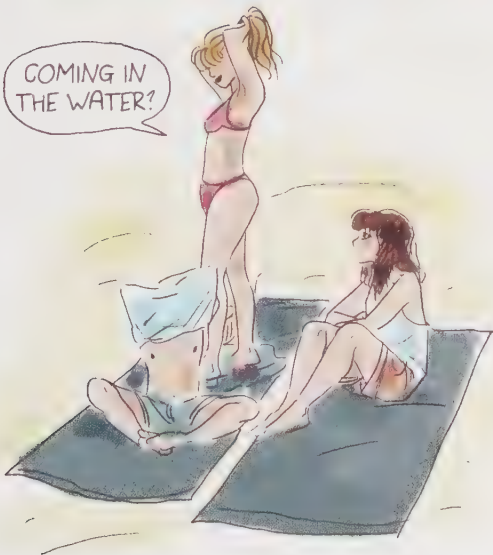
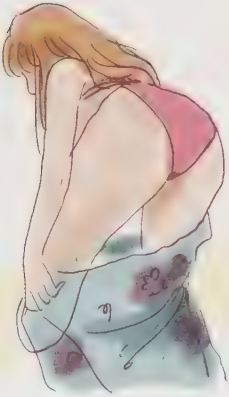
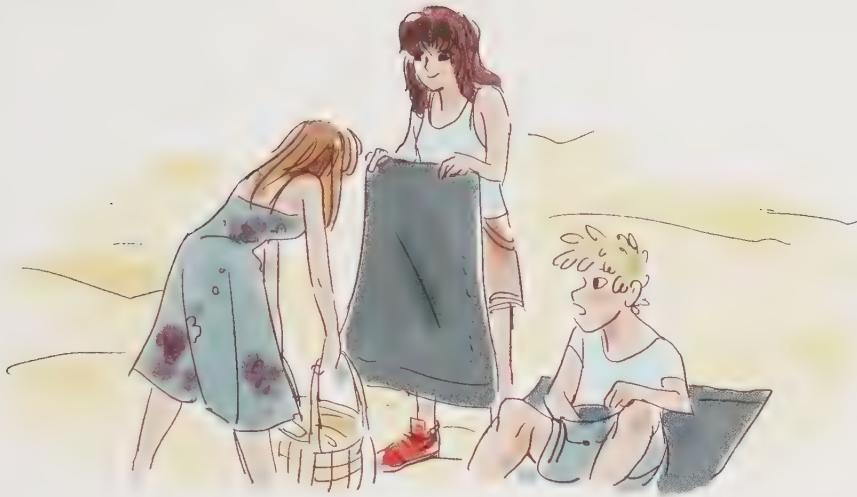
The day I asked myself:

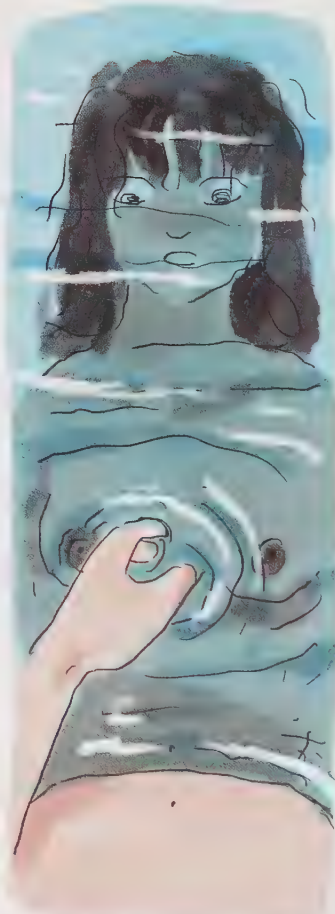
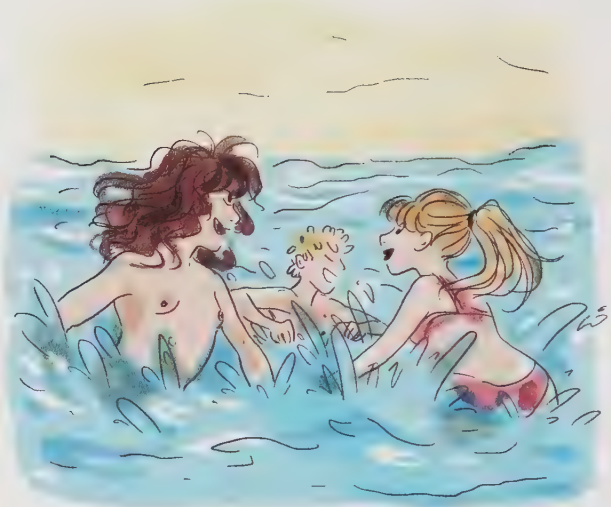
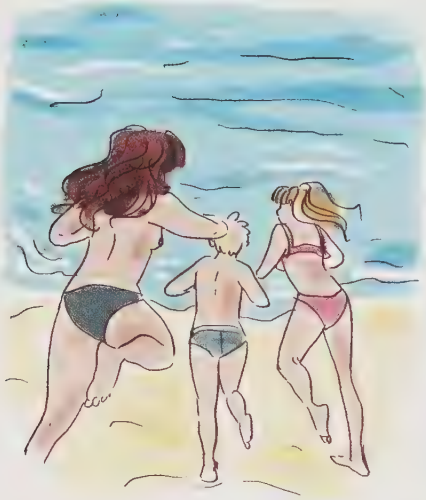
Is this some kind of joke?

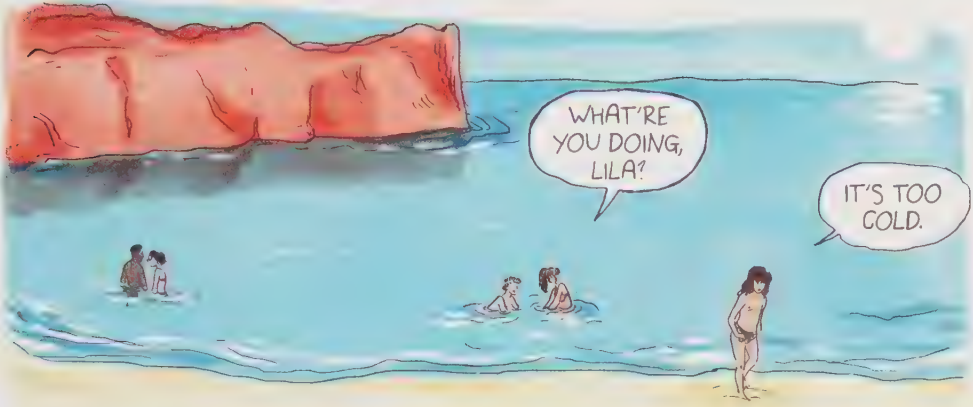


I'll remember that summer for the rest of my life.







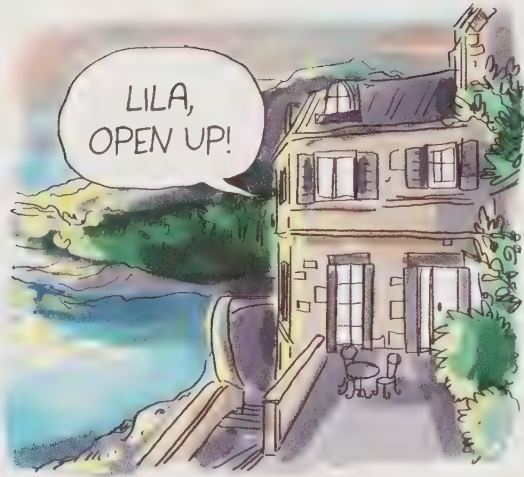


WHAT'RE YOU DOING, LILA?

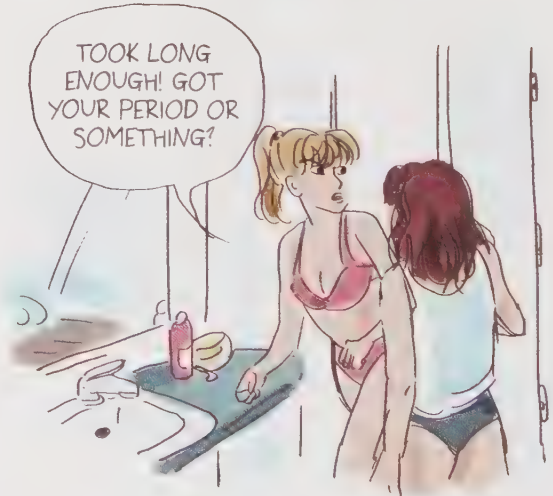
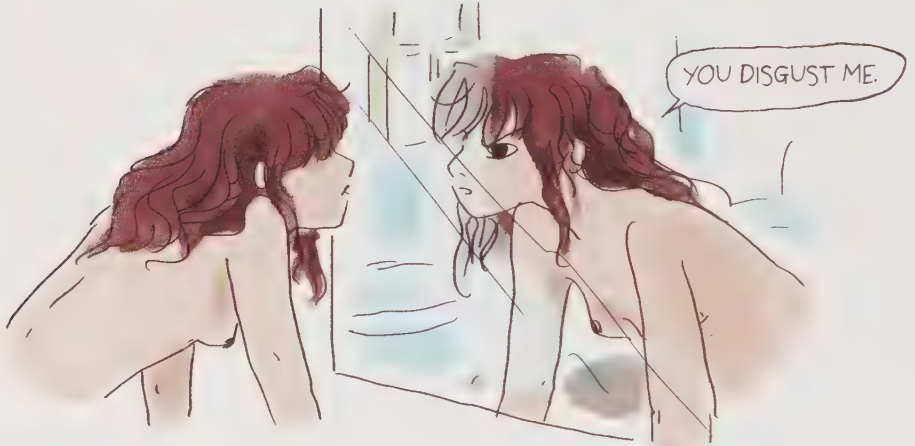
IT'S TOO GOLD.

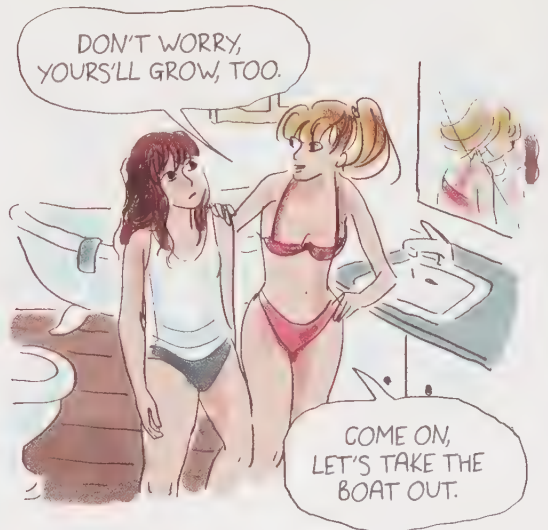
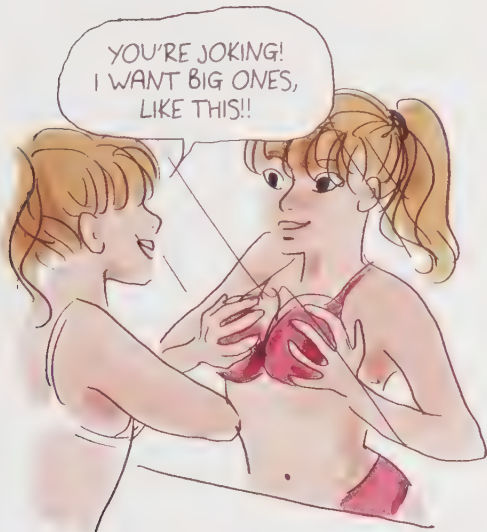
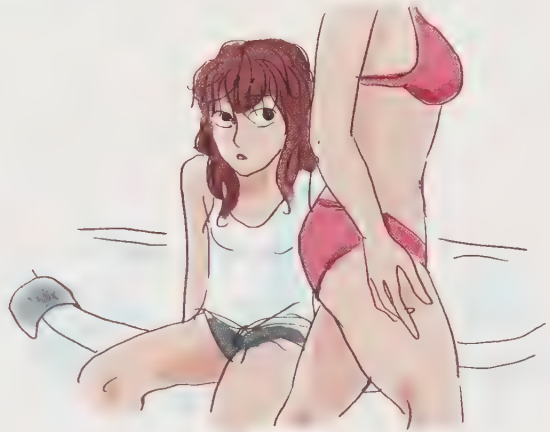
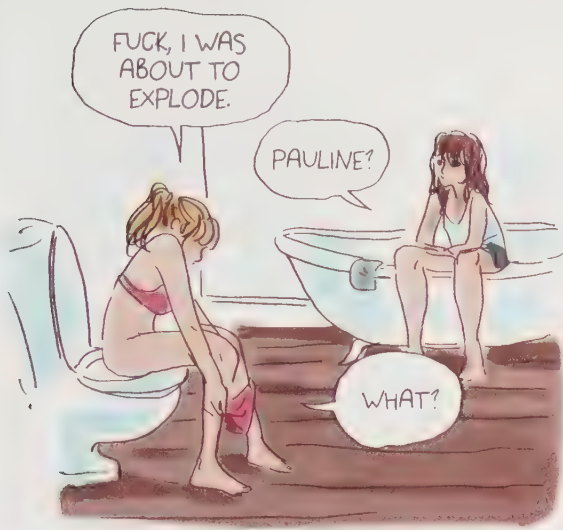


HAHAHA!  
DON'T DROP ME!

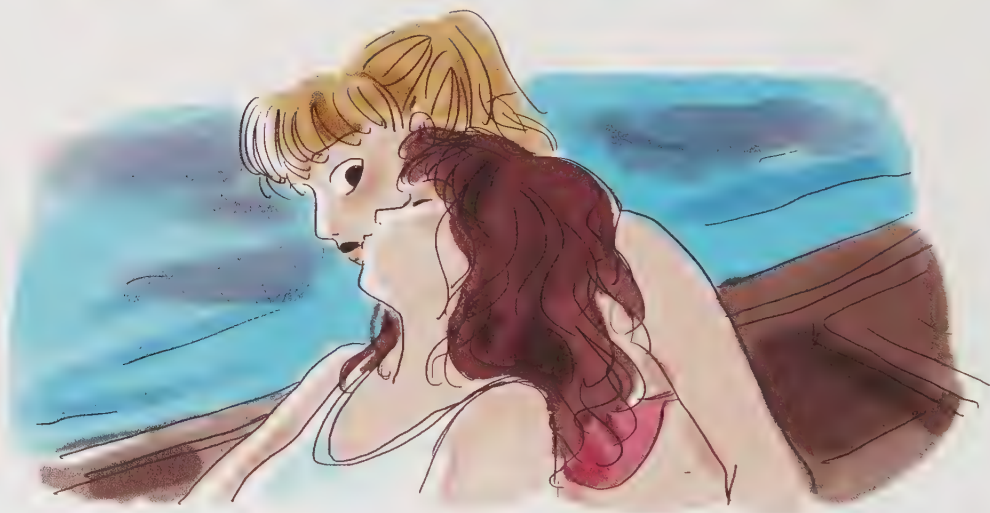
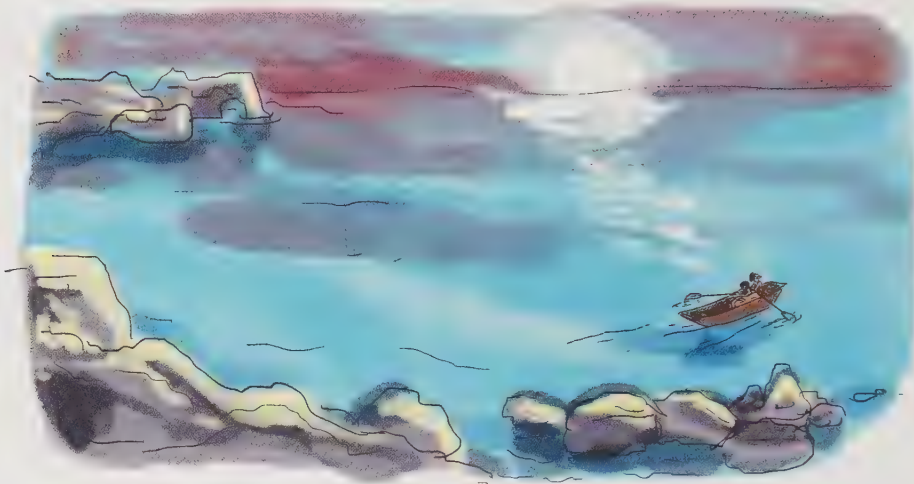


This isn't going to work..



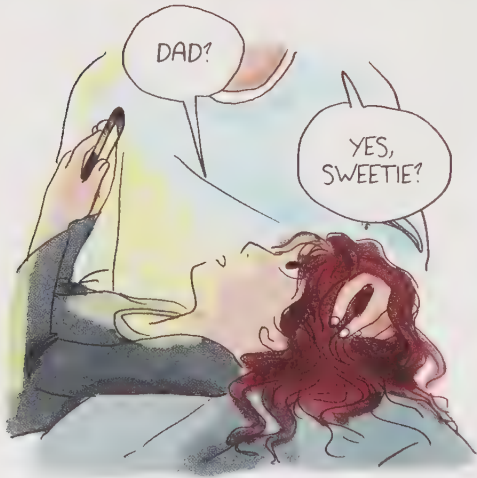
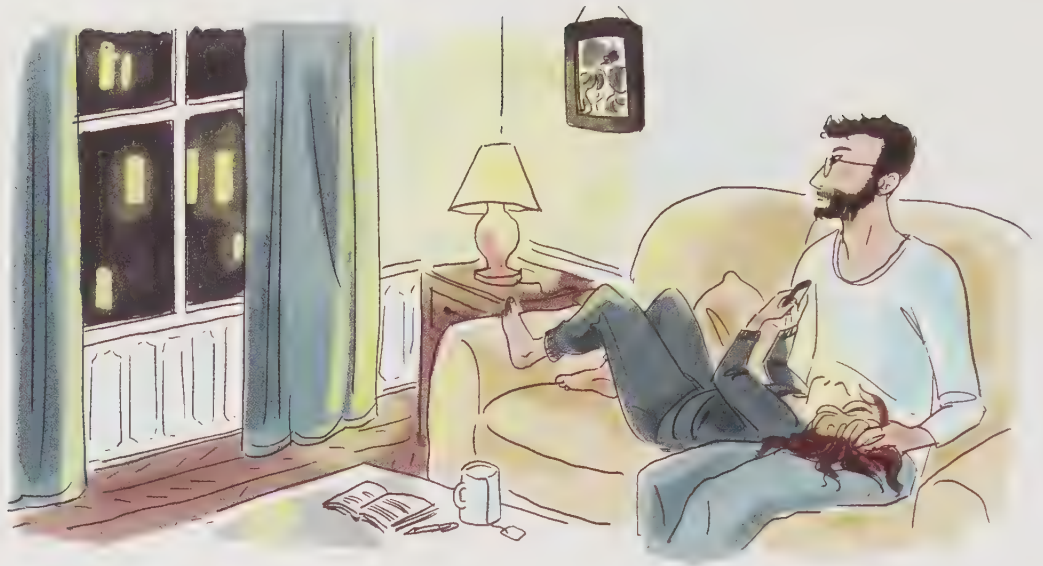


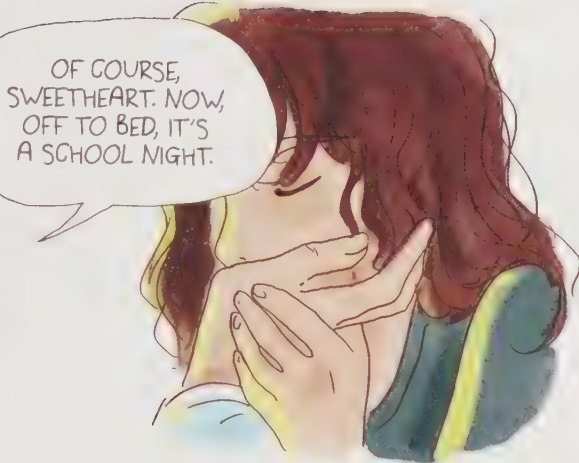
I love Pauline. If she wasn't my cousin...



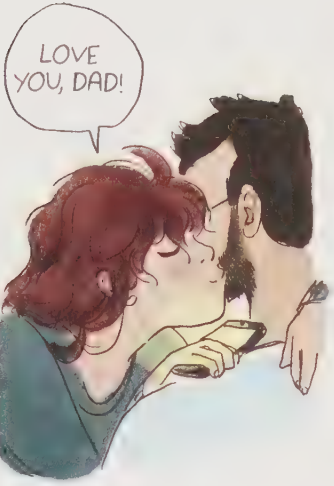
For once, I'm happy that the holidays are over.  
I don't have to walk around naked any more.







OF COURSE, SWEETHEART. NOW, OFF TO BED, IT'S A SCHOOL NIGHT.



LOVE YOU, DAD!



YOUR PHONE, LILA.



BUT DAD! IT'S FINE, I'M 12 YEARS OLD.

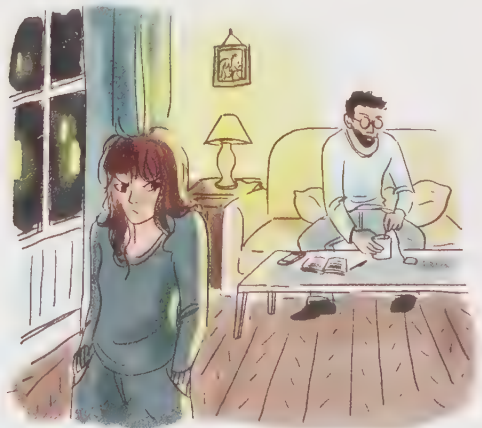
EXACTLY...  
COME ON, GIVE ME YOUR PHONE.



THAT'S NOT FAIR... MY FRIENDS—

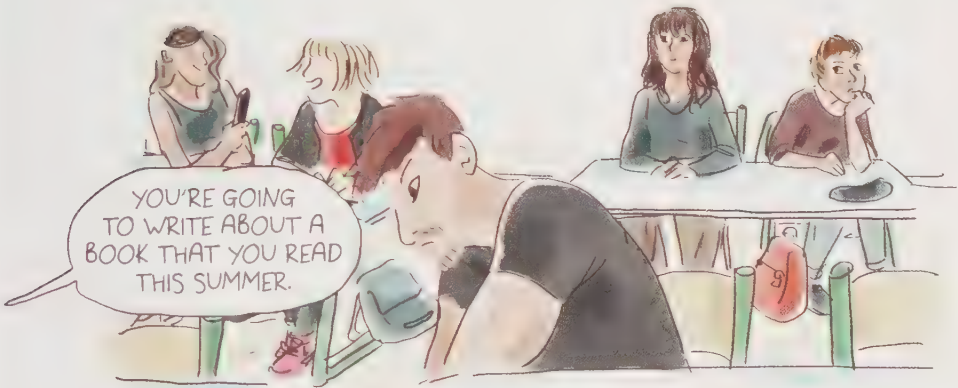
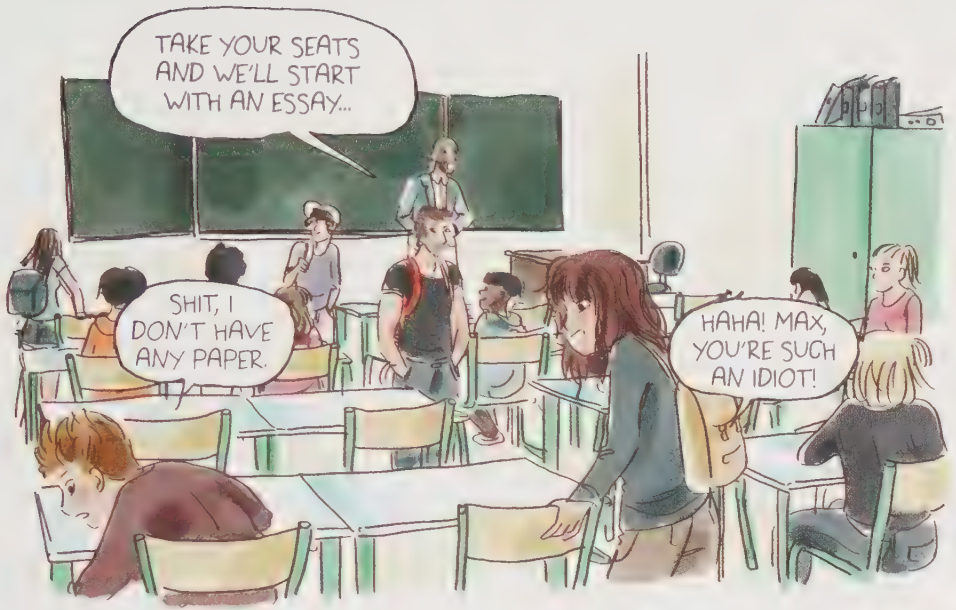
ENOUGH, LILA!  
GOOD NIGHT!

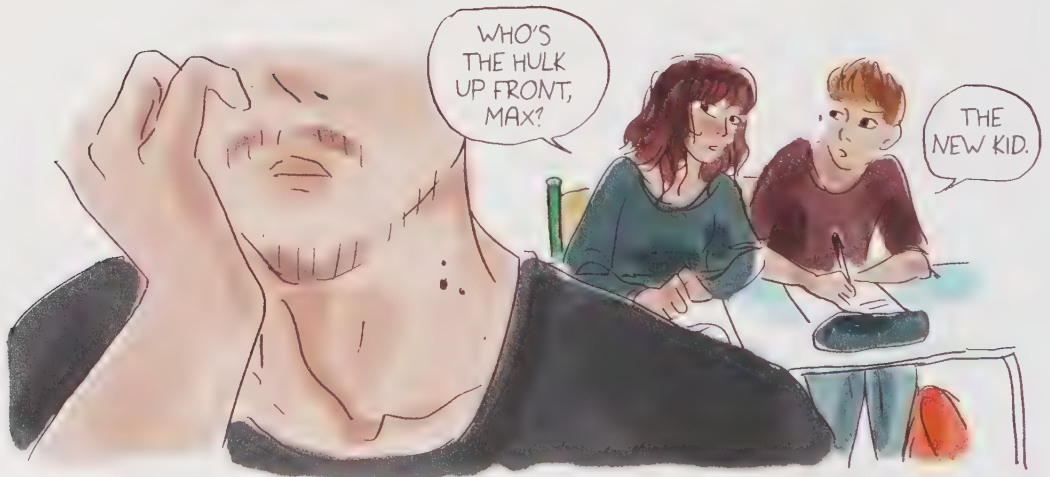
I don't give a shit what happens, that's the last time he steals my phone from me.



My best mates. When we played football, I was the only girl. You always told me: "You're not like the others, Lila." I Love you. Forever.



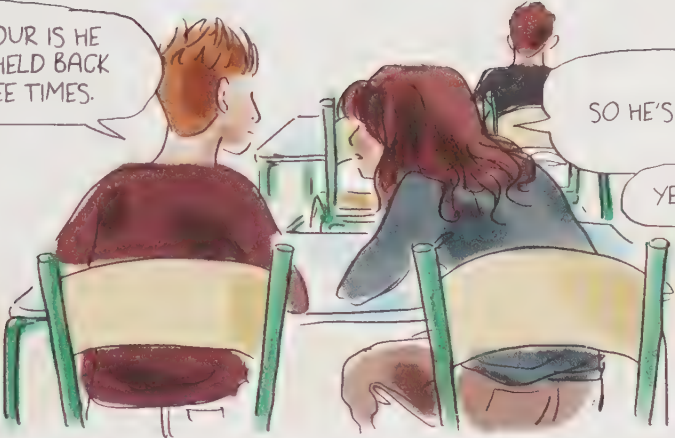




RUMOUR IS HE WAS HELD BACK THREE TIMES.

SO HE'S 16?!

YEAH...



WHAT'S IT LIKE FOR YOUR VOICE TO CHANGE?



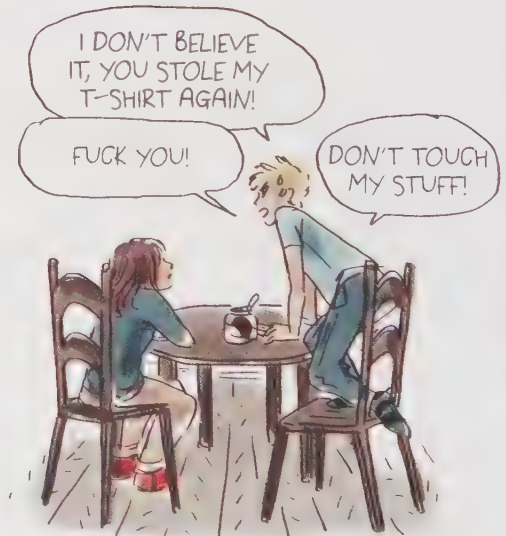
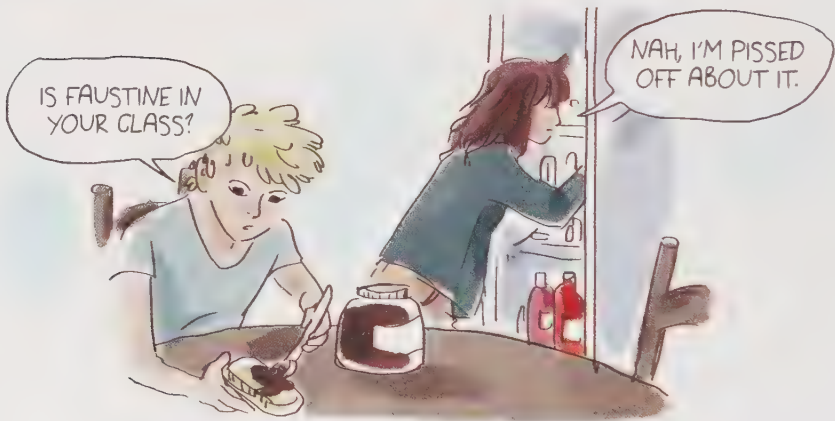
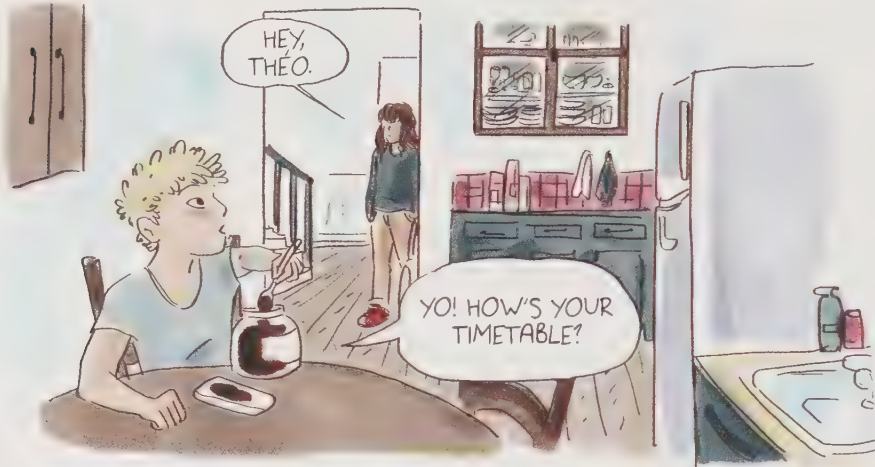
UH.. I DUNNO. IT'S FINE.



LET'S FOCUS BACK THERE!

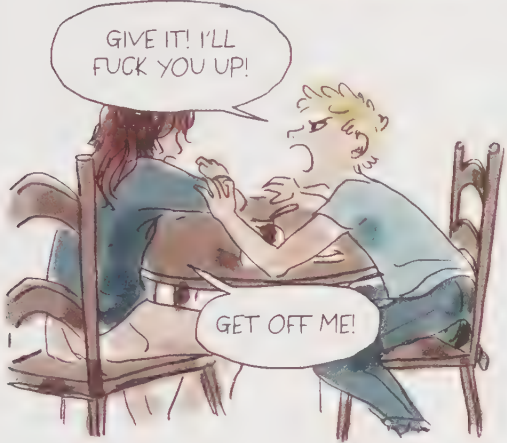


Fights happen all the time at this point. I have a lump in the back of my throat, like a lychee that I can't swallow. It'll rot, so will I die?





LIAR!

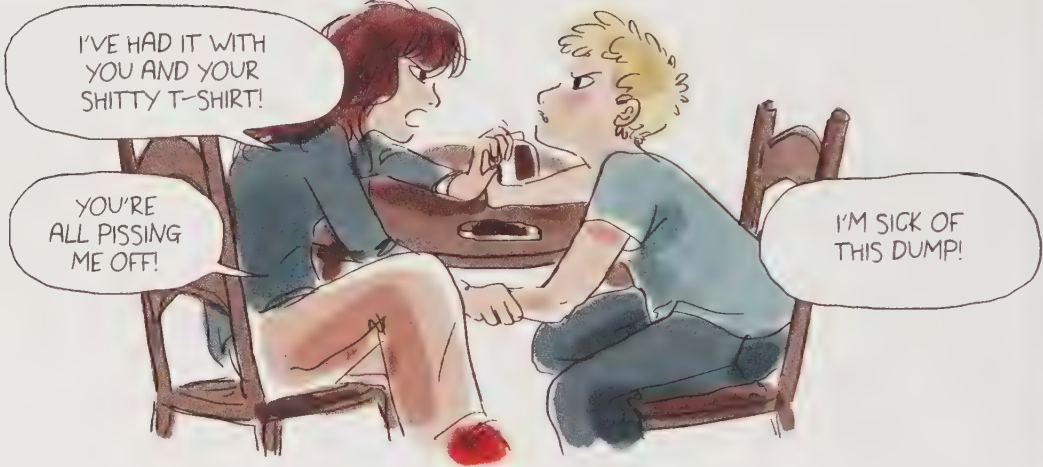


GET OFF ME!



I'll fuck you up. I'll fuck you all up.





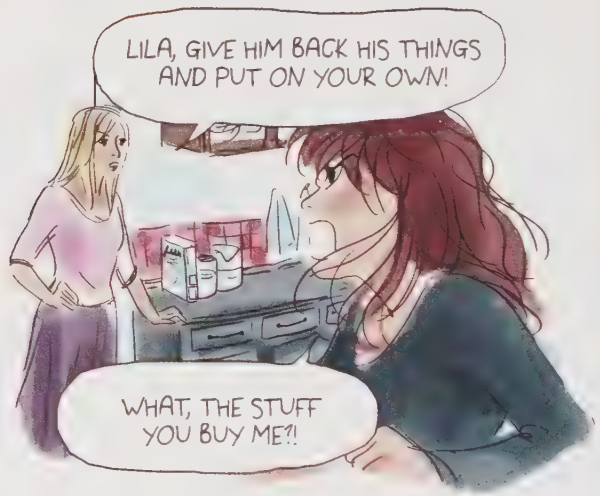
I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU AND YOUR SHITTY T-SHIRT!

YOU'RE ALL PISSING ME OFF!

I'M SICK OF THIS DUMP!

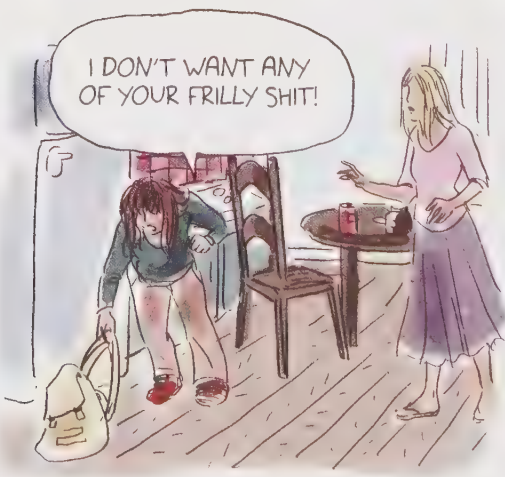


HEY!! ENOUGH, YOU TWO!



LILA, GIVE HIM BACK HIS THINGS AND PUT ON YOUR OWN!

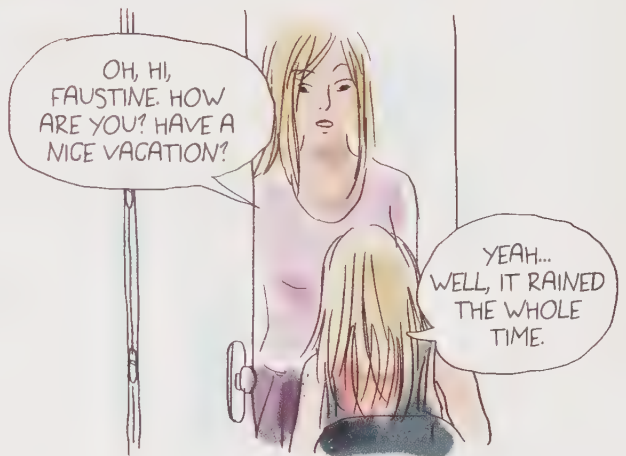
WHAT, THE STUFF YOU BUY ME?!

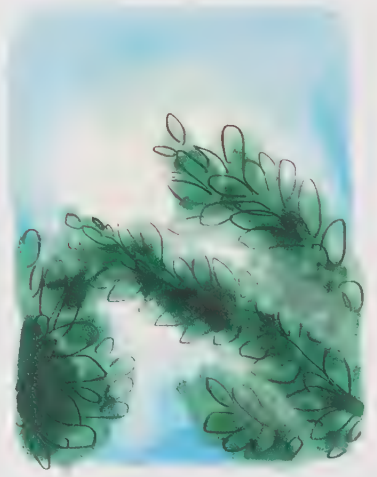
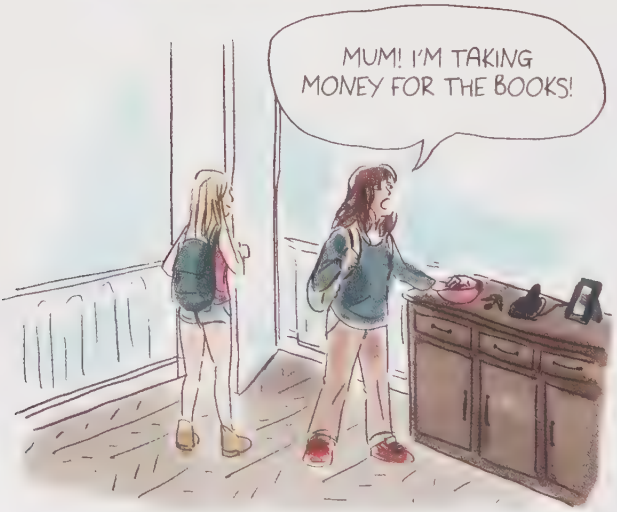
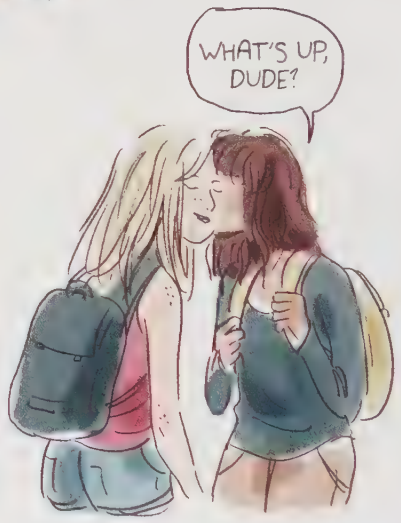
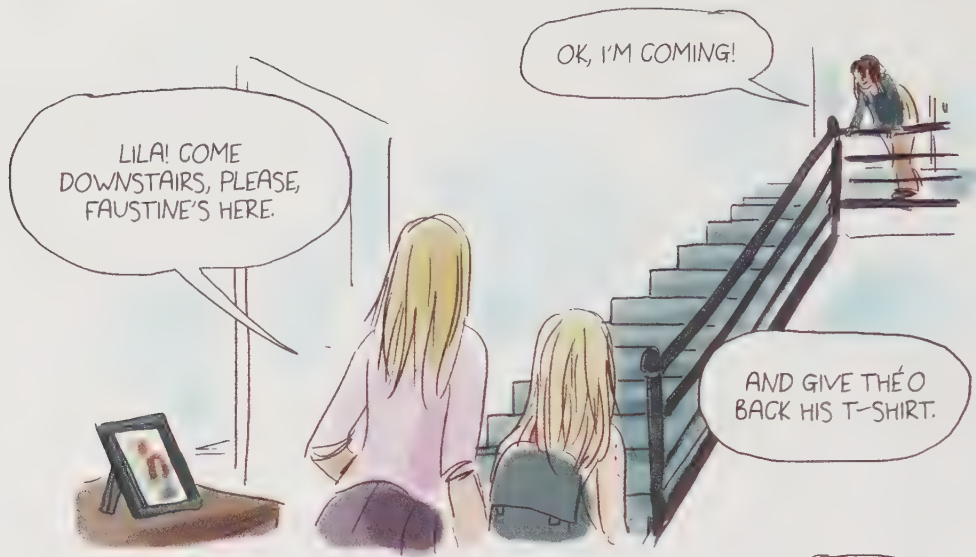


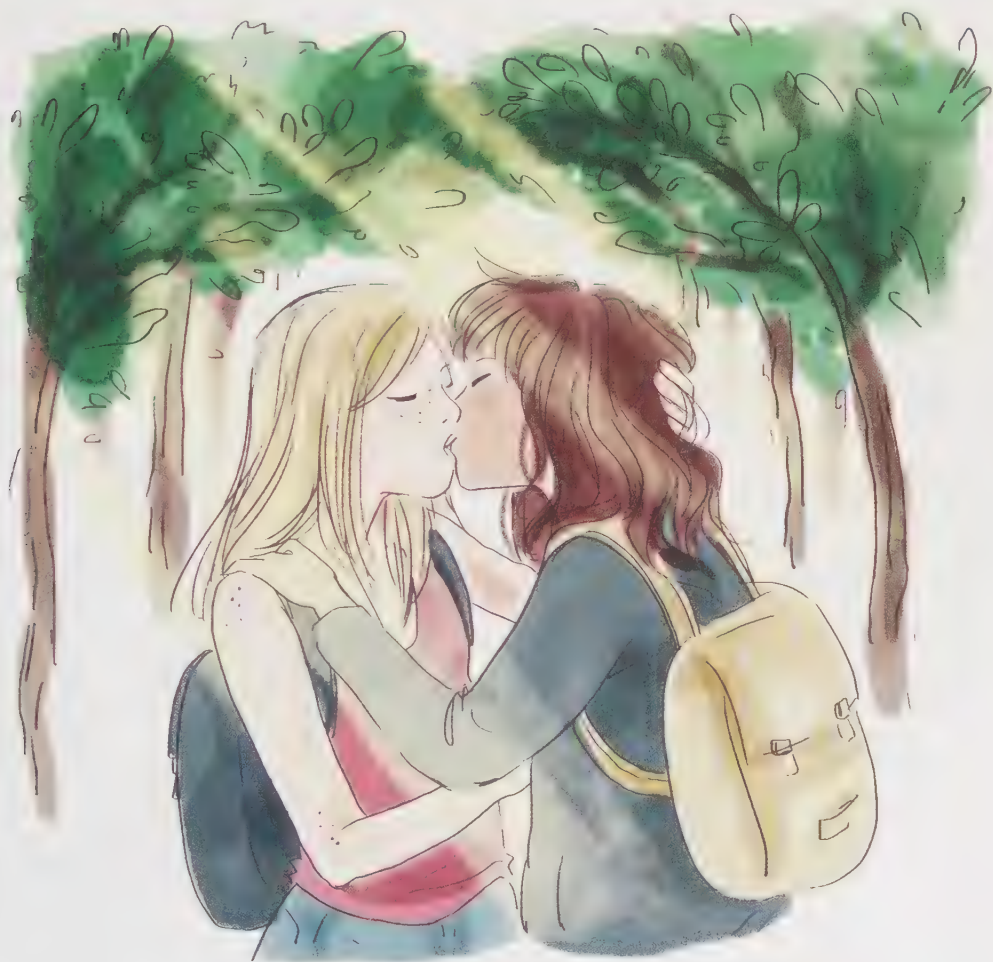
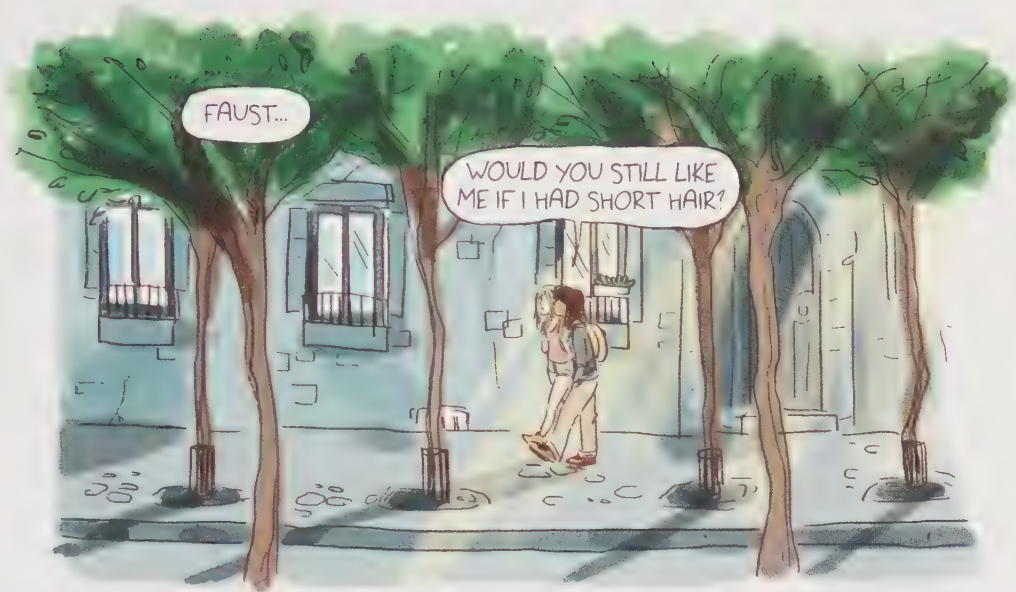
I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR FRILLY SHIT!



I'M NOT YOUR FUCKING DOLL!







As a kid, I never cried, except when I wanted a toy at a store.



somewhere far, far away...

Beyond the crowds and city lights...

I wanna open my eyes...



and see you on the other side...

These streets aren't easy



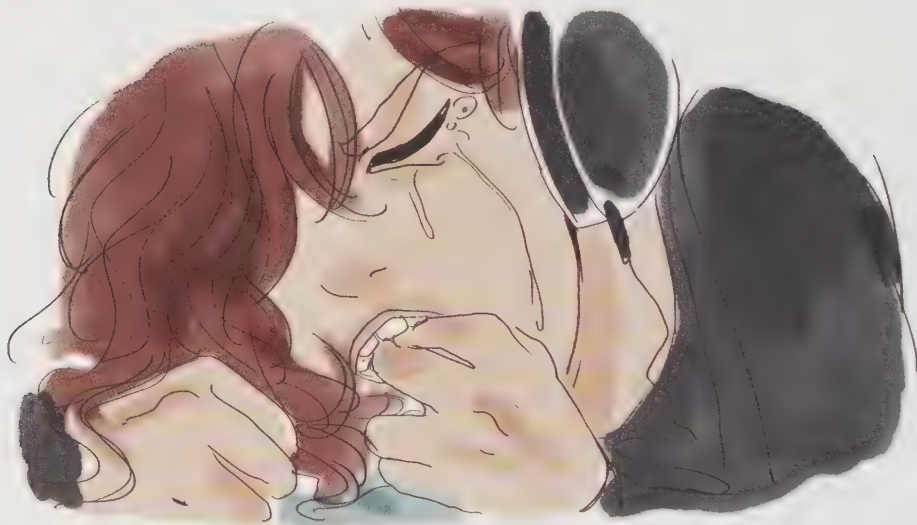
and I need your hand to hold...

So I'm not alone...



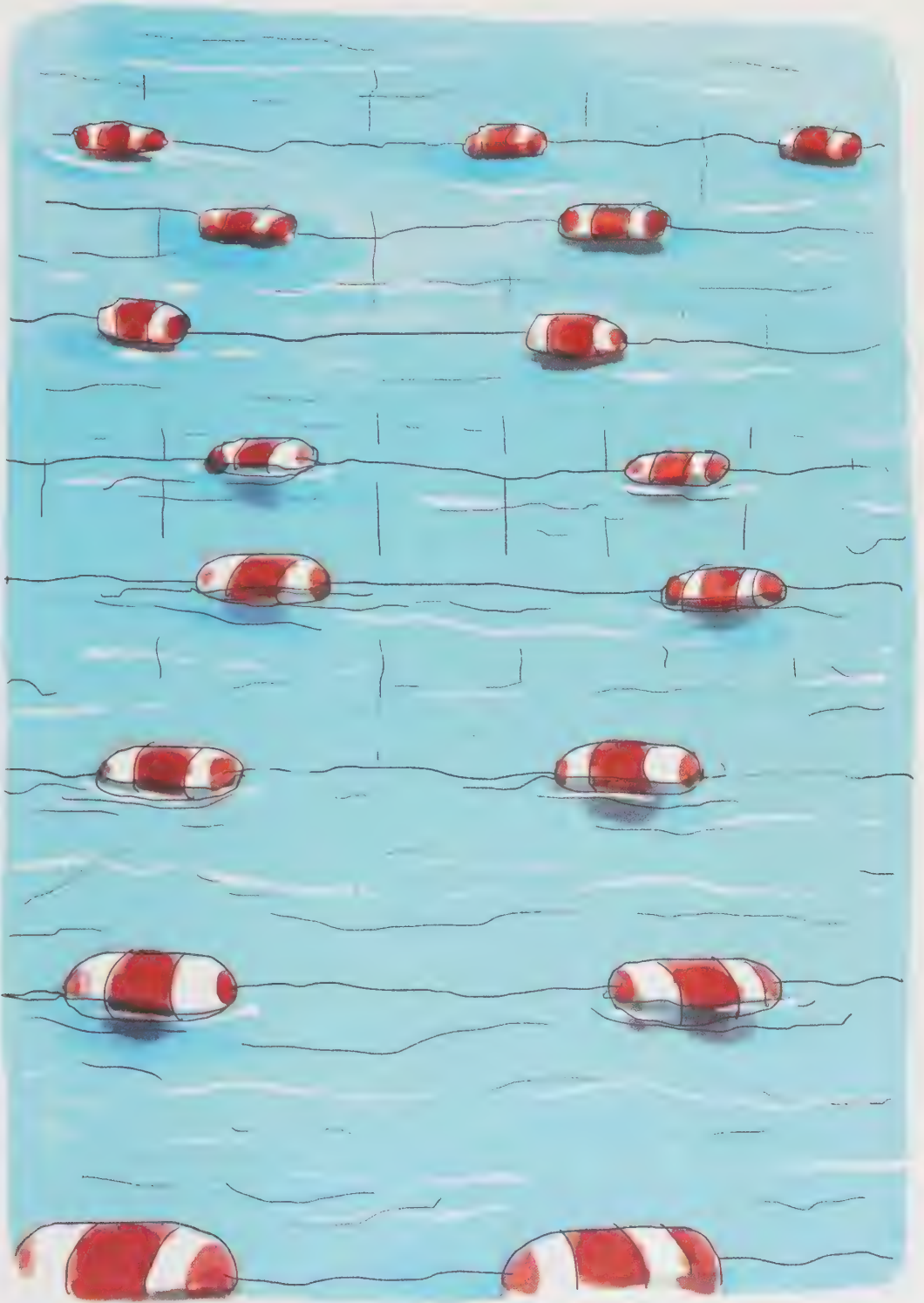
And I hear all these voices...

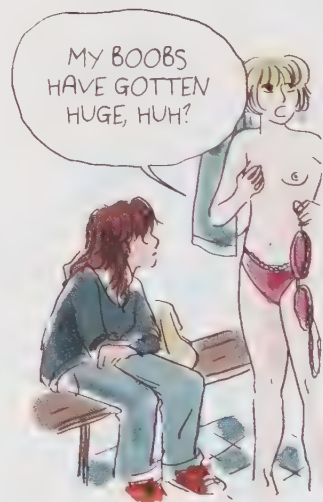
Though they try to slow me down...

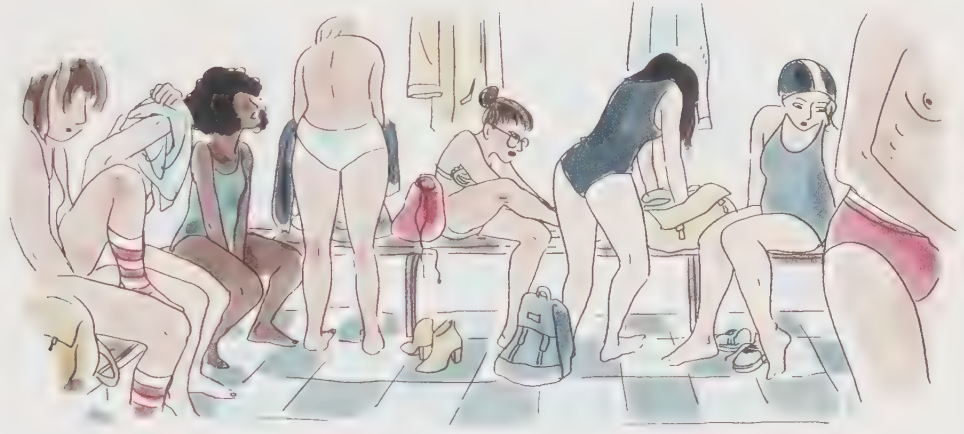


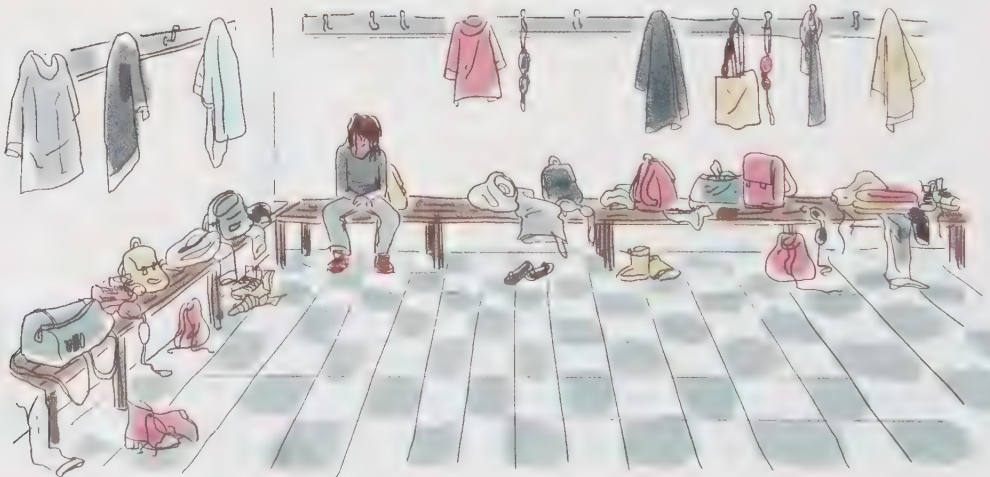
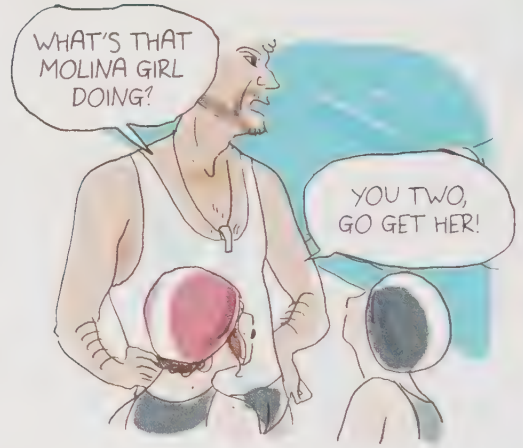
I can tune them out.

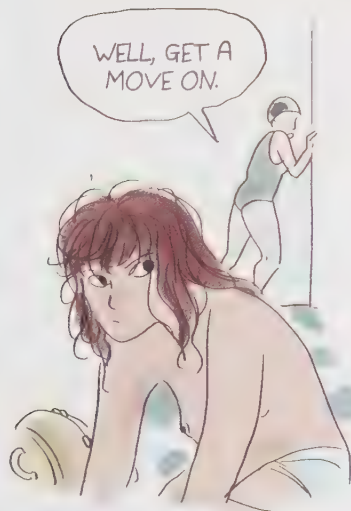
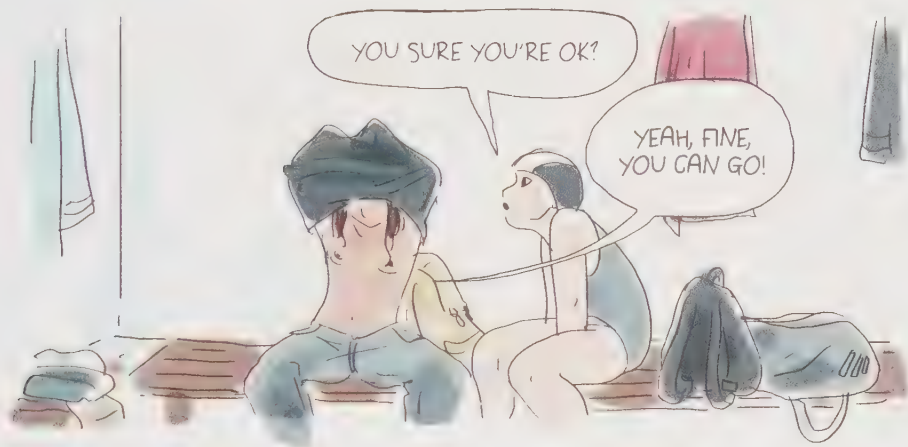
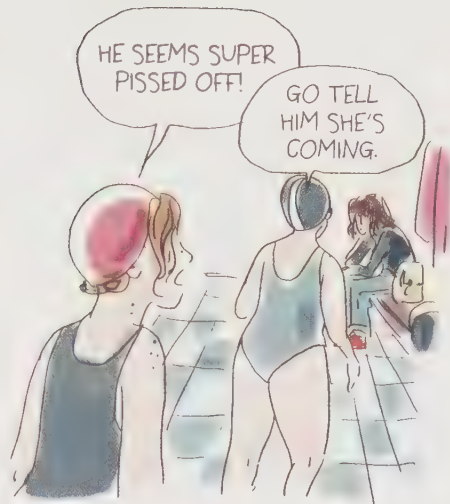
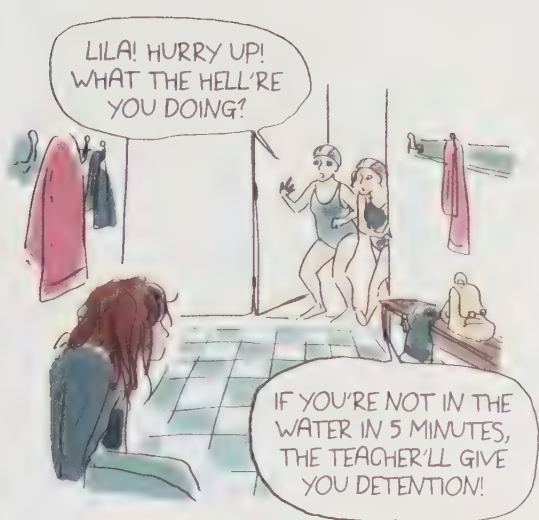


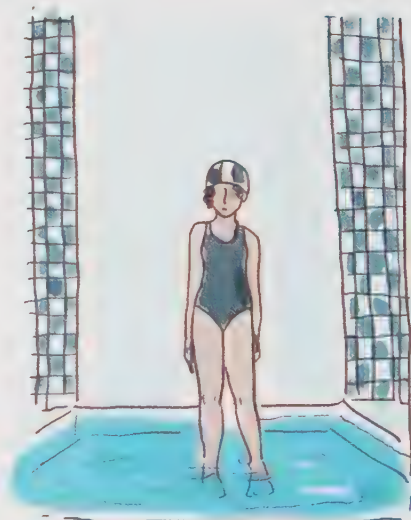
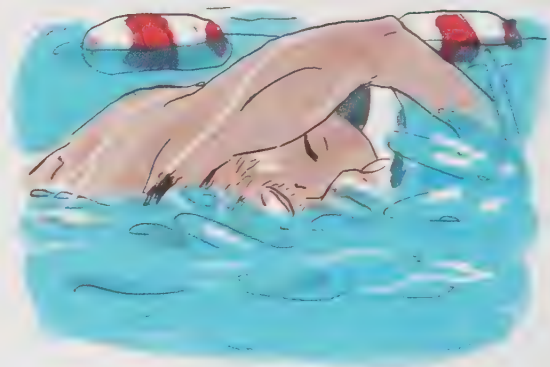
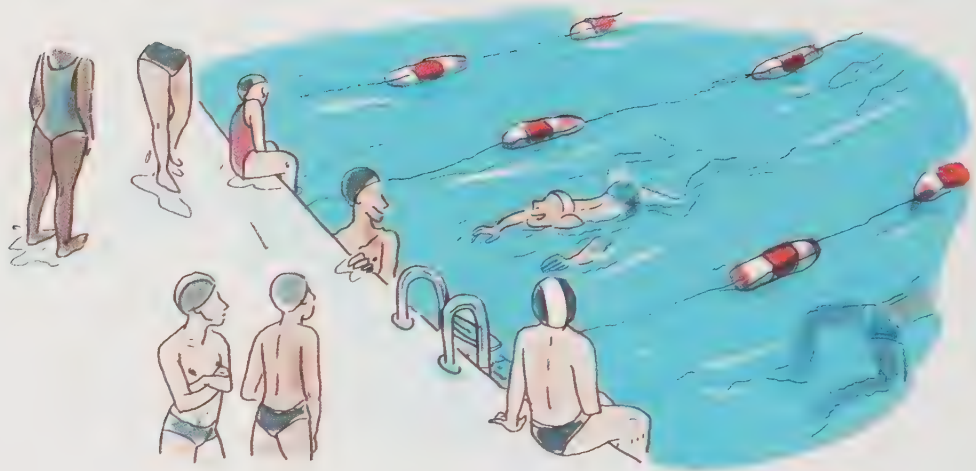






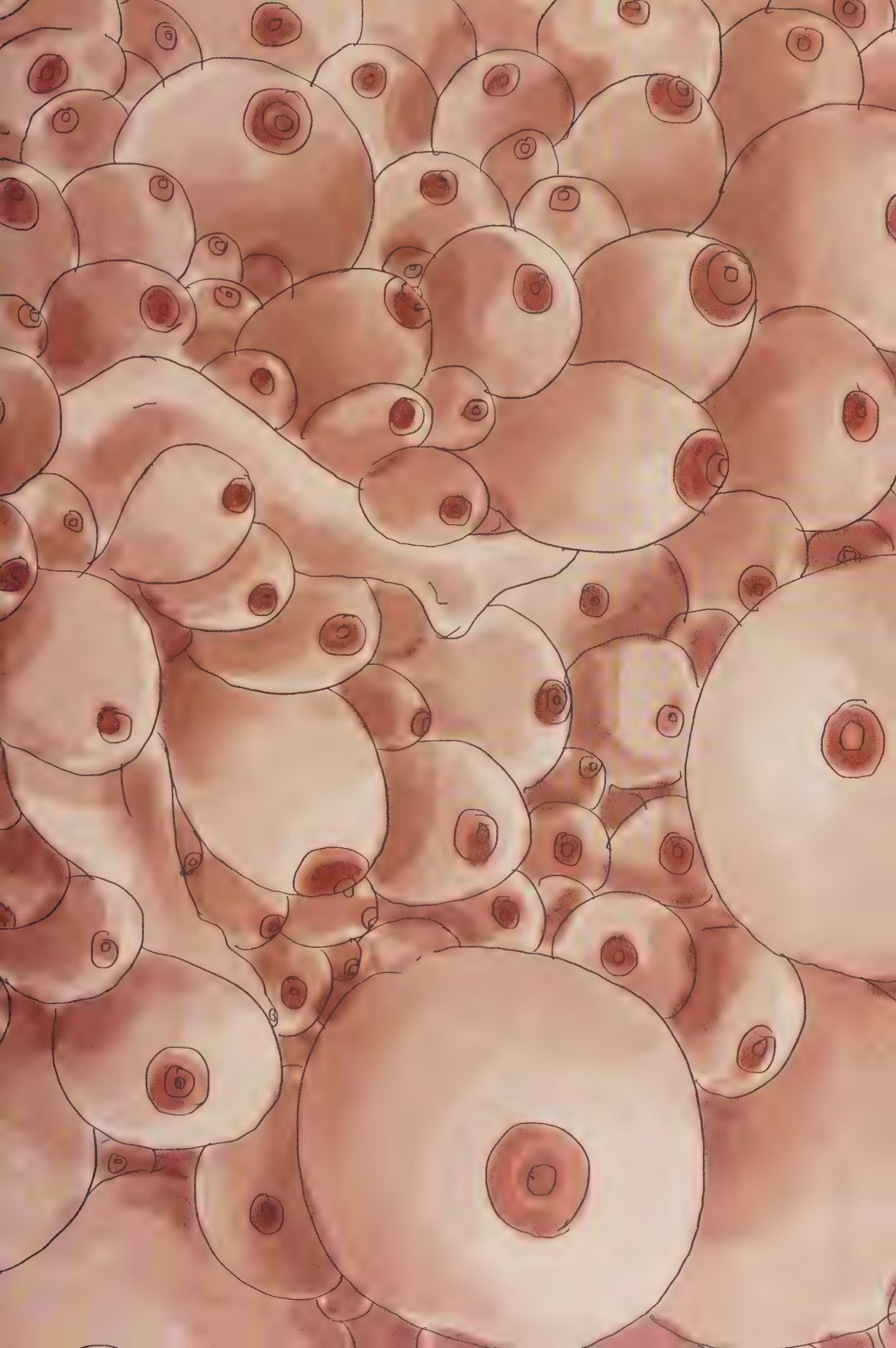




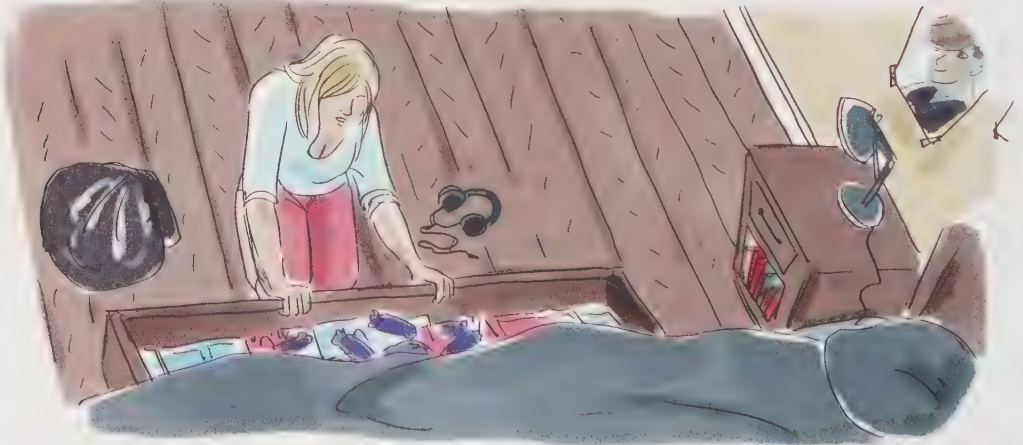
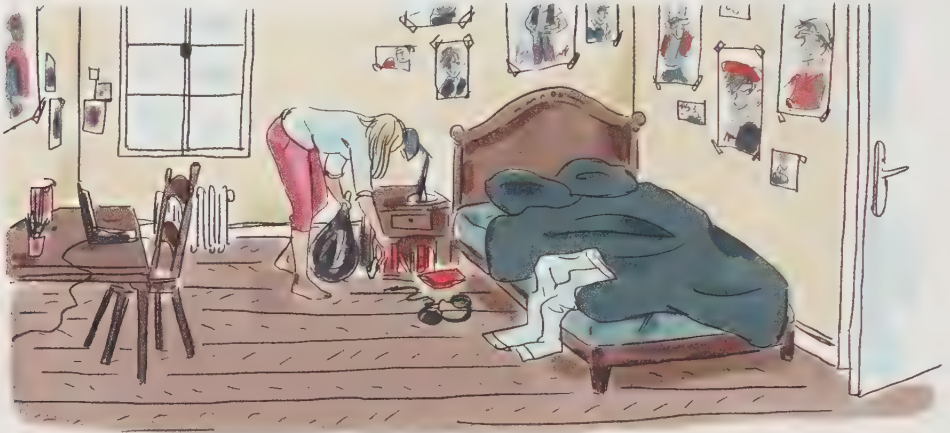


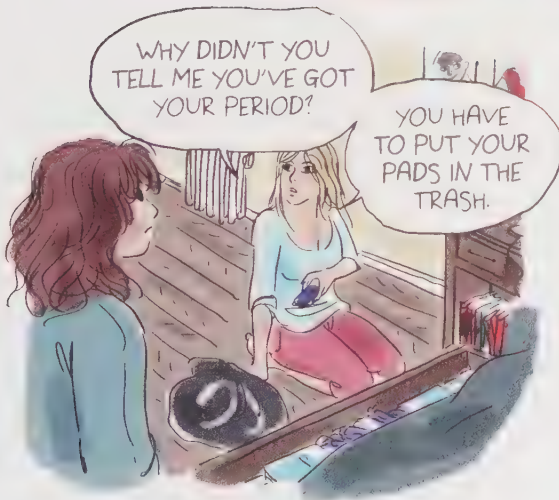


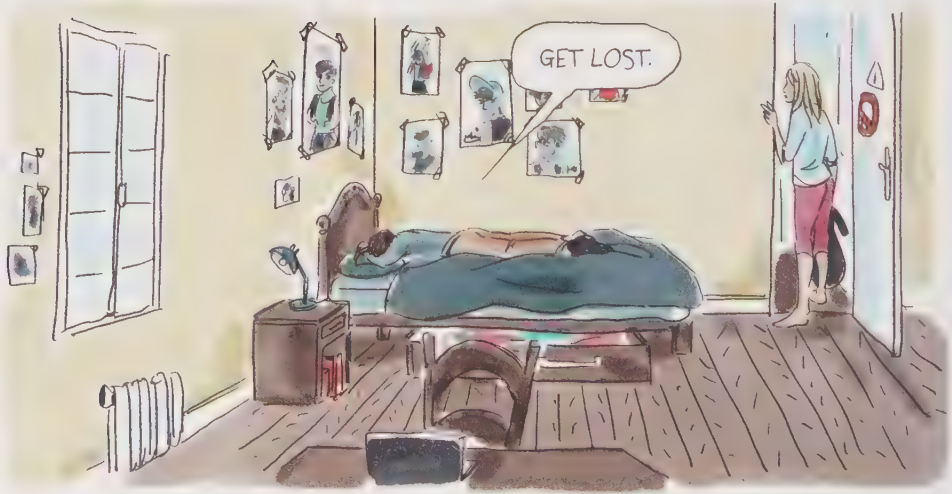
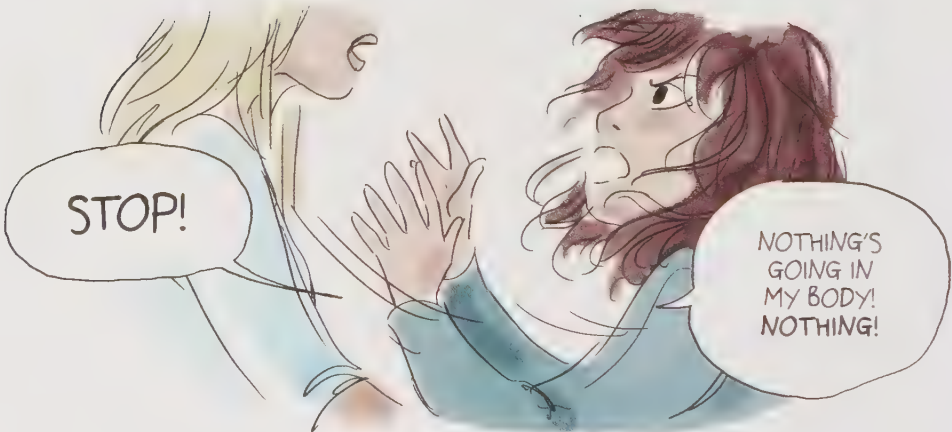


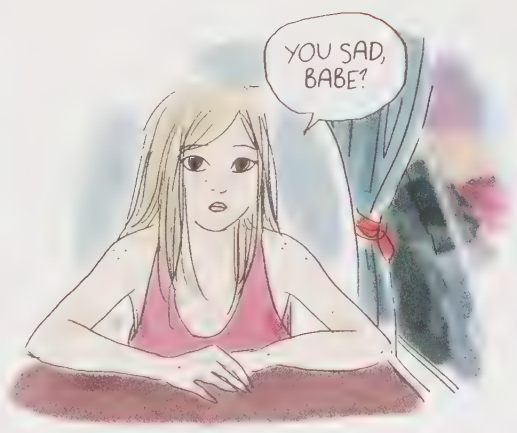
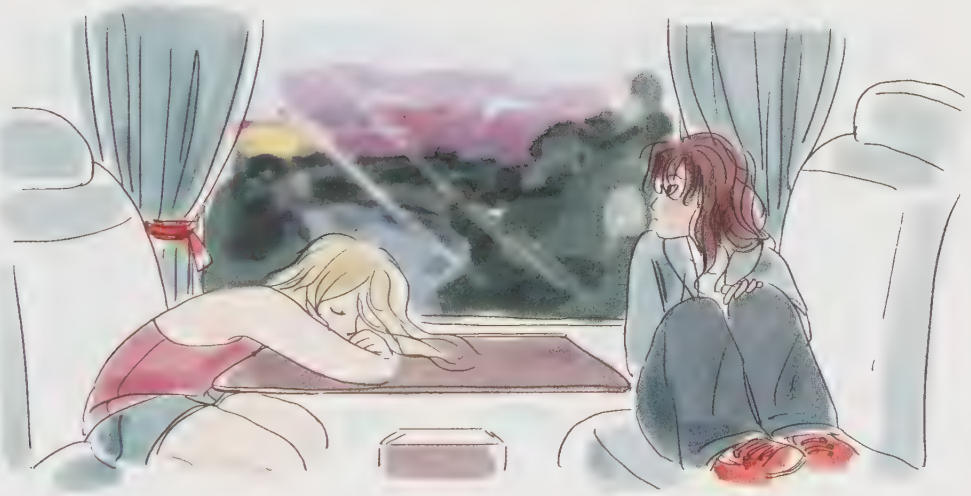


I get my period. It sickens me.



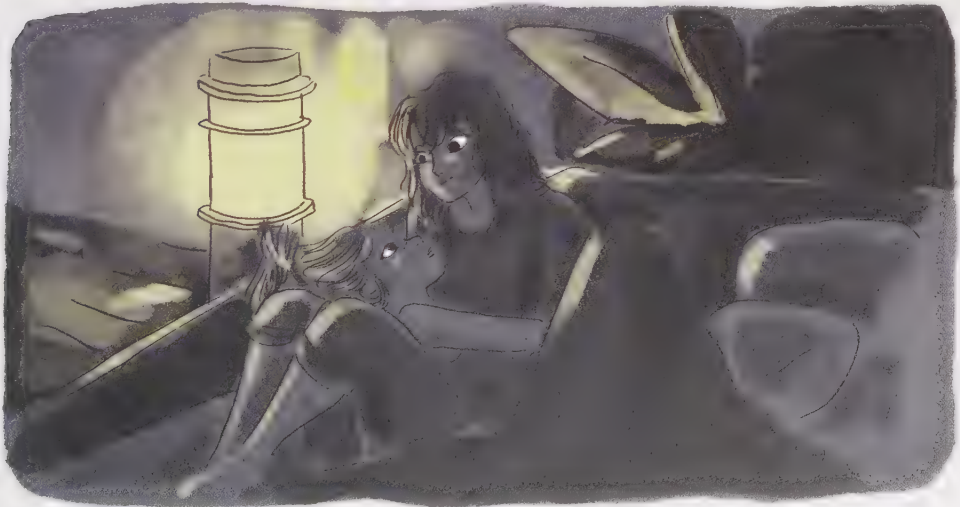
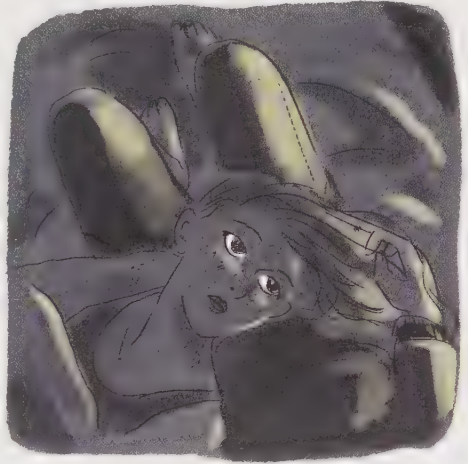
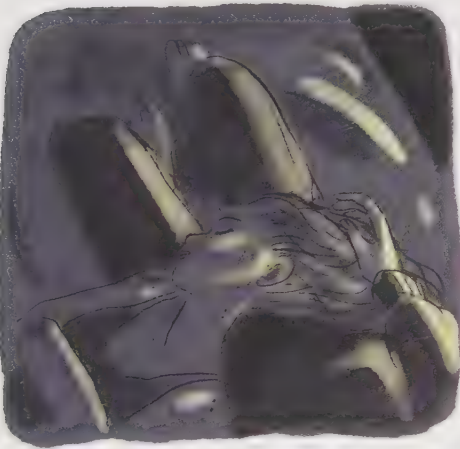


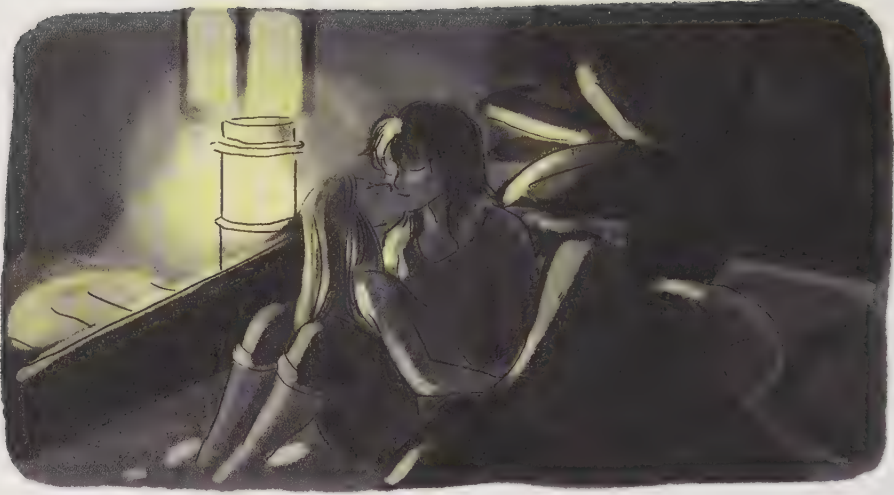


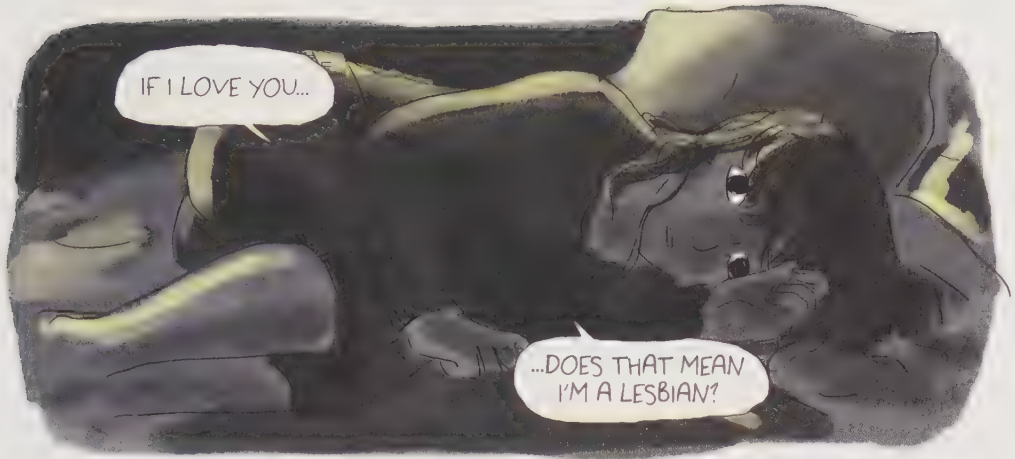




I'm attracted to girls. I like their butts, their boobs, their hair. Girls are beautiful, especially Faustine.





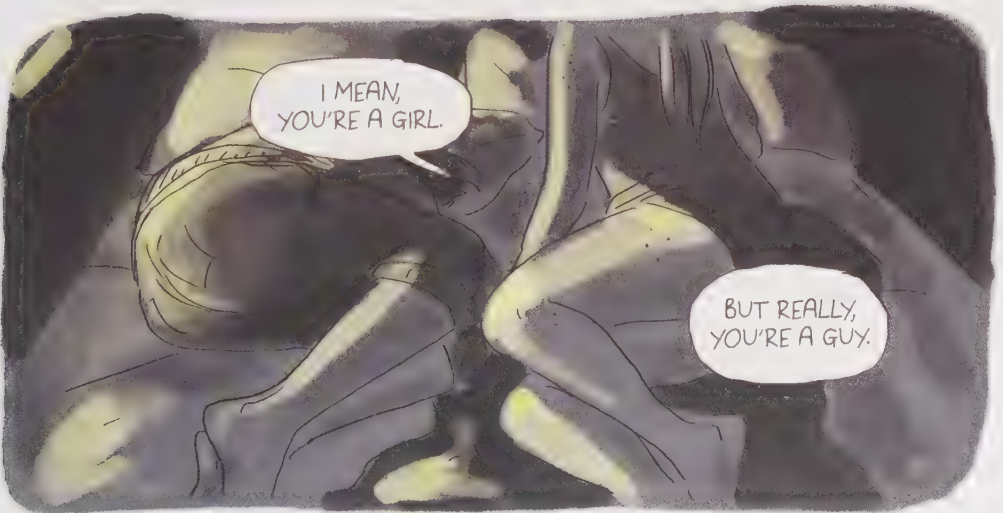


IF I LOVE YOU...

...DOES THAT MEAN I'M A LESBIAN?



YOU'RE NOT A LESBIAN, DUDE.



I MEAN, YOU'RE A GIRL.

BUT REALLY, YOU'RE A GUY.



WILL YOU CALL  
ME NATHAN?

NATHAN?



YEP,  
THAT'S YOU.

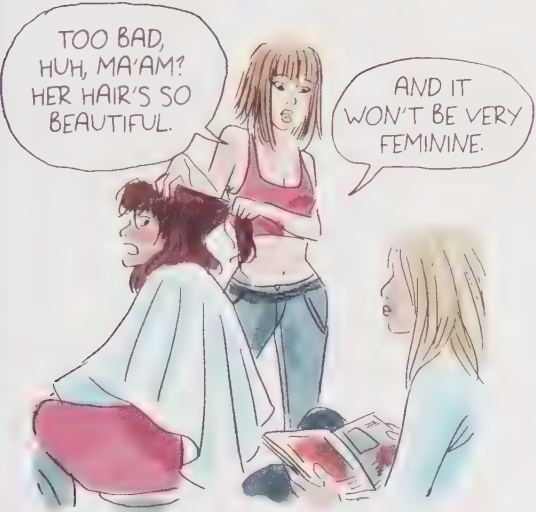
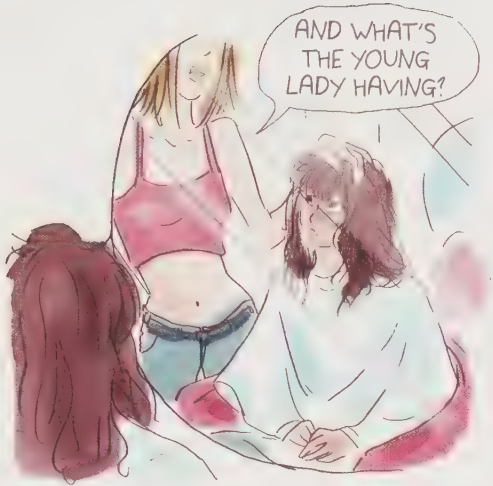
How was my childhood?


It was shitty, that's for sure. I spent my time wanting stuff. I wanted big boobs, to sleep with a guy and to get out of my house.



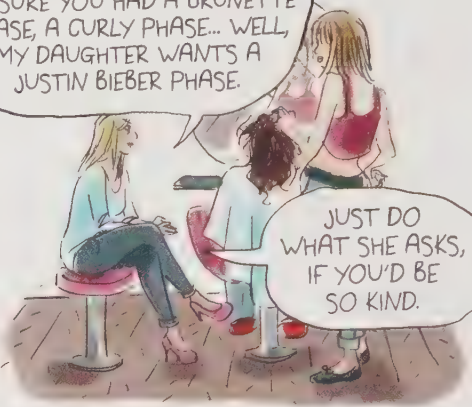
No, I don't understand you. I don't know what's happening to you. You're suffering, I see that. I don't know how to help you. I'm scared for you.








YOU THINK IT'S A SHAME?  
HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL?



THIS YOUNG LADY'S  
FINDING HERSELF - THAT  
HAPPENED TO YOU, TOO, RIGHT?  
I'M SURE YOU HAD A BRUNETTE  
PHASE, A CURLY PHASE... WELL,  
MY DAUGHTER WANTS A  
JUSTIN BIEBER PHASE.

JUST DO  
WHAT SHE ASKS,  
IF YOU'D BE  
SO KIND.

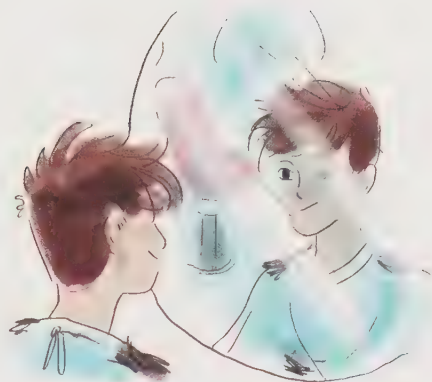


YEAH, LOOK, I'M  
COMING OUT OF  
MY YAK PHASE!

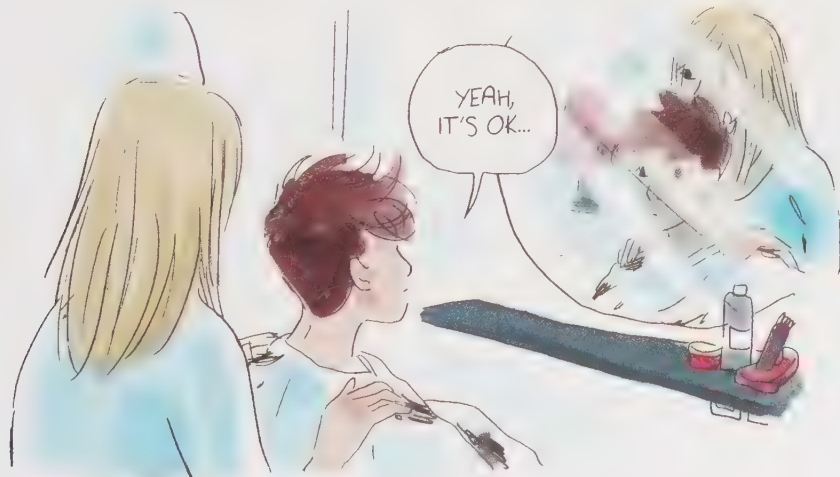


OK, OK,  
YOUR  
CALL.





My sweet little girl. In six months, you're going to tell me that you're a lesbian. I never dreamed that would happen.

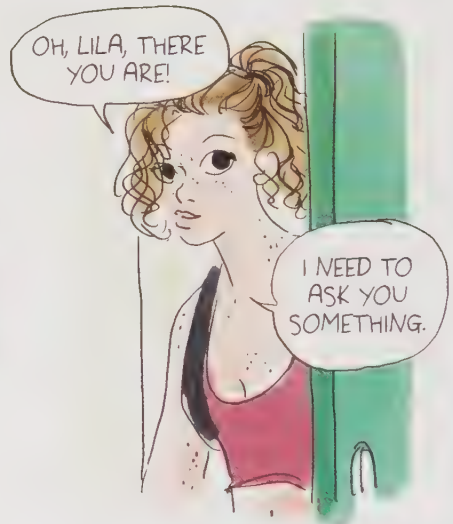


Well... It's not that bad, you could have joined the jihad.



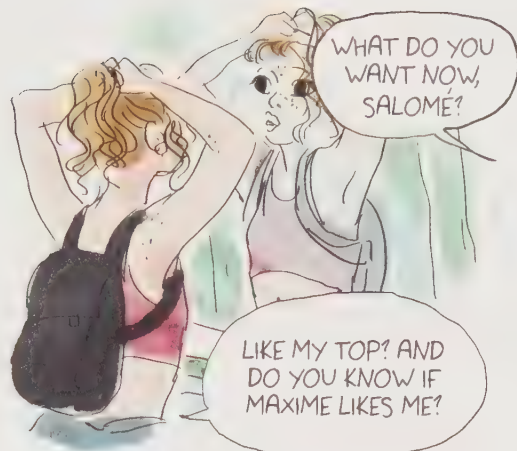


At school, the younger kids adopt me as the shrink on duty.  
But this shrink doesn't even understand their own life.





YOU'RE ALL WEIRDOS AT THIS SCHOOL.



WHAT DO YOU WANT NOW, SALOME?

LIKE MY TOP? AND DO YOU KNOW IF MAXIME LIKES ME?

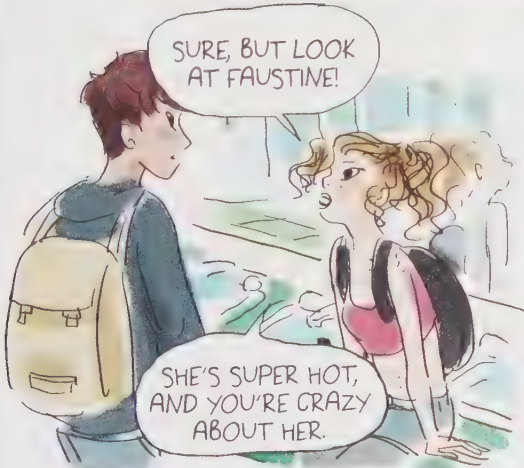


YOU'RE DRESSING LIKE THIS FOR SOME GUY?

WHY D'YOU THINK YOU HAVE TO DRESS LIKE A SLUT FOR HIM?

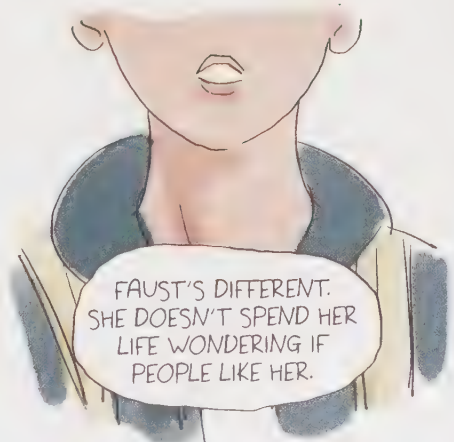


ACTUALLY, THAT MAKES GUYS FREAK OUT. WHAT IF HIS PALS TRY TO STEAL YOU FROM HIM? THEY DON'T WANT THE SEXIEST GIRL.

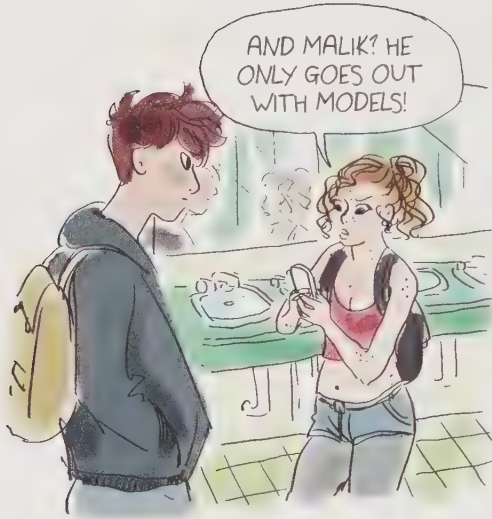


SURE, BUT LOOK AT FAUSTINE!

SHE'S SUPER HOT, AND YOU'RE CRAZY ABOUT HER.



FAUST'S DIFFERENT. SHE DOESN'T SPEND HER LIFE WONDERING IF PEOPLE LIKE HER.

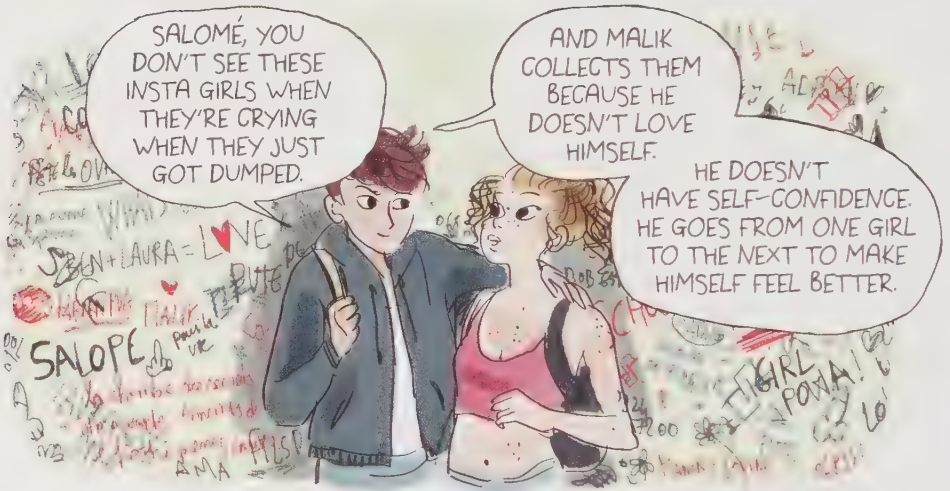


AND MALIK? HE ONLY GOES OUT WITH MODELS!



LOOK AT HIS LIKES ON INSTA!

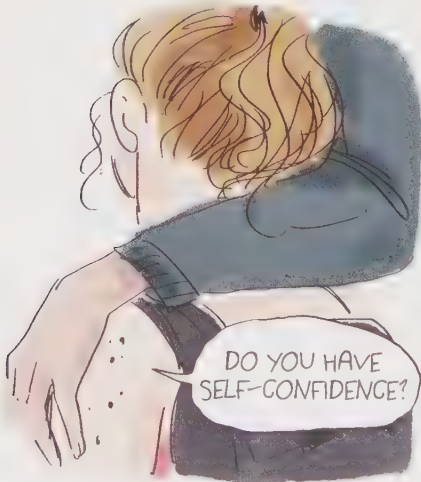
BEAUTY MATTERS!



SALOMÉ, YOU DON'T SEE THESE INSTA GIRLS WHEN THEY'RE CRYING WHEN THEY JUST GOT DUMPED.

AND MALIK COLLECTS THEM BECAUSE HE DOESN'T LOVE HIMSELF.

HE DOESN'T HAVE SELF-CONFIDENCE. HE GOES FROM ONE GIRL TO THE NEXT TO MAKE HIMSELF FEEL BETTER.

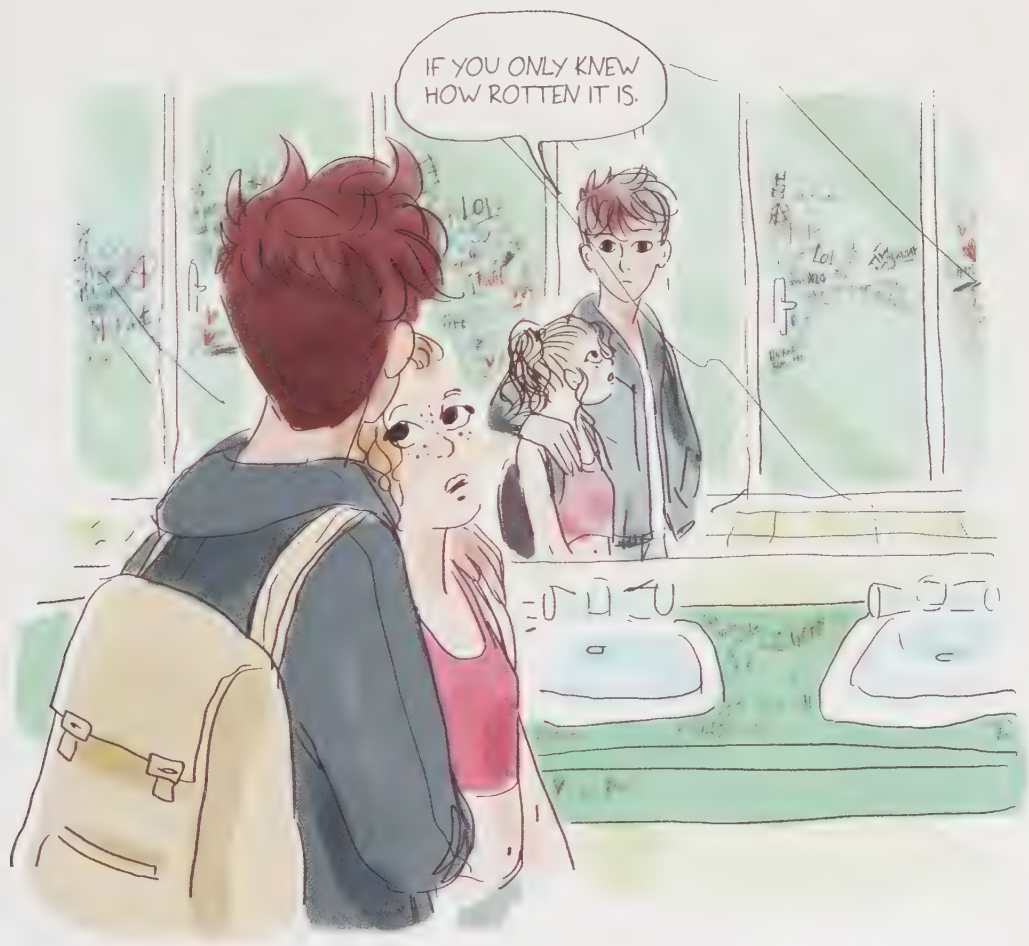


DO YOU HAVE SELF-CONFIDENCE?



KIND OF, BUT DO I LOVE MYSELF...?

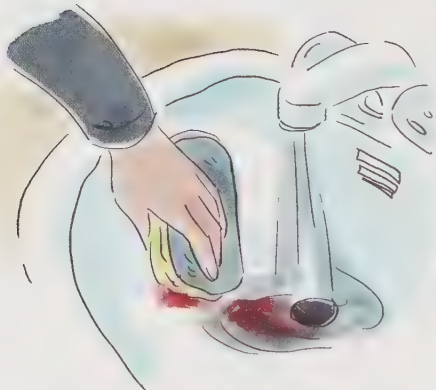
I LIKE TALKING WITH YOU.



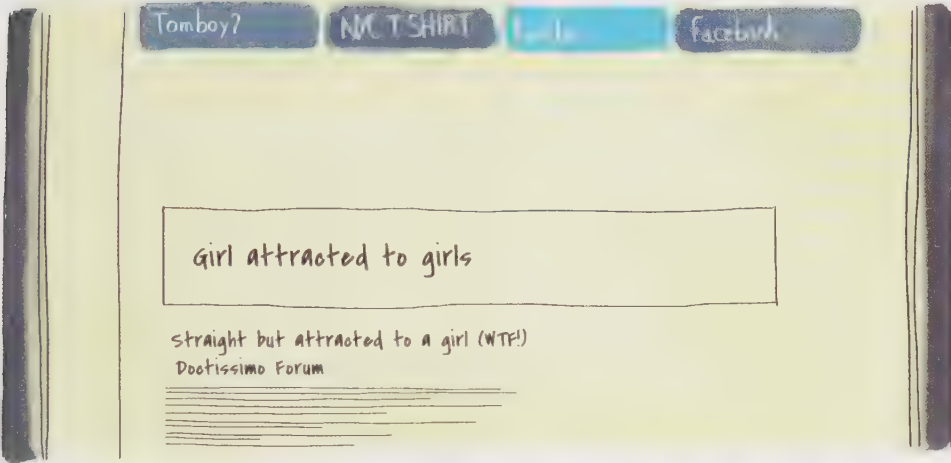
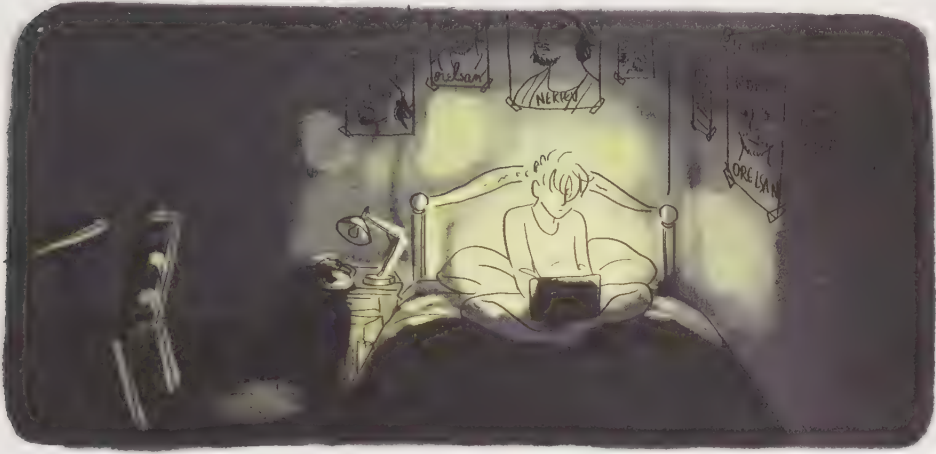
I hate myself.







I'm not normal. What's wrong with me? My parents call this a teen crisis. That's cute, but it doesn't help me. What the hell is it?



Homosexual

Identity Maybe

WOMAN

Not born in the right body  
lesbian!

TRANSGENDER

Boy in a girl's body

Abnormal?

MAN

Am I a boy?

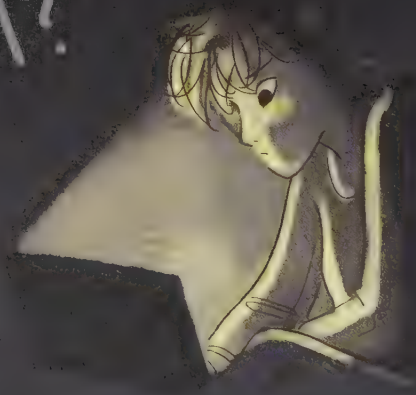
I am not a tomboy

I feel like a boy

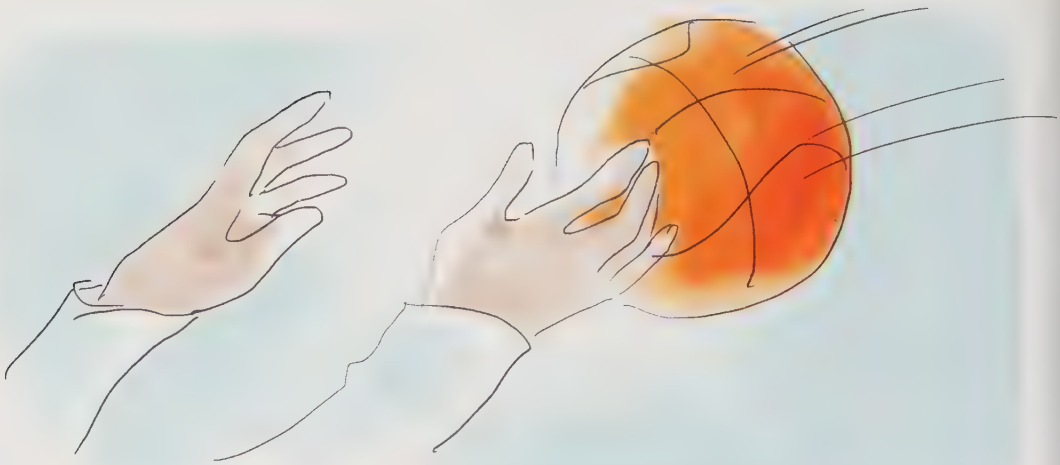
GENDER IDENTITY

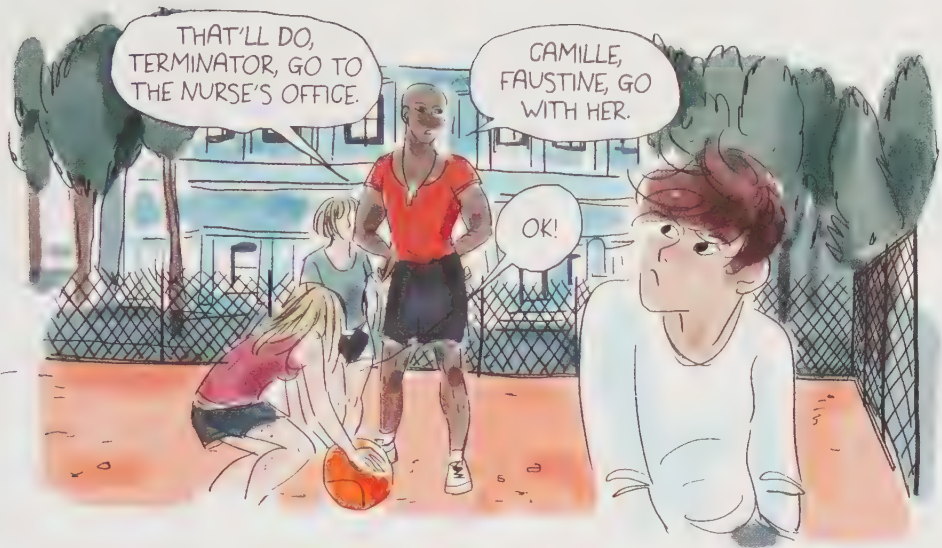
I don't know who I am

WHO AM I?









THAT'LL DO, TERMINATOR, GO TO THE NURSE'S OFFICE.

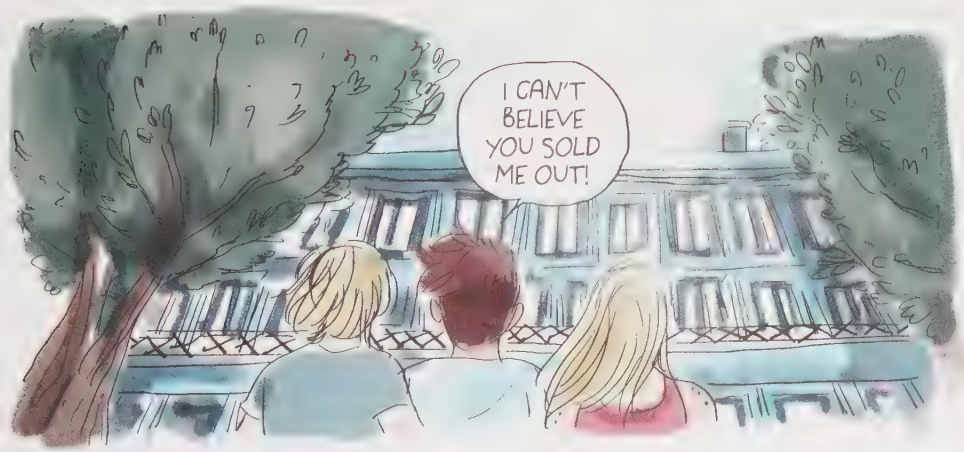
GAMILLE, FAUSTINE, GO WITH HER.

OK!



DOES IT HURT?

NOPE!



I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU SOLD ME OUT!



MRS. MOLINA?



THIS IS MRS. LANGERON, THE ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL.



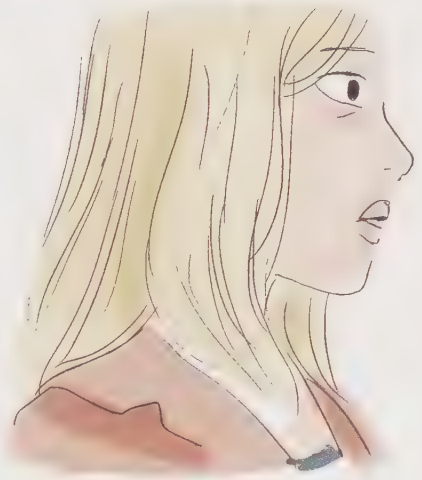
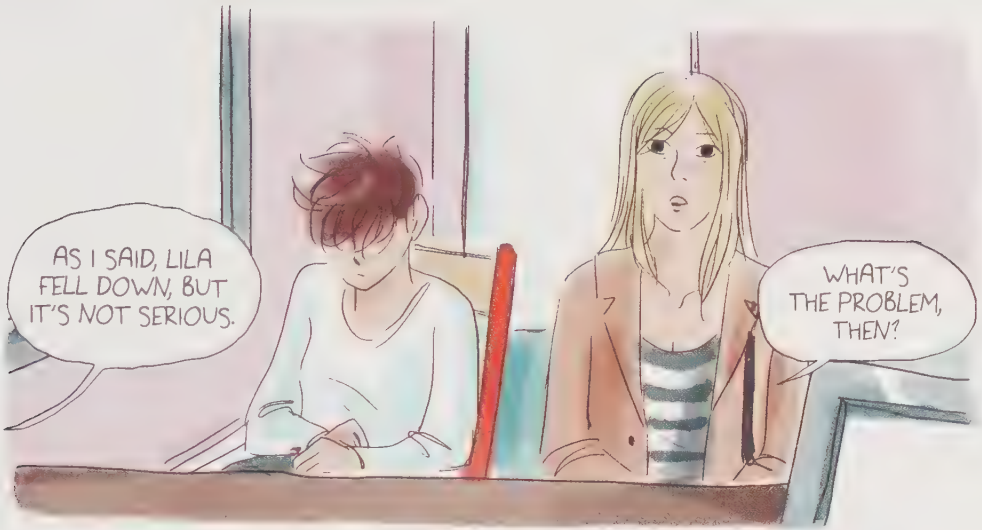
LILA JUST HURT HERSELF IN GYM CLASS.



NO, NO! IT'S JUST A FEW SCRAPES.

BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY.

YES, SHE'S IN MY OFFICE, WE'LL WAIT FOR YOU.

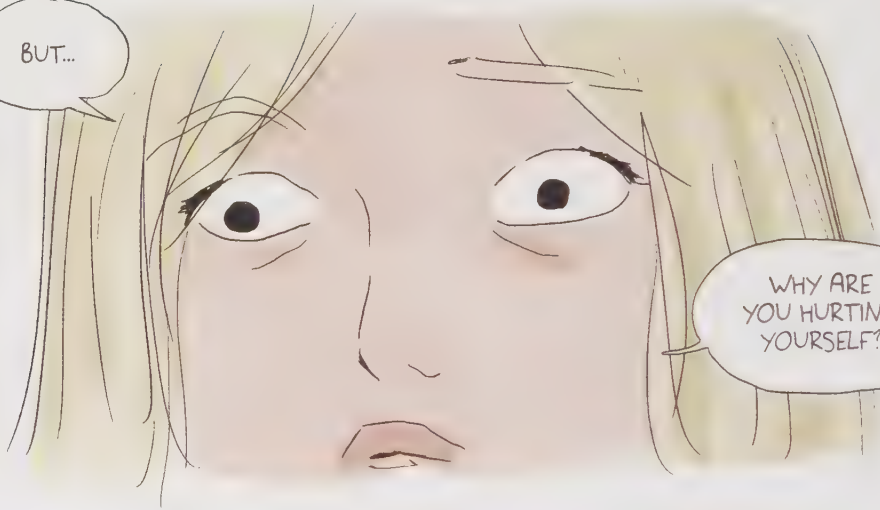


You just read about it on Wikipedia, and now you're giving us a lesson. Thanks, we get it.



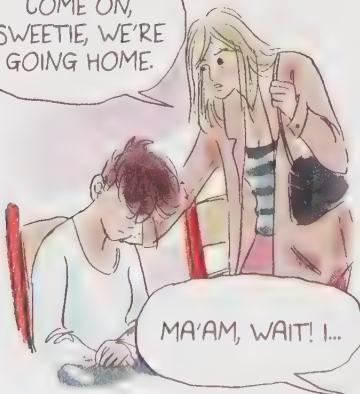


BUT...



WHY ARE YOU HURTING YOURSELF?

COME ON, SWEETIE, WE'RE GOING HOME.



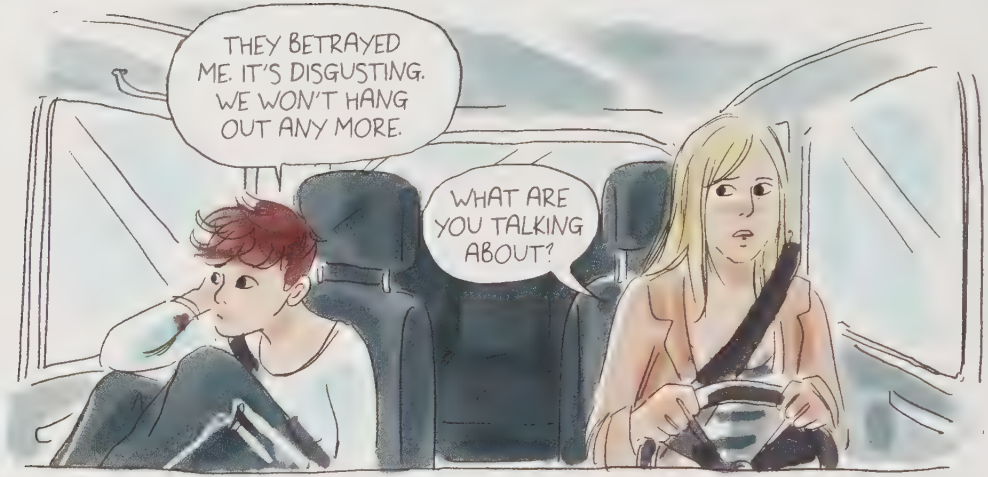
MA'AM, WAIT! I...



IF YOU'D LIKE, THE SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGIST COULD SPEAK WITH LILA.

It's OK, guys, I'm not going to the loony bin, don't worry. But...





THEY BETRAYED ME. IT'S DISGUSTING. WE WON'T HANG OUT ANY MORE.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

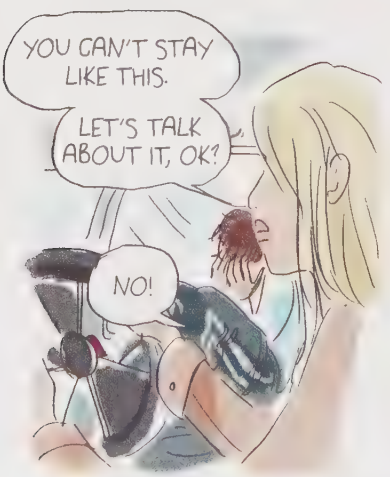


MY FRIENDS!

GAMILLE, FAUSTINE! THEY'RE TRAITORS!



THEY PROMISED ME. I'M ALL ALONE!



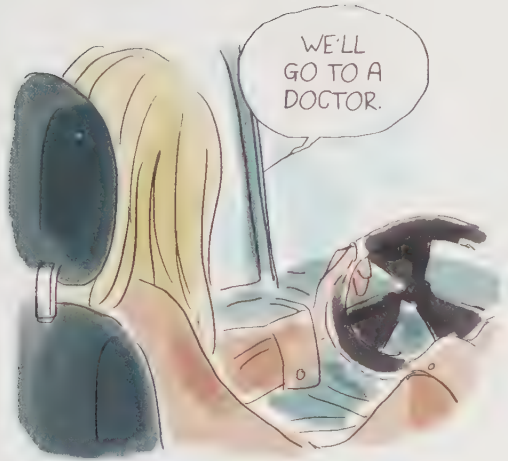
YOU CAN'T STAY LIKE THIS.

LET'S TALK ABOUT IT, OK?

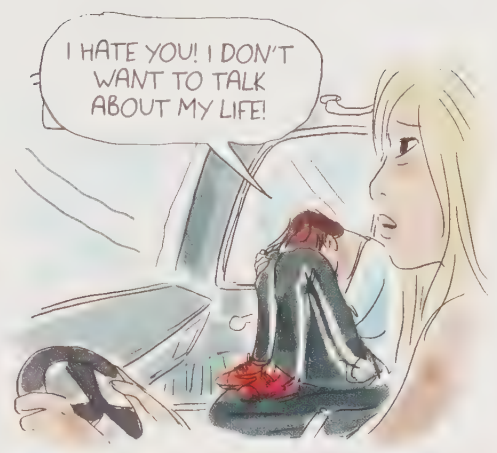
NO!



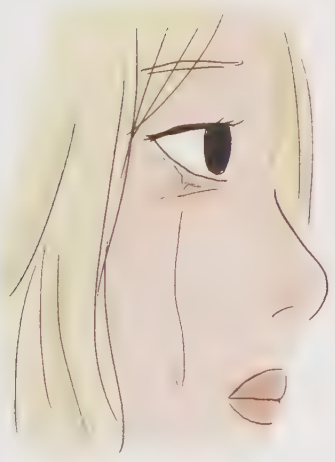
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING!



WE'LL GO TO A DOCTOR.

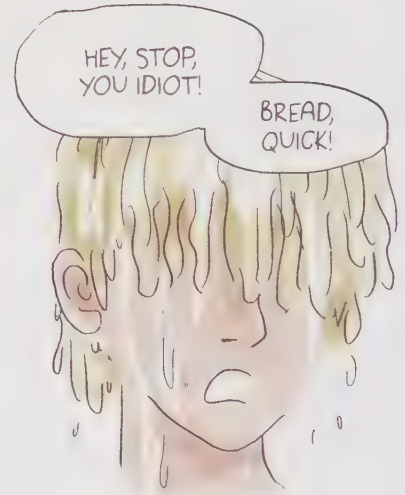


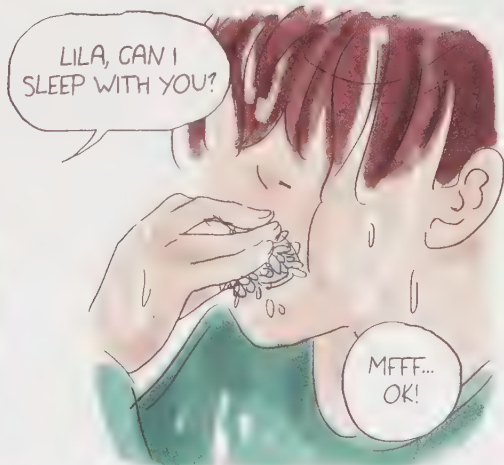
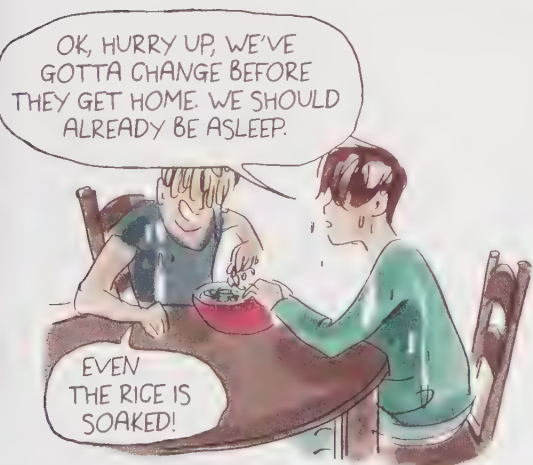
I HATE YOU! I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT MY LIFE!

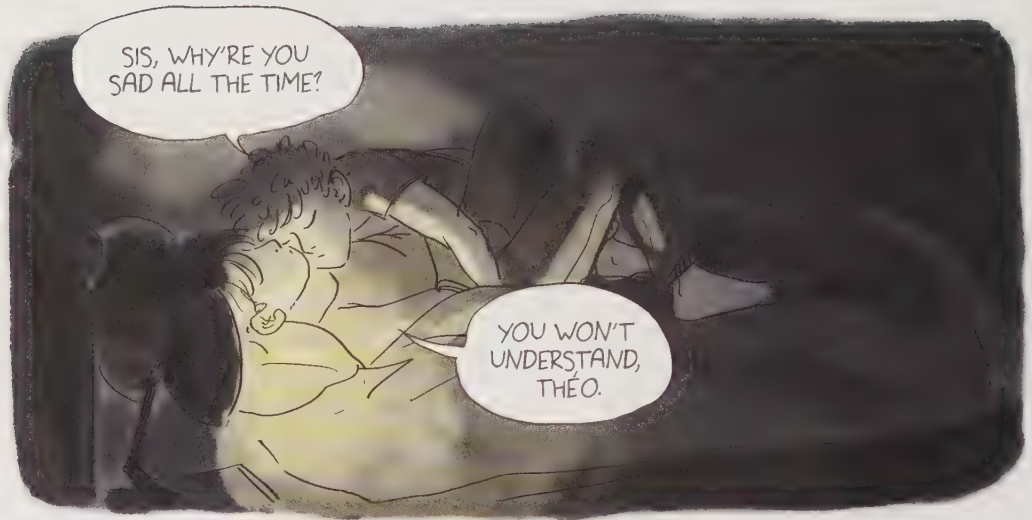


EVERYONE JUST LEAVE ME ALONE! FUCK!

My brother's my baby. He's so cute.







SIS, WHY'RE YOU SAD ALL THE TIME?

YOU WON'T UNDERSTAND, THÉO.



BUT I'M NOT SAD WITH YOU.



C'MON, LET'S SLEEP NOW.

LILA...



WHY DID YOU CUT YOUR ARMS?

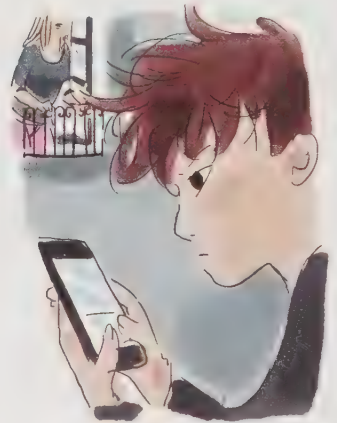
SHH. SHUT UP, SLEEP.

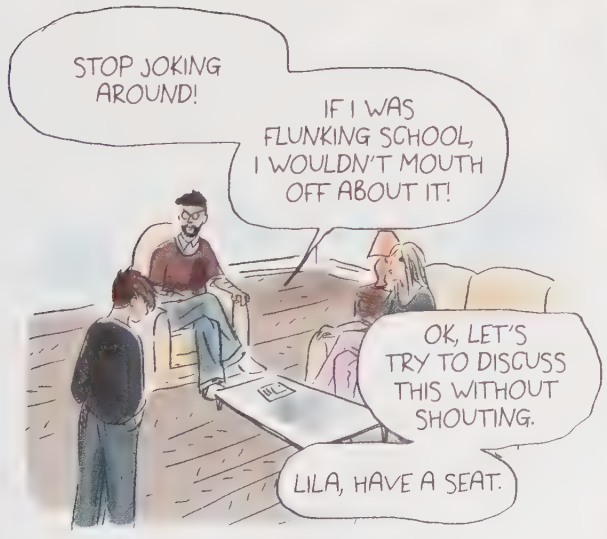


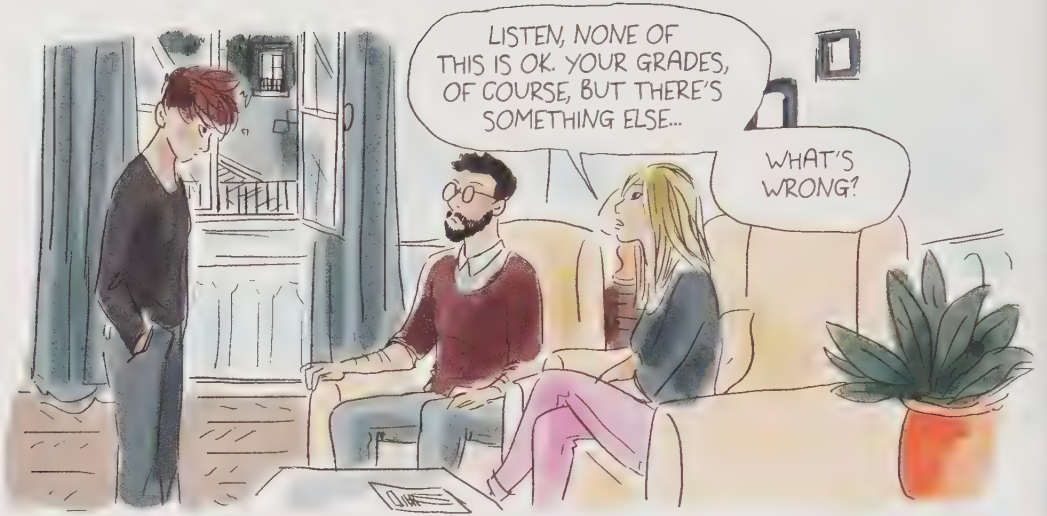
LIGHTS OUT?

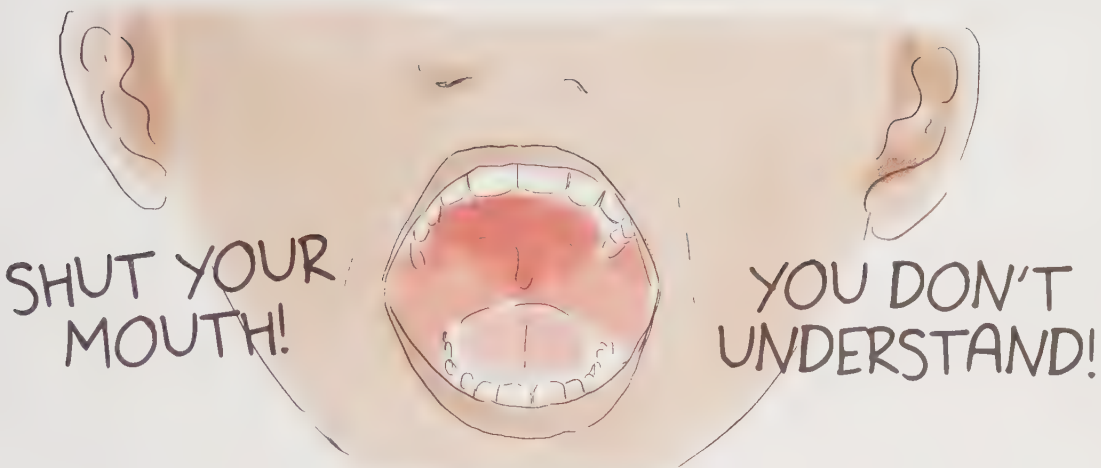
LEAVE IT ON, PLEASE.

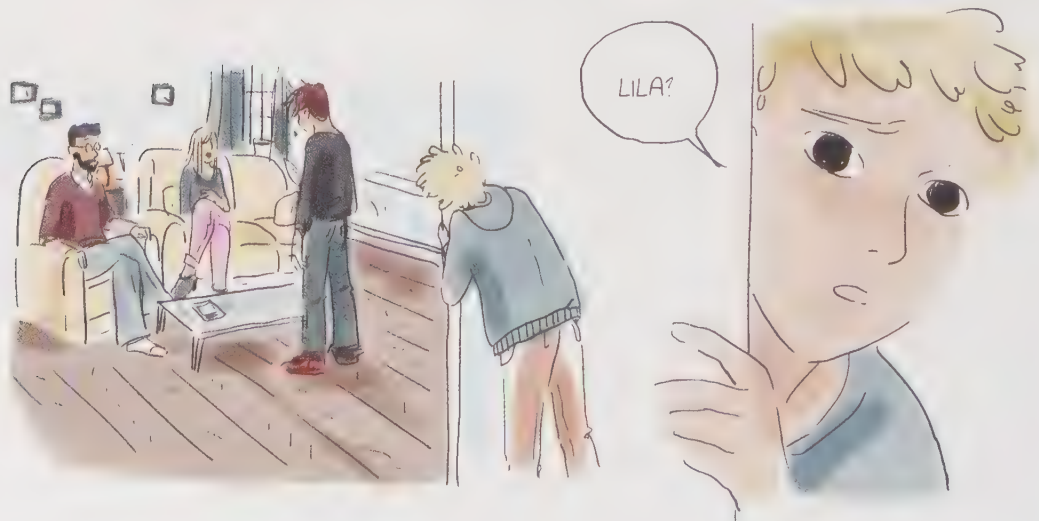






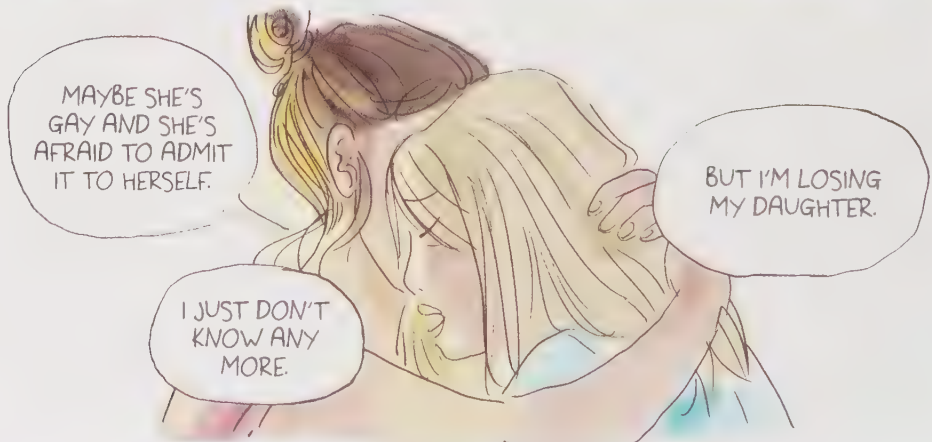
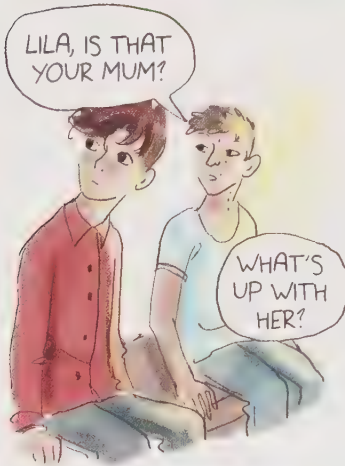
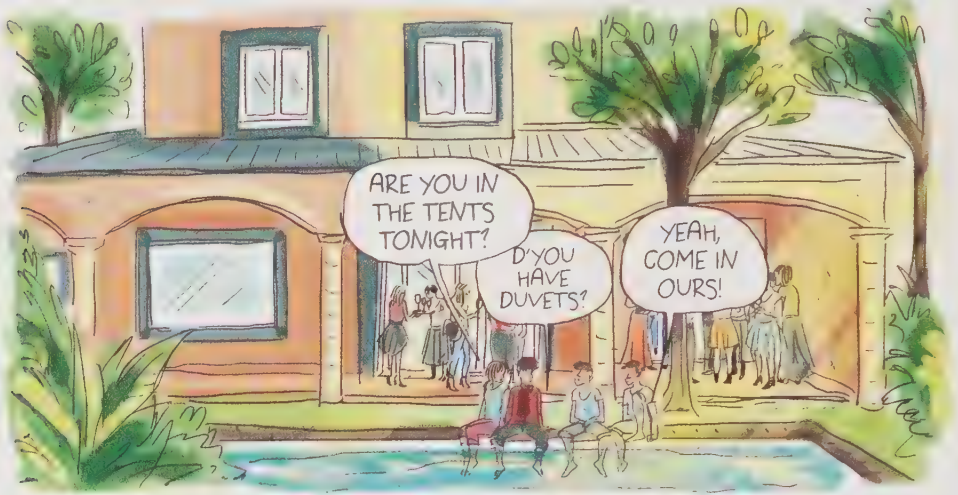


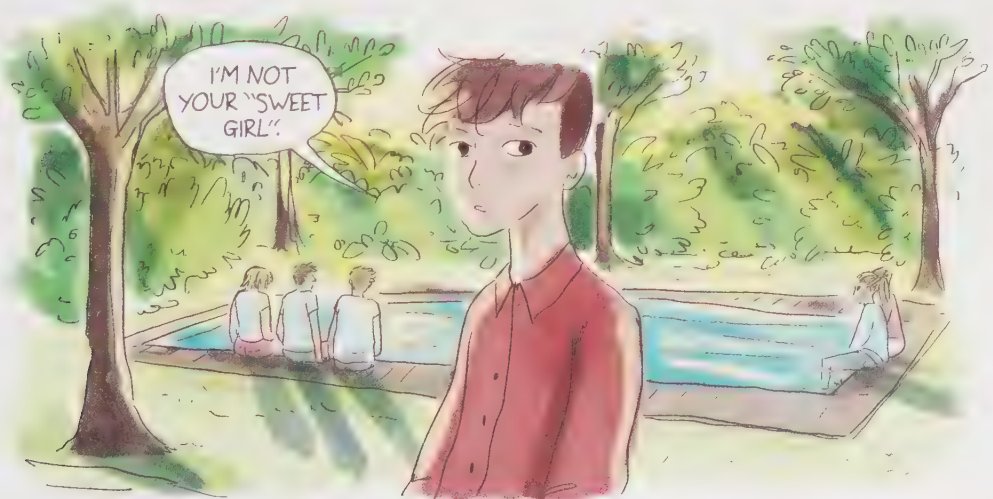
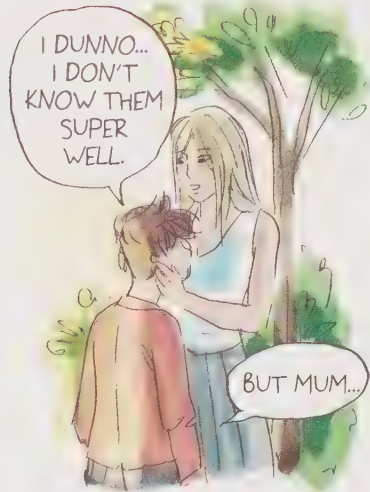
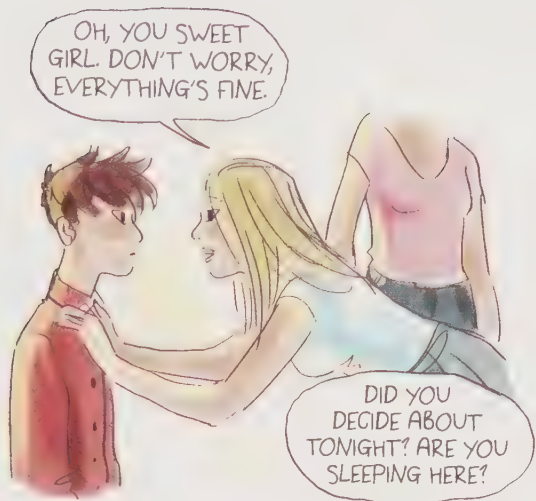






The party at my mother's childhood friend's place every 14 July always kicks off in style. These people are cool, the pool is, too, but we never see them in Paris.

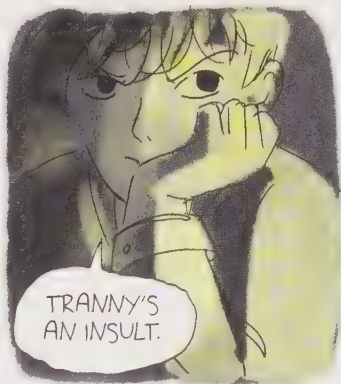
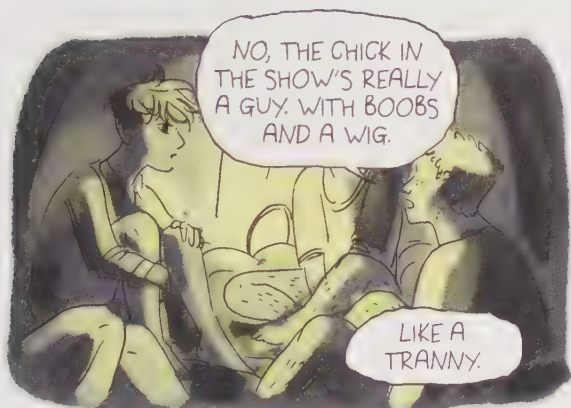
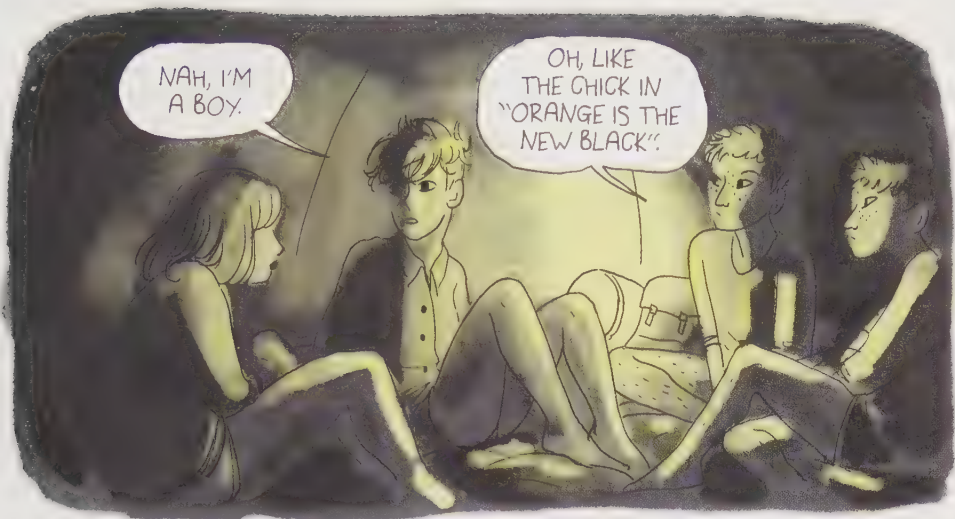




...your sweet boy.

This feeling with Sam and Noah is weird: we've known each other since we were kids, but we're strangers. They don't know anything about me, except that I was the only girl who played with them. Having to explain who I am, that's my weird life.







IF YOU GO OUT WITH CHICKS, THAT MAKES YOU A DYKE.



I'M NOT A DYKE OR A CHICK. JUST A STRAIGHT GUY.



SO YOU'RE A CHICK WHO'S A GUY. SHIT, I DUNNO WHAT YOU ARE.

BUT YOU DON'T HAVE BOOBS. THAT'S WILD.

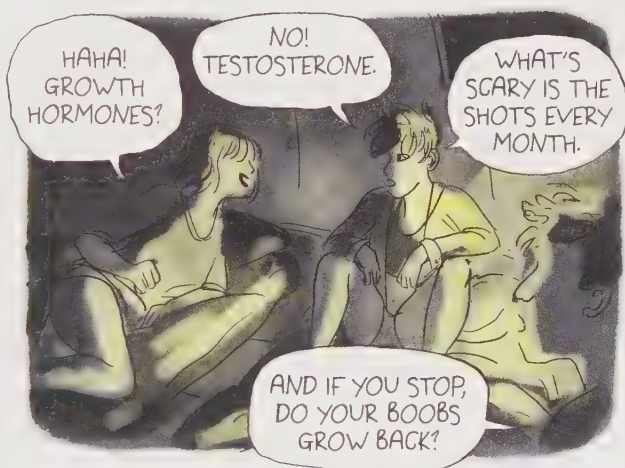


LOOK! I BIND THEM, SO NO ONE SEES THEM.

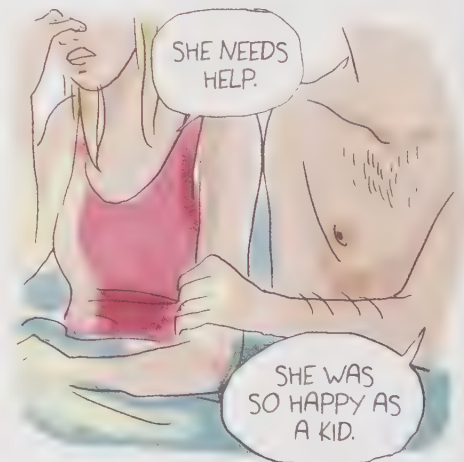
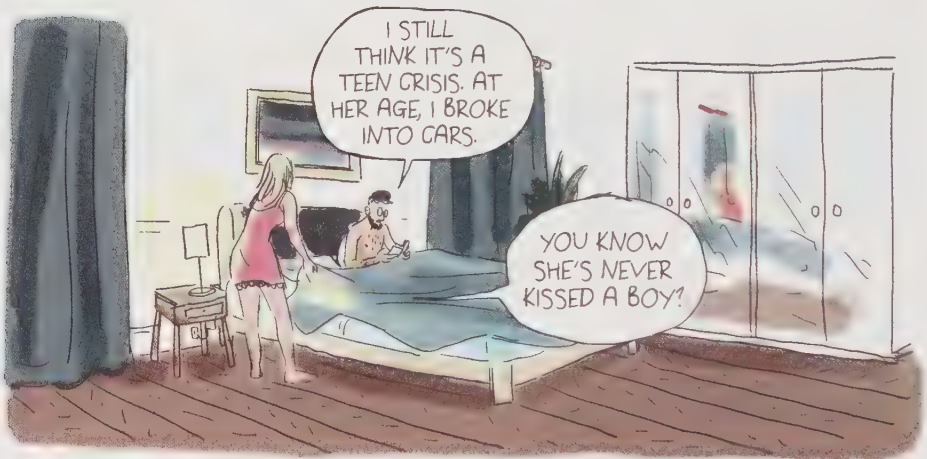


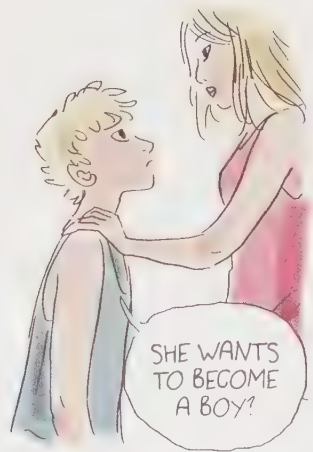
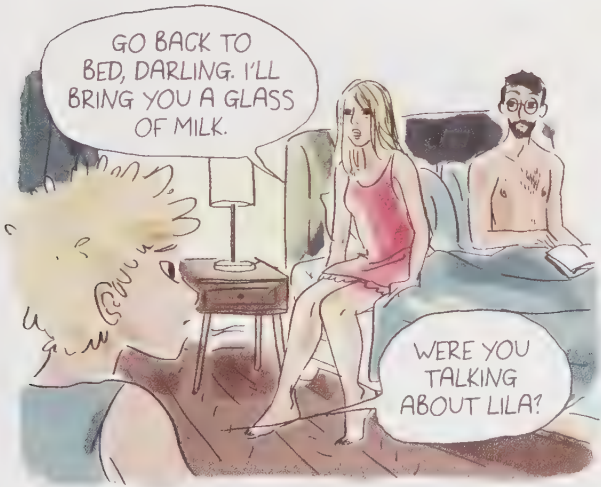
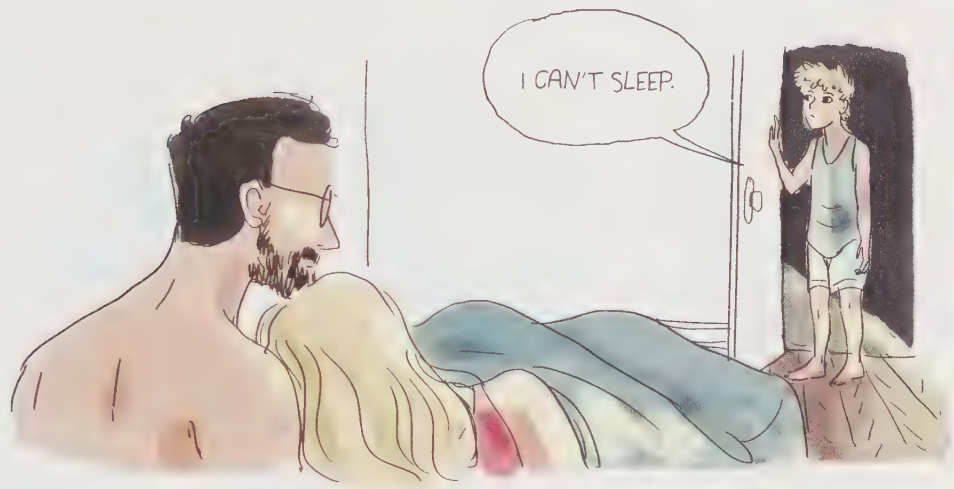
WHAT DO YOUR PARENTS SAY?

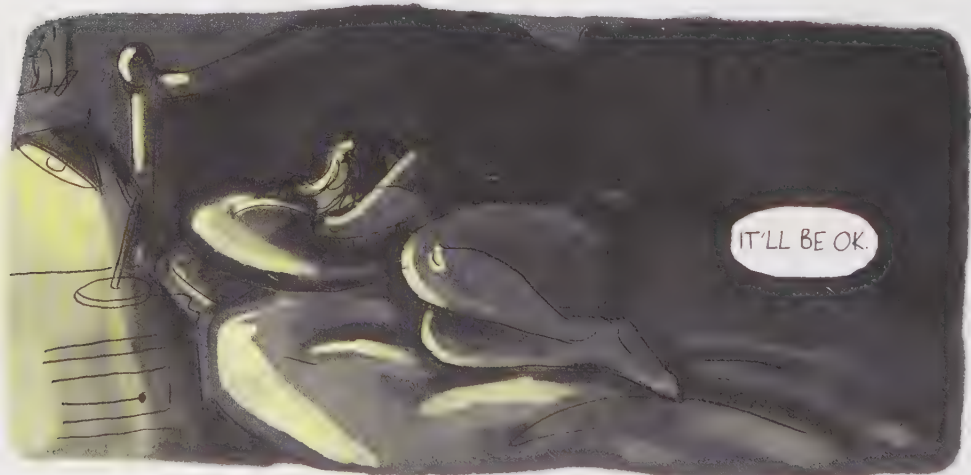
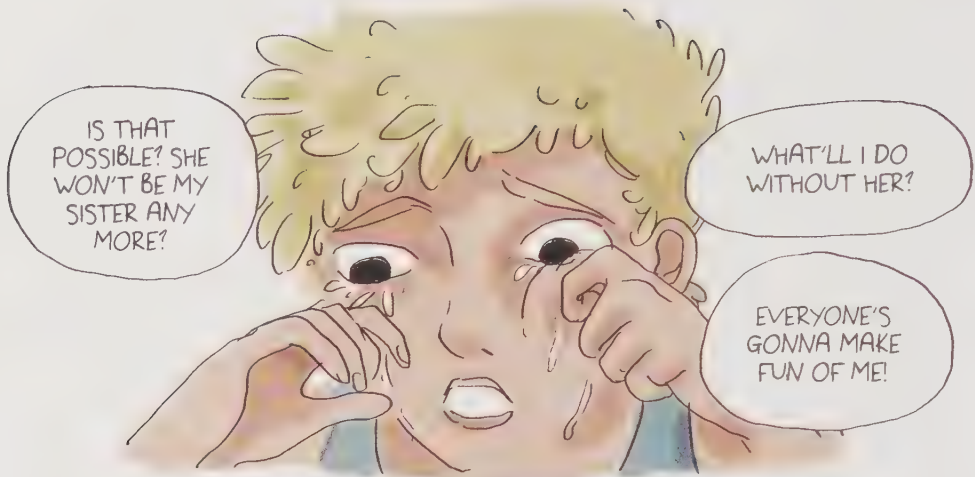
THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT MY BINDER.



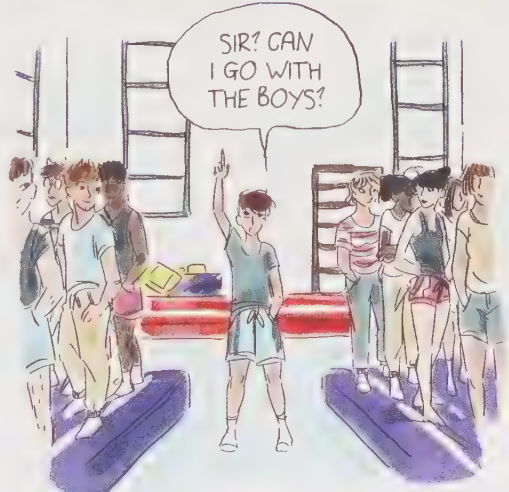
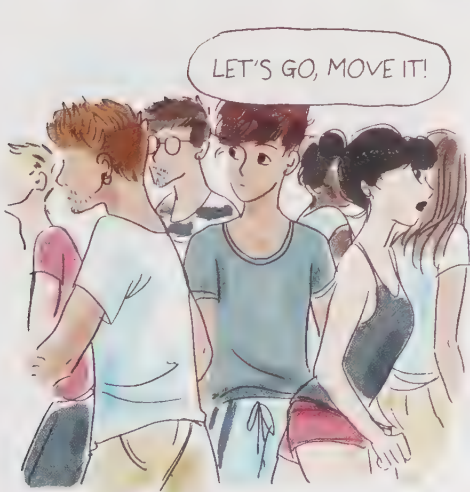
My parents are worried. I hear them talking at night.  
Théo's freaked out, too.







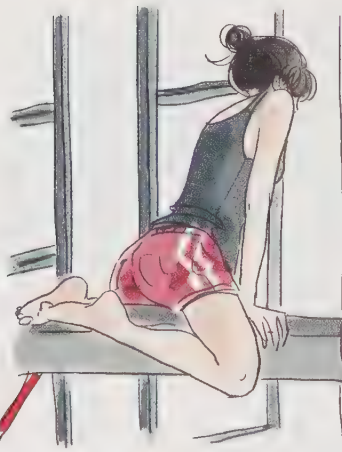
At school, the teachers are cool with me. I think they understand.



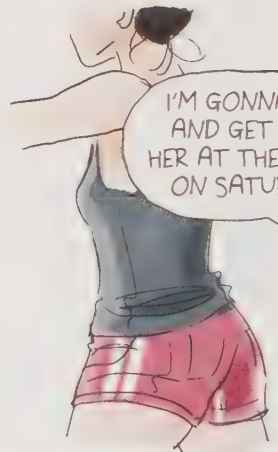
YEAH,  
GO ON.

TOO COOL!  
THIS WAY, WE'RE  
TOGETHER!

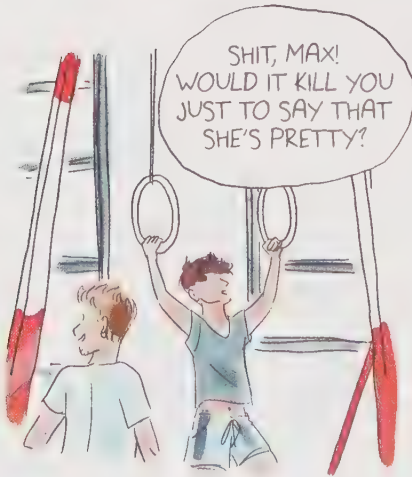
HEHE!



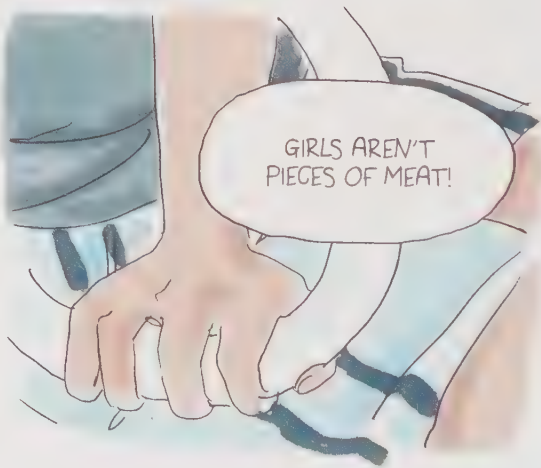
GET A LOAD  
OF CLARA ON  
THE BEAM. SHE'S  
SO HOT.



I'M GONNA TRY  
AND GET WITH  
HER AT THE PARTY  
ON SATURDAY.



SHIT, MAX!  
WOULD IT KILL YOU  
JUST TO SAY THAT  
SHE'S PRETTY?



GIRLS AREN'T  
PIECES OF MEAT!



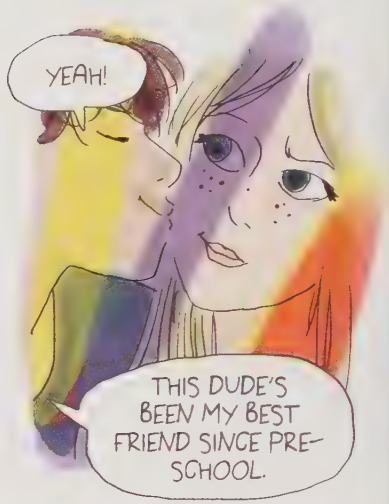


FAUSTINE?  
HOW LONG WERE  
YOU TOGETHER  
WITH LILA?

I DUNNO...  
A YEAR AND  
A HALF!

IN THE END,  
WE BROKE UP AND  
GOT BACK TOGETHER  
EVERY TWO WEEKS.

YOU WERE  
MORE FRIENDS  
THAN ANYTHING  
ELSE.



YEAH!

THIS DUDE'S  
BEEN MY BEST  
FRIEND SINCE PRE-  
SCHOOL.



OK, GUYS,  
BACK TO THE  
DANCEFLOOR?

NAH,  
I DON'T  
DANCE.

LIL...  
SORRY, NATH!  
YOU COMING?



OF COURSE,  
BABE!





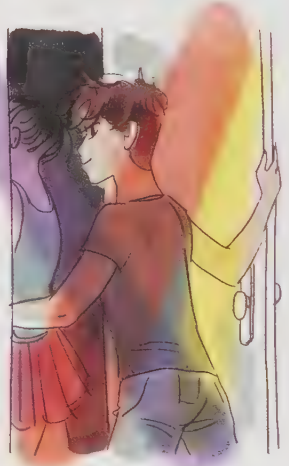


MAX, LOOK!  
LILA AND CLARA!

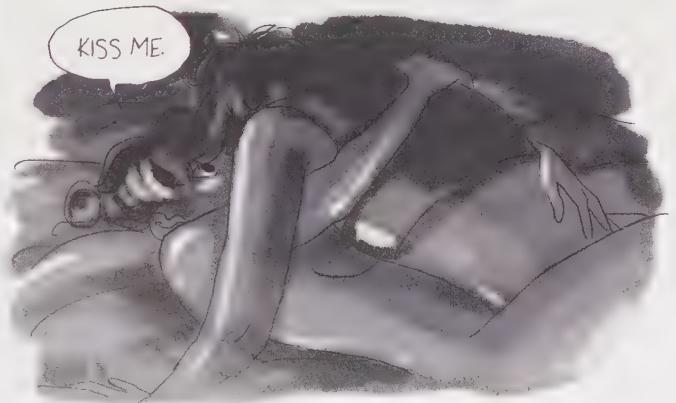
FUCK!!



WHAT'S  
SHE PLAYING  
AT? SHIT!



IT'S MY  
FIRST TIME.

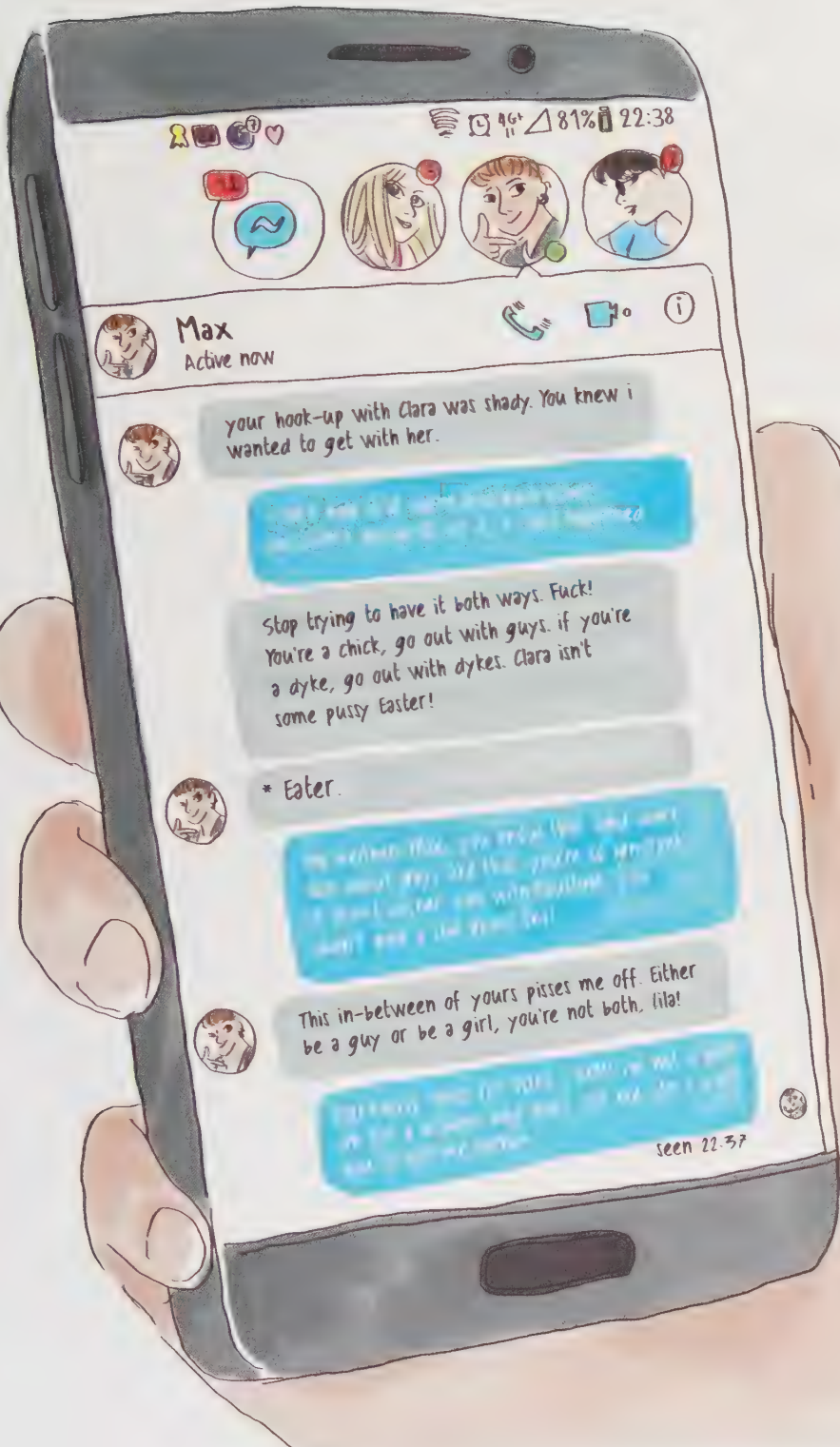




NATHAN.

CLARA.

NATHAN...



4G+ 81% 22:38



Max  
Active now



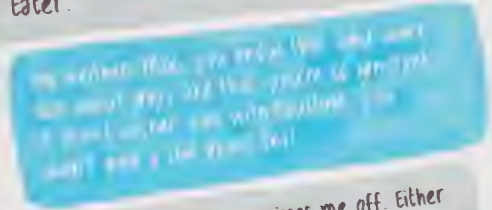
your hook-up with Clara was shady. You knew i wanted to get with her.



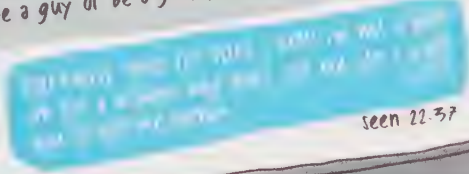
Stop trying to have it both ways. Fuck!  
You're a chick, go out with guys. if you're a dyke, go out with dykes. Clara isn't some pussy Eater!



\* Eater.

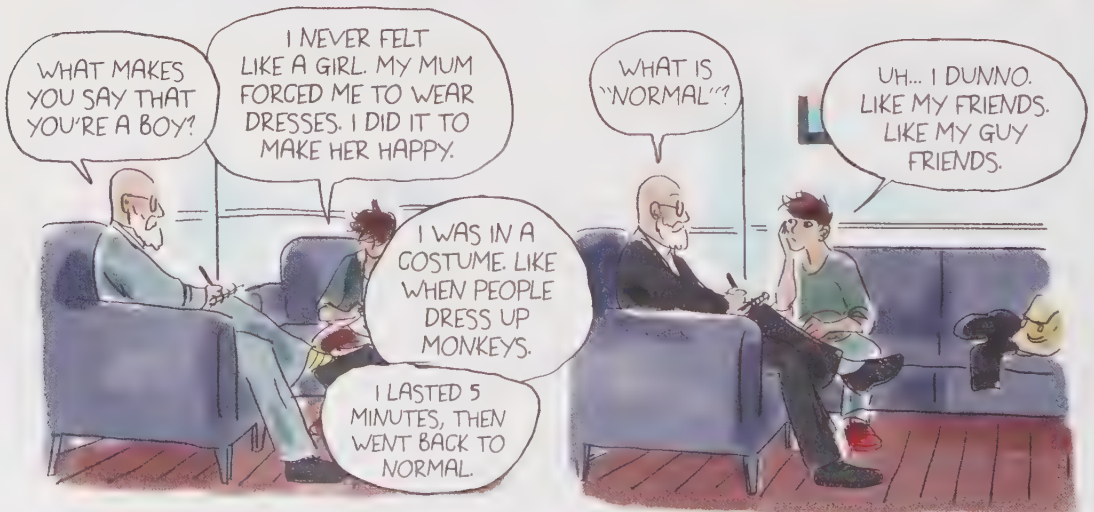
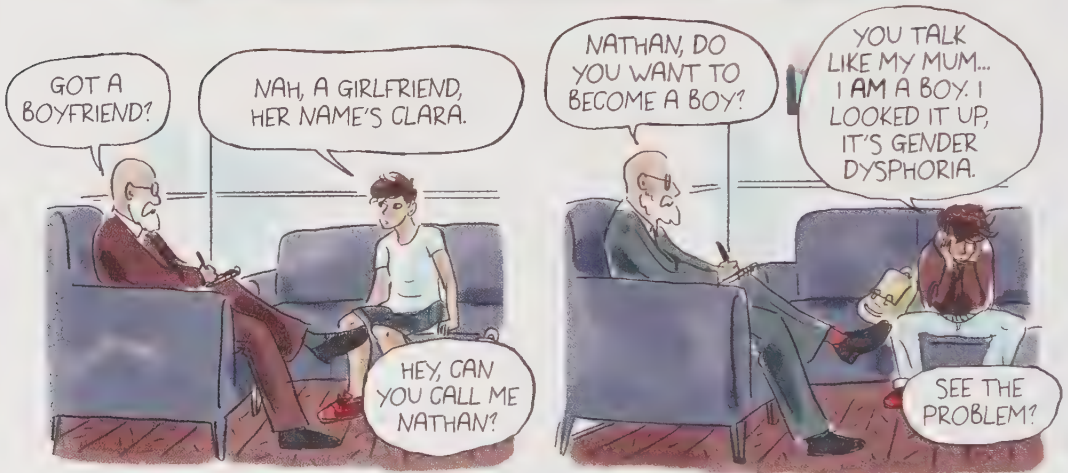
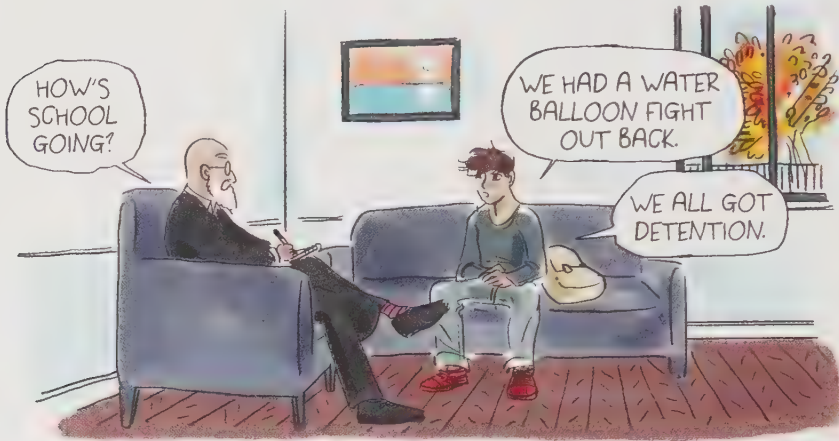


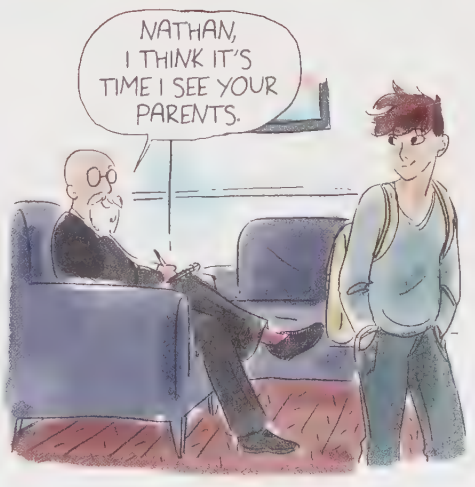
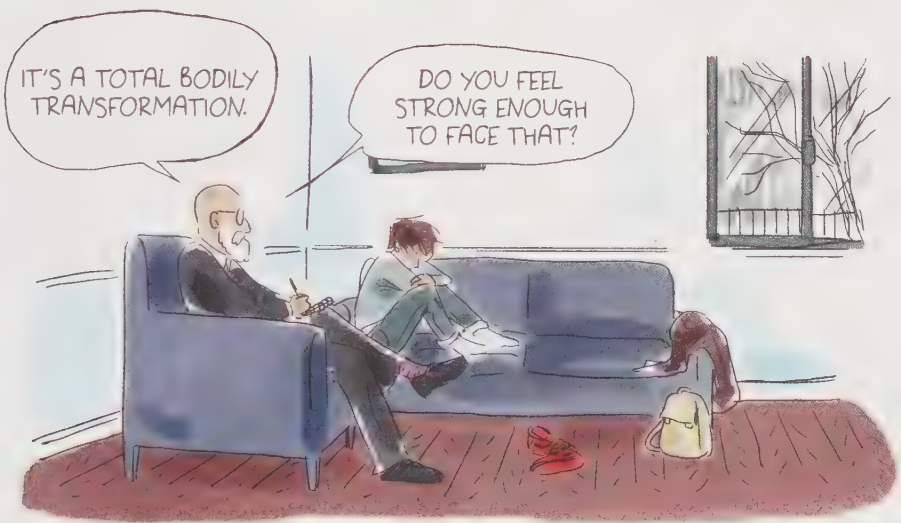
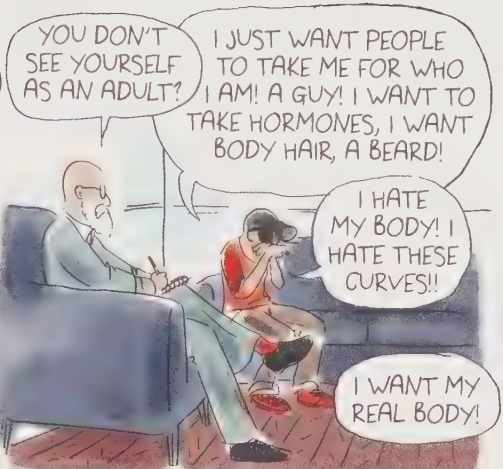
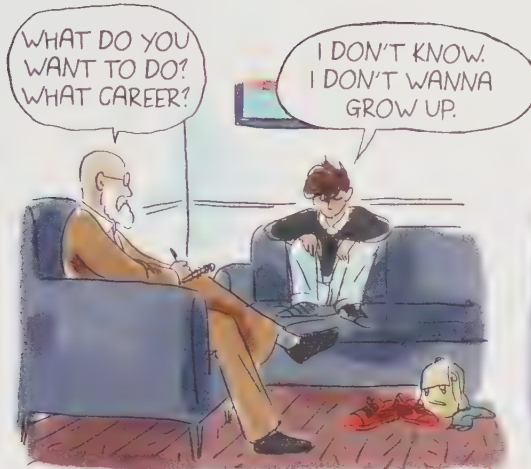
This in-between of yours pisses me off. Either be a guy or be a girl, you're not both. lila!



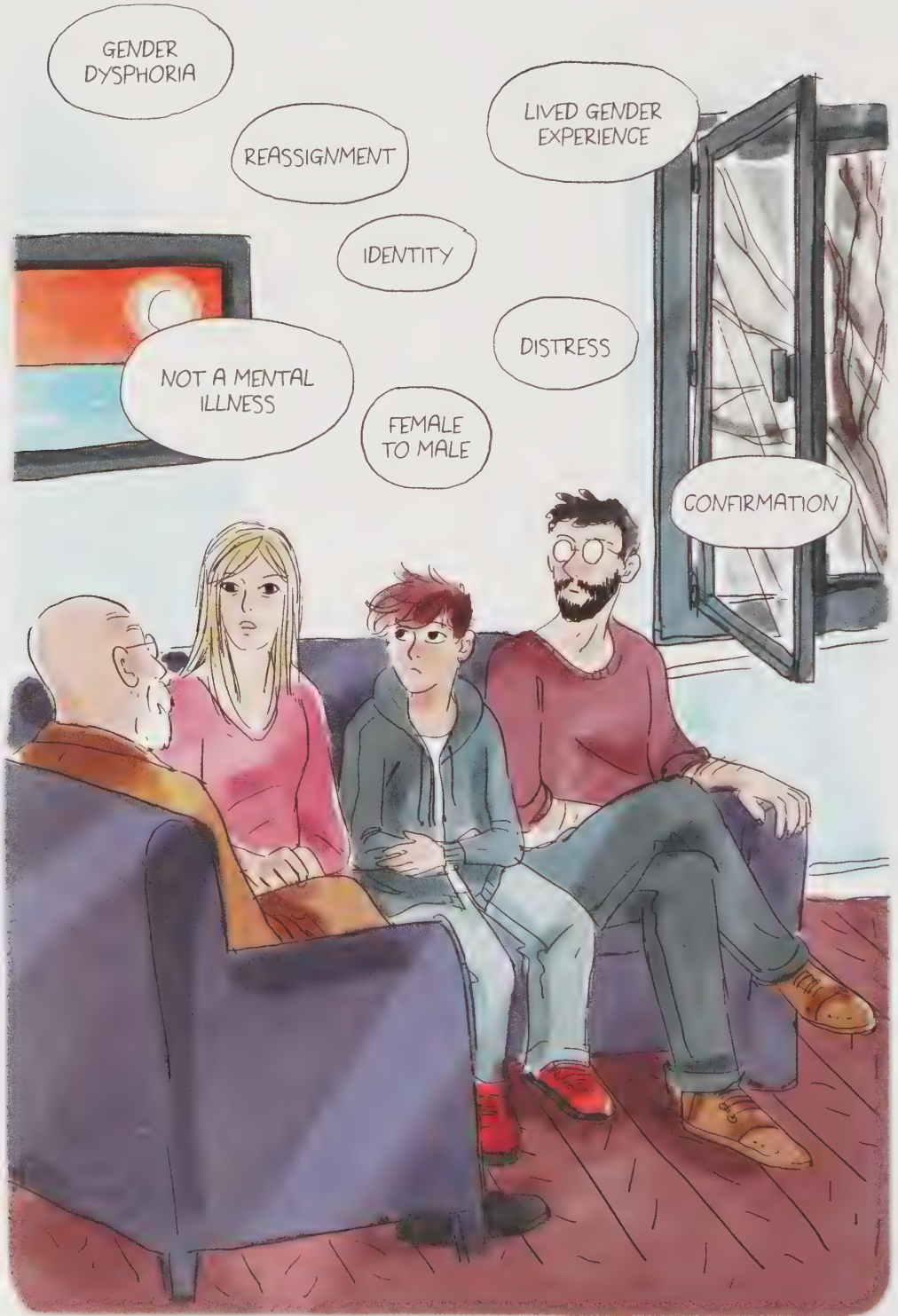
seen 22:37


Dr. Danglard: he's like the old man with the shell from "Dragon Ball Z".  
I like him. He acts like a friend. I see him for an hour per week.





Official diagnosis: I'm not crazy.





MUM, DAD,  
I'M NATHAN.

LILA ONLY  
EXISTED FOR YOU.  
SHE'S AN ILLUSION,  
YOUR ILLUSION.

Thankfully, I've got exercise to help clear my head.  
Kicking a ball. Like a brute...



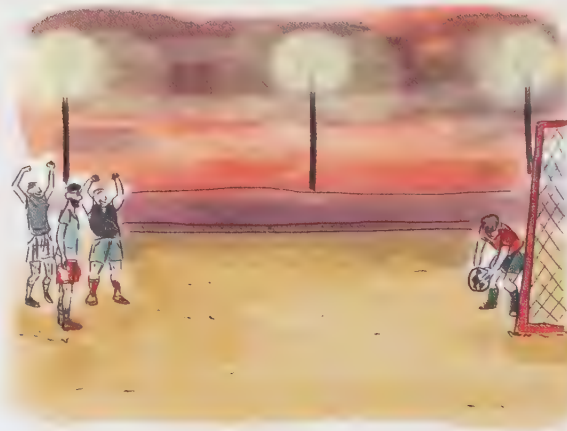
Wow! That feels good.

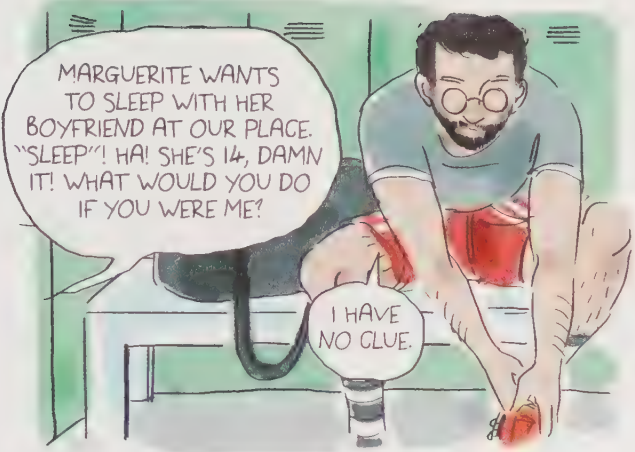


Lila played so well  
as a little girl...



Lila, shit... get out of my head.





MARGUERITE WANTS TO SLEEP WITH HER BOYFRIEND AT OUR PLACE. "SLEEP"! HA! SHE'S 14, DAMN IT! WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE ME?

I HAVE NO CLUE.



IF I'D BROUGHT A GIRL HOME AT 14, MY DAD WOULD'VE FUCKED ME UP. I WOULDN'T HAVE EVEN DARED TO ASK.



BY THE WAY, ESTEBAN, ARE THINGS BETTER WITH LILA?

DEPENDS WHAT YOU MEAN BY "BETTER".

IS SHE DONE WITH HER "CRISIS"? THESE TEENS MAKE US SPEND 10 YEARS IN THE TRENCHES.

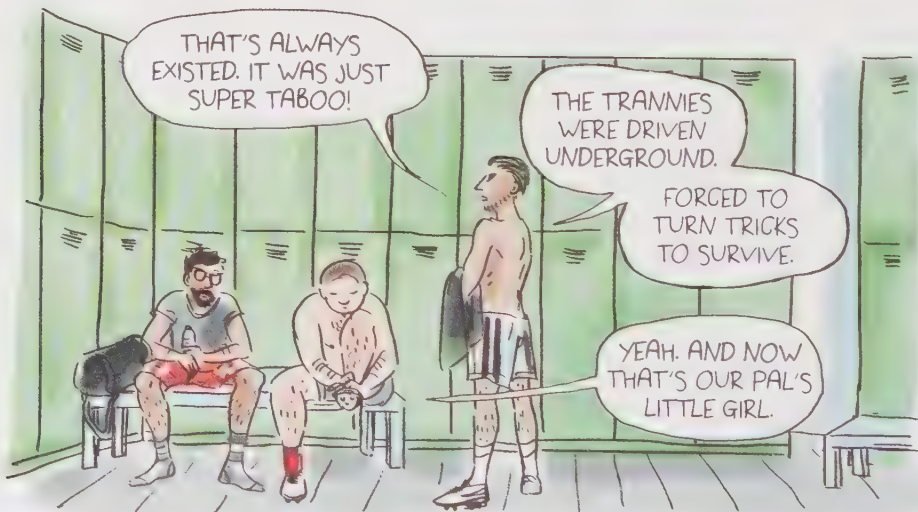
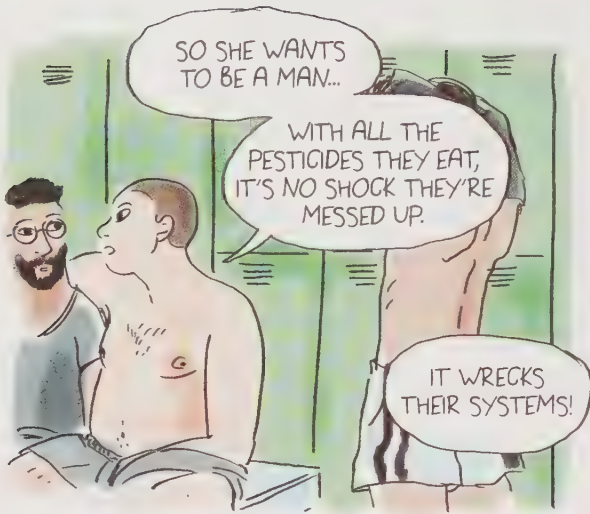


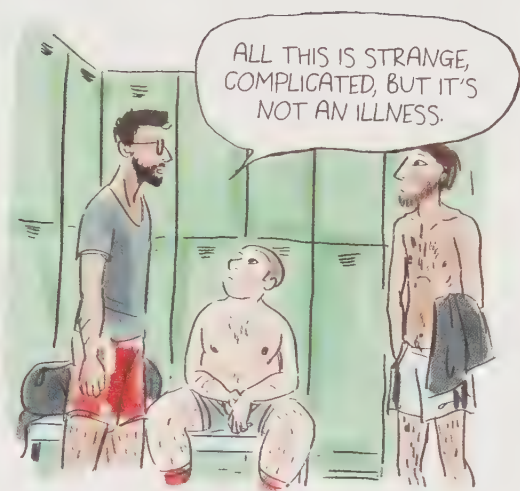
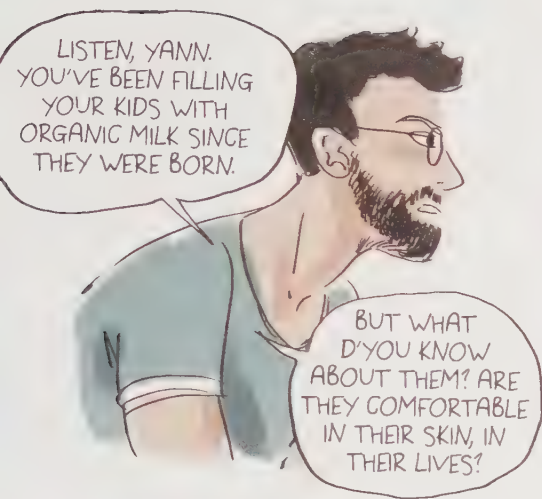
PERSONALLY, I'D'VE HAD TROUBLE ACCEPTING IF LEO WAS GAY. I'M NOT PROUD TO SAY THAT, BUT HEY.



ESTEBAN, I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT YOUR PROBLEM. THIS KIND OF STORY'S POPULAR RIGHT NOW.

YEAH! NOT A DAY GOES BY YOU DON'T HEAR ABOUT IT.





I have two sons. Two sons! Is that so complicated? I don't have a daughter that I have to worry about when she's out at night. I have two sons. Nathan and Théo. Two sons.



OH, THIS IS CRAZY! THE ENDOCRINOLOGIST IS IN THE SAME BUILDING AS MY GYNO!

THE ONE WHO DELIVERED YOU, LILA.

MUM... NOT LILA!

SORRY... SWEETIE, ARE YOU REALLY SURE?

YOU DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT?

HELLO, DOCTOR.

HELLO!

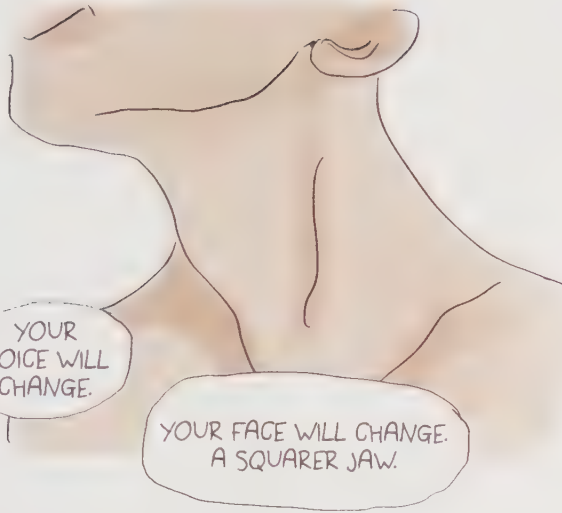
HAVE A SEAT.

I'M GOING TO EXPLAIN WHAT THE FTM, FEMALE TO MALE, PROCESS ENTAILS FOR YOUR SEXUAL REASSIGNMENT.

YOU'RE GOING TO RECEIVE A HORMONAL TREATMENT, WITH TESTOSTERONE INJECTIONS EVERY 21 DAYS.

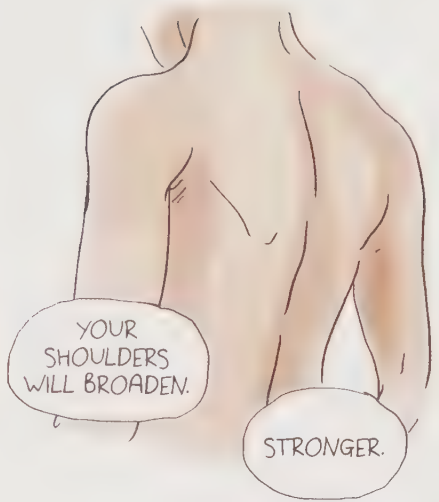
OK!

THAT WILL LEAD TO SOME PHYSICAL CHANGES.



YOUR VOICE WILL CHANGE.

YOUR FACE WILL CHANGE. A SQUARE JAW.



YOUR SHOULDERS WILL BROADEN.

STRONGER.



YOUR HAIR WILL DEVELOP AND SPREAD.



YOUR GLITORIS WILL GROW.

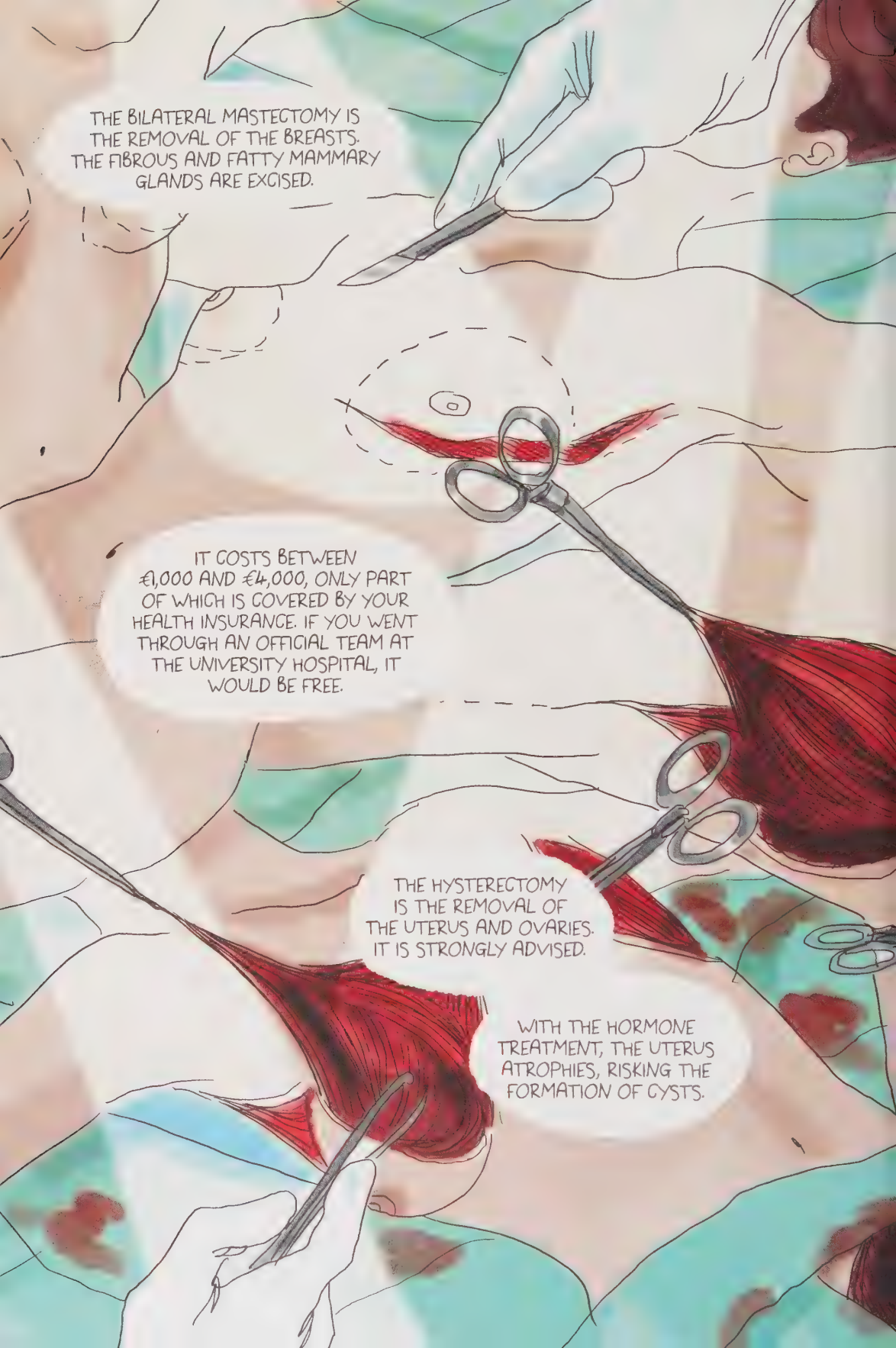
YOUR LIBIDO WILL INCREASE.

YOUR PHYSIOLOGICAL BALANCE IS GOING TO TURN UPSIDE-DOWN. WITH THE FLOOD OF TESTOSTERONE TO YOUR SYSTEM, YOUR LIVER MIGHT BE PUT TO THE TEST. CAREFUL WITH ALCOHOL.



YOU MIGHT ALSO EXPERIENCE SOME SIDE EFFECTS. MIGRAINES, VERTIGO, RINGING IN THE EARS. IF THAT HAPPENS, WE'LL ADJUST YOUR DOSAGE.

AS FOR THE SURGERY...




THE BILATERAL MASTECTOMY IS THE REMOVAL OF THE BREASTS. THE FIBROUS AND FATTY MAMMARY GLANDS ARE EXCISED.

IT COSTS BETWEEN €1,000 AND €4,000, ONLY PART OF WHICH IS COVERED BY YOUR HEALTH INSURANCE. IF YOU WENT THROUGH AN OFFICIAL TEAM AT THE UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL, IT WOULD BE FREE.

THE HYSTERECTOMY IS THE REMOVAL OF THE UTERUS AND OVARIES. IT IS STRONGLY ADVISED.

WITH THE HORMONE TREATMENT, THE UTERUS ATROPHIES, RISKING THE FORMATION OF CYSTS.



THE TOTAL  
REMOVAL OF THE  
UTERUS LIMITS THE RISK  
OF TUMOURS.

THE PHALLOPLASTY  
IS THE CREATION OF  
A PENIS FROM A PIECE  
OF SKIN GRAFTED FROM  
THE BELLY OR THIGH.

THE VAGINA IS  
REMOVED. SILICONE IMPLANTS  
ALLOW A SCROTUM TO FORM  
FROM THE LABIA MAJORA. IT'S A  
SERIOUS OPERATION, LASTING  
10 TO 12 HOURS.

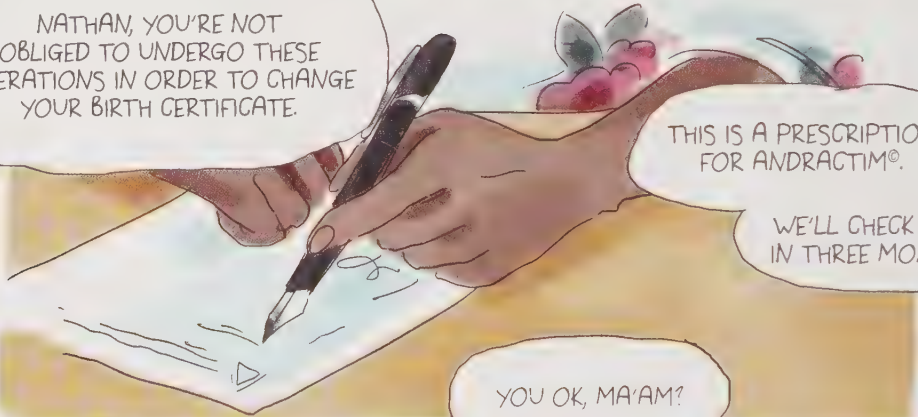
RESULTS VARY, IN  
TERMS OF BOTH AESTHETIC  
AND FUNCTIONALITY. THE  
COST IS AROUND £35,000,  
A FRACTION OF WHICH  
IS COVERED BY HEALTH  
INSURANCE, DEPENDING  
ON THE CASE.

THE METOIDIPLASTY IS  
A LESS INVASIVE ALTERNATIVE.  
THE CLITORIS, WHICH THE  
TESTOSTERONE WILL HELP TO ENLARGE,  
IS RELEASED AND THE SUSPENSORY  
LIGAMENTS ARE CUT, SO THAT  
IT RESEMBLES A PHALLUS  
AESTHETICALLY.



I'M FINALLY GONNA  
BE MYSELF.

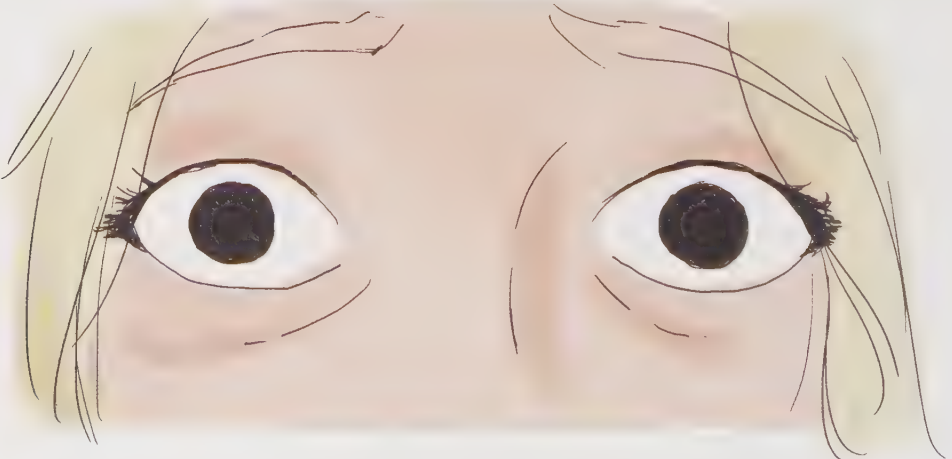
NATHAN, YOU'RE NOT  
OBLIGED TO UNDERGO THESE  
OPERATIONS IN ORDER TO CHANGE  
YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE.



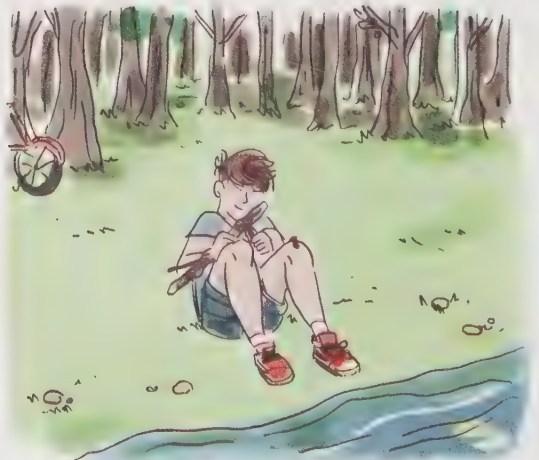
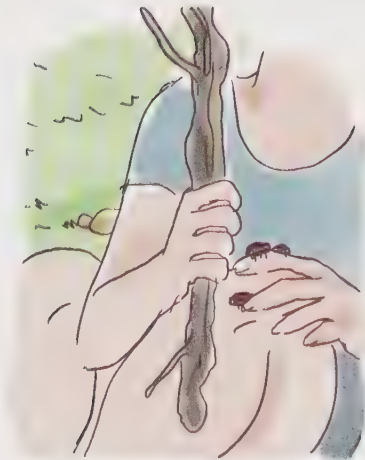
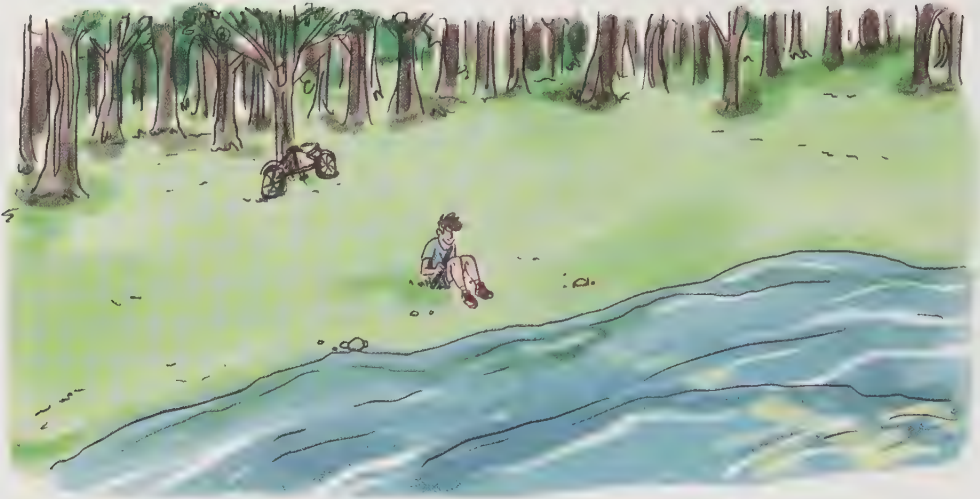
THIS IS A PRESCRIPTION  
FOR ANDRACTIM®.

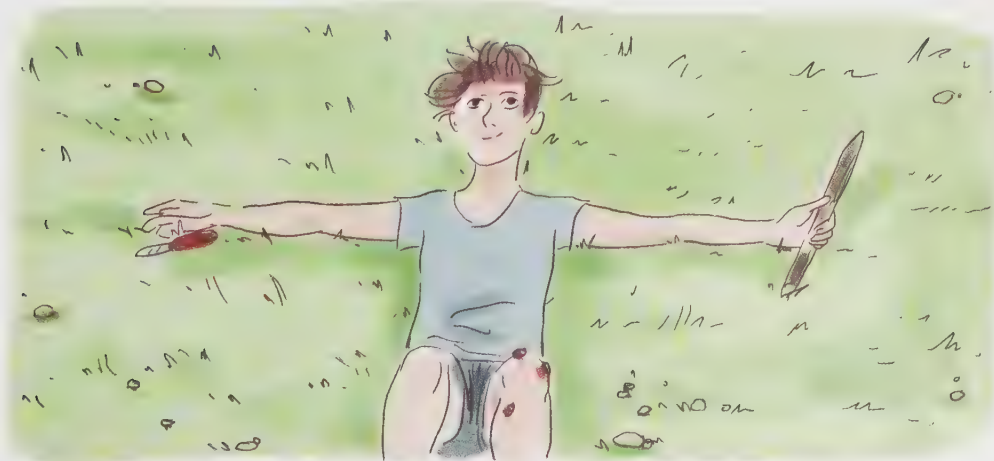
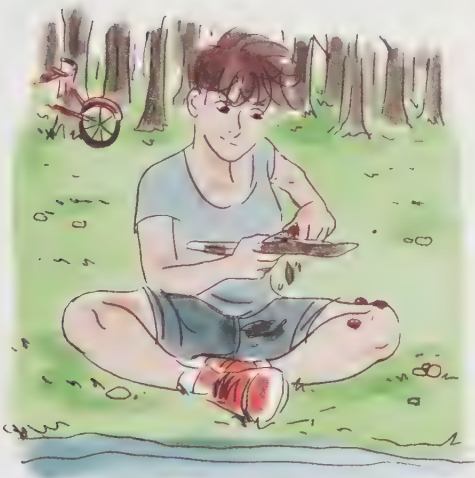
WE'LL CHECK BACK  
IN THREE MONTHS.

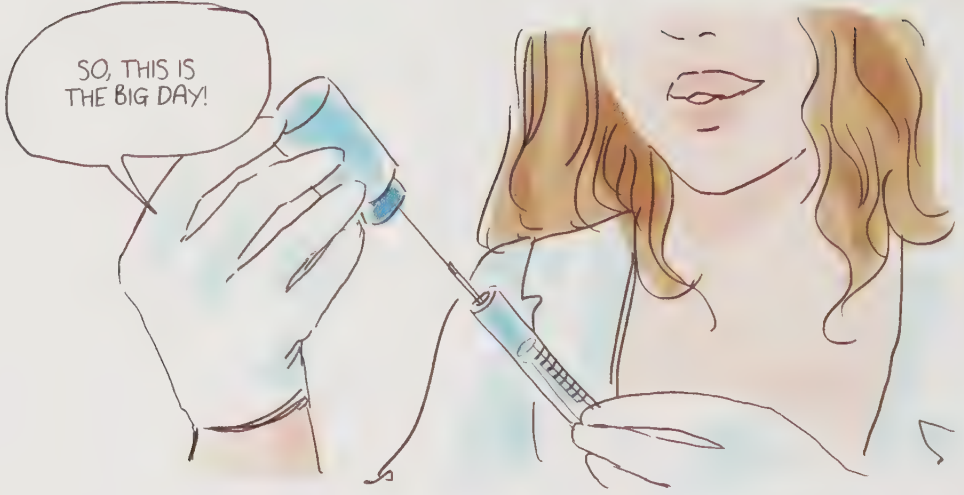
YOU OK, MA'AM?



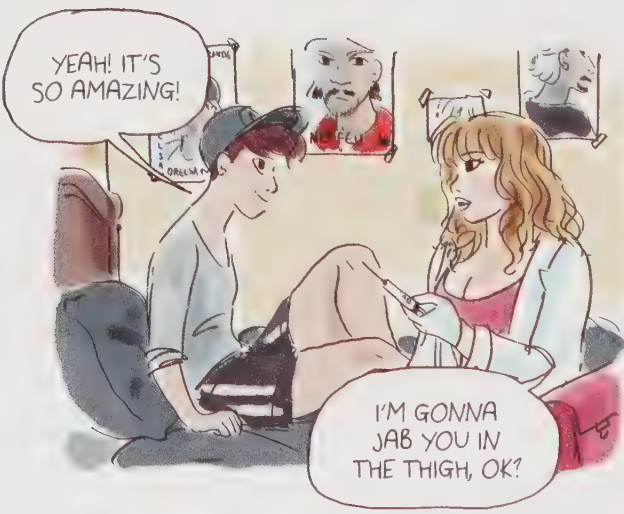






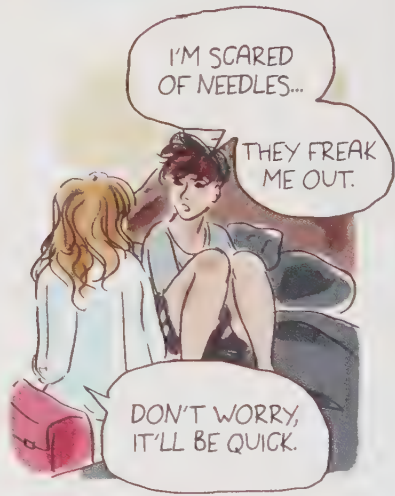


SO, THIS IS THE BIG DAY!



YEAH! IT'S SO AMAZING!

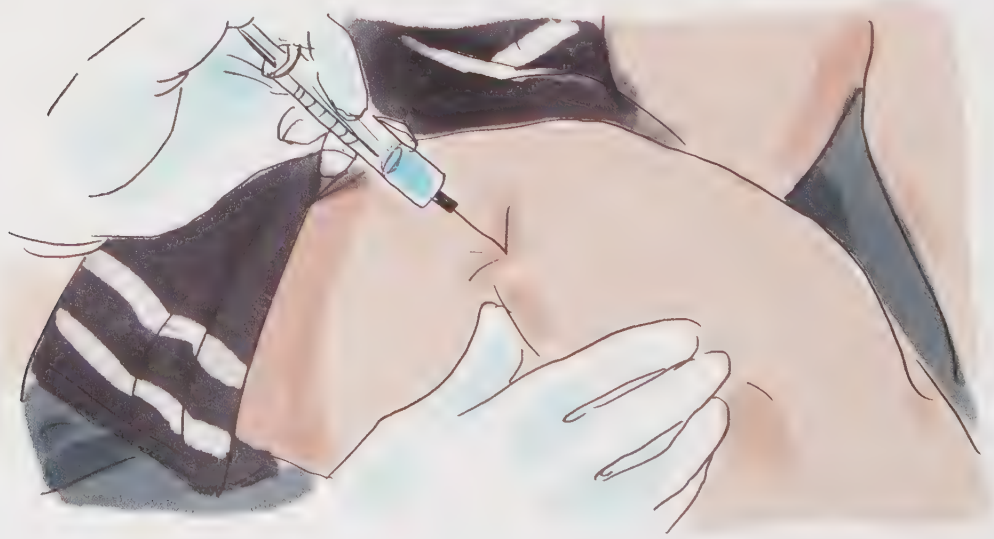
I'M GONNA JAB YOU IN THE THIGH, OK?

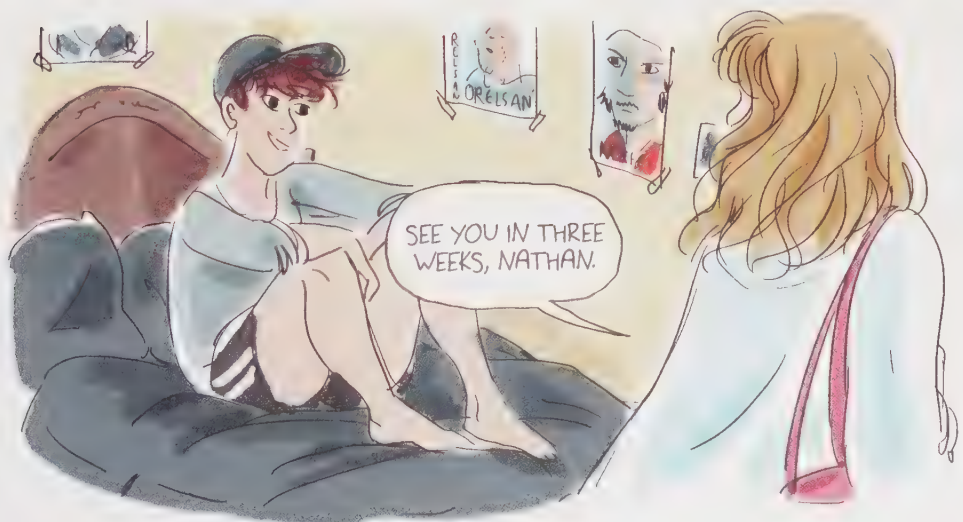
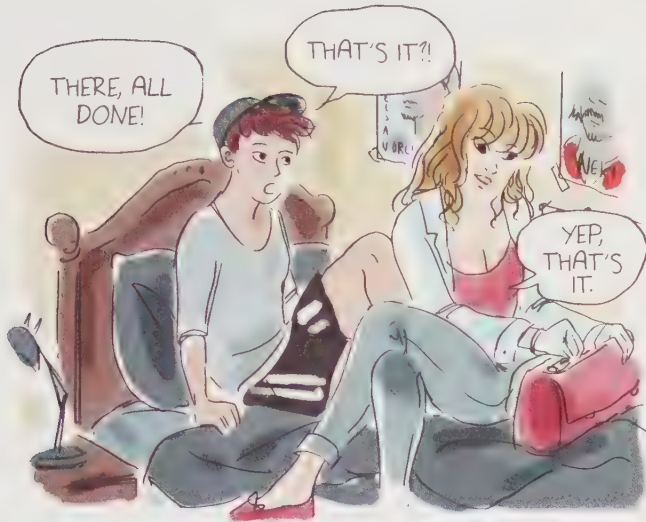


I'M SCARED OF NEEDLES...

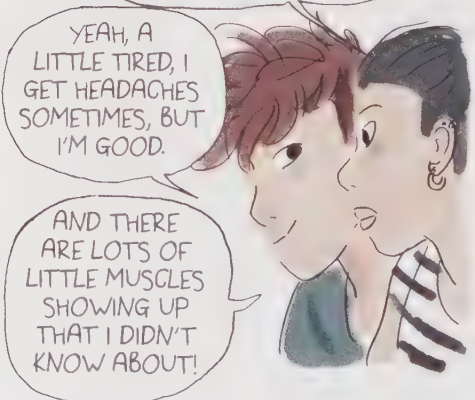
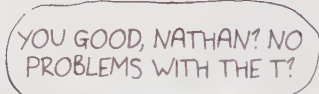
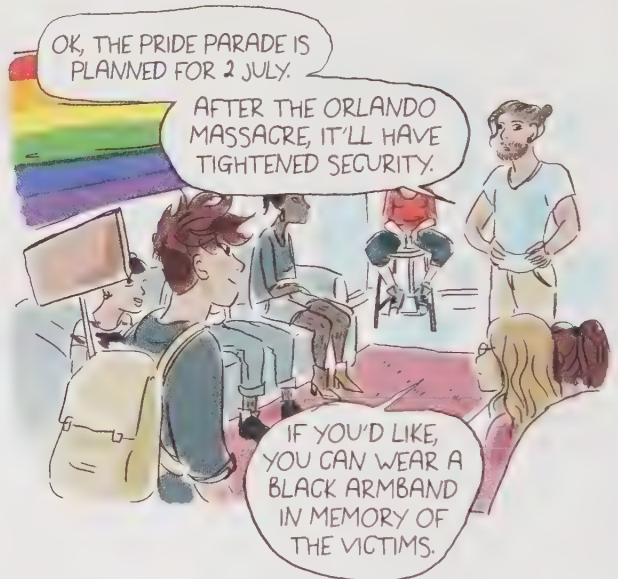
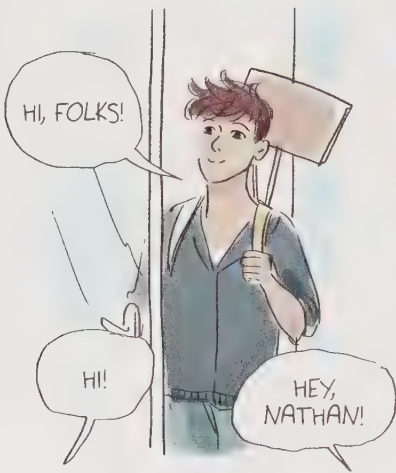
THEY FREAK ME OUT.

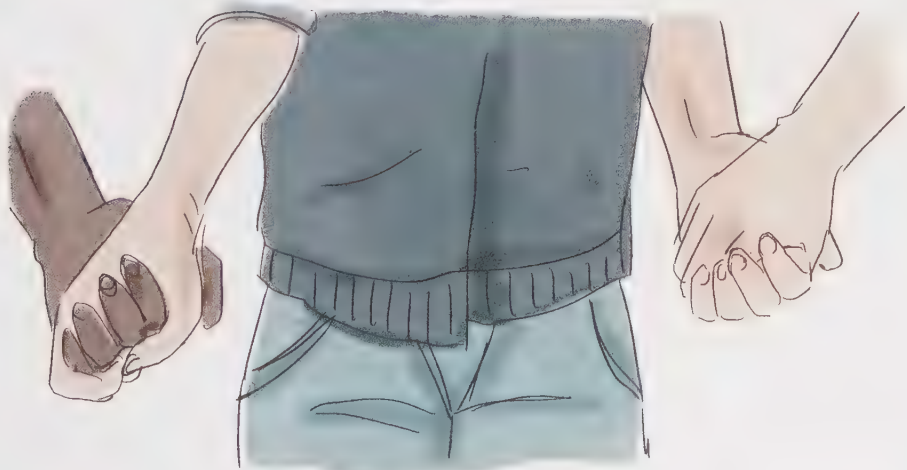
DON'T WORRY, IT'LL BE QUICK.





Being among people like me is awesome! No questions, no explanations, we're separate together. It feels like I'm on solid ground.











LOVE IS LOVE

LOVE IS LOVE

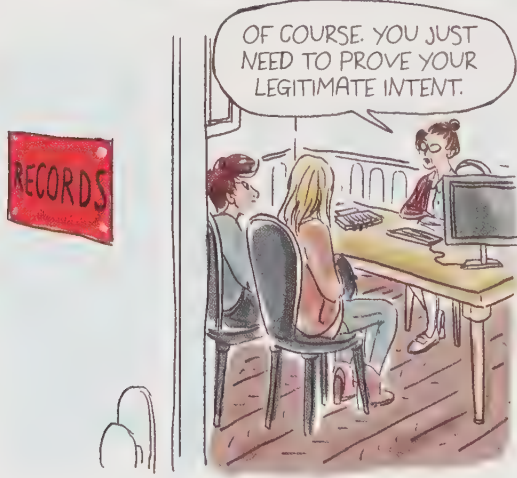
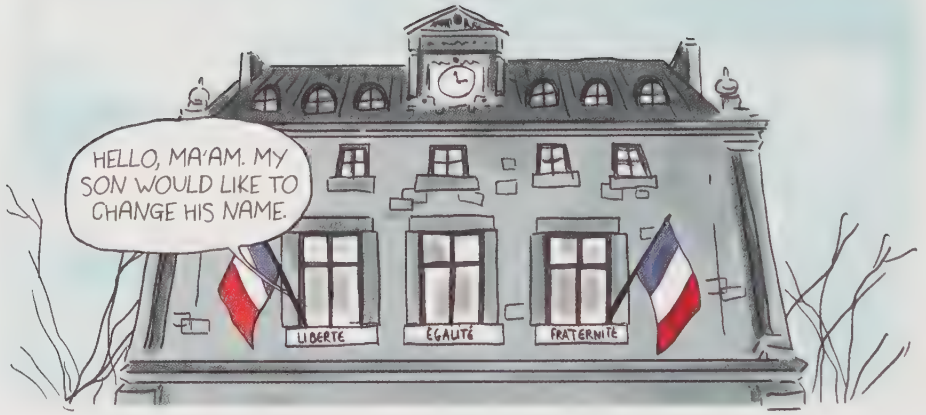
MY BODY MY CHOICE

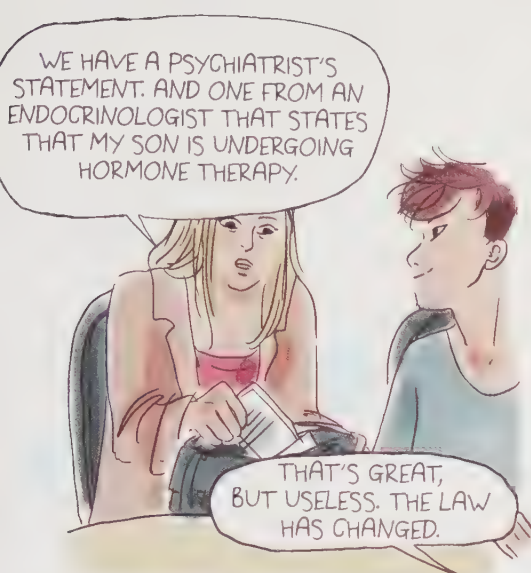
♥♥

★

★

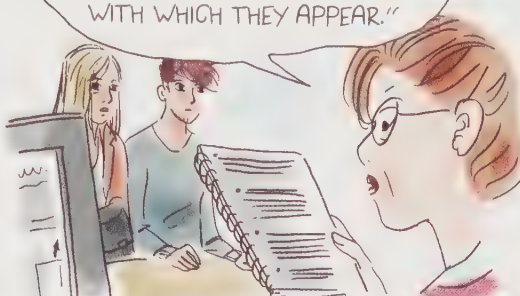






WE HAVE A PSYCHIATRIST'S STATEMENT. AND ONE FROM AN ENDOCRINOLOGIST THAT STATES THAT MY SON IS UNDERGOING HORMONE THERAPY.

THAT'S GREAT, BUT USELESS. THE LAW HAS CHANGED.



ALL INDIVIDUALS SUBMITTING A LEGITIMATE INTEREST CAN MAKE THIS REQUEST. I QUOTE: "IT IS SUFFICIENT TO MAKE THE CASE THAT THE ENTRY CORRESPONDING TO THE SEX ON THEIR BIRTH CERTIFICATE DOES NOT CORRESPOND TO THAT WITH WHICH THEY APPEAR."




UH, OK... COOL!

I'M LOGGING YOUR NEW FIRST NAME ON THE CIVIL REGISTER, AND YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE WILL BE AUTOMATICALLY UPDATED.



AND MY I.D. CARD? THE GENDER PART?

THAT'S NOT CITY HALL'S JOB. YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE HIGH COURT. IT'S FREE.



YOU JUST HAVE TO GO BEFORE A JUDGE.

THAT'S ANNOYING.

## New message

To: info@jeanmonetschool.com

Cc Bcc

Subject: Lila Molina

Dear Sir,

My daughter Lila Molina is enrolled in tenth grade at your high school. I write "my daughter", but in reality my daughter is now my son. Allow me to explain. Last spring, Lila began an identity and gender change by means of hormone therapy. Supervised by a psychiatrist and an endocrinologist, he has become, in everyone's eyes (we his parents, but also his family and friends), a boy. So it is not a young woman who is attending your establishment, but a young man in the midst of a transition. His first name is henceforth Nathan, which has been registered at City Hall.

I would appreciate it if you would call him Nathan Molina, which corresponds with his true identity, even if he still needs to submit his request to the High Court for his identity card to be updated.

In anticipation of your understanding, we send our kindest regards,

Madeleine Molina

Send

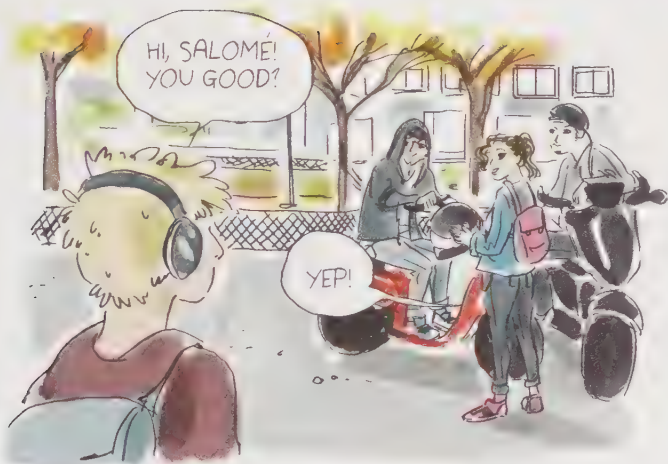
A



I really liked having an older sister, she gave me more hugs. I finally gave Nathan one. He really hasn't changed, actually. The hardest thing is everyone else. Sure, it's his life, but in the meantime it's a lot for me to deal with, and it's starting to piss me off.



HEY, THEO!



HI, SALOMÉ!  
YOU GOOD?

YEP!



YOU'RE THE  
DICKLESS GUY'S  
BROTHER?

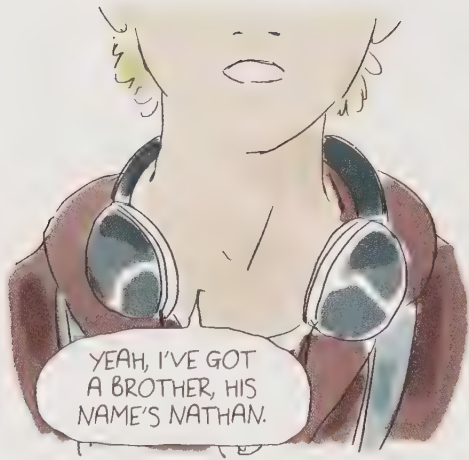


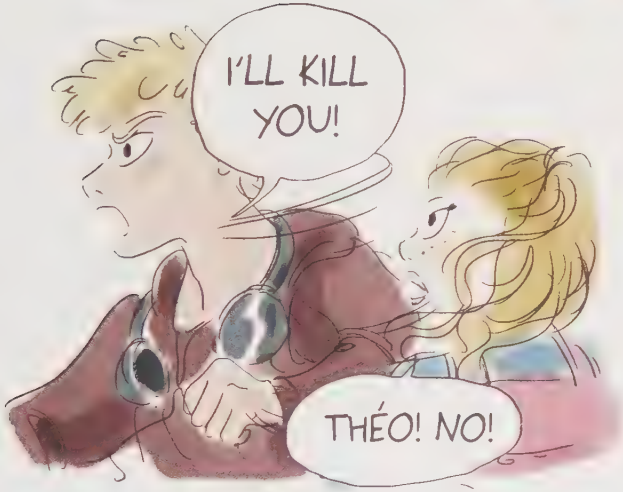
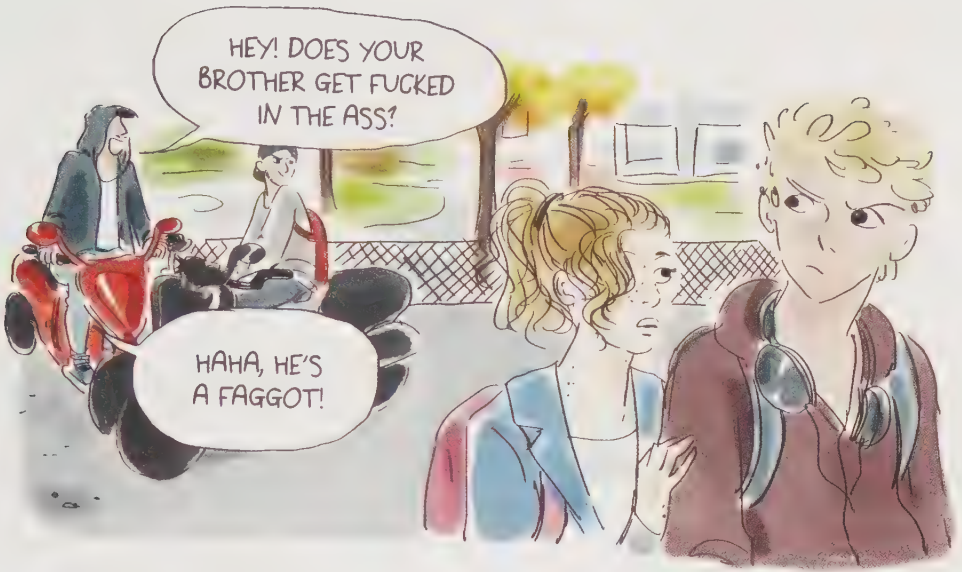
WHAT?

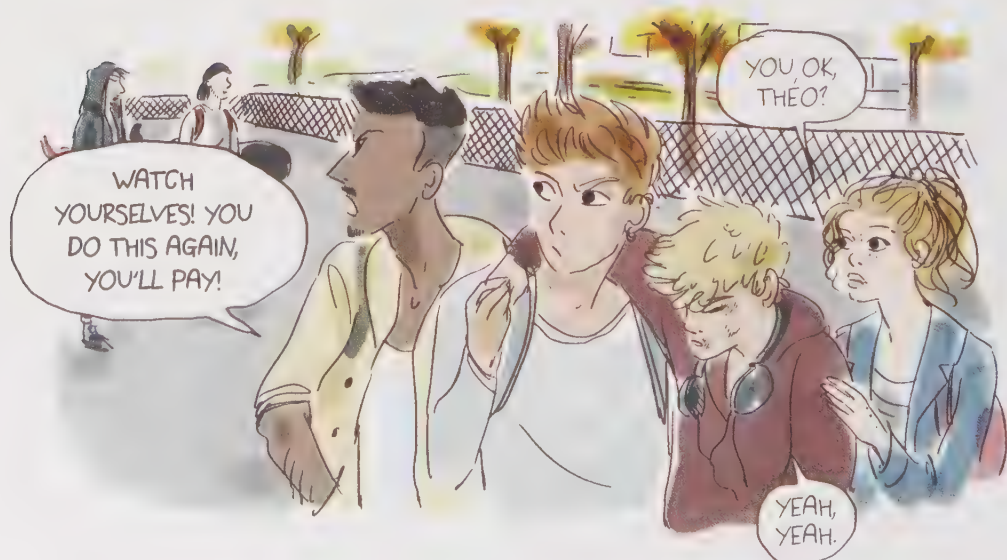
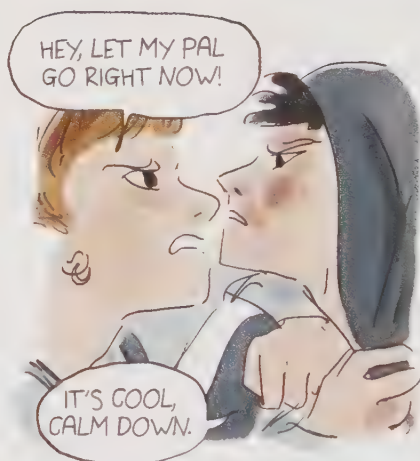
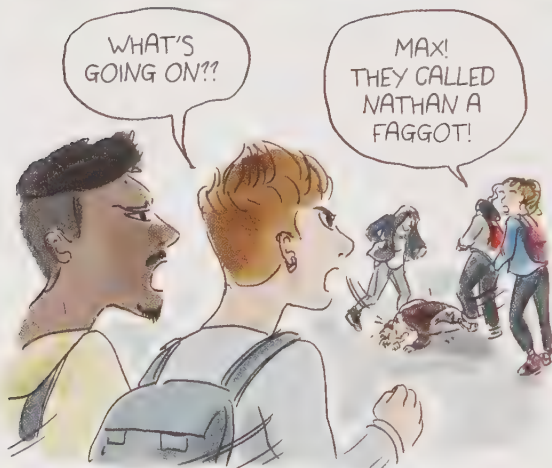
IGNORE HIM.



YEAH, THE GUY  
WITH NO DICK.  
YOU'RE BROS.





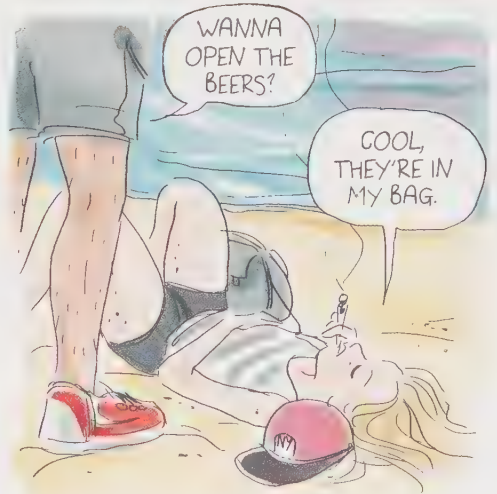
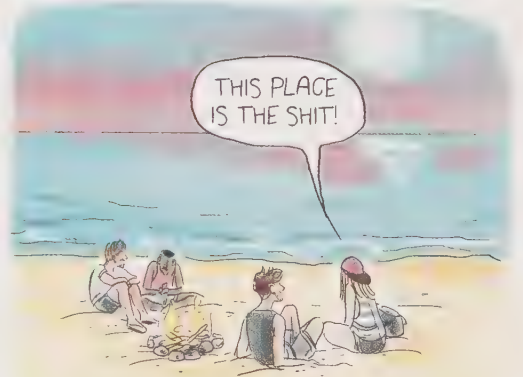
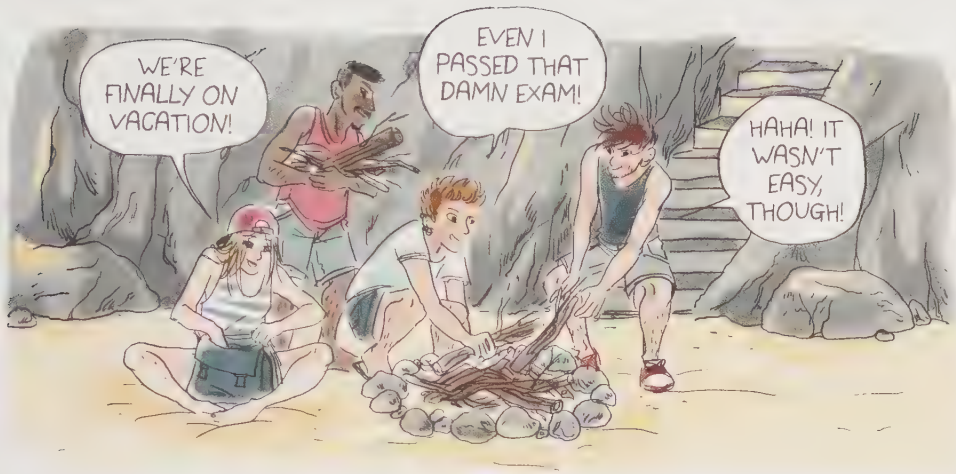


I'M SO  
SORRY,  
THEO.

DON'T BE.

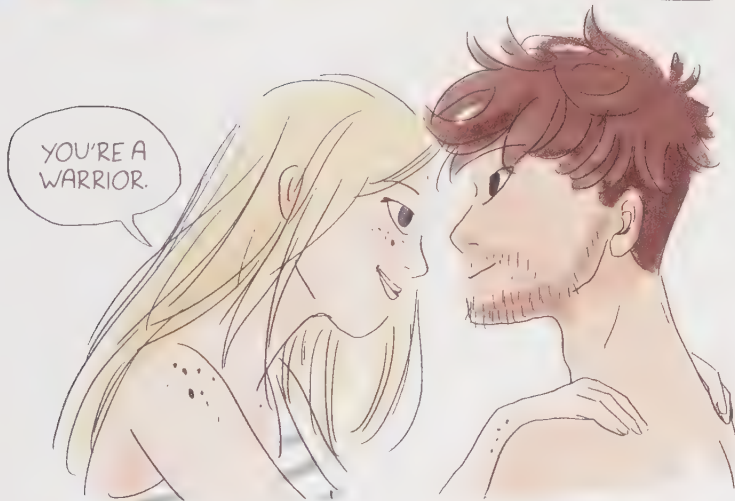
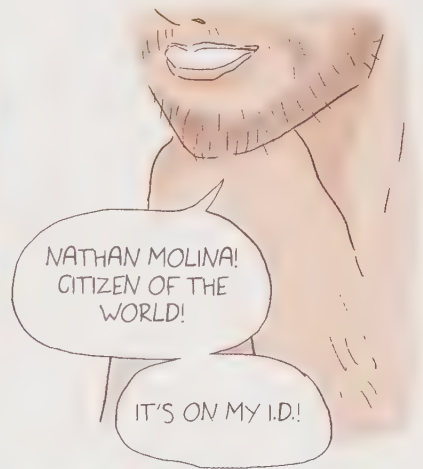
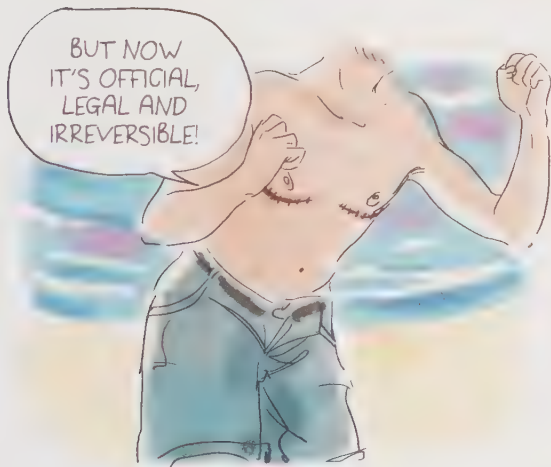
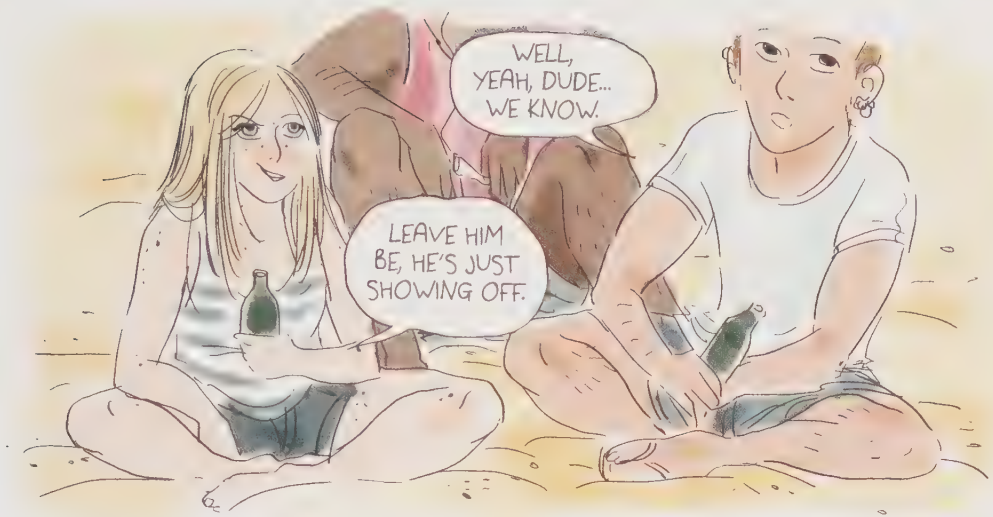


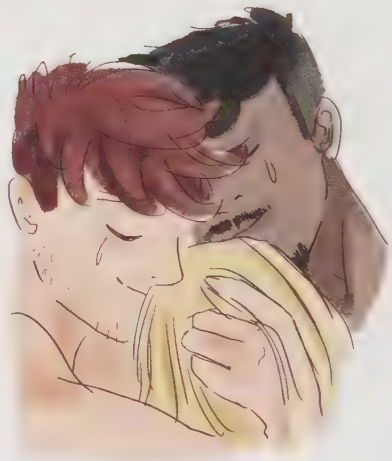
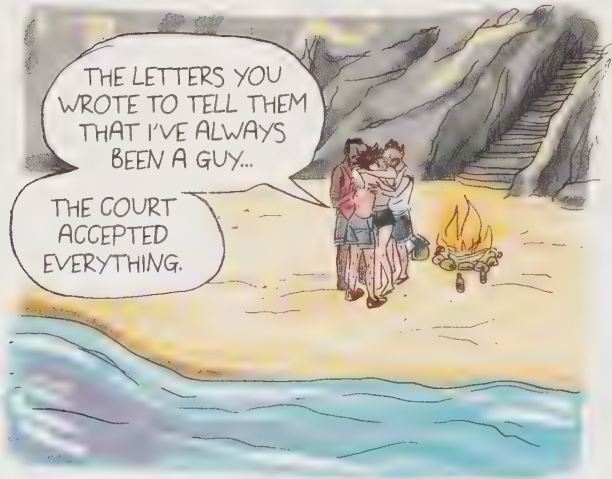






I love my scars, my war wounds. I won this fucking war.

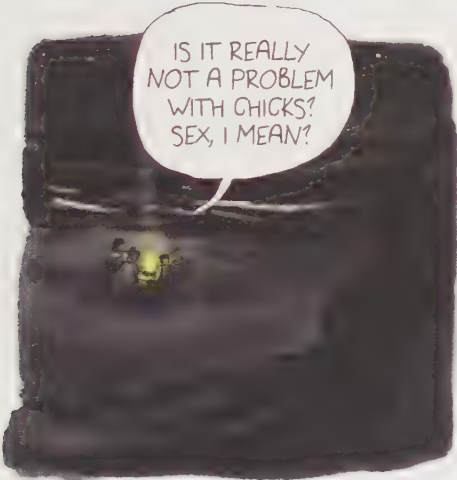






NATHAN...  
CAN I ASK YOU  
A QUESTION?

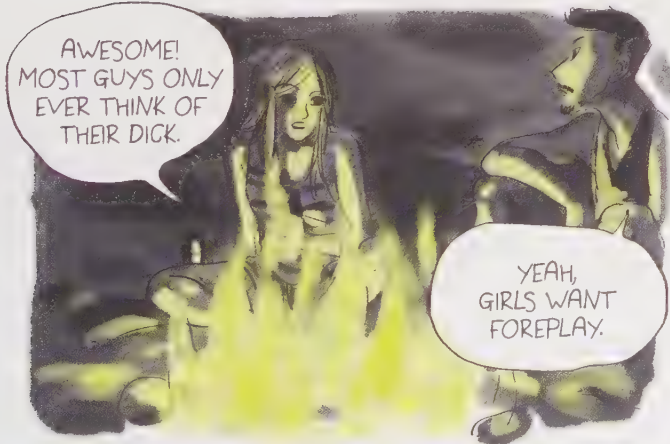
GO AHEAD.



IS IT REALLY  
NOT A PROBLEM  
WITH CHICKS?  
SEX, I MEAN?



THEY'VE TOLD ME  
IT'S BETTER WITH ME,  
BECAUSE I GET HOW  
GIRLS WORK.



AWESOME!  
MOST GUYS ONLY  
EVER THINK OF  
THEIR DICK.

YEAH,  
GIRLS WANT  
FOREPLAY.



FOREPLAY  
DOESN'T EXIST.  
KISSING AND ALL  
THAT, THAT'S  
ALL SEX.





I'M GOLD, GUYS. SHOULD WE PACK IT UP?

YEAH.



YOU COMING, BABE?

GO AHEAD, I'LL CATCH UP.







STARS... DO  
STARS HAVE  
A GENDER?

Thanks!

The real characters from this story wanted to remain mostly anonymous.

Thanks to you, Lucas, for your life and to your exceptional family for your trust.

Thanks to my co-author Quentin, for his infernal talent.

Thanks to Guillaume Prieur, the magical editor without whom this book would not exist.

Thanks to H el ene Fiamma for believing in me. Thank you, Pauline.

In short, you all prove that love is the only way to face anything.

Catherine Castro

Thanks to Mama Odile.

Quentin Zuttion

### Translator's Note

I would like to dedicate the translation of this marvellous book to the trans siblings who are no longer with us. In a world that strives to thwart trans rights at every turn, being able to translate this journey to trans joy has electrified my own gender euphoria and *raison d' tre*. I am so enamoured with Catherine's storytelling and Quentin's visceral, masterful images of trans life, a pairing that brought me to tears through Nathan's highs and lows. Their work transcends boundaries and binaries, and I am delighted that this translation will help to enlighten and engage more readers around the globe. Every trans experience is different, and the publication of *Call Me Nathan* adds yet another touching, genuine stitch to the tapestry of trans literature. My thanks to everyone at SelfMadeHero for their fearless passion to publish this inspiring story in English. And a special thanks to Cleo, Lindsay, Jeffrey, Edward, Emma, Dan, Guillaume and my loving, affirming friends and family.

Trans is beautiful. Trans is a superpower. No one is alone.

Evan McGorray

Originally published in French, this book was translated by **Evan McGorray**, a non-binary literary translator who is passionate about Francophone authors who celebrate gender variance and queer experiences. They live in Ohio, USA.



**Catherine Castro** is a senior reporter at *Marie Claire*. She is the author of several books, and lives in France.



**Quentin Zutton** is an author and illustrator of graphic novels. His work explores bodies, modern love stories and quests of self-discovery. He lives in France.

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MAY 22

Assigned female at birth, Nathan spends his formative years facing questions without answers. As puberty hits and begins to change his body, it all just feels wrong, and something needs to change for it to feel right. He finds himself at a crucial crossroads.

Becoming oneself is the work of a lifetime, no matter our gender, sexuality, or refusal to be limited by such categorizations.

For Nathan, his courageous first steps towards discovering his true self happen through transition.

Based on a true story, Catherine Castro and Quentin Zuttion explore the tenacity and bravery that such a journey entails while society continues to wrestle with the meaning of identity. *Call Me Nathan* issues a moving call for understanding, a powerful denunciation of prejudice, and a celebration of everything it means to love.



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