When I was born I was considered a girl based on my **genitals**. Growing up I was okay with being a girl and being a proper lady until I started to become friends with boys. I began to notice that boys had more freedom and when they played it looked more fun than when girls played with dolls. At the age of 3 I did not care if I played with boys and the boys didn’t care if they played with a girl like me. I was able to play with boys up until the age of 10, because that is when I started to develop and begin the **puberty** process, I was now considered a lady. Therefore, I was forced to follow the **social role theory** as a lady and act different than men when it comes to behaviors and roles that are implied by society.

For my activity experiment I decided to dress up as a man. Not only dress up as a man, but wear cologne, use verbal language as a man, and even watched football games. When it came to finding clothes, it wasn’t as hard as I thought it would be. My father’s jeans don’t fit me because he is smaller than me but I decided to use his shirts. My boyfriend’s jeans fit me a bit loose but I used a belt. Wearing loose jeans and shirts that were also loose on me made me feel like a man. I was okay with wearing loose clothes for a day. The cologne I borrowed from my boyfriend. My boyfriend didn’t like the idea of me dressing as a man or using curse words.

I decided to dress up on Sunday the 8th. On Sunday I went to church, usually for church I wear a dress, but not this time. I went to church dressed in man’s clothing and smelling like a man. My mother did not want me to go to church dressing as a man, but I explained to her it was an experiment. My relatives go to the same church that my family goes to, at the end of church as we met up with my relatives I was asked why I was dressed like a man and I told them because I want to see what it is like being a man. Of course I was not going to tell them it was for class because I wanted to see their reactions. I was right, I got negative reactions. Telling me that I am a girl and need to act and dress like one and I was also told that I wouldn’t be able to find a decent job dressing or acting like a man. I came to the point where I had placed myself in a **schema**, which it hurt to hear the negative comments that came from people I loved. It makes me feel that if I wanted to dress up as a man; I would not be accepted by society but also by my relatives.

After church, my boyfriend and I decided to go to the local store. As we entered the store we held hands, it made my boyfriend feel uncomfortable because he began to get looks from people as if they were wondering if my boyfriend was **homosexual** because he was with a masculine looking/acting girl. The looks we received from people were **gender stereotyping** us because I wasn’t following the **gender role** of a lady and my boyfriend wasn’t following the gender role either because he wasn’t with a lady looking like girlfriend.

Football season started and acting like a man I could not miss the games. I began watching the Raiders play against the Colts with my family and boyfriend. I began to get loud, curse at the players, and even yelled with food in my mouth. I began to feel very uncomfortable, at the beginning I couldn’t even curse. My head would hurt every time I tried to curse, but I started drinking and things became easier to do. Although within two hours I felt nausea and sick, I needed to stop drinking and yelling so much at the television. My parents didn’t like the “new” me.

Acting like a man is something I would never like to do unless I am dressing up for Halloween as a man. I have too much **estrogen hormones** to want to be a man or feel like a man. At times this experiment gave me **role confusion** because I know I’m a girl yet I felt like I had to act like a man. For example when I was out in public, **behavior confirmation** was suggested by the people who were giving me weird looks and also by my relatives’ negative comments. It was hard for me being a girl but having to feel like a man for one day, I can’t help but notice how hard it is for people who have to live through this daily.

Cognitive confirmation and behavior confirmation