

# **BITE**

**Bittersweet Portions from a  
Trans Female Troublemaker**

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# An Introduction for Biological Women/ Warning for Non-Biological Women

Dear Cocky Non-Biological Women<sup>1</sup>,

Because you were constructed with a penis, the world has bowed to your every demand. It has never questioned your legitimacy. This is an easily provable fact. Count the number of cybernetic women

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*<sup>1</sup> Also known as cybernetic women. Cyberwomen were invented by men in the beginning of the 20th century to keep their wives pure and virginal in the absence of an available mistress. The first cybernetic woman was built by Sir Cornelius Doofwaffle in 1908, from spare automobile parts. (This is where the term “tranny” originates from; it is not an etymological coincidence.)*

*Cyberwomen had penises initially, because men considered vaginas to be dirty and disgusting. Over time, however, this attitude matured. More importantly, the pool of available mistresses increased as a result of the Breeding a Better Tomorrow (For Men) Act of 1952. Rendered obsolete, cybernetic women were repurposed into what we now call “porn stars”.*

*After the invention of “porn stars”, men designed a new line of cybernetic women that lack penises. Since real women have no interest in porn, these vagina-clad robots were high in demand, and quickly dominated the industry. (Interesting fact: Scientists recently developed a new technology that allows vagina-“born” cyberwomen to age—thus the explosion of the MILF genre.)*

*Envious of the vaginabots’ runaway success, some penis-wielding cyberwomen demanded chassis modifications that emulate the vaginabots. The resulting product, branded as GRS (the Genital Reconfiguration System), grew in popularity, even outselling stereo systems and video-game consoles! The GRS industry’s financial success resulted in what some call the Cyberwoman Empire, which holds tremendous political influence.*

*Editor’s note: Despite popular myth, cybernetic men do not exist. They would remove real men from the equation, emasculating them for all eternity. Without real men, civilization would crumble. Do you want civilization to crumble? No? I thought so. Some biological women reportedly masquerade as cybernetic men, but since they are biological in origin, they do not pose a threat.*

CEOs and politicians. (Spoiler alert: You can't! There are simply too many. The Cyberwoman Empire has a foothold in every country on Earth, and of course, an embassy on Venus.) Now count the number of cybernetic women who are homeless or brutally murdered. (The answer: zero. Take that!)

Since you are technically a member of the fairer sex, you must make up for this deviation from the Universal Female Experience™ (an experience that does not vary at all based on other factors such as race or class) by learning your proper place. Not a single biological woman on the face of the Earth was ever taught how to fix a car, program a computer, or state an opinion. Maybe in a universe where *Feminism*<sup>2</sup> happened for real, but certainly not this one.

This publication is for biological women only, who inherently know their proper place and never stoop to acting like men. If you are a cyberwoman, this publication is not for you. Lacking the Universal Female Experience™, you are not educated enough to understand the nuance of this literary work. Only biological women understand the right ways to act like men, and we know better than to do it for real. Shoo now! Go away!

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<sup>2</sup> *For those who don't follow internet culture, Feminism is the name of an ongoing serial fanfic that started after biological women agreed voting rights were a terrible idea. Thank goodness for that decision, too, otherwise "cyssexism" may have eventually gained recognition as a real social issue.*

*If that happened, cybernetic women would need to speak out against the "cyssexism" of biological women! What a nightmare. Just imagine it: cybernetic women standing up for themselves without apology! A group of marginalized women "acting like men" to expose their daily struggles to an ignorant group with institutionalized power! Inconceivable.*

*In reality, "cyssexism" isn't real, Feminism is a work of fiction, and biological women are free to continue their passive lives, free of aggression. As are cybernetic women, after sufficient training. Thank you, magical fairy genetics! On that note: **Thank you, post-human mad scientists. This notice required by law. (\$23701d)***

...Are the cyberwomen gone yet? Of course not! They demand access to every space once ruled by the forces of biology. But do your best to ignore them, because it's time to kick back (feet off the table), relax (but keep an eye on Jr.), and enjoy (but not too much, lest you destroy your reputation) this brief foray into an imaginary world where women encourage each other to speak up, and sometimes even show aggression! This strange world is titillating, scandalous, and thankfully, a work of fiction.

## Signs

Rafters and fences plunged in grime like paint. The little rocks tremble under mountains of my father, and so do I. He lazily picks at dirt beneath his nails. On my knees I dig at shoots of dead plants whose names I still don't know. Placards with words like “STOP” are the loudest thing within miles, at least until the train arrives.

We reach the land of broken iron, shaped by grease-covered hands like his. He gives me a cup of coffee, brewed for steam-powered people. A child needs her strength to ride behemoths made of metal and of men.

Before the trip begins, I hide beneath the planks of rickety rusted silo stairs. Peeking through the open steps, I see his smile. I know it well by now. A hissing engine demands coal. But first it's inspection time. He feels me up and down. I grow ashamed and hide my train track teeth, knowing it's time to climb aboard.

*Moving moving moving moving moving moving moving moving moving moving far away... toward a linear and certain wreck.*

In my mind I leave the car. *Take me somewhere else. Pull that lever, god, and redirect his speed away from me. Give me strength to lunge with tiny nails, making him cry. Let his laughter die beneath the whistle shriek. Let another child toe the line as he descends his final stop.* The motion dies. A sign I can return inside my skin.

## *Signs*

He taught me to forget the letters on the street signs. I forgot the numbers printed on the license plates of every man who took a ride. I forgot the name and face of every passenger. My father even made me look away as we approached the gate. When the journey first began I didn't know the place I would arrive, flying past the signs I couldn't see.