

## Ohio Testimony

My name is Prisha Mosley. I was 15 years when I began my social transition with a legal name change, change of hair and clothes, and by binding my breasts. Even social transition is dangerous and *step one* caused permanent damage to my back and ribs.

I already had pre-existing diagnosis of OCD, anorexia, anxiety, depression, and borderline personality disorder when I saw my WPATH certified gender therapist at 17 years old. The trans community found me, vulnerable and naïve, and convinced me that I had been born in the wrong body. They told me that I needed a “letter of recommendation” which would unlock hormones and surgery. So I went online, without my parents, and found the therapist who wrote me my letter in one, 15 minute appointment.

Testosterone was injected into my anorexic body by a pediatric endocrinologist in the same hospital where I was seeing a nutritionist for my severe eating disorder and receiving stitches for cutting.

Testosterone was covered by insurance, and I was assured that if it wasn't, my doctor could change the codes to make sure it was.

I live in constant regret and frequent sorrow, but the regret is not the worst part. Testosterone had severe side effects which have robbed me of my quality of life. I am in pain. My neck, back, and shoulders burn, and it never stops. My joints ache.

My genitals are painful, and atrophied. I have heard what has happened to them be compared to female genital mutilation, and I agree. Parts of my vagina have atrophied away. It is so small that I can no longer use tampons.

I suffered for years with ovarian cysts for which I went to the ER. I was told that testosterone caused my uterus to fold over. There were signs of uterine prolapse.

I do not know now if I am fertile, but I do not believe I am. I am 25 now, and received help for my mental health and trauma, and I want to have children now. What I do know is that I will never be able to breastfeed. My breasts were removed. I never felt like they belonged to me, and now they are gone. I will go my whole life without knowing how it feels to feed a child, and will suffer forever with phantom breast syndrome instead.

Testosterone also took my singing voice away. I used to be an operatic singer, and I wanted to have a singing career when I was young. I cannot do that with a crushed larynx.

Testosterone causes the overgrowth of many parts of the female body, and what happens on the outside, happens on the inside as well. My wide shoulders match my thickened, widened heart and increased risk for heart attack. I am also at increased risk for stroke. My life has likely been shortened by testosterone abuse.

My trauma and mental illness made me susceptible to two social contagions. It started with anorexia, and was followed by gender ideology. The difference is that my anorexia was not affirmed by my doctors or the adults around me, but my trans-identity was. I was denied liposuction at the same time that my breasts were cut off. Teenage girls are a demographic known for falling victim to social contagions. Please protect others from becoming permanent medical patients like me.