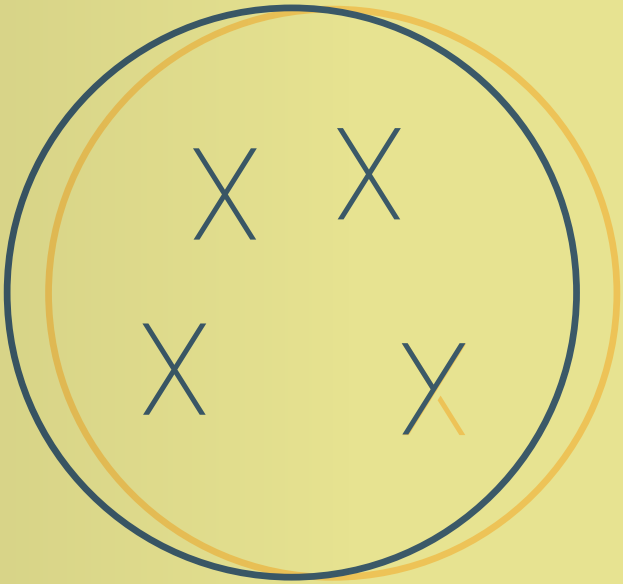


CHIMÉRA

Vladimíra Kotra



CHIMÉRA

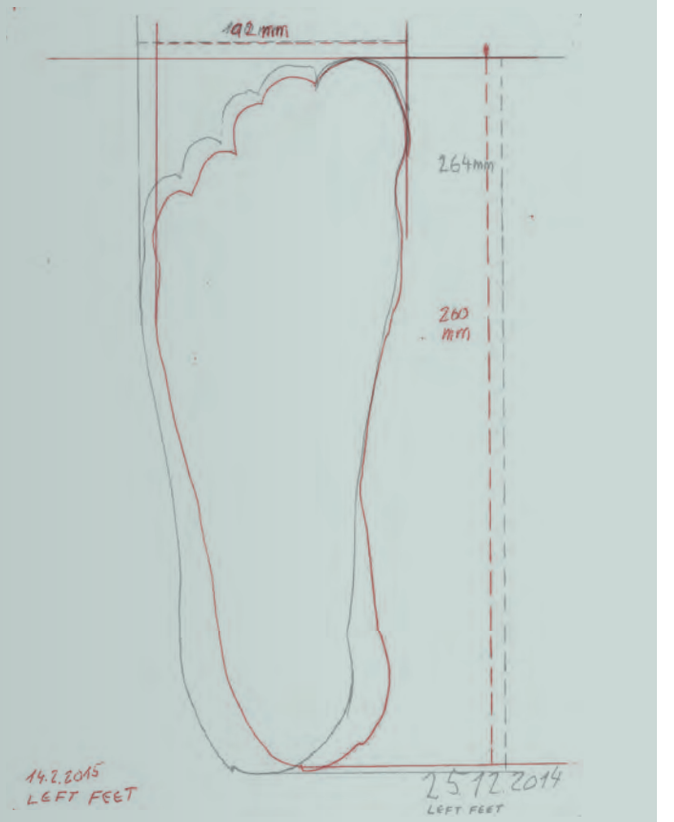
Vladimíra Kotra

Vladimíra Kotra

CHIMÉRA

2018

dedicated to Gabi


192 mm
264mm
260 mm
14.2.2015
LEFT FEET
25.12.2014
LEFT FEET















BEING A TRANS IS GREAT AND I'M PROUD OF IT!

Posted on 01/03/2015 by Gabi

Hello, my name is Gabriela R. Novotná, I'm 27 years old, I live close to Prague and I'm a trans woman. I realized this on 1st November 2014, even though there'd been some earlier indications. The most important ones appeared probably as early as in the summer of 2008 and 2011. And in puberty, too, actually, when I'd go on gay dates with shaved legs and wore ladies' underwear. I was "Gothic" mainly because I could — without punishment — to have my eyes and lips painted, to wear a lady's coat and to smoke cigarettes with a long tip. I often ask myself, "What if I didn't...?" but it's not worth thinking about it. I'm here and now, we can't go back in time.

For the rest of my life, I will remember the first feeling that struck me right after I confessed the truth to myself. It was a relief. It was like giant stone falling down from my back. FINALLY, after all these years of searching, testing and futile stylization into something, I KNEW WHO AND WHAT I WAS! I was so relieved that I was crying for another hour and a half. Then I came to my senses and asked myself: "What are you going to do about it?" It took about 0.064 second to decide for the change (or better to say reparation) of my sex. My masculine existence (and I realize this as late as now) had hurt me and tormented me so much that it wasn't scary nor painful to throw away my entire life and to start again. It was beautiful and liberating. The next four days I was like on drugs and it was like a never-ending trip. Everything was colorful and merry, other people were happy and good. At least in my head :-D And so the reparation of my sex started with this extremely positive feeling that gave me strength for the next few months and which I'll keep remembering for a long time. In the coming weeks, there were less cheerful and psychologically challenging moments such as hatred for one's own appearance, disgust with myself and reproaches for not admitting my sex before. But I overcame them quite well, mainly thanks to the trans sections on Reddit because there I saw that I wasn't the only one who had such problems and I started to take them as part of the process and something to overcome.

At first, I was terribly afraid to tell the others about myself. I couldn't imagine how they would react. In this respect, Reddit didn't help me much and reading an infinite number of posts on the topics such as "Parents /



Girlfriend/Wife/Friends Rejected Me, I'm Completely Alone and I Don't Know What to Do" doesn't add to one's self-confidence either. The first person whom I told about it was my wife Katka. She accepted it without question! At first, I couldn't speak about it clearly, but when I finally poured my heart out to her, her reaction was "And is that all?" Immediately, she offered to address me in the female gender. I wasn't ready for that. Although our relationship broke down later (because of me) and Katka moved away, we keep being the best female friends :)

Then, I told about it to the first friend. He responded by saying: "I thought that it'd be something like that." And we keep being friends. Then, there was another friend, then his girlfriend, then another friend, another and more and more. They all have accepted it. Equally well, or at least neutrally, it was accepted by Katka's family. Out of 15 people to whom I'd told about it, the only one took it negatively "like on Reddit." He wrote me that I was nasty and that he would smash my mouth when he would meet me (later he withdrew his menace) and we deleted one another from Facebook. Until now, it's been the only negative experience.

This incredibly positive support from my friends gave me a great spur to change my sex. I stopped my business, cancelled all other activities and stopped thinking about how much it would cost. I put all my efforts and resources to the single goal: to look like a woman, to feel like a woman, to be accepted as a woman. Just to live like a woman. And so, in mid-November, I started sex therapy, removed the birthmarks with laser, ordered the first laser epilation and embarked on lots of other adventures. At home, I was dressing just like a girl, trying make-up, wearing an appalling wig from the market and imagining how beautiful and happy I was.

The break came on 18th December, when, after months of preparation and shopping, I went out as a girl for the first time. The day itself was quite hectic. In the morning, I went to Olomouc to freeze my sperm (the hormone therapy causes infertility). Then, in the evening, I had the therapy session and then a meeting of Trans community. My friend Vlaďka helped me with the makeup, and when I first saw myself in the mirror in the "final" form, I immediately realized "that's it" and that I never wanted to look differently. Finally, I was happy and more than delighted about myself! My brain almost blew out of those extra endorphins! The evening was excellent, the therapist liked me, an elderly man flirted with me in the lift, and the girls at the Trans community meeting were very nice.

Well, since then I've been living my female life and I'm happy. As a man, I went out for the last time on 8th January 2015 to meet a divorce lawyer. I experienced a short but intense trans lesbian romance with another lady who is like me. Unfortunately, it didn't work, but I have nice memories at least :-) I changed the sexologist to get hormones faster and since 20th January I've had my testosterone blocked and since 14th February I've been taking estrogen.

At the end of February, I published a post on FB that I was a woman and that I wanted to live like a woman. There weren't many reactions and those that appeared were positive. This morning I deleted my old (male) profile on FB. The last big thing that awaits me is to reconcile with my mom. We've not seen each other during the last 5 years, I don't think she even knows that I got married, let alone that I'm a trans. That will be the last big challenge but I believe that I can handle it just like everything before.

I'm proud! I'm proud of myself that I've done so much in such a short time and that I'm finally living my life that I've wanted to live. I'm proud of Katka and her family, my friends and former classmates. You all were and are great! Without you, I couldn't do anything and I'd be crying somewhere in the corner like a rat. I'm proud of other people whom I've met on the road so far and who've approached me with respect and understanding. You've proven that when you get a chance, you can be tolerant and open.

For that, I'm very grateful to you all.

Gabi





SEX, HORMONES AND ROCK ‘N’ ROLL

Posted on 03/03/2015 by Gabi

The sixth week of hormonal therapy is starting and, in my opinion, that’s a good time to sum up what has happened. On New Year’s Eve in 2014, I was so much pleased about my new look that the hormonal therapy was something far away from me, something that would start later in six months and I didn’t think about it. But as it’d happened many times before, everything would change in the next 48 hours.

More, or less out of boredom and under the influence of Reddit, I’ve made a profile on one foreign dating site. To my surprise, there were over 1,500 people from the Czech Republic and among them Julie. Julie is as old as me and we’ve got similar interests, she’s also nice looking and trans. We started to write each other on the New Year and the very next day we went on a date. I’ll abstain from the splendid description of our romantic encounter and speak to the point.

Not only sex but also the prelude itself was absolutely amazing, especially for Julia. She was experiencing it all incredibly deeply and intensively, every touch made a storm of sensations and emotions in her. It fascinated me, shocked me, and it made me envy. Julie, with her hyper-feminine behaviour, unconsciously (maybe a little consciously) pushed me into the male role, which was even enhanced by being 10 cm higher and 15 kg heavier than she was, and of course I didn’t like that. In fact, while being at home, it provoked a strong depression in me. I felt ugly, smelly like a sweating man, I thought that I was like “wood” in bed and totally useless. I can’t remember if Julie had told me herself, or I’d somehow figured it out by myself, but I learned that her hormones were the cause of her intense feelings.

I feel envy in a different way than the majority of people. I’m not saying to myself, “That fucker has got that and me not,” I’m not projecting my negative emotions on other people. Instead, I focus on what I envy and how to obtain it. Envy stimulates me positively to get what I would otherwise find hard to get. I envied Julia her hormones like nothing else. It burned me from inside and I couldn’t think about anything else. From one lady at Trans meetings, I knew that my sexologist was quite conservative about hormonal treatment and that she was prescribing only a minimal and “safe” dose. So, I went looking for another doctor. Dr. Fifková has a great reputation, but if I wanted her treatment, I’d still be waiting for the





first meeting (really). Another doctor, Dr. Procházka, wouldn't answer his phone for a week. So, after this week with the Czech healthcare system, I gave up and opted for DIY HRT or self-treatment.

It means that I manage all the aspects of the treatment myself. This has one advantage: that there's the absolute control, and three disadvantages: I pay for everything by myself, I've got to know exactly what I'm doing and that my doctors will make problems about the surgical change of my sex. Another disadvantage is that the drugs necessary for the therapy are only on prescription and can't be delivered from abroad, because the Customs Office would confiscate them. So, I've devised a "James Bond style" plan in which I'd have the hormones delivered to Poland (they've other laws and it'd pass through easily) to the rented P.O. box and every three months I'd have to go there to pick them up. Of course, I studied the *Endocrinological Manual for the Hormone Therapy for Transsexual Patients* and lots of posts on Reddit that deal with this topic. Moreover, laboratory tests can be done in the Czech Republic quickly and for reasonable money.

But there was another unexpected event. One girl from the Czech Republic wrote on Reddit that her new sexologist, during her first visit, prescribed her Androcur (an anti-androgen or testosterone blocker) and put there his name. I'm leaving his name for myself, I don't want that he's overwhelmed with dozens of e-mails from trans people wanting hormones :-D Early on Monday morning, I called him and the nurse made the appointment for the next Tuesday. Meanwhile, I'd had several other encounters with Julie, all of which ended with sex and because we both wanted to "play a girl" our antagonism was deepening more and more. At least from my side, of course. Julie spoke about it at one of our encounters and we were quite open about it but then it was even worse for me. After a few days, we had an argument during lunch (I'll have negative feelings about a restaurant Čestr for a long time). The next day we reconciled with each other but I felt that it wasn't going to be the same. That was on Monday, the day before the first visit of the new sexologist. We saw each other on Tuesday morning and then nevermore. So, while leaving for the appointment, my first trans lesbian romance ended. Of course, the doctor wasn't from Prague, otherwise it'd have been very easy. I was about to spend a few hours on train and then other 20 minutes on public transport. Finally, I arrived at the hospital and found the waiting room without much trouble. The doctor let me wait but then he went straight to the point. Considering the fact that I'd been a girl for about two weeks at that time, and naturally that I was talking of myself as of a woman, he quickly realized that I was really trans and he didn't have any doubts. An interesting break came when he asked me what I was doing. I answered that I was "trading on stock market," which raised a great deal of his interest and we weren't talking about anything else for another 15 minutes. Then we spoke about the possible side effects of hormone therapy and possible risks for about 5 minutes. He quickly noticed that I was more than well informed and remarked dryly, "so I'll prescribe you that Andocur." And then he actually prescribed it. And handed me the prescription. I stood there gazing on the piece of paper as if there was written something about the meaning of life. There was "Androcur 2 × 50 mg."

The next morning, I was speeding 120km/h on the Mělník-Prague highway to visit a private lab because we'd made an agreement with the doctor to prescribe me estrogen only after seeing the results of my liver tests. Wasting my time at endocrinology isn't really my style. I went for blood tests, paid more or less a 1000 CZK, and obtained the results in an afternoon e-mail. The paper results, stamped and signed by the laboratory, arrived about a week later by the post. All the tests had good results, it turned out that despite my not very healthy lifestyle I was healthy above average and that there's nothing preventing me from undergoing hormonal treatment.

So, I started to take Androcur. The first change came in about two days. The total loss of erectile function, libido and wish to have sex. Just like switching off the light. I stopped complaining like an idiot about small things and really calmed down. With medication, I had to start eating twice a day on regular basis. Once or twice, I didn't eat before taking Androcur and my "reward" was an hour of intensive burning pain in the liver. After two weeks, I began to be gently and nostalgically maudlin at almost every occasion. Fortunately, it was over after a week or so. I didn't notice other changes, or I don't remember them now.

After three weeks, this time on Friday, I went for another session with the doctor. The plan was clear. To get estrogen! The blood tests were alright but my Cossack boots, short skirt, neckline blouse and a porn-star make-up weren't necessary for my success :-D

This time, he let me wait for about 30 minutes, which made me slightly upset, but I didn't let it be known. He greeted me, praised my outfit, briefly scrutinized test's results, asked what was new and then there came an embarrassing silence. I said to myself, "now, or never," and with a shuddering voice asked, "do you think that we could start with Estradiol?" The doctor, almost without moving a muscle, just looked at me and said, "Do you mean Estrofem? Yes, why not. Your tests are fine. Let's write the prescription."





Barely could I hold back the explosions and fireworks of enthusiasm in my brain and I peacefully planned the doses and the length of their prescription. The next morning, I put my first pill under the tongue and the ride started. I saw light changes in my psyche and perception the very next day. About a week later, my skin began to soften and lighten and the first signs of Nano breasts began to appear. Within 10 days of taking estrogen, I experienced a rapid rise of libido associated with a few days of very pubertal behaviour. My self-perception and relationships with other people changed fundamentally. Suddenly, the others started to be more important to me. And I started wanting someone to like me, hug me, cuddle me and I began to cry again at every occasion :-D

Today, it's my 17th day on estrogen. The Nano breasts are already turning into visible and touchable micro breasts. I don't cry so much in order not to smudge my make-up and I find a slight "difference" in my face. In three weeks, I'll have another session with the doctor and, depending on the results of the blood tests, I'd like to suggest increasing the dose to 3× 2 mg of Estrofem daily. So, hold your fingers for me, may it come true.

I hope that I haven't bored you with such a long reading, but I haven't surpassed the limit of 1,500 words :-D

Bye,

Gabi







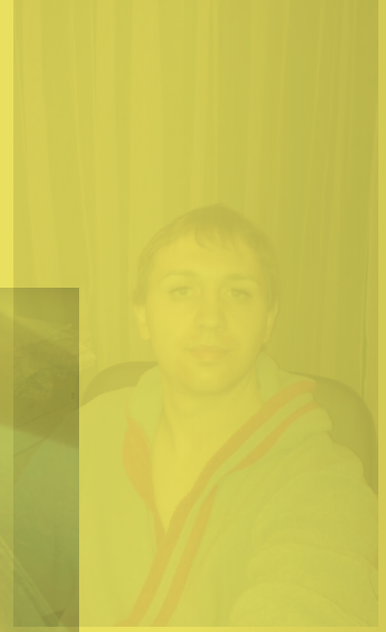






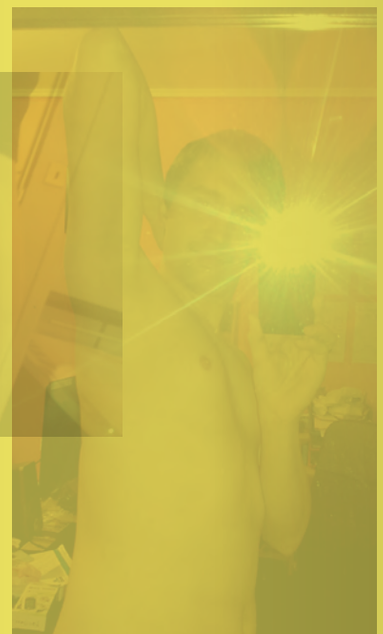
The more hormones I take,
the more romantic shit
from the 80s I listen to.
Correlation or causality?





Diagnose isn't something that should make us different from the others.
On the contrary, it gives us some sense about our life and identity.





The people on the public transport are
staring as usual. What would they say if
they knew what I have under my clothes?

The more hormones I take,
the more romantic shit
from the 80s I listen to.
Correlation or causality?

Diagnose isn't something that should make us different from the others.
On the contrary, it gives us some sense about our life and identity.

The people on the public transport are
staring as usual. What would they say if
they knew what I have under my clothes?

The more hormones I take,
the more romantic shit
from the 80s I listen to.
Correlation or causality?



Diagnose isn't something that should make us different from the others.
On the contrary, it gives us some sense about our life and identity.



The people on the public transport are
staring as usual. What would they say if
they knew what I have under my clothes?



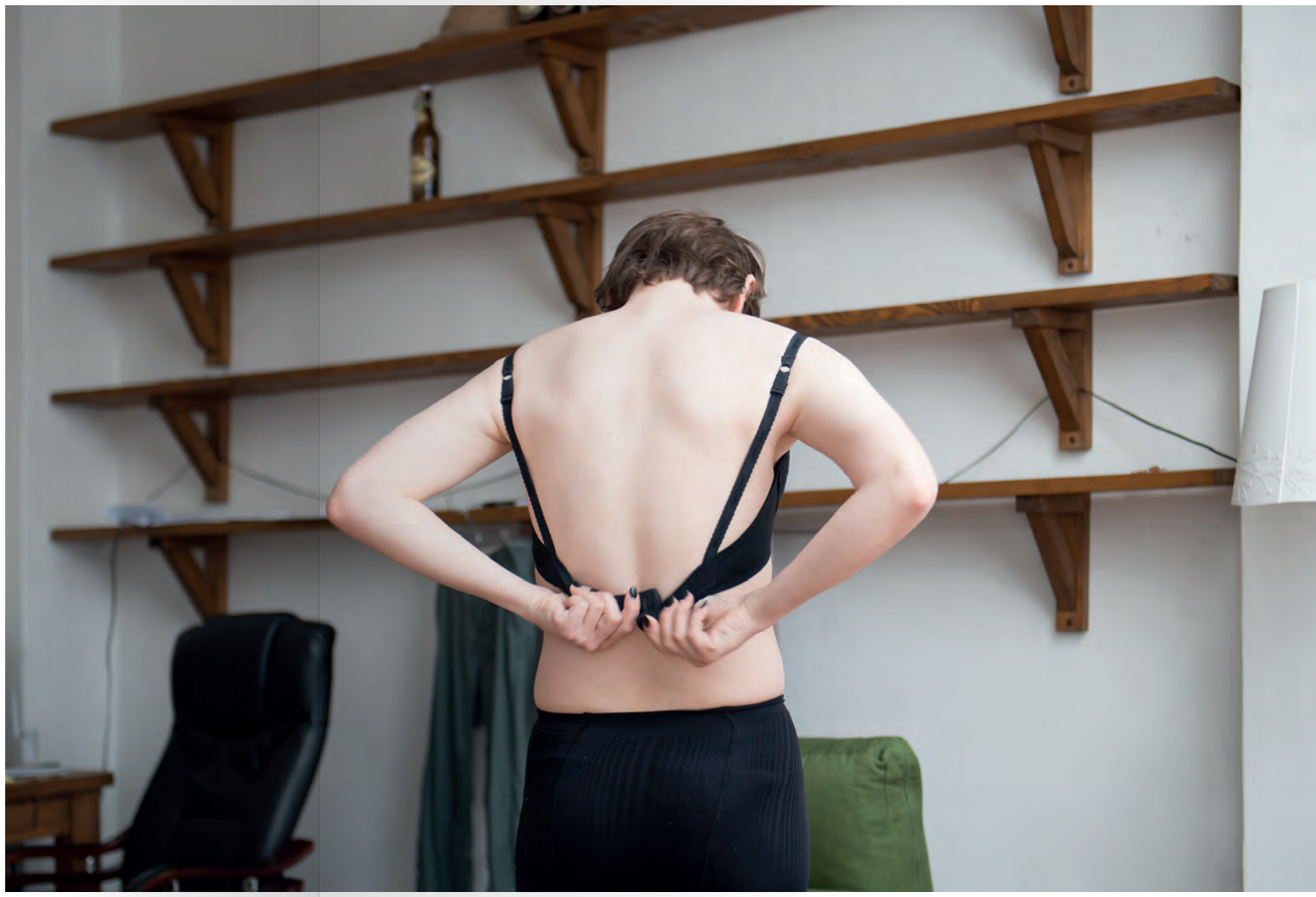


The more hormones I take,
the more romantic shit
from the 80s I listen to.
Correlation or causality?

Diagnose isn't something that should make us different from the others.
On the contrary, it gives us some sense about our life and identity.

The people on the public transport are
staring as usual. What would they say if
they knew what I have under my clothes?

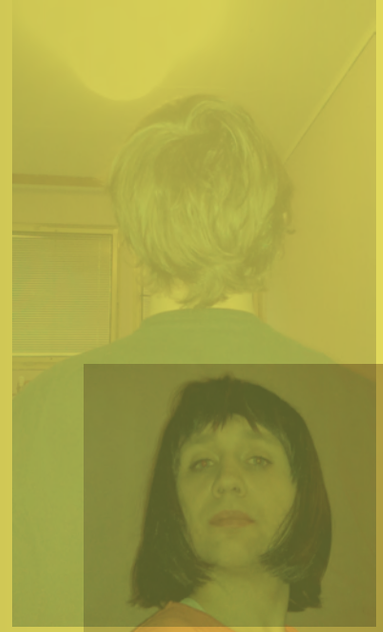




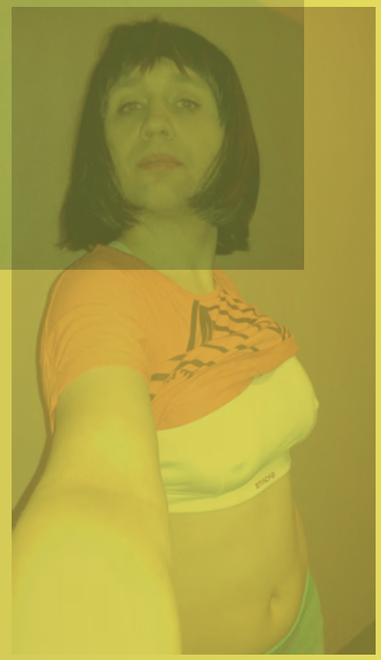






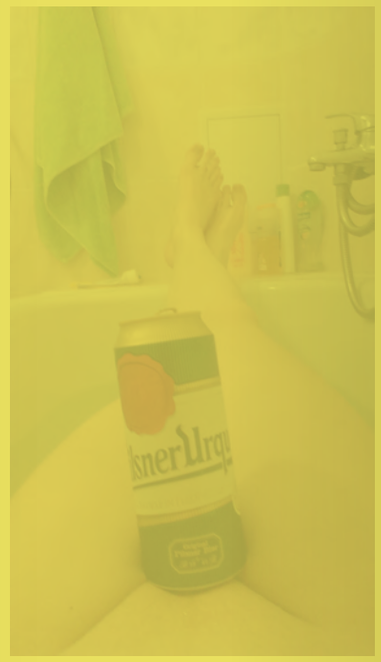


Perhaps, I'll buy the milk
Tatra, I'll tilt my head back,
put my tongue out, and pour
it to my mouth in front of
the people at the bus stop.



What can change
the nature of a man?

A professional differs from
an amateur in that even if
he doesn't want to and he's
fed up, he bites the bullet,
makes the effort and goes
further. The time's come
for a professional.



Perhaps, I'll buy the milk
Tatra, I'll tilt my head back,
put my tongue out, and pour
it to my mouth in front of
the people at the bus stop.

What can change
the nature of a man?

A professional differs from
an amateur in that even if
he doesn't want to and he's
fed up, he bites the bullet,
makes the effort and goes
further. The time's come
for a professional.

Perhaps, I'll buy the milk
Tatra, I'll tilt my head back,
put my tongue out, and pour
it to my mouth in front of
the people at the bus stop.



What can change
the nature of a man?

A professional differs from
an amateur in that even if
he doesn't want to and he's
fed up, he bites the bullet,
makes the effort and goes
further. The time's come
for a professional.





Perhaps, I'll buy the milk
Tatra, I'll tilt my head back,
put my tongue out, and pour
it to my mouth in front of
the people at the bus stop.

What can change
the nature of a man?

A professional differs from
an amateur in that even if
he doesn't want to and he's
fed up, he bites the bullet,
makes the effort and goes
further. The time's come
for a professional.




FEMALE TO LATEX DOLL
TRANSFORMATION PLAN





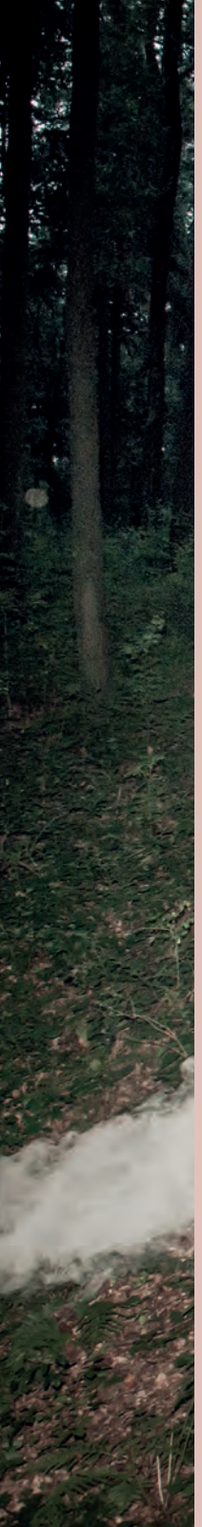
SEX, MASK, RAINCOAT

"Where did the atoms out of which my body is composed come from? We think and therefore we exist, or do we have to exist first in order that we could think? How's that that the speed of light is always constant? And why does heavy water moderate nuclear fission better than the ordinary one?" These're rather difficult questions, don't you think? My parents thought so, too, when I started to ask about such things at the age of four. And probably they cursed my grandfather, a retired university professor at that time, that he confused my head with such "nonsense."

But it wasn't his fault. I was born like this. He only recognized my abilities first and helped me to develop them. It's so. I was a so-called "miraculous child," a person with intelligence in the scale of extremely above--average. Perhaps, it sounds like a super win and a ticket for the successful life but it seemed nothing "miraculous" to me at that time and it means even less to me today. Being super smart has also its darker aspects and there are not just few of them. The first one is that it can't be, in reality, turned off. The brain is so powerful that it simply pushes itself into thinking. Incessantly. I couldn't turn it off as "normal" people who simply sit down to watch the TV, listen to music, play on the computer, or do sports. This has never worked for me at all.

The second negative was that I'd been surpassing my parents as far as the intelligence is concerned perhaps since the very beginning. Frankly speaking, they're not any "illuminati," a locksmith and a cleaner with a primary school education. They weren't stupid, not at all. But, unfortunately, the intelligence gap was so deep between us that we became completely alienated over time and maintained a foster care rather than a family relationship. In addition, during my childhood, their marriage began to fall apart and, as a part of this process, they're playing their little selfish drama full of foul tricks, intrigues and they're using my little being as a weapon against one another. Well, this destroyed our mutual relationship completely.

The third negative was worst of all. Absolutely, I didn't fit into any group. My peers weren't equal. They were just learning to read, write and count and I was calculating how much energy the Sun would release from the year 2000 until its final transformation into a white dwarf a few billion years later. I remember exactly when I was telling about one science fiction



story that I saw the day before (I think it was *Return to the Future*) to one classmate and when I was in half of a sentence, I saw how he wasn't getting the meaning even of the words that I was just saying. My then vocabulary and expressions were just beyond his comprehension. This, of course, was frustrating for both of us. Logically, he was feeling like an "idiot," even if he wasn't, and I was angry and lonely because nobody understood me. I was shunning my peers because of this, and if I could, I preferred the adult company. But they took me (naturally) as a child, so I didn't belong anywhere. The physical and verbal bullying of my person in a group of children of my age was then an obvious by-product, because whoever is different, must be punished, right…

The turning point came in the in the middle of the first school year when the teacher took us to a public library. The other kids didn't really enjoy it, they played, or were angry, but I felt like in a dream. The very same day, my parents signed the application and in the afternoon, I obtained my first library card. From that day on until I was twelve, I was spending nearly every afternoon in the library. I read 1084 books during that time, the vast majority were scientific books. I know that exactly because I had the printout from the borrowing register that I put into the envelope with the From that time on, I was doing nothing else than absorbing, sorting, and processing information between which I was looking for links and connections, from which I eventually created synthetic systems of knowledge. I didn't live as a human but as a constantly learning supercomputer or, more precisely, a neural network.

I was very close to end up just like another, similarly "miraculous" child named Brandenn E. Bremmer. At the age of three, he learned to read, write and play the piano, at seven he finished the primary school, at ten high school, then he became the youngest student at the university, and at fourteen, he shot himself in the head…

Fortunately, I soon discovered three ways how to control my mind and I could finally live the present moment undisturbedly. Finally, there wasn't any "I think, therefore I exist," but "I sense because I exist."

The first one was fire and explosives. As a child, I loved them both. At least once a week, I set something on fire or blew it up with the black gun powder that I got from the firecrackers.

It fascinated me to watch things burning and even to watch the fire itself. As it moves, changes, how it consumes everything that it touches. I had the similar feeling with explosions but it was stronger. With an open mouth, I was often watching how toys and articles of daily need were being torn apart with deafening blasts reverberating around. When the pressure wave hit me, I was experiencing true and genuine ecstasy. The tetralogy *Chemistry and Technology of Explosives* by Tadeusz Urbanski became my Bible. Even today, I can quote some passages by heart.

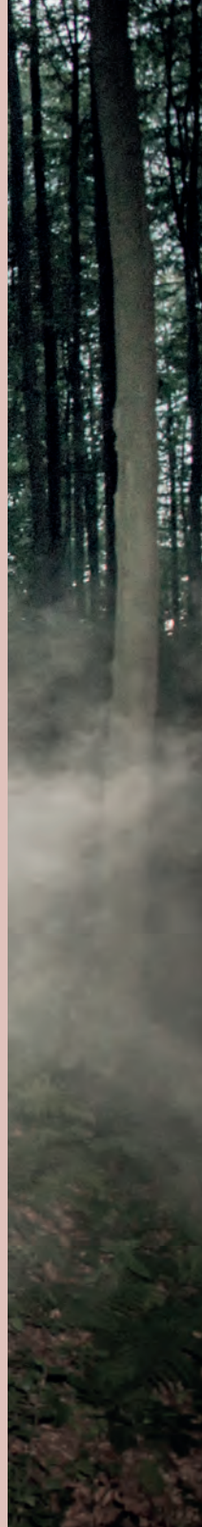
Later, I also managed to manufacture my own electric ignitors and detonators. Several times, I even manufactured and successfully tested a real electric ignition bomb made from the DAP explosive and a few incendiary napalm bombs.

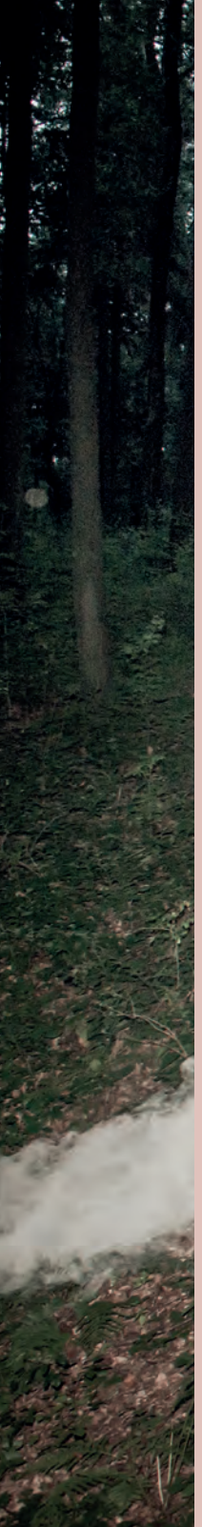
(I have to add that I've never really destroyed anything and never harmed anyone, myself included. I was making these explosions in the crater from tailings that was left behind one of the former mines close to Orlová. When I was 13, I lost the interest for this activity and since then pyromania or explosives have lost attraction for me. As an adult, I tried it several times once again out of curiosity, however, as a superficial minstrel would say: The flame of passion for the fire burning within me has forever extinguished.)

Appendix: I was writing this text for a while and during that time I realized that my passion for fire and explosives hasn't burned out but that it's turned into a lifetime fascination with nuclear weapons and nuclear engineering in general. My main motivation wasn't the destruction as such but the sense of power and control over the forces that exceed me many times. And, in this respect, nothing is more powerful than to have the control over an atomic reactor with a heat output of over 3000 megawatts or watching a hydrogen bomb test ;)

The second way was masturbation. I discovered it thanks to my parents who, in order to make me a "more normal" person, bought a colour television and video and brought it to my child's room. Yes, it's like that. In 1994, I had a colour television and a video in the child's room. Another TV was in the bedroom and the other one accompanied by a video recorder and a satellite receiver was in the living room. We could buy all this because, as I wrote, my parents weren't stupid. The combination of a video player, a video recorder and a friend working at a video rental store equalled fairly decent profit in the mid-1990s ;)

But to go back to the topic of my writing. I started to masturbate at the age of six after being inspired by a nightly erotic film on TV Nova. Of course, my parents wouldn't let me watch it, but since they were putting these films late and mostly after my parents would go to sleep, they didn't know that I was watching such things. I didn't do it with my hands then but I was stimulating the genitals with a powerful stream of water from the shower. I did it every night while bathing, always for 15 minutes. 15 minutes of presence. 15 minutes of ecstasy. Soon, the physical pleasure became the





long-sought counterpart to the power of my own thinking and I was getting more and more passionate about it. Gradually, I began experimenting. I changed positions (on my back with my legs in the sling, on my knees, on my side and with my head down). I combined hot water with cold water, the strong stream with the weak stream. Sometimes, I even unscrewed the head from the shower and was doing it straight out of the hose because it was strongest. I was exploring and discovering absolutely unimaginable dimensions of excitement and pleasure and I slowly began to realize what my body is capable of.

A year and a half later, again inspired by the eroticism on TV Nova and a certain cassette found in my parents' bedroom, I had the first sex in the summer of 1995. Information from movies was somewhat, hmm, superficial, and unfortunately, I didn't know more than that. My perspective was very limited. For example, I thought that there were only 4 sexual practices: anal, oral, classic and piss. The classic was out of the game and to do piss at first sex wouldn't be too wise, especially with regard to the sexual partner of the same age who wouldn't know anything about it.

Despite of what I said above, I still managed to make some friends at the end of the first school year. Of course, the more intelligent ones. I liked especially one of them and one day when we're playing alone in the woods "behind Aralka," I got encouraged and asked bluntly: "Hey, why don't we try sex?"

"What?" He asked automatically, but on his face, I saw that he'd already understood.

"Why don't we try sex?" I asked again and looked straight into his eyes.

"Alright," he said, surprising me with his colourless answer.

Like ladies in the movies, I knelt down, pulled his tracksuits down to his knees and out of his briefs I pulled out... a miniature. I've to admit that I was so fooled about porno that at that moment I thought that I was going to see a log that would break my collarbone.

Somehow, I started. I'm not gonna write about how it was but if you want to try it yourself, use the first two phalanges of your little finger ;)

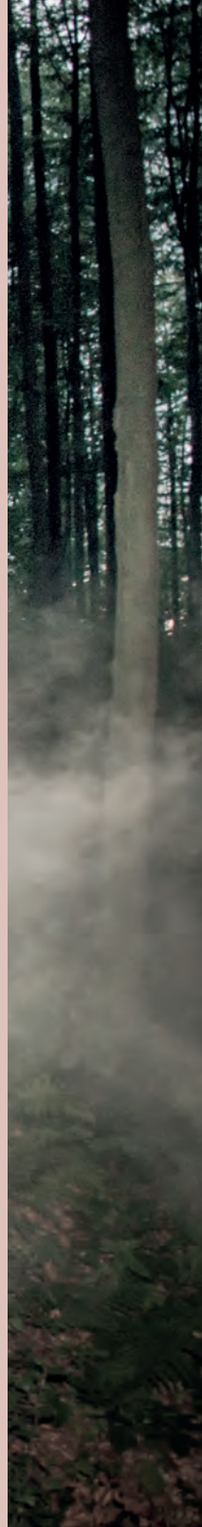
Luckily, he soon realized that he wasn't going to get excited and put his willy back into trousers. But then he did something completely unexpected. When I wanted to get up, he pushed me back. He put one hand on my forehead, leaned my head slightly back, and slowly started moving his finger down in my mouth. I'm not lying, I got extremely excited and in a moment, I played all the tricks that I saw in porn movies. I was licking and sucking his finger with my tongue and I wasn't even afraid to use my teeth a bit. But mostly, I put my hands behind my back and I pressed my mouth against his two fingers. After a while, he added the third one, grabbed my back and started exploring my throat preparing me for taking away his virginity. At the same time, I quickly realized that gag reflex is shit and that I shouldn't do a deep-throat without training. I didn't vomit but I choked and we had to leave it finally.

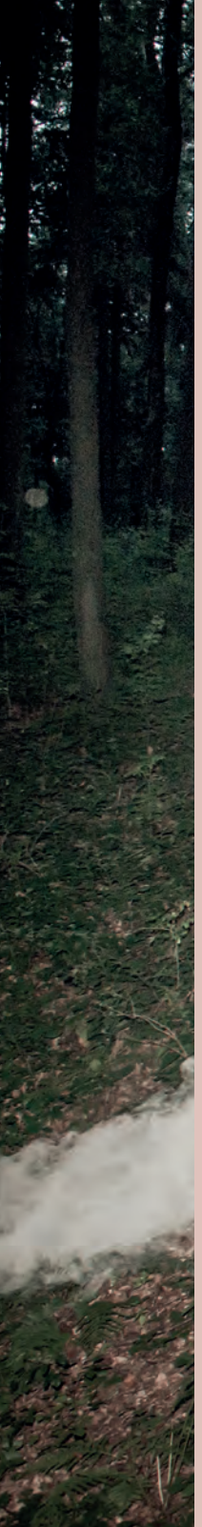
Our activity, however, resulted in a promising bulge in his crotch. I passed my hand over it a few times and he told me to tilt slightly and lean against the tree.

He pulled my shorts and underwear down at once and I was trembling with expectation. There was a moment of silence, and then he just stuck it into me from behind. Drily, without preparation, without anything and nicely to the end. I screamed as the pain penetrated my body and then jerked forward to get it out of me as soon as possible. Then I burst into tears and sank down on the ground and wept. He, of course, apologized for not wanting to do it, that he was doing it in that way because he saw it in a porn movie that he'd found hidden in his dad's closet. "Oh, you know all the tricks from there," I thought and I began to recover slowly. My butt burned a lot but I wasn't loosing blood. After a while, I stood up and we went silently to our homes. It was getting darker and the parents were afraid that we might've been violated by someone, or something like that...

Therefore, the first sex was nothing special and it certainly didn't convince me that I should go on with it. But there was an unexpected side effect, despite the very negative initial experience, I gradually started to masturbate my anus. First, just slowly and shyly. "On the sidelines" as they recommended it in the Bravo magazine for girls. But soon, I fell for it as much as for masturbation by the shower and I did it almost every day, sometimes more times a day. Sometimes with my fingers but mostly with a marker with the round end about one centimetre in the diameter on which I put on a condom. I bought the condoms in the vending machine in the mall bathroom, which also brings a funny story into my memories, but I'll leave it for another time because this writing is a bit longer.

Again, I was experimenting. I tried and changed different positions, angles, speed and styles. I liked it most when I was on the back, stretched my legs apart and put them both behind my head. That's how I could enter the best. As the time was passing by, I managed to stretch more and get deeper, so the marker was replaced by the carrot at first and later by the classic salad cucumber in the condom. I also learned how to rinse out when I was alone at home, which I soon understand is the absolute necessity. The anal masturbation gradually prevailed over the genital one which somehow





disappeared from my life, mostly because it could be done more in private and that it offered a stronger experience. When I was nine, I became addicted to anal penetration and I even stopped for a few weeks because I needed to regain control over it...

And that's how I did it, although with different variations and bigger and bigger sex toys for more than 20 years until the beginning of a relationship with Peter a year and a half ago. For the first time in my life, someone charged and satisfied me sexually so much that I stopped masturbating.

The third and last way, in comparison with the two mentioned, was much weaker. It didn't throw me to the present entirely, but it mitigated the hyper-ultra-super thinking to "just" super thinking and made my stay in the reality at least tolerable. In contrast to the first two, the pleasure lasted hours instead of just minutes or even seconds. It concerns wearing rubber boots, raincoats outdoors, or in remote places and gas masks. The first ones were rubber boots. I'd been wearing them since the time immemorial. I don't know why, nor do I remember what attracted me to them. I just enjoyed them and I felt good in them. Gradually, my liking for wearing rubber boots grew so much that I even wore them in situations where they're totally inappropriate. I just WANTED to wear them and I wanted to walk in them and it couldn't be changed.

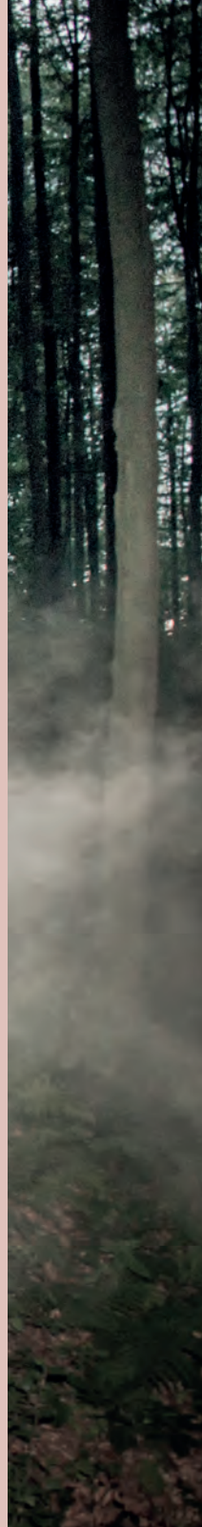
Unlike the rubber boots, I remember the first moment when I fell for raincoats. At the end of the first school year, I went on a school trip and it was raining that day. We came to the place and I, like everyone on the bus, took a raincoat from my rucksack. It was a real communist raincoat made of genuine natural rubber and it was completely new and wrapped in plastic. Immediately, I fell for its seemingly perfect and uniform surface in a bright yellow color. I ripped the wrapper, took a breath, and at that moment, my nose, my brain and the rest of the body struck something that I would describe, due to my adult experience, as a mixture of poppers, ketamine and LSD. This "aroma" of freshly unwrapped new rubber, I write the word aroma in quotation marks because for something so strong, penetrating and embracing the words like "aroma" or "scent" aren't enough. For a while, it completely intoxicated me and sent me somewhere far out of the reality. Luckily, no one noticed it in the chaos of getting out of the bus and I could quickly recover and put on my raincoat. And then I don't remember anything more from the trip. I know it was going on well but I have no idea where we were, nor what was going on, nothing. The only thing I remember today is a yellow and perfectly scented raincoat and how I kept touching it and playing with it. I felt like I was wearing a protective cover that protects me from the evil of the outside world. That feeling of peace and security was so wonderful and unforgettable that I've been experiencing it in my memories for more than twenty years as if it happened yesterday. And so, I started to wear a raincoat altogether with the rubber boots.

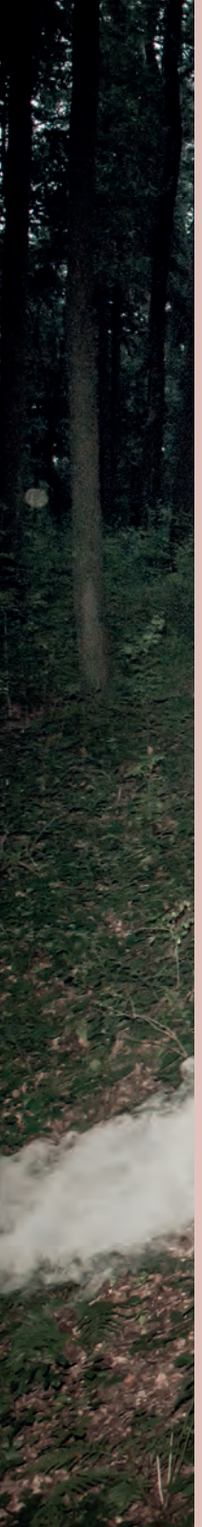
I only started wearing gas masks a few weeks later after watching a documentary on ČT2 dealing with the Chernobyl accident and its consequences. At that time, I was quite knowledgeable about nuclear technology, I even had a poster on the wall with a functional Temelín diagram, which was marked and scrawled over with notes about bettering its design. That's why I was watching this documentary with a lot of interest. I was particularly attracted to the scene where several technicians walked through a service tunnel directly under the destroyed reactor in protective rubber suits and gas masks to burn out a hole to get the cameras and measuring instruments inside. The scene lasted for about a minute but nothing else before, or after affected my life more than the sight of the people in the gas masks and the rubber, risking their own life (all four later died as the consequence of radiation) trying to control this destructive natural force set free. That evening, I decided who I wanted to be. A nuclear engineer in such a position to wear the same suit and mask like my new heroes in the documentary.

As chance would have it, the very next day our teacher was asking what we'd like to do in life. All children were giving classic responses like football player, doctor, a cosmonaut, a garbage collector, etc. But when it came to me, I proudly and confidently announced that I want to be "a nuclear engineer and the specialist on the nuclear accident at Chernobyl." In the afternoon, the director invited me and my mom to his office and recommended the transfer to the math school which would be more suitable for me. The way he said it altogether with his overall performance was so uncomfortable that I suddenly began to imagine how I was torturing him. How he can't move because his whole body is wrapped in a rubber garden hose and that he's wearing a gas mask into which I'm pumping water and that I'm slowly drowning him. At the same time, the pressure of the water in the hose clutched his chest and he couldn't breathe, so he's drowning and suffocating at the same time.

Anyway, there was no transfer to another school because my dear mom wasn't willing to let me take the local bus and I stayed at school with the extended music education for another 4 years. Thanks mom...

The summer holidays started and in the school where my parents worked and where we lived in a school flat, they were closing the warehouse for the civil defence gear. I begged my parents to take one of the scrapped masks. Thus, I obtained my first gas mask. It was a child's mask made of pink rubber, type DM-1. I put it on and it immediately became my darling. It wasn't as dramatic as in the case of the raincoat but the feeling of isolation





from the outside world was pleasant and reassuring. Soon, there followed other masks such as the grey Faser MC-1 for adults. It could be dismantled and improved in many ways. Unfortunately, the masks from the warehouse were old and poorly stocked, so they didn't smell much. But there were a lot of them altogether with hoses, filters and other accessories. After a short time, I had more masks, hoses, and other things in my possession than any adult fetishist.

Such was my child's fetish trio: rubber boots-raincoat-gas mask. I started to fell in love with the rain and cold weather because I could go out in the rubber boots and the raincoat inconspicuously and to get somewhere into the woods or to an abandoned building and put on the gas mask there. Almost always, I got relieved even if I was terribly depressed. I just lay on the ground wrapped in a jacket and listening to my own breath flowing through the hoses and valves, resting. Sometimes, I was lying in the woods for a few hours, sometimes I even napped there. There was nothing sexual in it at that time. I never masturbated in the rubber. These were two separate worlds. Probably, it was because I wore rubber boots and a raincoat over clothes and not on bare skin. The physical stimulation wasn't strong enough to trigger sexual response. Rubber was mainly protective giving the sense of safety enabling me to put my mind at ease and relax. The gas mask made this feeling even stronger, giving me a sense of uniqueness and unique identity.

Even today, I put on latex and rubber mainly for that feeling of safety and because I really feel free and myself. Sometimes, I think that I'm more a rubber doll trapped in human existence than someone who wants to be a rubber doll.

So, when I was 12, I was already a genius expert in quantum physics and nuclear engineering, experienced pyromaniac, rubber and gas masks fetishist, I was able to push 15 x 4 cm up to the butt and I'd had several sexual intercourses (I will talk about them other time). In reality, I was a younger version of an arrogant, self-centred and self-absorbed pervert girl with lots of bad mental habits that I'm today.

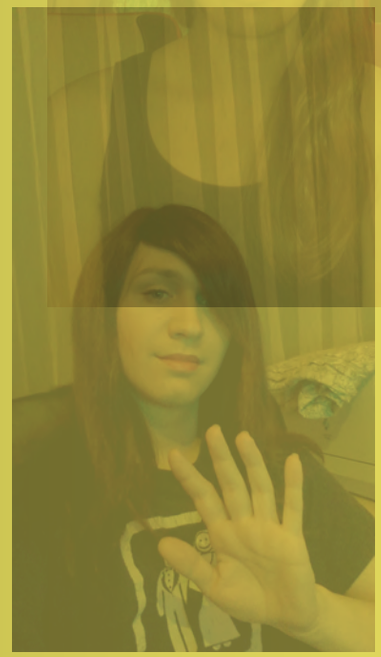
Soon after, there came a disaster that nearly destroyed my life and broke this story for more than 15 years. My brother's DNA came on to the scene...

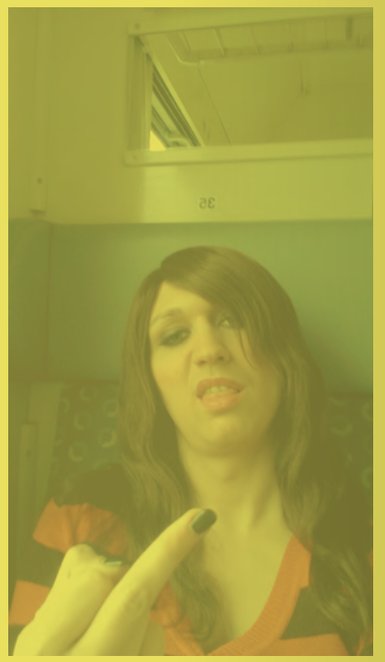




Alright. I'm having a great fit of dysphoria. Why the fuck I can't be a normal person? Why was I born as a hybrid? What am I???







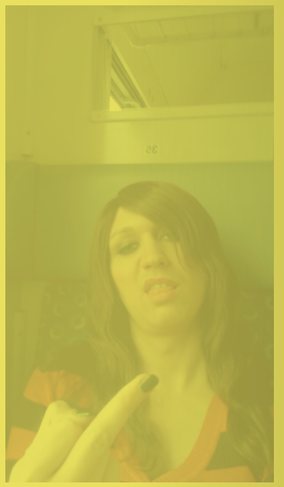
How the hell could I write a letter to my Mom who doesn't know anything about me when I let the cat out of the bag right in the first sentence because the Czech language reveals gender immediately? Should I start writing in the male gender and then switch for the female one, or start writing right from the beginning in the female gender? I think that my head will explode soon...

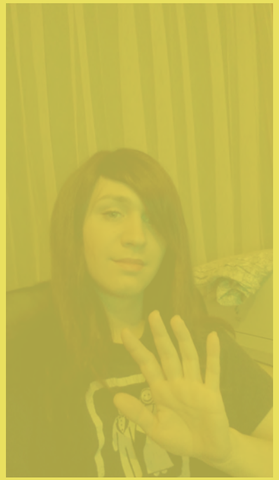


Alright. I'm having a great fit of dysphoria. Why the fuck I can't be a normal person? Why was I born as a hybrid? What am I???

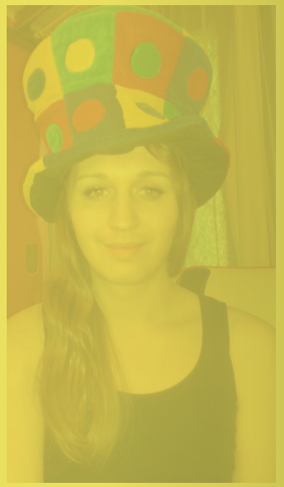
How the hell could I write a letter to my Mom who doesn't know anything about me when I let the cat out of the bag right in the first sentence because the Czech language reveals gender immediately? Should I start writing in the male gender and then switch for the female one, or start writing right from the beginning in the female gender? I think that my head will explode soon...

Alright. I'm having a great fit of dysphoria. Why the fuck I can't be a normal person? Why was I born as a hybrid? What am I???





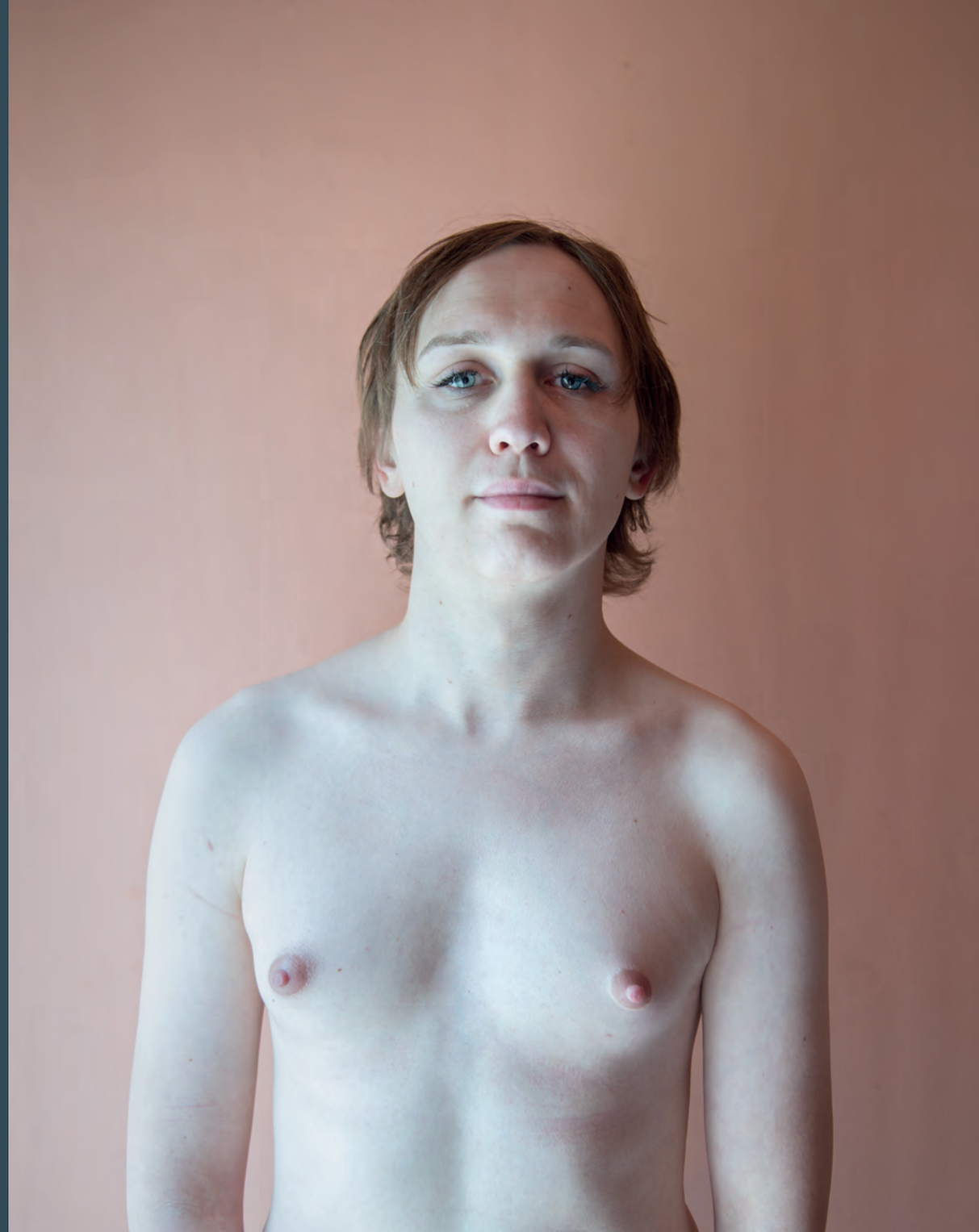
How the hell could I write a letter to my Mom who doesn't know anything about me when I let the cat out of the bag right in the first sentence because the Czech language reveals gender immediately? Should I start writing in the male gender and then switch for the female one, or start writing right from the beginning in the female gender? I think that my head will explode soon...



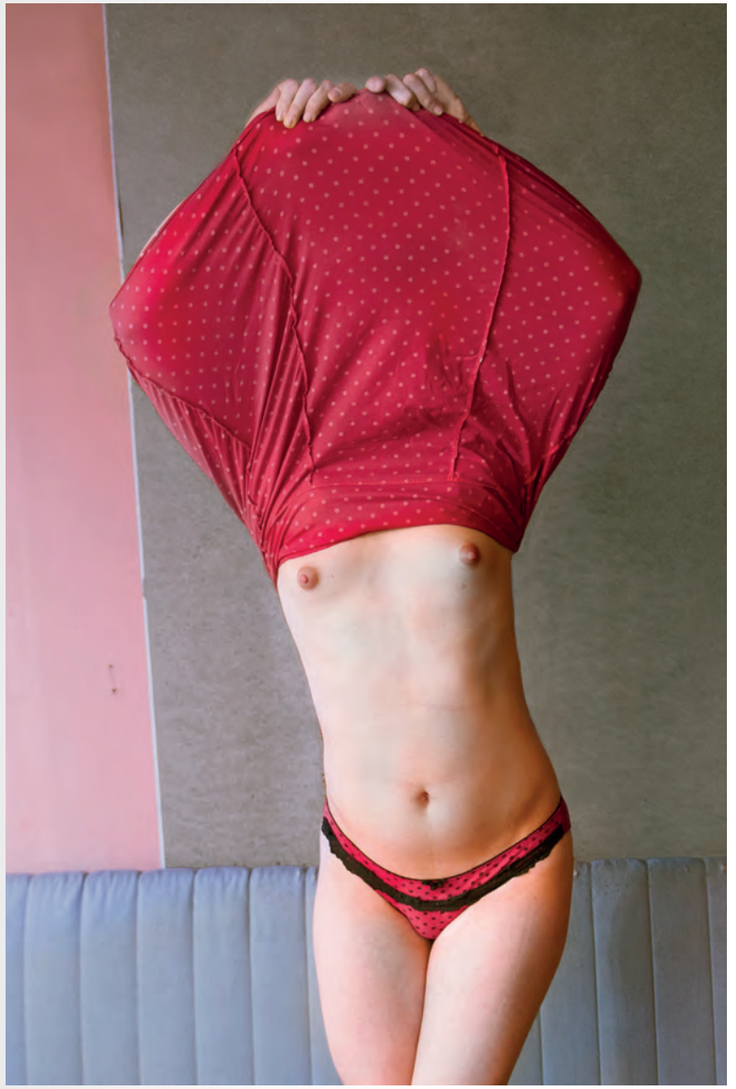


Alright. I'm having a great fit of dysphoria. Why the fuck I can't be a normal person? Why was I born as a hybrid? What am I???

How the hell could I write a letter to my Mom who doesn't know anything about me when I let the cat out of the bag right in the first sentence because the Czech language reveals gender immediately? Should I start writing in the male gender and then switch for the female one, or start writing right from the beginning in the female gender? I think that my head will explode soon...





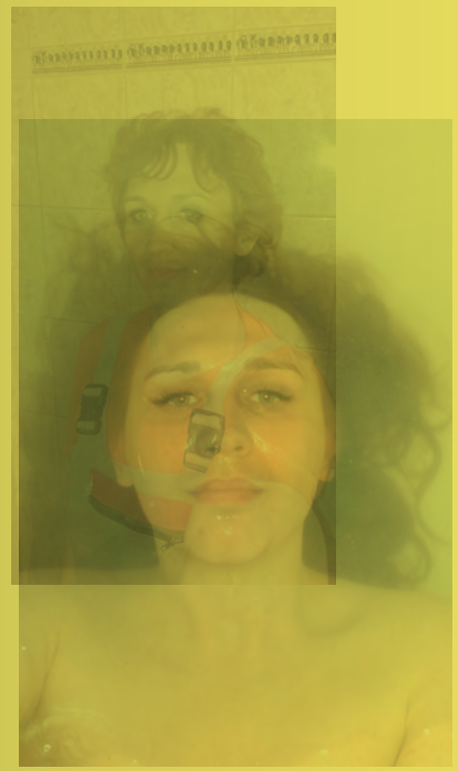




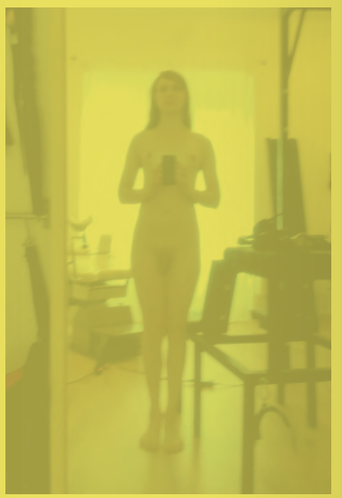
So here we are. I've got the latest trans-dysphoric depression which's been missing in my song so far. Although I can get amazing breasts, vagina like from a porn movie, porcelain face and fulfil most of my life's dreams, never, never can I be a real mother...



Another empty day...
How much longer?



If I wiped myself out of the reality now, would you notice it at all?

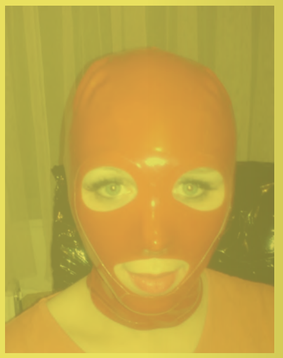


So here we are. I've got
the latest trans-dysphoric
depression which's been
missing in my song so far.
Although I can get amazing
breasts, vagina like from
a porn movie, porcelain
face and fulfil most of my
life's dreams, never, never
can I be a real mother...

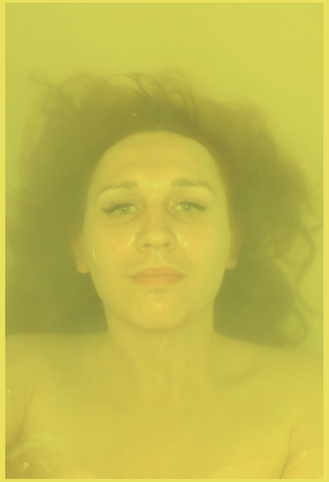
Another empty day...
How much longer?

If I wiped myself out of
the reality now, would
you notice it at all?

So here we are. I've got the latest trans-dysphoric depression which's been missing in my song so far. Although I can get amazing breasts, vagina like from a porn movie, porcelain face and fulfil most of my life's dreams, never, never can I be a real mother...

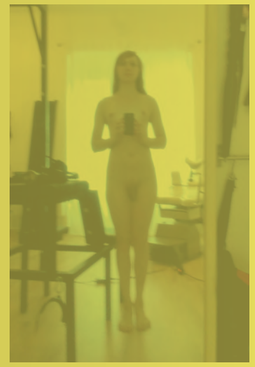


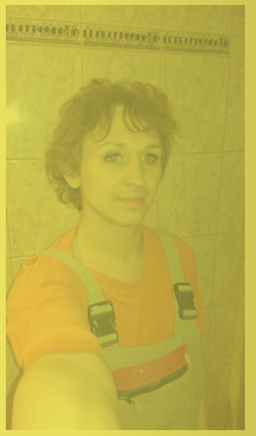
Another empty day...
How much longer?



If I wiped myself out of the reality now, would you notice it at all?







So here we are. I've got
the latest trans-dysphoric
depression which's been
missing in my song so far.
Although I can get amazing
breasts, vagina like from
a porn movie, porcelain
face and fulfil most of my
life's dreams, never, never
can I be a real mother...

Another empty day...
How much longer?

If I wiped myself out of
the reality now, would
you notice it at all?





HELLO MOM

I've just wanted to tell you why I'm not gonna talk to you for the rest of my life, I don't want to see you again, and I asked the court to disinherit you and erase you from my birth certificate.

It's not because you'd been using me, since I was born, as a weapon against my own father in your marriage disputes and for that you spoiled my relationship with him, nor because you didn't buy insoles to my shoes when I was in the first year at school and I've flat feet now. It's not because you didn't take me to the dentist when I needed it and that I miss half of my teeth now, nor because you didn't allow me to go for free language courses that I wanted so much.

It's not because, when I was 13, you brought a man to our home instead of my father, with whom you'd mentally mistreat me for other five years, destroying my self-esteem and who sometimes threatened to kill or cripple me. It's not because you kept another of your lovers who robbed me and with whom you started taking meth on your 45th birthday. It's not because you never hugged me, didn't stroke me, nor showed me other feelings and because you behaved more like a governess or foster mother towards me than my own mother.

It's because of this conversation...

Havířov, Spring 1993

I was bored in the child's room so I went to play to the living room where my mom was, but there wasn't much to do either. I'd already read all the books in the library and I noticed a stack of women's magazines on the TV table. I took a few of them and started leafing through. I was most impressed with the one dealing with embroidery and when I read it, I started to speak out loud to myself about how beautiful it was, what I could do myself and so on. Suddenly, my mother spoke to me:

Mom: But you can't do it.

I: Why not?

Mom: Because boys can't embroider, embroidering is for girls.

I: But I want to do it too.

Mom: No. You'll go to the workshop with the father and there you can play.





I: I don't want to go to the workshop! I want to read and learn about embroidery!

Mom: Boys can't embroider! Go to the workshop, the father wants it.

I: But I don't want to! I don't want to go to the workshop, I don't want to go to the pub with the father, neither do I want to go on trips with him! I don't want to do these things.

Mom: Don't be cheeky, or I'll slap you. You're a boy so you can't embroider!

I: I don't want to be a boy. I don't like it. It sucks.

Mom: You've got a willy so you're a boy. You can't do anything about it.

I: I don't want a willy! I'll cut it off once and for all! Being a boy is awful. I want to be like the aunt Iva, I want to be a girl!

Mom: But your father will be very sad. He wanted to have a boy like you.

I: Really? He would be angry?

Mom: He wouldn't be so much angry. He would be sad. You don't want it, do you?

I: No, I don't want it...

Mom: So be a good boy and pick up all these magazines and put them on their place.

I: Yes, mom...

The only thing, the only decision and everything could've been different. I would forgive you all the rest, and much more if you've helped me then. You knew exactly what was going on because my dad's sister Iva was a transsexual and was just going through the process of change. You and dad had all the first hand knowledge. I remember it because you talked about it a couple of times.

That's why she must've disappeared, right? That's why she stopped visiting us. That's why they started speaking about her at home like of a slut, a bugger and a junkie who steals. I didn't realize it then but now I understand it from my adult perspective. Simply, you just didn't want to. The shame, the gossip, visiting doctors and arrangements weren't important to my health and for my future. Your cleaner colleagues would speak about you and what then?

You have the only child left, the others you aborted them intentionally. And you've lost even that one. You exchanged love and health of your only child for your own comfort. It's your choice and I respect it. I leave you to your fate, self-dependence, debt, and homelessness. It's your fault Jarmila.

Adieu...



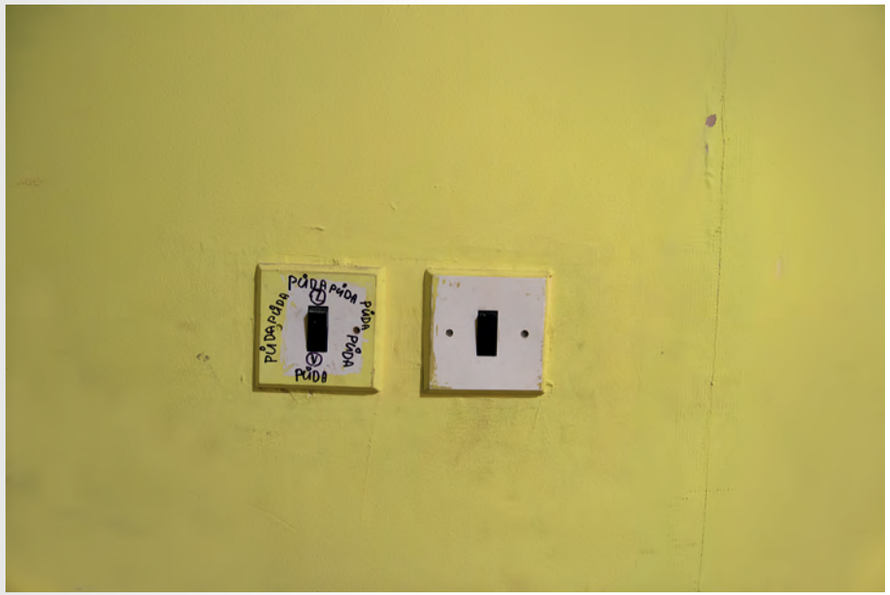








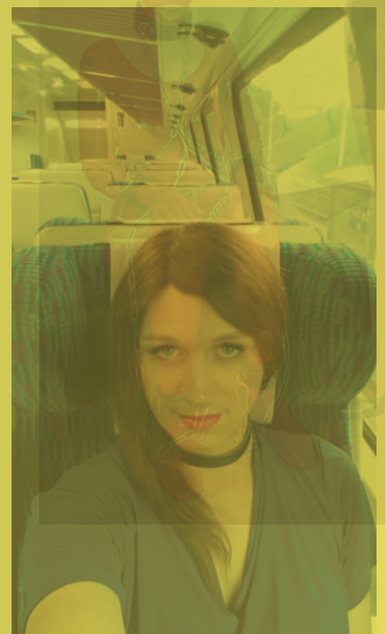



PÚDA
PÚDA
PÚDA
PÚDA
PÚDA
PÚDA



NORMALLY, I don't contribute to the charity but I had to give them some little money for their calling me a "young lady".





I'm beginning to understand how Napoleon felt in exile on the island of St. Helena. He was feeling better than me because he wasn't completely alone there.

Nobody exists on purpose, nobody belongs anywhere, everybody's going to die...

NORMALLY, I don't
contribute to the charity
but I had to give them
some little money for their
calling me a "young lady".

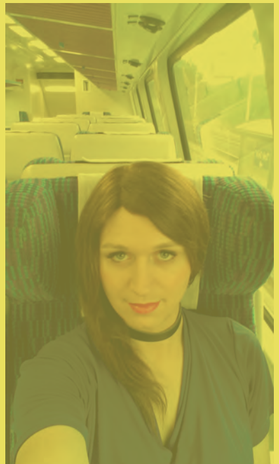
I'm beginning to understand
how Napoleon felt in exile on
the island of St. Helena. He was
feeling better than me because
he wasn't completely alone there.

Nobody exists on purpose,
nobody belongs anywhere,
everybody's going to die...

NORMALLY, I don't contribute to the charity but I had to give them some little money for their calling me a "young lady".







I'm beginning to understand how Napoleon felt in exile on the island of St. Helena. He was feeling better than me because he wasn't completely alone there.

Nobody exists on purpose, nobody belongs anywhere, everybody's going to die...



NORMALLY, I don't
contribute to the charity
but I had to give them
some little money for their
calling me a "young lady".

I'm beginning to understand
how Napoleon felt in exile on
the island of St. Helena. He was
feeling better than me because
he wasn't completely alone there.

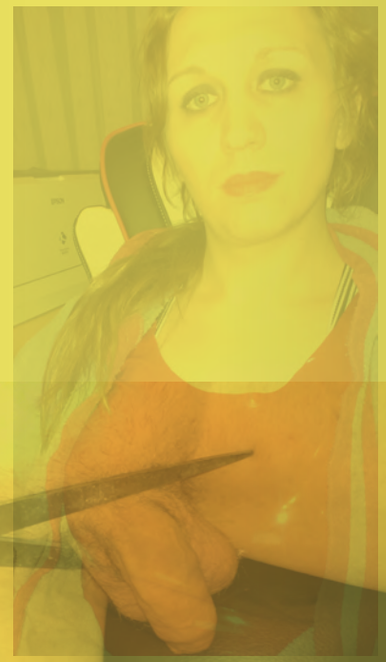
Nobody exists on purpose,
nobody belongs anywhere,
everybody's going to die...






'ISK*VIMEO

If I was sure about being reborn after death, I would kill myself each time I was born as a transsexual.



This is The End, my only friends. I've decided to stop my transition and return to my previous life. This profile will be deactivated within a few hours. Thank you all for your support and help. I will miss you.





Somehow, I don't even know of which use I can be as a human being. I know, I'm useless.

If I was sure about being
reborn after death, I would
kill myself each time I was
born as a transsexual.

This is The End, my only
friends. I've decided to
stop my transition and
return to my previous
life. This profile will
be deactivated within
a few hours. Thank you
all for your support and
help. I will miss you.

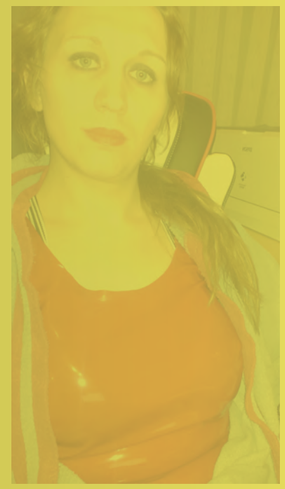
Somehow, I don't even
know of which use I can
be as a human being.
I know, I'm useless.

If I was sure about being reborn after death, I would kill myself each time I was born as a transsexual.

This is The End, my only friends. I've decided to stop my transition and return to my previous life. This profile will be deactivated within a few hours. Thank you all for your support and help. I will miss you.



Somehow, I don't even know of which use I can be as a human being. I know, I'm useless.





If I was sure about being reborn after death, I would kill myself each time I was born as a transsexual.

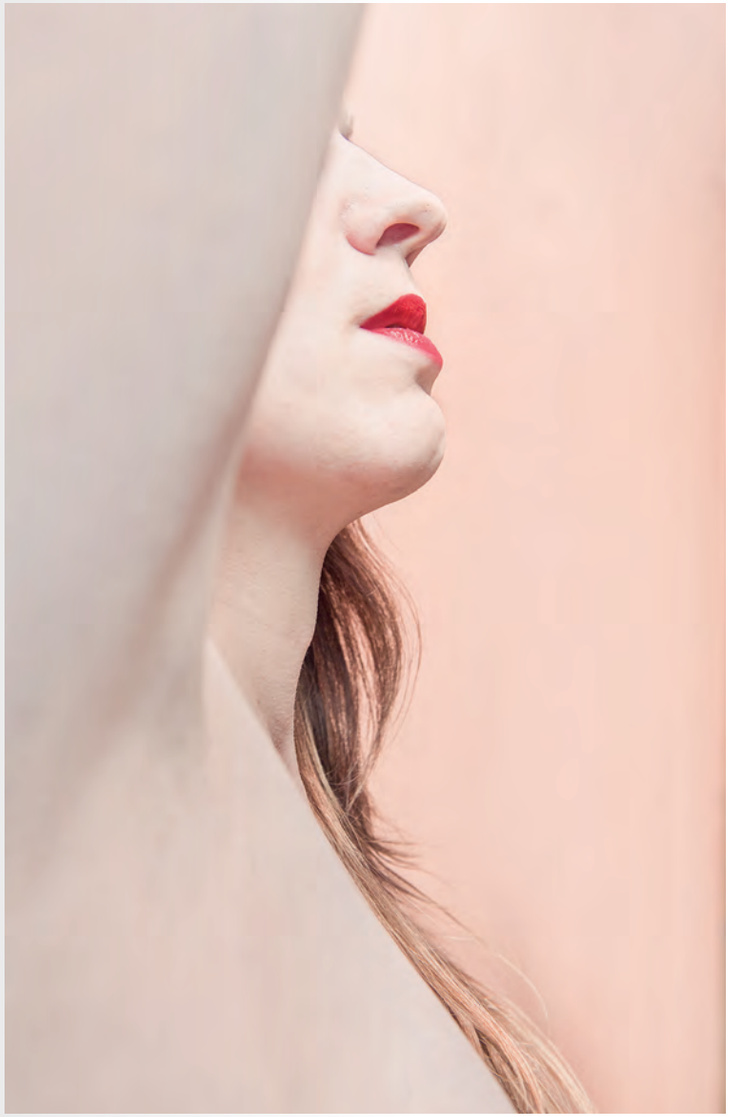
This is The End, my only friends. I've decided to stop my transition and return to my previous life. This profile will be deactivated within a few hours. Thank you all for your support and help. I will miss you.

Somehow, I don't even know of which use I can be as a human being. I know, I'm useless.













GOODBYE LETTER

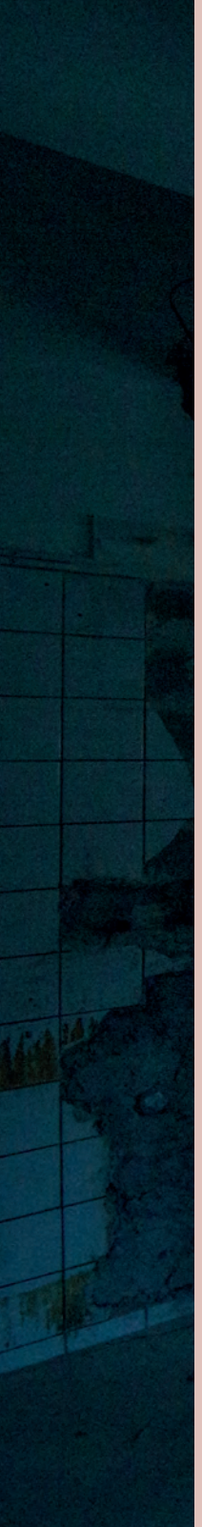
Posted on 21/10/2015 by Gabi

Hello to you all who are going to read this letter.

If you are reading it, it means that I'm dead. I know that it hurts and confuses you and that you ask yourself if you couldn't have helped me somehow. No, you couldn't have. No one could've helped me with the pain that've accompanied me every day from morning till evening. And sometimes even in sleep. And what's really hurting me? My own self. My own existence. My own ugly, testosterone-mutated, shapeless and uncomfortable body, my hormones, depressions and mind convulsed with anxiety. As I wrote in my blog earlier, it's hard to explain how one can be hurt by his "be." I'll try to focus on it a little bit closer. Every look in the mirror, the reflection in a shop window, seeing my own hands or naked body, causes in me so much disgust that I wonder why I'm not vomiting every day and why the people on the street aren't throwing mouldy tomatoes on me and why they aren't preparing the stake for my public burning. The hormones don't work. At least not as I would like them to work. The only positive thing is that my breasts are growing. But I find that they make even a bigger mutant out of me than I was in the beginning. Being a transsexual is ugly and it just hurts and will hurt. But not anymore...

The other thing is that I've got to go to the nasty, dirty, masculine work to install fire seals. Every day of work makes me one week older. My already strained body, due to the physical exertion, dirt, dust and sweat, gets so much pain that it's getting out of service. The ankle is getting worse, I can't even walk properly. My teeth hurt because I don't have time to eat anything other than calorific sweets and take energy drinks. My skin is full of bruises, scratches or rashes and my hands look as if they were a century old. My hair is broken and my face is like a grater. But that's not the worst of all. The worst thing is that it takes me back. This work makes me behave like a "man." I swear, I walk as if I had a hedgehog underneath my armpits and I got to wear this dirty fucking boiler suit. This destroys my body and my soul. I feel like being a slut. That I betray everything WHAT I believe to and who I am. I'd rather be a real slut, prostitute. I'd really enjoy it and it'd make me satisfied, no matter how bizarre it sounds. The trouble is that nobody wants me. Nobody wants a "girl with a dick" who doesn't use it because it hurts her. I can't be a "shemale," I tried it last week and it was terrible. A bit worse than my work, unfortunately...





Then there are debts. I won't go into details, but apart from the mortgage, I owe one million CZK and I have to repay over 35 thousand CZK each month. Actually, I "had" to repay because I'm dead now, well, great. This morning, I received a payment bill from the District Social Security Administration, I have got to pay another 100 thousand CZK. All in all, this isn't in my power to make such money and then just send them somewhere into the black hole. I'm sorry for getting my trade certificate. I should've stayed at the cash desk in Kaufland and never get into this debt and all this shit. Bad luck...

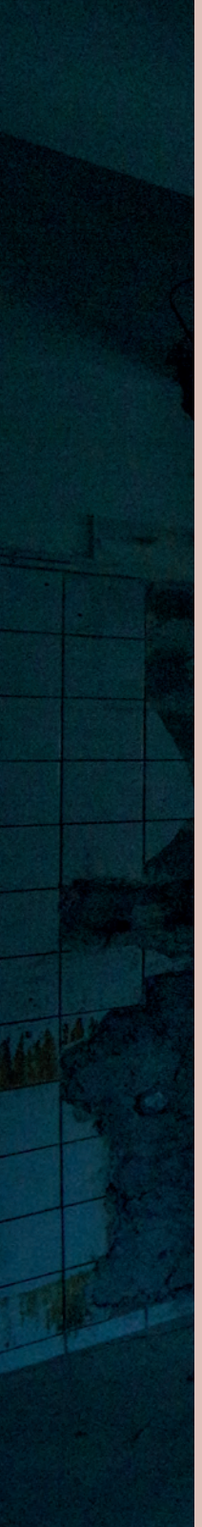
I could overcome all this. With the help of friends and the horrific effort. But I don't want to. There's no reason, no life perspective. I'll finish the change of sex and? Will I pay my debts for other 10 years? Will I still feel bad about myself and be confined to the work that I hate? I didn't make it on the stock exchange, nor as a rubber doll. At best, I can spend the night at home and smoke weed. The great future ahead... More importantly, I'll be alone. I have no one for whom I would do this. I don't have anyone to live for. I can't do this just for myself. When I was in marriage, we also had crises, and maybe even worse ones than I'm having now. The difference was that when I came home I didn't find an empty and abandoned place. I had someone to talk to, someone to tell my secrets to and someone to hug me. It gave me the strength to go further and handle all the problems that came.

On 16th November 2014, a week after I kicked Katka out of my house in a fit of rage, I stopped to manage book-keeping and de facto resigned on all the finance management and planning. There was no reason. There wasn't anyone to handle it for. At that time, I realized what I was loosing. And today it's too late...

Enough for sobbing. I hope that you'll remember me as a bizarre and deviant girl with a big heart. I love you all. I'll miss you.

Adieu.










EPILOGUE

My husband Tom had a classmate — Pavel. At the time when we moved to Prague from Silesia, his visits to our home became commonplace. They were speaking about politics, stock exchange and other topics which I don't understand much, for this reason I was always spending my time in another room.

At that time, Pavel was not aware of anything. He was to find out a few years later.

Then his body signalled something... One day, Pavel came and said that he was a woman. My sympathy for all the unusual, aroused the desire in me to follow his transformation. Pavel, from now on, Gabi, agreed. We became friends in purely female terms. I helped her with her first make-up when she was going out as a woman for the first time, we even chose a wig and went shopping together. I was speaking about transsexuality with all my friends. I was examining the female and male sex traits on each person and realized that there are fragile boundaries between women and men.

Gabi was lucky in many respects. Already, after three months, she was receiving the hormonal therapy. Thanks to the hormones she was going through the second puberty and I believed that she found her true self. It was a complete reversal. Gabi was not interested in my ordinary life while her personality fascinated me more and more and I was going through everything with her.

Nothing was easy for her at all... The source of her income was to install fire protection into buildings. Despite having a decent salary, she called it a "disgusting masculine work" that she hated. Soon, she left and became obsessed with latex and opened a BDSM studio.

Pavel /Gabi has been always different. As she writes in the post "Sex, Mask, Raincoat" on her blog. She had the first sex at the age of seven. She loved fire. She also says to have been a very prodigious child. It has been verified that, at the age of twelve, she constructed her own explosives. In the chemistry classes, she was

making bongs to smoke grass. When she was a child, her father left her mother and abandoned them, and later, when she was fifteen, her mother abandoned her as well and went to work to the UK.

In 2012, Gabi/Pavel got married and settled down in Prague. In 2013, we became friends. In 2014, he was diagnosed as a transsexual. So instead of Pavel, we were seeing Gabi. The life was about to continue in a right way. She was to become happy finally.

But it went wrong somehow..

In the autumn 2015, Gabi posted a "Goodbye Letter" on her blog and made it public through her Facebook. I read it in the morning before my morning shift in the café. I felt terrible. All these intensive moments which had made me connected to her. And now? The great path that she had climbed would be gone....

In the afternoon, there came the notice. She was alive! They managed to save her!

She apologised to all her friends. She accepted that she could not go on like that and made an appointment with the psychiatrist who would help with her anxiety-depressive states of mind.

Since then, my faith in the happy-end begun to collapse quickly. A couple of months after, she was mad once again, we had an argument, interrupted our photography sessions and did not see each other for half a year. Meanwhile, she stopped taking hormones and wanted to become Pavel once again.

She was deep in debt.

Finally, the doctors found out that her embryo joined with the embryo of his sister in an early stage of pregnancy. The Gabi's body is made up of 75% of cells with XX chromosomes. She has the uterus, ovaries and cervix while her external genitalia has XY chromosomes. It's a human chimera who thinks like a man and is obsessed to look like a perfect woman.

Today, 3 years after her change, she is doing better. She is repaying her debts and saving up for an operation in Thailand. She has resolved problems with her former wife and gives much more balanced impression than ever before. For her, it is the lifetime struggle, but I believe that she will find happiness one day.

From the point of view of transsexuals, we who are content with our sex are lucky people. From the point of view of sick people, these would be the healthy ones, and such... Yet, it is not like this often. Instead of realizing that we are happy right now, we set new and new goals to ourselves in the belief that their fulfilment will satisfy us. We are slaves of ourselves, of our beliefs, of what is/is not perfect in the image of our dream world, of which we always dream.

I wish all people to be aware of their well being and to accept themselves with love. Transsexuals or intersex people, in particular.

Gabi, thank you!

V.

Vladimíra Kotra

CHIMÉRA

book concept, photos, epilogue Vladimíra Kotra
selfie photos, blog posts and statuses Gabi Novotných
book design Richard Procházka
cooperation Tomáš Hliva, Otakar Matušek
english translation Jiří Měsíc
language proof reading Libuše Mohelská
printing B-print, s.r.o.
bookbinding Tiskárna Helbich
number of copies: 10

Created by Vladimíra Kotra with the support of
the Institute of Creative Photography, Silesian university in Opava
and the grant of Silesian University in Opava SGS 1/2018.

© Vladimíra Kotra

Czech Republic
2018

www.vladimirakotra.cz


IDCZEPR
1128806196
ŠKOLNÍ RO