

The first thing we need to do to fight gender inequality

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When thinking of the best toy in the whole World, Taylor Arpa would definitely choose a doll. Especially the one whose long blonde hair is silky and soft, the one that sits on the second shelf and Taylor sees her as the first thing right after waking up. The sight of one's favourite toy reminds children of the days that were spent on playgrounds, full of laughter and joy. Unfortunately, this doll is not owned by this little child. Taylor has a twin sister Tayra, to whom this Barbie belongs. Sometimes before going to sleep, Taylor tries to take the doll and hides it under the pillow. As a revenge, Tayra sometimes does the same thing with a car-shaped toy that sits on a shelf above Taylor's bed. Because Taylor is a boy.

Tayra usually wins these little fights. When preparing for kindergarten in the morning, Tayra asks her parents if she could take her Barbie with her so that she does not feel homesick. Then, she shows all her friends in kindergarten how beautiful her doll is. The girls get jealous sometimes, but not as much as Taylor. He would like to own that doll the most. Even though he asks for a doll every year for Christmas, he had never gotten one. "I have so many soldiers and cars, but not even one doll", sighs Taylor. One day he even asked his mum if he could take Tayra's doll to kindergarten, too. Then he asked his dad, his uncle, his grandma. They always told him that he is not supposed to play with dolls. Dolls are for girls and he is a boy. He was supposed to play with trains, robots, cars and building kits, he had plenty of them. But his toys are not precious to him.

When the last day of kindergarten before summer came, all children were supposed to take a toy with them. Tayra took her doll again. Taylor decided to take his car

with him. It was not special in any way, one of many. It had four wheels, doors that could be opened and when being pushed down an elevated surface, it made a funny noise.

So, there he was, sitting bored on the carpet. A group of girls was sitting next to him in a circle and Taylor was enviously watching them how they are playing with dolls. One girl caught his glance. She had ginger hair, freckles, and confident posture. She scanned him with her eyes from head to toe, Taylor felt embarrassed. "She must have noticed that I was staring at them the whole time," he thought. But the girl smiled and with a hand movement invited him to the circle. Taylor stood up and came closer to her, wondering what will happen.

"Show me your car," said the girl cheekily. Taylor was a bit in shock, but the girl took his car without hesitation and started inspecting every tiny bit of it. "Looks nice, we need a car for our dolls, they are going to the cinema," said the girl with a smile on her face. At this point, all the other girls were curiously watching Taylor and his car. They all owned a couple of stunning dolls, but none of them has ever played with a car. When they pushed the car down the doll house's driveway and the car made a high-pitched tone, all the girls squeaked with laughter. "This is hilarious, let me try it," laughed one girl. All the dolls ended up in the corner of the room, meanwhile their owners were having fun when playing with a boy's toy.

After whole day of playing, it was time to go home. Parents started appearing at the front door to pick up their little ones. The ginger-haired girl didn't want to let Taylor and his car go. She came up to him and announced: "I like your car. Can you give it to me? I can give you

my doll.” Taylor was speechless. He happily nodded and grabbed the doll she was giving him. He couldn’t believe it. After all the times when boys were laughing at him when he said he wishes for a doll for Christmas, after all those remarks from his relatives that he is supposed to play with boy’s toys, he finally owned a doll. Taylor’s feelings were out of this World. For the whole rest of the day, he didn’t let go of his new treasure. Even after few weeks, he still

values this doll the most. She sits on a shelf right above his bed.

And when the night comes and the twins go to sleep, both of their dolls sit on the opposite shelf across the small room, face to face to each other. Maybe, when the kids fall asleep, they get up and visit each other on those shelves. They might sit there, talk about their day and how wonderful the World could be if boys could play with “ girls’ ” toys and girls with “ boys’ ” toys without shame.