

<http://wmqcomics.com/views/hippolyta-or-how-i-became-the-superhero/> - Previously

published her - link no longer works.

As a kid, I had always aspired to be and identified with the superhero girls: Jessica Jones for her cunning, Supergirl for her compassion, Wonder Woman for her strength. I needed empowering young women to help me be the young woman I wanted to be in a slew of movies, shows and comics full of young men.

As a younger child, my favorite was always Supergirl, for her cheerfulness, empathy and devotion to justice. In college, my appreciation for Wonder Woman and Jessica Jones grew. As I got older and saw more of the injustices in the world, I needed heroes who directly faced the world's wrongs with a quick wit, resilience and strength. So I was thrilled in 2014 to learn of the upcoming *Jessica Jones* Netflix series, the *Supergirl* TV show and the *Wonder Woman* movie. I was drawn to the heroines who didn't need to rely on anyone else and were there for themselves and their own needs along with what was right for humanity.

As I got older, it wasn't long before I started to feel the need for a family after years of swearing off domestic, childless life. My husband and I agreed to try for a baby. Little did I know that I would come to rely on my need for the stories of my superheroines through the process of trying to conceive, pregnancy and motherhood itself.

*Jessica Jones* was everything I wanted it to be. The show was punchy, fierce and had no qualms about the toll having powers takes on you emotionally and physically. I appreciated seeing a woman with flaws take on the world. *Wonder Woman* was inspiring and made me feel powerful. The movie had a great story and showed Diana's ability to strive toward justice and

face her mistakes. It also inspired me to make my first foam-armor cosplay. I'd made Supergirl and Shadowcat with spandex before, but had never felt the drive to tackle a difficult and complex cosplay until I was motivated by how amazing the new Wonder Woman costume looked on screen.

While the TV shows and movies of my heroes met all my expectations, my dream of having a baby continued to be unfulfilled. So I dove into my cosplay and comic consumption with abandon to try to make up for it. I was challenged in a trial I had absolutely no control over. Though I had no control over my ability to conceive, I could control the ability to produce other things. I made more cosplays, subscribed to more comics and watched all of the *Defenders* series.

After two and a half years of struggling to get pregnant, I decided to return to my old *Wonder Woman* comics for solace. I was surprised that this time around, I found myself drawn to Hippolyta, Wonder Woman's mother, instead of the hero of the story. My time of needing to look up to a commanding and determined hero had passed. I had achieved that now. I knew who I was, I knew what I wanted and I had the confidence to go after it and call out the injustices I saw in the world.

In this time of my life, I resonated with Hippolyta. I could completely understand the desire to have a child so badly your body and soul ached for it. I knew just how painful it was to want a child so fiercely that Hippolyta would pour all of her desire into a clay-shaped baby and try to convince the gods to breathe a soul into that soggy mud. I found myself wanting to redesign my entire Wonder Woman costume for that year's Dragon Con lineup to be modeled after Connie Nielsen's Hippolyta instead.

After years of treatments, tests and medications, my own gods must have heard my yearning. Without an explanation and without coinciding with any of the plans we had put in

place to correct my infertility, I found myself pregnant! I felt like I held my breath every moment of every day until she was born to ensure she would make it through the pregnancy. Nine months had never felt so long in my life. As many women in my family had experienced miscarriages, it was as if I had to gently carry around my own unbaked, incredibly fragile clay baby for months.

I became my own Hippolyta on June 6, 2018, and have loved every minute of it. She has taught me how much fun blowing raspberries and taking tissues out of a box can be. I now know I would do anything to keep her laughing. She has taught me how devastating it is to be unable to fix her problems, how my heart wrenches when she cries, and how I am capable of going on only a few hours of sleep and still be all smiles for her. She has shown me I have the power to drive across states for her and to plunge through the worst daycare colds on repeat for her. I'm willing to suffer through the most excruciating pain for her, to lift a thousand boxes and move my world for her, and run faster than I ever thought possible just to see her at the finish line.

Above all, she has taught me that I could feel a love so intense that it radiates from my small, human body and that the demands expected of me for her are a superpower unto itself.

As my husband said to me the night I gave birth, I am a superhero. And I am a mom, too, just like Hippolyta.