

HIGH SCHOOL

2nd "The Number" - Scarlett W

The number started out innocent, it was really for my health. The number on the scale just didn't help. The numbers in my head, they scream and they shout. The numbers race and they pace through my head. Once I see a label, the number is placed. When I pick up a label the less the better, the more, the fear. I try to push the thoughts away but it just replays. People say "just eat" but all I can see are numbers on a plate. The number looks at me and stares with utter disgust and fear. "They're just numbers" some will say, but when you've cried for hours and almost died for those numbers your opinion may change. I'm trying not to let the number control me. But it's not that easy, when you've become addicted. The numbers still scream at me, they still tell me to starve. They still keep me up at night, counting them up. The guilt sinks in, it weighs a ton. So I run and I run, but no matter the miles I chase, the thoughts still just replay. I walk to my safe place, the mirror that is. I pick myself apart, because when I'm ever good enough. I notice my thigh, how extremely large. The thoughts rush in "I wanna starve" and the pattern restarts. Then I sit on the floor, my knees to my chest wounding will the numbers ever go away in my head.