

Abigail Li

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Category: Personal Essay & Memoir

A Personal Note; A Conversation; Perversions I, II

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I.

- 1 bottle of Garcinia Cambogia
- 1 bottle of fat burners
- 1 bottle of B12 OR caffeine pills
- 1 bottle of Probiotic Gummies
- 1 box of Diet Coke
- 1 box of Coke Zero
- 1 bottle of Diet Sprite
- 1 container of sliced almonds
- 2 tubes of Glucose tablets (strawberry)
- Sprayable rubbing alcohol
- Heavy moisturizer

You told yourself you'd do this. It's supposed to be hard. Don't throw away everything you've done already.

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'I didn't eat for three days so that I could be lovely.'

DON'T STOP YOURSELF

II.

Is this for you you don't need this you're so skinny if it is don't take these they're so bad for you trust me you're beautiful I know I might be saying a little too much but I can promise you that this isn't worth it don't destroy your body this isn't worth it this isn't worth it this isn't worth it this isn't worth it

III.

[White rabbit candies] that my mom brought home. I've enjoyed it since my first visit to my grandmother, when I was 5 years old. She was so excited to give it to me, because it had been around since my mother was a child, on the cusp of the Cultural Revolution. A shared identity, communicable through confectionaries. My uncle has offered it every time I visit China. My mother, back from an oriental mart, opens the bag and offers me one, and with that, I break down in tears, even though I know that 20 calories will not destroy me. Somehow, the mere thought of consumption feels like betrayal. To whom, I'm not entirely sure.

IV.

I chew and spit two packages of *[stroopwafels]* while my father shops for a car. The bathroom is incredibly clean, well-lit: beside me, a full-length mirror. I avoid my eyes as layers of brown sludge pile in the grocery bag I packed in my purse - for a minute, I am tempted to consume the few intact left in the sleeve, but I convince myself that not allowing it to hit my stomach is even more rewarding. I adore the taste of caramel, really, and for a moment I am taken back to the times I would swap my Halloween goods for Milky Ways. I brush this aside. I crunch until it is solely liquid in my mouth, watch it fall, transformed. *You deserve nothing.* It is almost ironic - on the back of the cookie's packaging, a recommendation: let this rest on a cup of coffee. Then consume together. I hate the taste of coffee. I had not eaten anything that day. I tie the bag and throw it in the bathroom trash can, then wash out my mouth.