

I'm Not Enough

I wake up in the warmth of my bed from the dreadful sound of my alarm. I see my purple blanket that my dad gave me. The night before he left was one of the worst nights of my life. There was so much yelling and screaming and things being thrown that my head felt like it was going to explode. I felt scared and alone, yet so confused. I guess it was hard to absorb such horrible things into an eight-year-old brain. I remember waking up in the morning to see the blanket at the end of my bed with a long note from my dad. I still remember that like it was yesterday.

I see my mum walk in, wearing her work clothes. As she opens the door, I feel the warmth escape from my room.

"Ava, time to get up. I have work this morning so we're leaving in half an hour."

I look over at my blanket thinking that if dad was here, mum might not have to be working so much. I always remember us being tight with money but after he left, it got so much worse. Plus the cost of seeing my psychiatrist has gone up which puts us in debt even more. Why do I have to be so messed up?

I hate that I'm jealous of my mum. She has such a naturally amazing figure. Her legs are long and toned; every part of her face is the perfect size; her hair is long and never frizzy and there are no imperfections apart from the three scars on her stomach from when she got her appendix out a few years ago. I hear the thumping sound of my mum walking back down the stairs. I dread leaving the warmth of my bed because it means facing my life of never being good enough.

I force myself out of the comfort of my bed and begin to get out of my white singlet and pink, spotty pyjama shorts. In the loneliness of my dark room as I'm putting on my pale blue bra I see my dejected reflection in the mirror staring back at me. My psychiatrist tells me to say "I am strong, I

am beautiful, I am enough" in front of the mirror ten times each day. I always end up saying the complete opposite.

As I'm staring at my reflection in the mirror, I just see a worthless body staring back at me. My eyes are immediately drawn to the recent cuts on my right hip. I softly rub my fingertips over the cold indents in my skin. I was finally doing so well. I was 5 days clean until the stupidest thing made my body break down. I had no control over myself. Why do I always think that when someone says the words fat or ugly, they're talking about me? The main thing that put me in this deep, dark hole is my figure. It's nothing like my mother's. I pretty much resemble a female version of my father. This is why, ever since I can remember, instead of being called Ava Mondes I get called Ava Mandes. I don't get why something like that was the start of my head getting so messed up.

I continue to stare at my body especially at my big thighs and broad shoulders. My stomach still isn't right. A few weeks ago, I began cutting meals out of my diet. I've already lost 5kg but I see no change. I'm still the same fat, ugly girl that no one needs. My doctors always told me I was a healthy weight, but I never believed it. My friends, family and psychiatrist have begun to notice my weight change, but I know my body could look so much better than it does now. Maybe that will make my life better.

I notice my pimples have got worse. I wish I could burn these ugly red things off my face. They're just another thing which makes me feel so insecure about myself. Same with these awful purple stretch marks on my hips. I wish they were the only marks on my hips. I don't need any self inflicted ones. I scan my body again and notice all of these imperfections. I hear my mum's voice calling me from downstairs.

"Ava, hurry up. Come downstairs for breakfast or we'll be late."

I'm really hungry, but I know I shouldn't eat. If I want a better body, I can't eat so much.

"No, mum, I'm not hungry."

"Ava you need to eat breakfast, you didn't eat it yesterday. It's the most important meal of the day."

"If I'm not hungry, I'm not hungry. You can't force me to eat."

"Okay, well you're right, I can't force you to eat but it really worries me that you're not."

I realise that I need to hurry up and get ready or mum will be late for work. I quickly slip on my school uniform, which makes me look even fatter than usual. Just before I leave my cold, dark room, I take one last look in the mirror. I can't comprehend how much I want to vomit looking at myself. I hate feeling like this. I hate that anyone would have to feel like this and I can't imagine what it would be like for me if I was worse. I know that there are people out there that never go a day without wishing they weren't alive and don't have the help and support that I have. As I leave my room I glance over my shoulder and see my blanket lying screwed up on the floor. I walk over to it and carefully fold it back up and place it on my bed. I just feel so empty without him here. Will I ever be able to fill up that empty space inside of me?