My Best Friend, Ana Rexia

My name is Baylin, but at school they call me Bones; not because I’m a biker or anything, but because they say I’m a walking skeleton. Honestly, I’m an overweight pig, but everyone tells me I’m not. I notice the stares; I hear what people say, and I don’t understand how they can’t see the amount of fat I carry with me. The girls at school always look at me as if I make them sick, and I know it’s because I’m fat. They can’t stand the sight of me because I’m so disgusting and overweight. They make me realize that I need to throw up after I eat because I don’t want to keep the food down anymore, because I know I’m already obese. The only friend I have is Ana.

Ana’s perfect. She has long legs, and she’s tan. She’s got beautiful hair, and every aspect of her glows with confidence, something that gives her a sexy persona. Knowing she looks like this makes me want to give up, but if I don’t give up, maybe I’ll begin to look like her. She says this is an impossible task, because I’ll never be enough. Who am I kidding? I’m dirt compared to her. That’s why we’re friends, because she shows me the real person I am, and she’s helping to fix that.

I feel my pale body emptying itself in the cold bathroom. There is a constant pain in my stomach; it moves to my head, engulfing my mind. It grows inside of my chest. I feel in my soul deep beyond my skin a monster, clawing to steal my innocence. The only way to save myself is to get it out of my body, to throw up everything inside, in hopes this unbearable creature will disappear. The acid doesn’t burn my throat anymore, and I become one with the pain. I’ve mastered the skill of muffling the choking and gasping as I stick my fingers down my throat and feel my lunch returning. It used to take me thirty minutes to throw up a binge. But now, I can get it under five minutes, and I’ve also mastered keeping
my face from blotching bright, patchy, red. You could say I’m an expert at hiding and disguising, but if I weren’t so good, the world would see the demon I am. Purging is the only remedy, because all I’m doing is avoiding the terrifying world of fat; the terrible world of rolls and extra skin, and too many pounds. Everywhere I look, everyone I see is skinny and absolutely gorgeous. But as soon as I look in the mirror I see fat everywhere. I see my acne, my stringy hair, my fat thighs, my love handles, my flabby butt, and my disgusting stomach. I’ve limited myself to eating lettuce. Sometimes, if I’m behaving, Ana tells me it’s okay to eat. But most days she tells me to wait. She says all I am doing is making my body sad by eating. Sometimes I block out Ana’s guidance, and I binge. But, she always comes back and demands that I get the fat out before it spreads. It is an infection, a virus, and I have to fight it.

Ana is my best friend, but when Ana is my enemy, I go to Mia. Ana and Mia are acquaintances, battling for my attention. But sometimes, we argue because I get so hungry that I don’t want to wait. I get so tired of being patient, and that’s when Mia intervenes by encouraging me to take my money and buy thirty-five dollars’ worth of junk to cease the hunger. After Mia helps me choose my meal, we quietly go to my room, lock the door, and Mia places the food in front of me. The mouthwatering aroma overwhelms my being and the hunger takes control. With trembling fingers, I rip open the wrappers; the treasure is mine. My delicious prize is tasteless as I inhale the food to fill the void. Ana screams that this kind of behavior will destroy me, but I’m sick with the worst kind of diseases. Today I’m being a bad girl, and I don’t throw the food up, the fat forms inside me. I can feel it all over, and I can hear Ana screaming ultimatums at me. She is infuriated because I disobeyed her. This is when I need to be punished. This is when Ana scares me. She is no longer my friend when she becomes irate. Ana becomes my master, and I must listen. If I do not obey, she will kill me.

I can hear Ana command my body to be as light as air, to float gracefully around. But emptiness is the only feeling I have anymore. This is what I get for being a mistake, for not being good enough. This is my punishment for being born a cow. Sometimes I get really dizzy. Ana tells me it’s my body becoming lighter, and I can’t give up no matter how dizzy I
Ana makes me fast for days. She tells me water is the only thing I'm allowed to have; zero calories. No harm is done when the calories are zero. Ana tells me I must exercise. If I lose weight, I still need to look nice and not become flabby. After I exercise, I'm always exhausted. I'm exhausted to the point of giving up Ana's dream. My stomach is always making rumbling noises. Ana says that my stomach is applauding me for the progress I've made, but she also says I'm not even close to where she expects me to be. Ana shows me pictures of gorgeous women with exquisite bones. She says if I can see my bones, I'm doing the right thing. She is very jealous. If I don't focus on her, she screams and my head throbs. When she's mad, my body shakes uncontrollably. Ana tells me to feel my bones, to grasp my fat while standing in front of the mirror. I'm disgusting, and Ana doesn't let me forget it. She reminds me that I'm a loser, and I'm weak.

People sometimes ask me if I'm anorexic, if I starve myself, and I laugh and say I'm obviously not. I jokingly say that they'd be able to tell if I was anorexic, and that I love food so much, I could eat all day. In my head I scream for help, because sometimes all I want to do is die. Wouldn't it be lovely? No one would miss me, and I know Ana would be pleased: I was really only born to die. When people ask me these questions I let Ana speak for me. I'm a terrible liar, but she's able to fool them. She's so good at what she does, and I don't know what I'd do without her.

Ana has changed me, and now my hair falls out daily. It comes out in clumps, and I get scared I'm going bald. But Ana says this is normal, and I need to stop worrying about it. Mia tells me I need food to grow. She has this weird way of making food sound great. But as soon as I begin to eat, Mia and Ana start to fight. Mia screams that if I don’t get rid of the food she’ll destroy me. Ana yells that I must starve to perfection. Sometimes they come to an agreement that Ana will let me eat what I want as long as I throw it all up. They tell me that my fingers aren’t long enough to get all of the food out of my fat body, so Mia suggests I use a toothbrush, Ana completely agrees. At first I come up with every reason not to use one because I don’t want it to hurt. But they assure me that it will be better than when I use my fingers. I’m glad I trust them, because using a toothbrush is easier now. I just take the side without the bristles, stick it down my throat, and wiggle it around. The food comes up
faster and easier. I love the feeling I get when I throw up. This feeling of emptiness gives me a high that I cannot describe. In the end they are both content.

Somedays, Ana says I’ve begun to retaliate. If I stop listening to her and listen to Mia, she demands my full attention. Ana shows me a picture of a girl who looks flawless. Her long flowing hair is a glossy midnight black; she is tall and lanky, and her perfectly crafted bones sculpt her body. She is absolutely breathtaking, and Ana insists that I need to look like her. Ana demands a punishment because I am a fat cow. Every night before bed Ana tells me to take all my clothes off and stand in front of my mirror naked. She tells me to measure myself: my waist, hips, thighs, butt, wrists, arms, and my chest. After this, Ana makes me stand up and put my feet together, and then I have to pinch all the fat on my body. I always start with my back. I grip my love handles, and then the cellulite on my thighs and the insides of my thighs. I move up to my gruesome stomach, and I jiggle the flab and fat that is there. The pain will push the fat away, right? I squeeze this unwanted enemy until it hurts. After I complete Ana’s regimen, Mia asks if I am hungry. Mia shows me pictures of mouthwatering steak and tempting chocolate cake, and she continues to ask if I want food. If I don’t say no, Ana screams that I am weak, and I am disgusting and fat. She tells me that when I eat, I am throwing away all my hard work. So I’ve learned to say no. I’ve learned to ignore the pang of hunger and the reality of emptiness, because Ana is now my best friend, and she will make me perfect.