

Untitled
(excerpt)
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Senior Non-Fiction

I recall one day when I was in the locker room at the campus gym. I was changing into my workout clothes. There was this beautiful girl there and I found myself staring at her. She looked so strong and so fit. She was thin but most importantly, she looked healthy. All I could think about was how I wanted to be skinny like her! My mind was reeling and my mouth started watering. I wanted to touch her. I wanted to be her. Then I did something I never thought I would ever do. I talked to her. I was so desperate I had to know *how she did this*. I asked how I could be as thin as she was. She looked at me with, what I thought at the time, was a look of confusion. Now I believe the look was one of "are you for real?" I can't recall her words but she made a comment about my weight. *My weight*.

There was a weight scale in that room. She left and I was alone with the scale. I was frozen for what felt like an hour. I had not gotten on a scale since before I left home over a year ago. What would it show? I was terrified it was going to be higher than the last time I had weighted myself. *I had worked so hard!* I had to talk to myself and tell myself it was ok if I was between one hundred and twenty pounds and one hundred and thirty pounds. It was going to be ok. It was going to be ok. I stepped on the scale. I adjusted. I adjusted again. I adjusted again. I adjusted again. I weighted ninety six pounds. I was five foot six and a half. I was almost nineteen years old and I weighted ninety six pounds. I was terrified.