

## "Societal Standards"

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That's IT! I hate this, I really f\*cking hate this! I am better than that, more confident than that, prettier than that! I should not be reduced to tears by a sizing system, should not look at emaciated models and envy them, should not hear the word 'anorexia' and think 'good idea'. No! NO! NO!!!

What happened to me? I used to be so happy in my body, so content in its shape and its curves. What happened? I used to look in the mirror and see the length of my neck, the pronounced collar bones, the delectable hips and thighs. Now I only see bulging cheeks, fat ass, thunder thighs, nonexistent breasts, rotund belly, chunky calfs.... The list continues. What happened? When did a size five become fat, a size seven scary, and a size nine exceptionally obese? And more importantly, why?

Perhaps it's the people I hang out with. Pretty much everyone I know is obsessed with getting down to a size zero, a flat stomach, a perfectly toned ass and totally trim legs. Starving yourself doesn't become anorexia until the other girls get jealous and working out is great until someone else can do it better. And even the girls who are going on concave, ribs showing through their three layers of t-shirts, are looking down at the scale and hoping to drop another ten, twenty pounds. What's the matter with them? What's the matter with me?

Eating disorders are often linked with life threatening depressions. One feeds the other, a vicious spiral staircase that only ends in falling. Yeah, I know this. Models are at an unhealthy weight and will pay for it with years off their lives. Yeah, I know this too. But get this - IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I KNOW. No matter how many times you tell me that these things are unrealistic, that these ideals cannot be achieved, that it's unhealthy.... No matter the ways you tell me that this is not a good thing, there are forty other people simultaneously telling me that thin is in and that I'm not thin. The standards are so sharp, I can only impale

myself on them, no matter where I turn, they so surround me. Yeah, I KNOW the facts, but the loudest thing I hear is that chant, coming at me from every side, in every voice that's ever spoken:

"Bulging cheeks, fat ass, thunder thighs, rotund belly, chunky calfs...." "Thin is in, fat is laughed at...."  
"Five is fat, seven is scary, nine is grossly obese...."

STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP IT!!!! That's IT!!!!