



Is my own self-image not good enough? Whatever I use, and wherever I go, I see those pretty girls with clear skin, skinny bodies, big breasts, perfect hair and white teeth. Whenever I look at myself the imperfections come clear and the body dysmorphia begins. My body feels like an ugly cocoon with a beautiful butterfly on the inside, the weight I gain is the layers for this cocoon; the more I try to escape this cocoon the worse my sickness gets. I've tried physically regurgitating this butterfly out but she seems to be trapped underneath this shell. Why can't she escape? Why can't I be like the rest?

Nobody wants me. All I am is an obese and disgusting pig. I can't eat, drink or sleep in this rotting corpse of a body. I want to be pretty like the rest. I want to be skinny instead of having these rolls of fat. I want to have perfect straight hair instead of this curly mess, I want to have clear skin instead of this scarred face. Whenever I walk I can tell what they all think of me:

*"At least I'm not as fat as her"*

*"She must be pregnant with a gut like that"*

*"Her face looks disgusting with all those scars"*

They all find me revolting and I do too. My own reflection shows how revolting I really am...I must be pretty on the inside. I must escape this shell and be as perfect as the rest. The less I eat the more fragile the shell becomes. The more I gag, the closer the butterfly gets to escaping. I need to fix myself fast or I'll be this ugly forever. Less and less I eat, more and more I vomit. I can't throw up anymore, it's not fair I need to get rid of this fat. I know how I can fix this. I can start exercising, and only eat once a day. One hour of exercise turns to eight hours of exercise and one meal a day turns to one meal a week. I'm so tired, hungry and weak.

My shell finally feels fragile and I decided to go to the mirror and look. I can see the body of the butterfly starting to escape, I can feel her body pushing against my shell. She's aching to escape. Her arms hugging around my chest making a cage structure, she feels as strong and hard as copper. She can be free. I'm so close to spreading her wings that I can feel them stabbing through my back. I am a beautiful butterfly. At least I feel like one, my shell has gone down to my bone. I'm as beautiful as the rest. Or am I? Everyone stares at me in dread and I start to hear them again:

*"She looks like a zombie"*

*"I can see her rib cage"*

*"She must be sick, she needs some help"*

I look back at my reflection, all I see is a skeleton. Oh god, what have I done to myself? What have I done to my body?! I tried to throw up out of horror but I'm afraid I have nothing left in my body to dispose of. Who am I? What have I done? I fell unconscious. When I awoke I was surrounded by nurses, doctors, needles and food. They tell me about my situation and how I don't have enough food in my body. They try to feed me but I look away in disgust, I can't become a hideous monster again. I started to struggle and scream but they held me down and injected me. I fell unconscious again. Once I awoke again there were tubes connected to my body with what looked like grounded up food. I tried to struggle but I couldn't anymore, I was weak and frail and my body was too. I was stuck in this hospital room with nowhere to go. Family started coming in, crying and worrying about my health, asking how did it get to this? I just told them there is a beautiful butterfly underneath this shell and she's waiting to break free, once they heard this it caused more wailing.

I was in the hospital for weeks, transferred from facility to facility. I was only allowed out once after they prescribed me medication, I was at a steady weight, a steady diet and if I had a nutritionist check in on me every week. My stomach would gag when it came to eating but I was forced to digest. The butterfly was withering away inside me. I'm not beautiful anymore. I will never be like the girls on the magazines and the billboards. I was so close to being like them but I lost it all. I hate it, I hate it all, I hate myself, I hate my body, I hate my face, I hate my hair, I hate my yellow teeth, I hate my crooked smile, I hate the way that my spine protrudes out my back, I hate how my face feels hollow, I hate how my skin shrinks into my bones. What have I become? I destroyed my body to gain beauty and despite a steady weight I still look like a ghoul. The horrors of my life and what I have done haunt me everywhere. The billboards of the pretty girls with small waists and big breasts all look down at me and laugh. The magazines of the girls all smile at me with their perfect white teeth. My imperfections have outweighed me. I will

never have anything perfect about me. The butterfly inside me has died and she will never escape this labyrinth, I've felt her wither away every day, I will never be beautiful. I will never be close to beautiful. I will never escape this pain and misfortune, all my insecurities have overpowered me and I will never love myself with the rotting shell I'm in. They say beauty comes from the inside, which beauty inside of me has perished, the butterfly inside of me has passed away and now I am forced to rot in this shell.