

Nothing Will Ever Be the Same Again ... Except Maybe Something

Alisa was *not* happy. She was livid, and she had every right to be, “Get outta my face Charlene! I never wanna see you again!”

With that, she swished her long brown hair over an angry shoulder and flounced off leaving Charlene with tears threatening to break loose. “Alisa! Hold up a minute! I’m ... sorry, I ...”

But Charlene’s plea got lost in the rushed hallway.

Alisa didn’t care one bit about her friend right now. She was hurt more than ever! *How could my very best friend in the whole world steal my boyfriend?*

Thankfully, she got to her next class without seeing *him*. She sat down and covered her face pretending to rub her eyes. Everyone else was getting their books and supplies ready so she busied herself with doing the same ... anything to keep busy and not think.

I can’t believe it. Jason kissed Charlene and Charlene let him – in ‘our’ special corner of the school. Now everybody’s looking at me and talking about it! How could she? Her throat ached, squeezing off a sob.

The rest of the day was like trying to swim through mud. She avoided Jason and everybody else, too. She just wanted to get home to her room.

But as soon as she got on the bus, her cell phone started in – it was Charlene. *No way!* Then Jason. *Creep! Charlene and Jason.* She snapped her phone shut and turned towards the window to hide the pain she was sure everybody could see on her face.

The house was quiet and empty when she got home – she tried to blink back the tears but it was no use. By the time she got to her room, the anguish of her heart came out in such pain her lungs hurt from the cries she tried to muffle in her pillow.

She loved Jason with all her heart. He and Charlene were all she had ... and now it was all gone. She was all alone. Nothing will ever be the same again.

She lay on her bed too heavy with grief to move and watched the blades of her fan go around and around. She noticed the strobe effect of the shadows

and allowed that old feeling to creep back up from the dark place where it lived ... just waiting – always waiting, and always dependable. What a comfort to have it tucked away when she needed it most.

I'll feel better if I eat something. No one's home and it'll be just like it used to be ... before Jason.

She had been trying really hard not to ... well, anyway, no one knew; and she missed that feeling ... it was sooo worth it! It felt so good to fill that emptiness and then get rid of all that ugliness and pain ... what a relief! It would flow through her whole body and fill her brain with that relaxing feeling of peace.

She was safe there ... in that feeling.

One single purpose gripped her mind. A deep sigh released the strength to sit up. *Yes ... she needed that now.*

She went to the kitchen with the assurance of knowing what she would be experiencing soon.

As she pulled out her favorite snacks, her mind conjured up how she was going to prepare for this secret time in the bathroom – how she would burn candles ... to fake-out her mom. *I wonder where my gum is?*

But there was something else deep inside – something that stirred uncomfortably in her chest.

She tried to shake it off.

But the stirring was strong and drew her memory to the scrap of paper in her purse she kept 'just in case.'

She wished she had never, ever seen it! She wished she had never, ever written it down!

She stood there struggling with indecision. Wavering. She needed to eat! She needed to purge!

No ... she *had* to!

Trembling fingers gripped the handle of the pantry. Hesitating. She let go – her arms resting at her side.

She took a deep breath and reached back up, convincing herself ... *Just one then ... I'll take just one with me ... well ... and maybe these.* She snatched the snacks and went to boot up the computer. Then she quickly retrieved her purse not giving herself any time to glance in the bathroom.

A mental STOP sign flashed through her head.

She sat down, opened her Twinkies and chips, took a bite and scrounged around for the piece of paper.

Sweaty palms hovered over the keyboard. Another sigh released some of the anxiety. She typed the address ... and waited – another bite. She started to read ... she got up. She paced the room – another bite. She stood behind the chair finishing off the chips, staring at the front page ... she needed more snacks, but ...

There was just *something* that kept her there at the website. *Something* touched her ... someone cared and ... she wasn't alone. She sat back down ... and clicked a link.

Maybe ... just maybe, no candles will be needed today.



Author's note: Eating disorders come in many forms and can develop into other forms. There are four out of one hundred young women who struggle everyday.

The website Alisa checked out was: www.freedomfromed.com. It has many links to other websites that can also help.

Pat Guy
Hebrws416@aol.com
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