

# The Girl



As she stares at herself in the mirror, she doesn't see herself. Her skin pallid, her body gaunt, her aura diffident. She reaches for a brush, beginning to stroke through the tangled mass of hair on her small head. A voice inside her threatens to release itself. She pushes it away, and smooths her hair. She grabs a hair tie and pulls her hair into a tight ponytail. She takes out her makeup bag. She grabs her eyelash curler, curling her lashes up and away from her eyes. She pulls out her tube of mascara. She twists open the bottle and lightly paints the makeup onto her eyelashes. She twists the bottle back closed and puts her bag away. She looks at the clock, and sees it is 1 pm. She looks back at her reflection and looks at the necklace around her neck. She fidgets with it a little. She then exits her bedroom, moving towards the stairs. She walks quietly down the stairs, entering the kitchen. The voice starts knocking inside her again. She's hungry, but feeling the power of the voice, instead laces up her sneakers and exits her home. It's quiet. People don't really wander near her home. Outside it's a comfortable temperature, but she feels cold. Her feet carry her and she starts to pick up a jog. The voice inside her becomes more violent, and she succumbs to it. The voice echoes "Run, run". She picks up speed. She is tired, but she keeps moving. She runs until her feet are numb and her bones are aching. She soon returns to her home. She doesn't eat. She goes back to her room, where she examines herself in the mirror again. The voice within her reads her reflection like an open book. It tells her that she isn't pale enough, that her face isn't thin enough. She tries to ignore the voice, telling it that she feels weak. The deficiency of food is getting to her. She changes out of her clothes and puts on a baggy sweatshirt and baggy sweatpants. They fit her last month. Not anymore. The voice inside her is happy. Satisfied. She looks at the clock. It is now 3 pm. She hasn't eaten yet

today, but her hunger has passed. She is in a rather placid mood, and so she picks up a book and sits down on her bed to read it. It is a romance novel. These are her favorite, but also cause her great pain. This voice she's been fighting with all day reads the book along with her. It loves the content, and knows that the girl could never acquire anything like it. The voice echoes in her head, telling her she is alone. Romance is unattainable. She begins to get frustrated with the voice. She tries to ignore it, and continues to read the story. However, the voice distracts her again. It grows until she can't ignore it anymore. She closes her book and throws it down on her bed. She moves in front of her mirror for the thirteenth time today. She pulls at her clothes in frustration. She can see the pain in her eyes. She knows deep down the way she looks isn't pretty. The voice thinks so though. That awful, awful voice. She wants to ignore it so badly. The voice starts to circle throughout her mind. She holds her head in her hands, trying to shake it away. It doesn't work. She paces her room back and forth. The voice grows louder and louder. She frantically walks around her room. She feels like the walls are closing in on her. The room slowly gets smaller and smaller. She goes back to the mirror. She yanks the ponytail out of her hair. She quickly goes to her bathroom. She pulls open a drawer and takes out her makeup wipes. She tugs out a wipe and hastily wipes off her mascara. She rubs her eyes until there is no trace of makeup left. She throws the wipe in the garbage. She goes back into her room and returns to her mirror. She looks at her reflection. She scans her body up and down. A feeling of fear and frustration is pervading her body. She subconsciously grabs her necklace and twirls it. She then rips it off her neck and throws it down on the floor. The voice within her is shocked at what it's seeing. It certainly doesn't like it. The voice tries to speak. It tries to make itself

loud inside the girl's head. However, it doesn't work. The girl isn't listening. The voice is panicking. It's losing its power. The girl picks up the brush again. Her hair is all tangled again. She tries to brush through it, but it's too difficult. She has lost the patience to fix it. She pulls it out of her hair, and without thinking, hurls it at her mirror. It shatters. Starting right at the center, cracks start to spread to every corner and side of the mirror. She stares into the broken mirror. Her emaciated body is reflected in every crack. It's like a thousand eyes are watching her. Looking at the mirror only brings her more fear. Is this what she looks like? Her fear and anxiety begin to take over her. She stumbles back and collapses onto the floor. Now the walls are really closing in on her. The room gets smaller and smaller. She feels like she can't breathe. Her vision gets blurry. The voice is fading, disappearing into the abyss of her mind. It's the last thing she is aware of before everything goes black.