

The Girl in the Mirror

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A girl was once given a gift from her grandma. It was the most beautiful antique mirror she had ever seen. It's delicate gold engravings and round shape shone bright in the October sun emerging from her window. She loved it, but she hated the girl staring back at her.

The girl avoided staring for too long. Her skinny legs appeared thick and round. Her toned stomach seemed huge. Her bright blue eyes looked tired and sickly. She loathed the moment she would catch herself looking. She wished she could sculpt herself like clay to make herself more loveable.

This beautiful mirror captured the ugliness she felt. She began to starve herself, and every time she gave into her cravings, she would punish herself. Taking laxatives to flush out her system or shoving her fingers into the back of her throat to expel all the contents of her stomach. After each self-deprecating ritual, she would look in the mirror again, but all she would do is count her flaws like prayers, hoping that one day the mirror would give her the forgiveness she deserved.

Weeks passed, and the girl was doing better. She was passing her classes, spending quality time with friends and family, and playing basketball on her team. She had just won her school's state championship game. For the first time, when she looked in the mirror, she saw someone who was growing instead of breaking.

The girl knew that this feeling wouldn't last. She found her happiness in lodging a razor blade deep into her arms and legs. She would look in the mirror at her scars and scabs, each one

a faded constellation of her sadness. She wondered when the girl in the mirror would stop looking back at her.

The girl had a plan. A carefully thought-out plan. She wrote her note, picked out a day, and went through with her self-agreement. The girl in the mirror stopped looking back at her that day, but only because there was nothing to reflect.