



*2 PARTS  
OF DESIRE*

# Kristabell

When my medical appointments were due, I'd freak. Will the weighing scales add a gram? And the needles for the blood tests, the regular urine samples. *Kif spic'cajt!*

I was 18 then, starting my second year at Junior College and trying to deal with an intense teenage love that had just ended. I just had to get into medical school...hours and hours totally immersed in books until there was little time left in the day to eat.

One January I went to London and hit the shops. Amazing! All my clothes were size 12, 4 sizes below my usual 16. Everything fit me perfectly and I looked so so good...so I wanted more. Or rather, I wanted less. Less fat, less weight, less me. Food became my enemy. A couple of friends & a teacher tried drawing my attention to the negative aspect of my behaviour. But what did they know? I was slim. I was fit. I was in control. True, my vomiting episodes had become more frequent and I had lost around 25 kilos in less than 4 months.

When I was vomiting every single thing I put in my mouth, my teacher called my parents & they forced me to visit a specialised psychologist. I was livid! How dare he?! But when I read the messages exchanged between him & my parents all I could do was cry my heart out. I couldn't believe I was inflicting so much pain on the people who loved me most.

A few months later I started panting during a private lesson. My friends held my hand tight & cried. They later told me in that particular moment they saw me dying. I ignored the doctor's warning, intent on reaching 50 kilos. I later fainted at school & risked a heart attack when rushed to hospital.

Recovery was difficult, I had to eat! Bite after bite I just felt myself growing bigger. But, I also felt my desire to live getting stronger...to live as I was, as I am now.

My Anorexia Nervosa killed my soul. I'm not totally done with it yet, I'm told it will take more time, more fights to completely get rid of it. I don't need to be told that, as I'm dealing with it every day.

The difference is that now I really am in control.