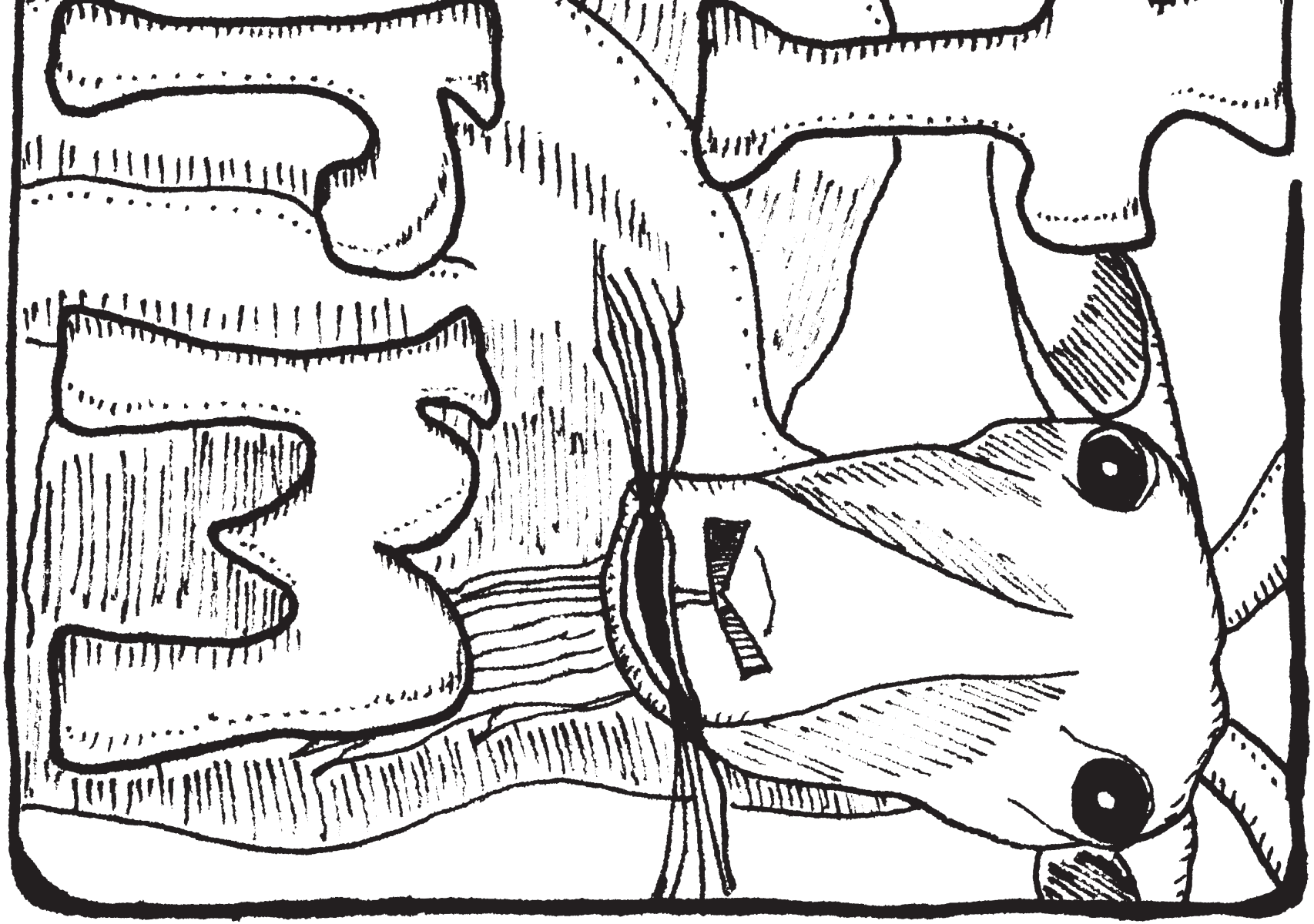
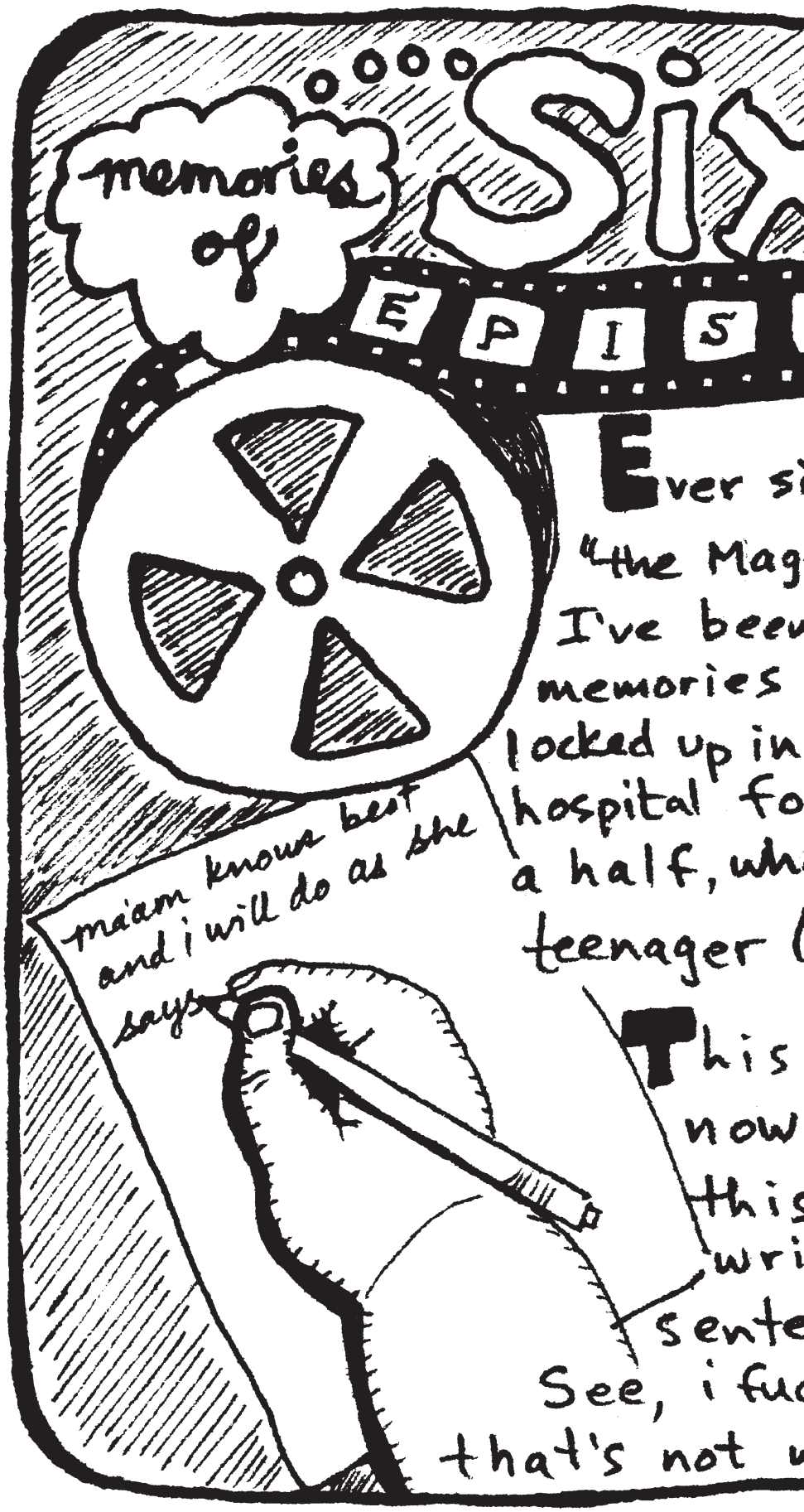

BY MAX AIRBORNE



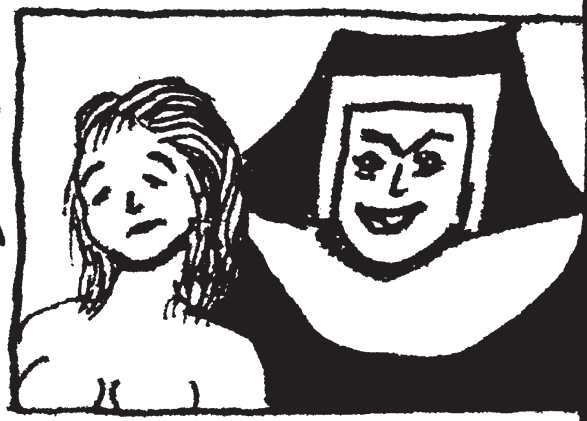
by Max Airl

borne, 2003


memories of
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This
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See, i fu
that's not
ma'am knows best
and i will do as she
says

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O D E 1 by Max Airborne



ince I saw
delene Sisters"
, flooded with
of having been
a mental
r a year and
en I was a
(ages 13-15).

one I'm about to tell you
starts with me here, in
s moment, sitting at my desk
tingwritingwriting the same
ence over and over again.
cked up the other day. But
what this story is about...

"Your hands look thinner. I can see the weight coming off."





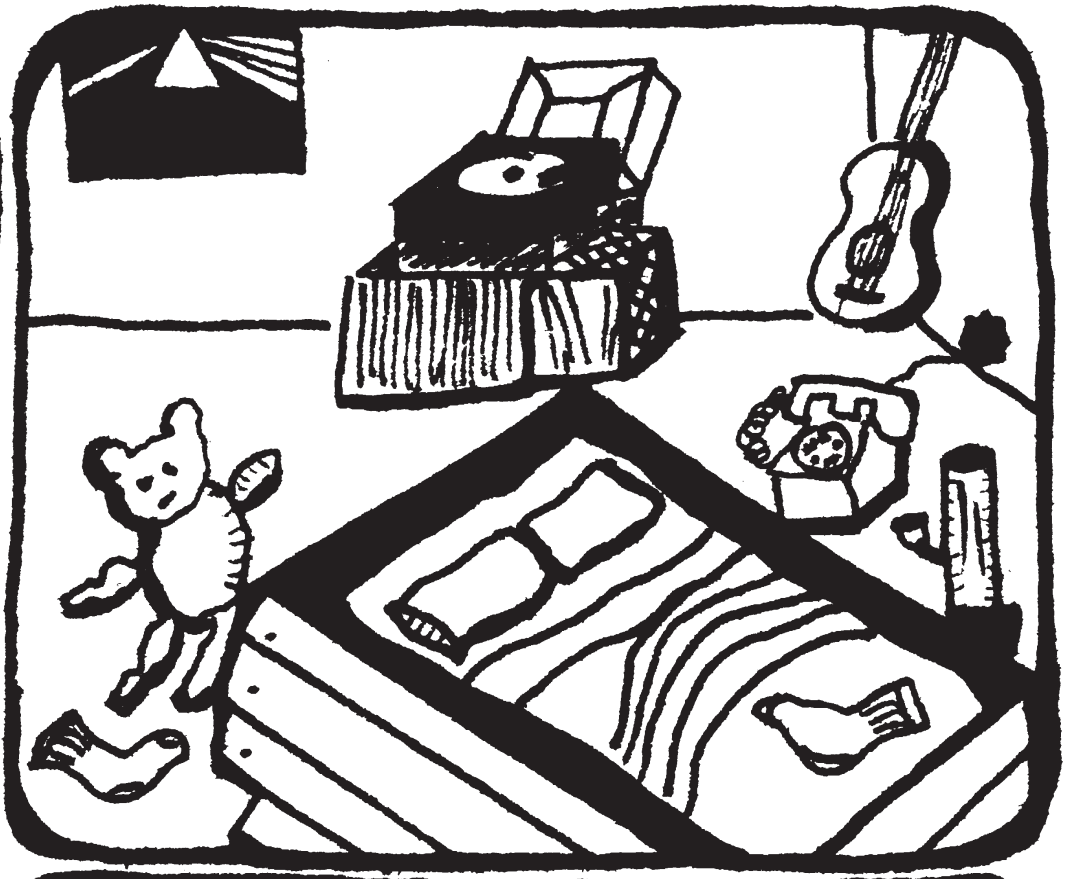
What?! I'd spent the weekend frantically transcribing song lyrics I wanted to learn, into the wee hours until my hands ached,

so STIFF I couldn't drop the pen. I'd been at my mom's on a weekend pass, revelling in luxuries like record players, my well-loved record collection, my waterbed with rainbow sheets.

"What!?!?" I asked, incredulous.



"Your hands. They're looking nice. They're getting thin."

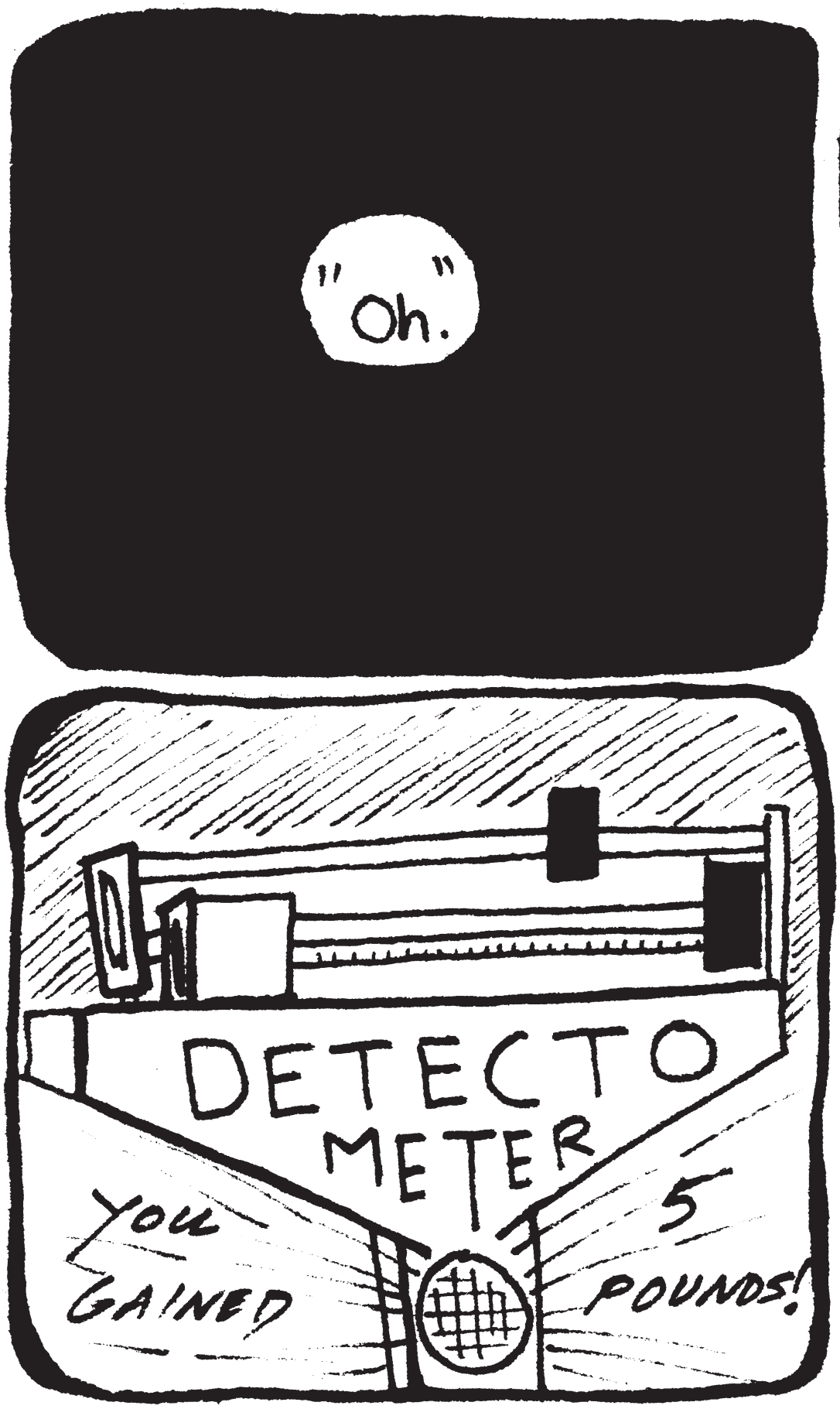


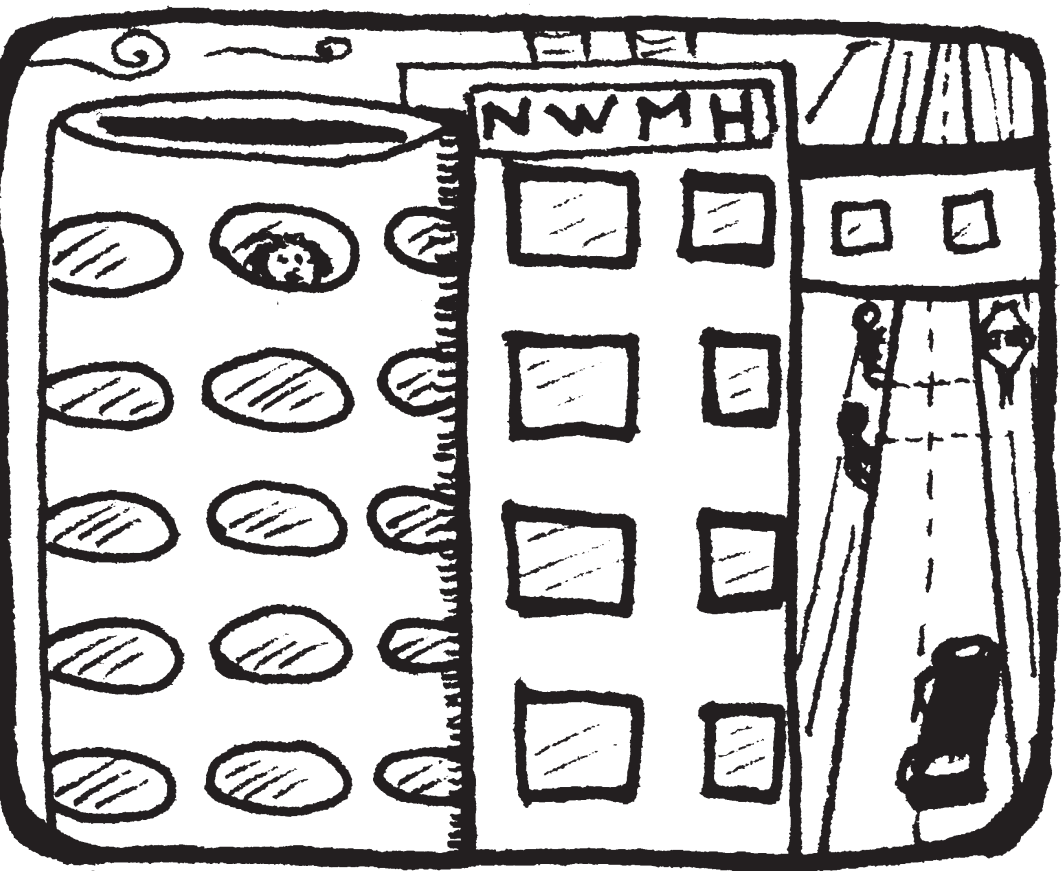
The doctor's comment took me by surprise.

I HATED HIM.

Yet... in his twisted way he was expressing pride in me, and I wanted it, which pissed me off.

@★!м¢?!@★?!★!@?!


"Oh."
DETECTO METER
YOU GAINED 5 POUNDS!



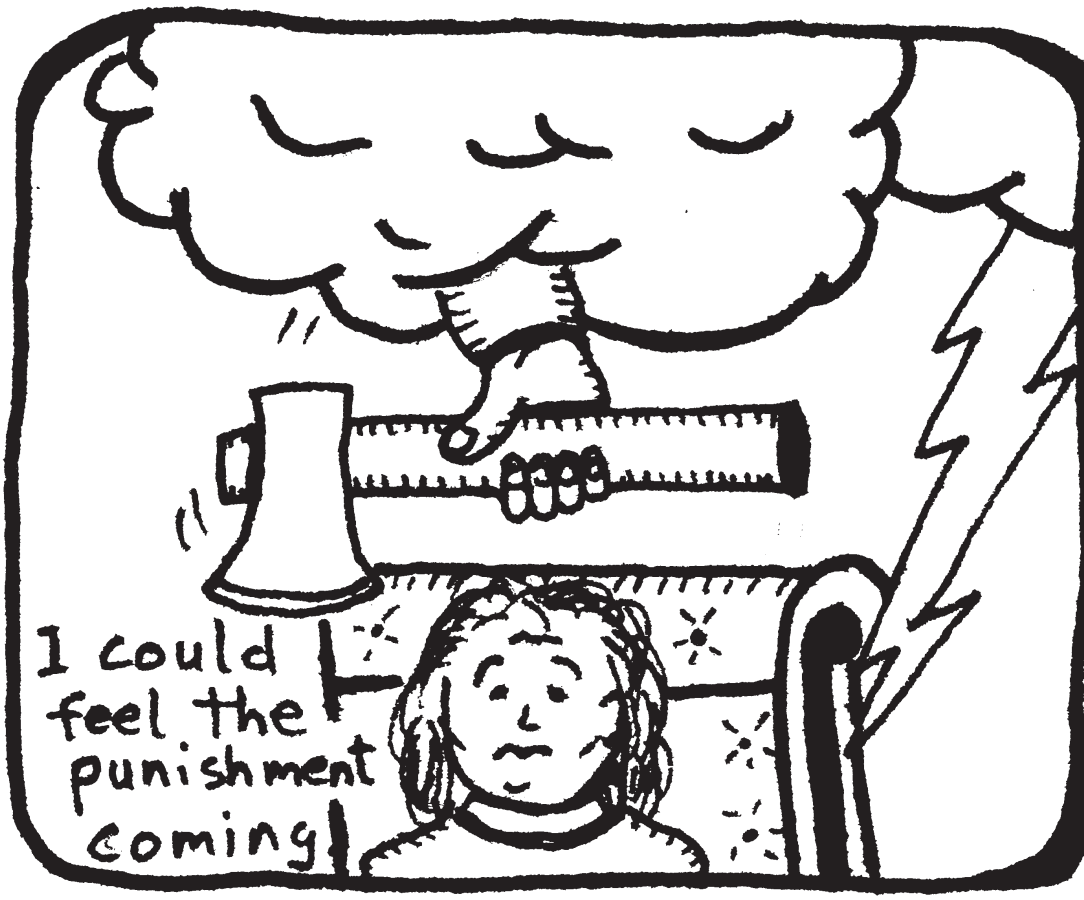
"... But, the scale tells a different story. You gained weight over the weekend. WHAT'S YOUR EXPLANATION, YOUNG LADY?"



"I don't know."

He was so uptight you had to wonder if he ever took a dump. He was always hyper, authoritarian, and on the brink of being pissed off. THERE WAS NO LOVE IN THIS LITTLE MAN.





This weekend, however, I had been drinking.

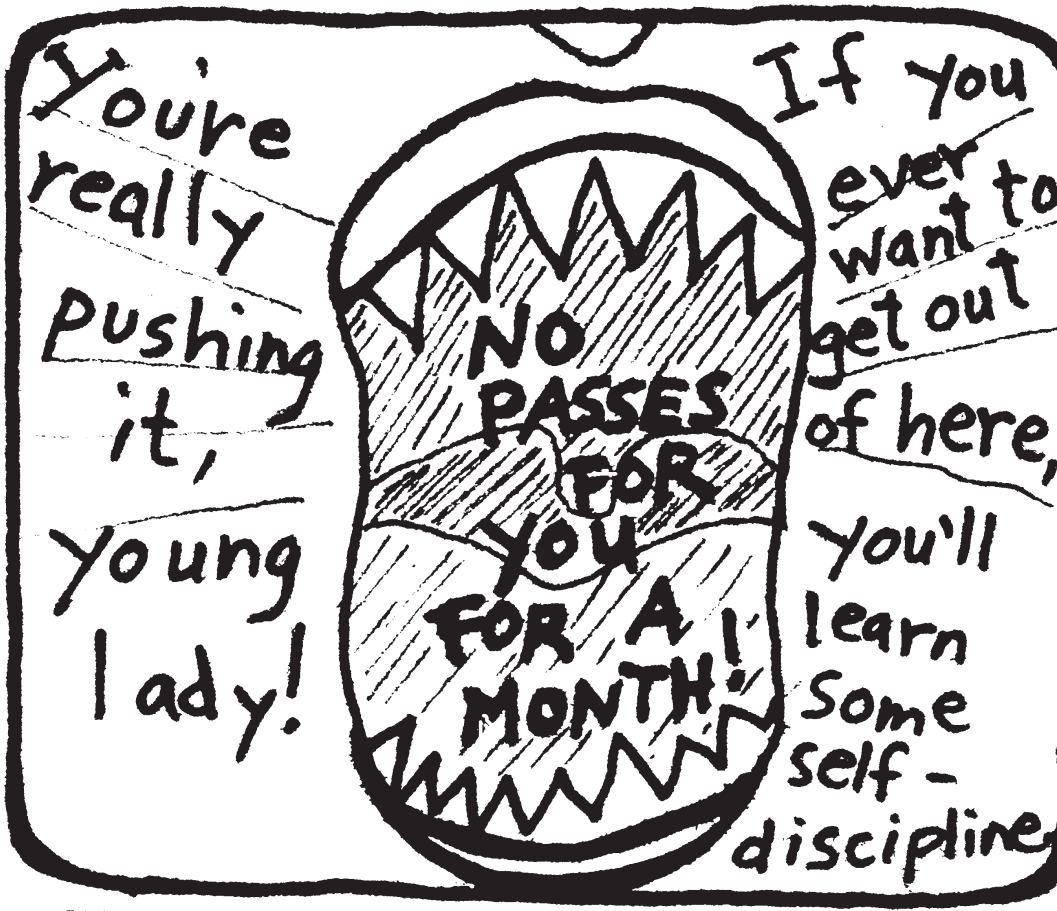
AND HE KNEW, he knew something.

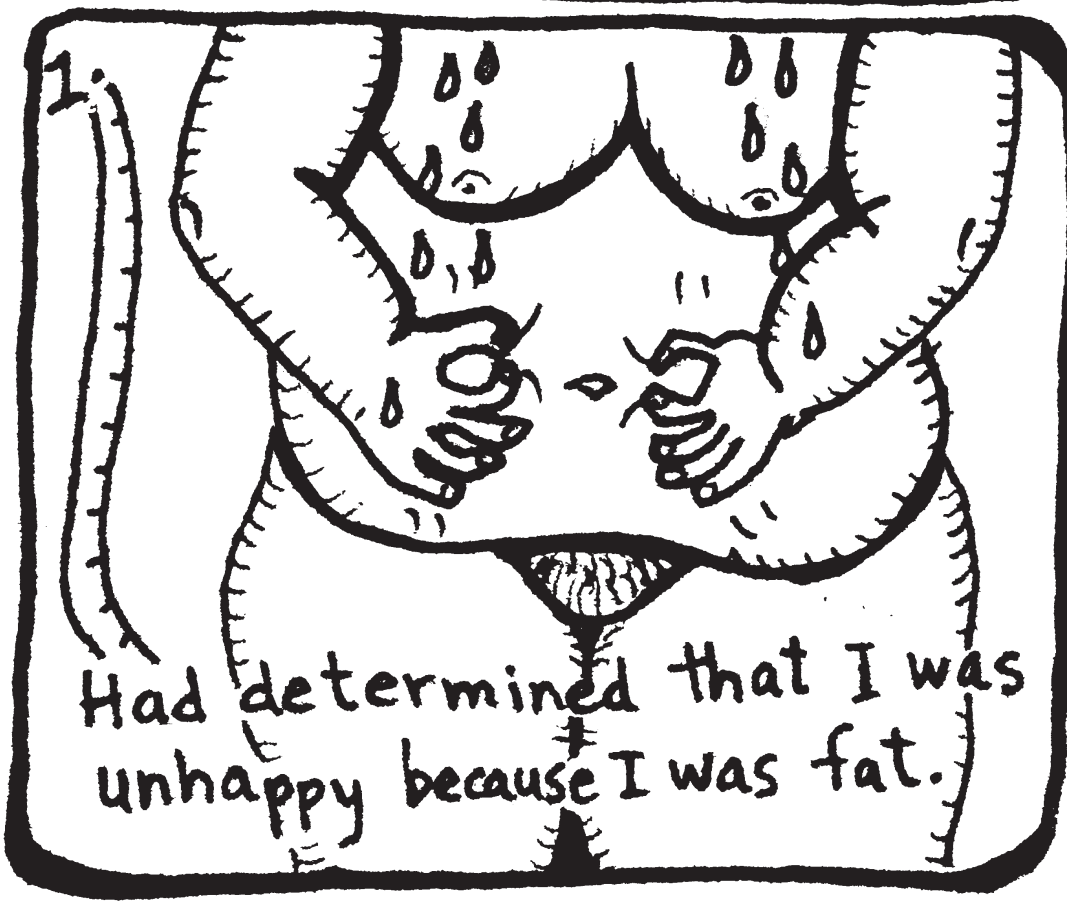
Bored with the game, knowing I'd lost,

I CONFESSED.

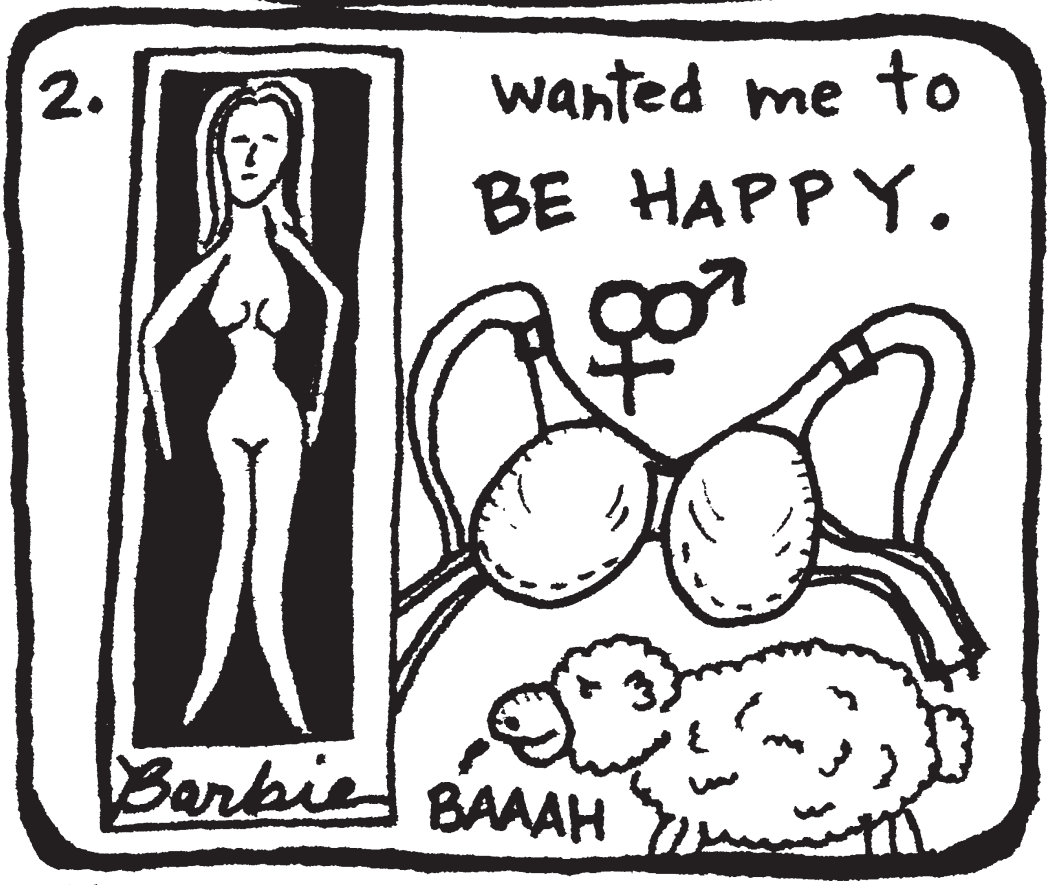
You see, I was on a diet. A BIG DIET. I was allowed 500 calories a day. Every privilege I had was contingent on the numbers revealed by the scale. The funny thing was, those numbers didn't always reflect what I had eaten.

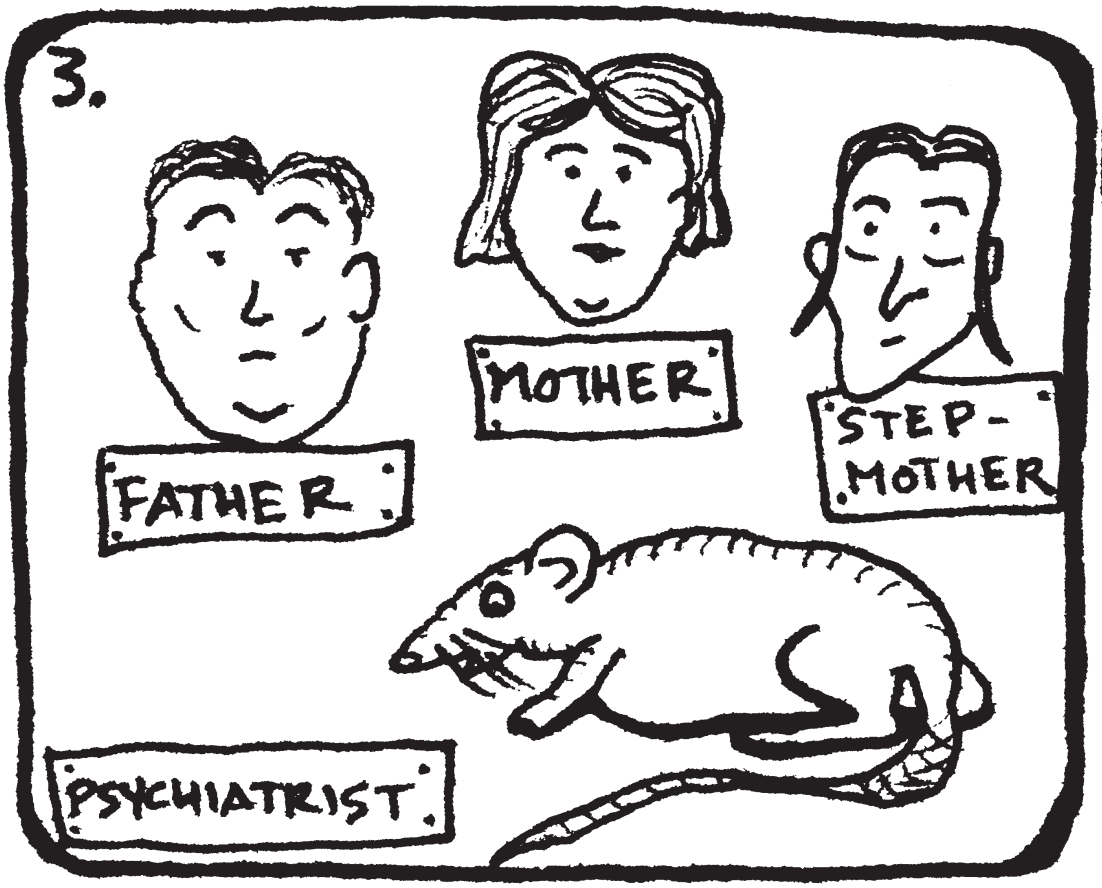



You're really pushing it, young lady!
NO PASSES FOR YOU FOR A MONTH!
If you ever want to get out of here, you'll learn some self-discipline


1.
Had determined that I was unhappy because I was fat.


They:

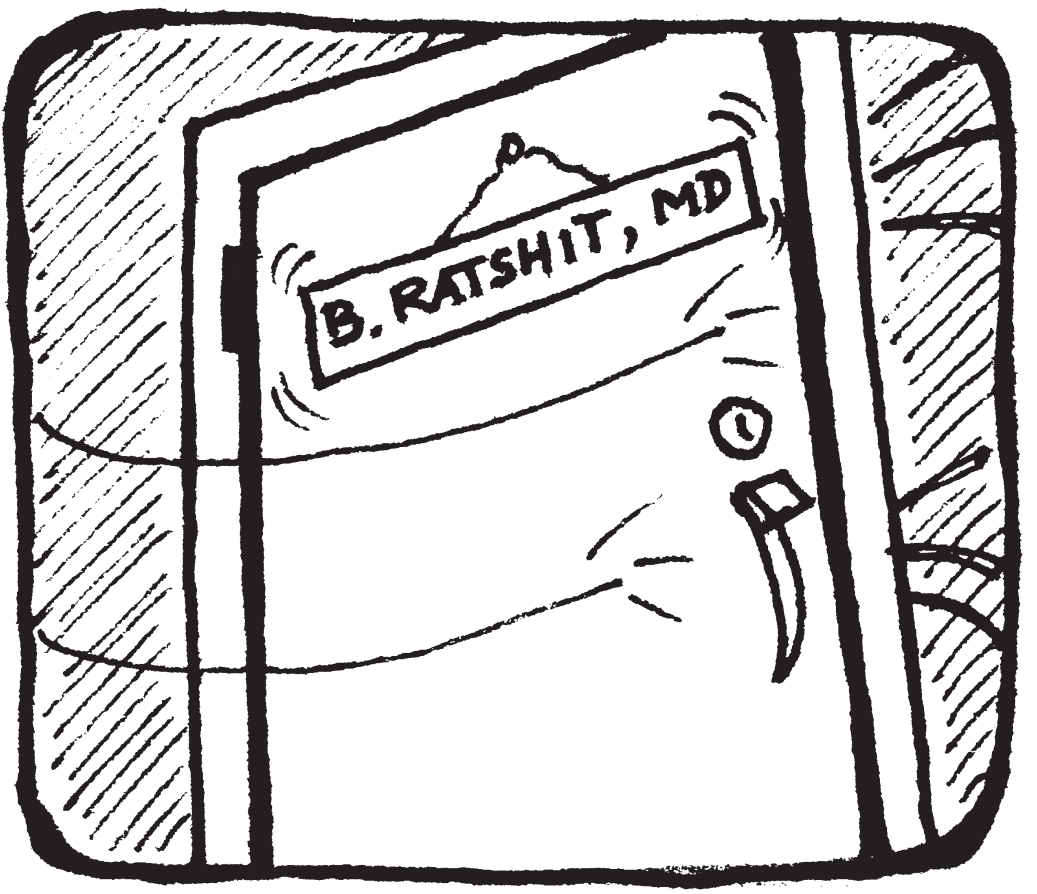

2.
wanted me to
BE HAPPY.
Barbie
BAAAH



"FINE!"

I left and slammed the door behind me.


4. Kept me locked up and starving because they thought it would save me, because they could.
Because I was 13.


B. RATSHIT, MD

Outside the shrink's office, BERNADETTE was standing in the doorway of the nurse's station.





She was the nerdy "MENTAL HEALTH WORKER" who *REALLY* wanted me to LIKE HER.

Hmmm...



I knew she would. It was how she got me out of bed in the morning, her bribe, a cold can of Tab from the machine.

"Buy me a Tab?"

I asked her, with a pathetic look on my face.





The Tab was my implied agreement not to go there.

Now, it was no secret that the bribe was mine. She'd seen me slam the door, and she'd seen me in a door-slamming mood before.





With a metallic THUD, out dropped the thing that, in this place, felt like my only LUXURY.




CLINK
She slipped the quarter into the machine.
VEND
Rx

to be co

ntinued



maxairborne



e@gmail.com