Hunger

(Stream of Consciousness)

*Tayla Douglass*

The wind today is ice on my legs, similar to how it was on New Years this year, on the beach. But I had leggings on then. Today all I have are shorts. The bruise on my leg is visible today, however I am unsure of how I got it. Maye I bumped it on the bed last night. I am unsure about a lot of things lately. The grass here is so green. All we have back home is dirt. This grass looks like how it was on camp when we all sat outside eating lunch and discussing life; how different it is now. There is a slight breeze. I shiver. I seem to be much more affected by the weather lately.

The wind won’t stop irritating my eyes. It’s so cold. Tears are beginning to form in my eyes. I purposely didn’t wear mascara today for this reason. I thought it was supposed to be summer. I like winter a lot better. Will my legs leave an imprint on the grass? I hope we go back to the classroom soon because I feel as if the hairs on the back are about to snap off because of how cold it is. A bird calls. Do birds feel emotions like we do? Do they struggle with how they look? Do they compare themselves with everyone around them while desperately looking for beauty in themselves? I read once that dogs feel happiness but I wonder if birds do too. I wonder if birds feel anything at all really. How lovely would it be to not feel anything at all? No happiness, no sadness, no hunger. I wonder what it would be like to be a bird. To have the ability to fly away from this mess we call life. To be able to sit in a tree, watch over a group of school children, wonder what is going on.

As of late, I have begun to feel as if my mind wanders too much. Perhaps that is a sign of mental instability? I am unsure. I wish it would rain. I adore rain. Summer storms are always lovely but winter storms are dangerous and exhilarating. I see a part of myself in winter storms. Only sometimes though. Other times I see a part of myself in the mud that wild storms create- stepped on, piled up, useless. A waste of space. My head is starting to ache. Perhaps I am overthinking again. I tend to do that a lot.

My stomach grumbles loudly. I hope no one heard that- they can’t know that I am hungry as I told them I wasn’t. If I did tell them, if I opened up and released my struggle to them, what would they do? Point and laugh I guess. Tell me to get over myself. It’s not even a real problem anyway… global warming is more important than how I view myself. My head is pounding now; a pulsing pain. I need to take my mind off the ache. I begin to study my body. My legs are pale. They look similar to snow, except they are no where near as delicate. The clumps of cellulite on my upper thigh is obvious when I sit like this. I change positions. My legs are spread in front of me now, easily seen. I can see the bones of my ankle protruding. Since when did I have cankles? Last summer I was worse than I am now though, that’s why I started this diet. I want to look like that model- what was her name again? Kendall something- I forget.

I lie down, my body stretching as far as it can go, making myself look smaller. What if I looked like this all the time? What would people think? They would probably still ignore me. Not enough, never enough for them.

Where are the clouds? I could’ve sworn they were there just before, littering the sky. I hope we go back into the classroom soon; my water bottle is in there. Water will help with my headache- not completely though. Food is the only real cure for this headache but I can’t- I won’t. I shouldn’t. I’m already big enough, I can’t risk it.

The teacher calls. Finally, we can go! I sit up, my head spins. I grab onto the ground to try and steady myself, however that doesn’t work, as I soon find my vision going black. Not again, why does this have to happen now? Laying back down slowly I count to ten, breathing in deep and trying to bring myself back. Head spins hurt sometimes. I had one the other day and dropped my phone onto floorboards. I was so scared that I had cracked the screen, but I didn’t.

I open my eyes again, I seemed to have recovered. I sit up again, slowly this time. I attempt to stand up, however it seems to be getting a lot harder to do this lately. I can see my shadow, the long dark outline of my body. Even this way, I look big. My baggy clothes make me look much bigger too. I watch it as I begin to walk back to the classroom. I watch it as it gets longer and smaller and longer and smaller until it eventually fades to nothing. Just as I do.

*902 words.*