

September 2021

For years, I believed there was something wrong with me that wasn't similar to anyone else. This "something" wasn't easy to figure out. The pandemic consisted of trends, exercise, masks, and heavy cleaning. In high school, girls consistently made fun of me for my body, weight, and the way I looked. The bullying wouldn't stop- I was fifteen. My mom took everything to the police. Things were dealt with. Things were okay, until they weren't. On April 5th, 2020, while doing a heavy clean of some junk drawers, I found the red folder of printed screenshots. Sorrow began to creep up my spine as I began to cry. I couldn't understand why people ever thought this was okay. I stopped eating. How does this happen? By choice? No, not really. By coincidence? Not that either. I kept my eating disorder hidden. I never told the doctors, friends, employers, and most regretfully, I hid it from my family. Beginning from April 5th, 2020, to approximately September of 2021, I was not okay. Within the duration of starving myself out, burning 800 calories a day at the gym, making myself throw up after every time I ate, and weighing myself four times a day, I didn't see anything wrong with my lifestyle. It was June 11th, 2021, when I was at the doctor's office. She asks, "Do you have any questions or concerns?" I didn't. Well, I did. Words of anger went in and throughout my brain. I had been battling an eating disorder for well over a year and I wasn't ready to admit it. I was always the perfect, angelic, do-no-wrong child in my family- I couldn't let them know about this but, I also couldn't stand to hate myself for another day. It came out... "I think I have an eating disorder", I said as tears ran down my face. For the next few months, I was monitored. It was the hardest battle I've had to face. I came face to face with my parents and explained everything. They sobbed as they couldn't understand why their first-born child refused to understand how beautiful she is. My heart shattered into a million pieces. Soon after that doctor's appointment, I was on the road to recovery. Many people hate covid because they felt robbed of love, opportunity, and most importantly, time. If anything, Covid-19 saved my life. I finally ridded of those demon in which lived inside my precious thoughts. There's no more "I look fat" or "I can't eat that". This wasn't something that was wrong with just me- it affects millions. Covid taught me that there is no room for negativity in this world. Time moves too fast.

The presence of eating disorders during the pandemic can help historians understand the impact of cyberbullying, food scarcity due to supply chain issues, etc. I don't believe that researchers realize how many adults and children were affected by mental illness due to persistent lockdowns, isolation periods, restricted visitation, and new introductions to a virtual society. My experience offers intel to how mental and physical illnesses throughout the entirety an eating disorder or a watch because it are prioritized choose not to be watch in terms of patients, heart disease hospitals because vaccinated. With that has no 100% hospitalized but it

were underestimated of the pandemic. Whether it be cancer patient, it's difficult to seems like covid-19 patients everywhere even if they vaccinated. It's a hard thing to priority because cancer patients, etc. have less room in people choose to not be being said, being vaccinated guarantee of not being lowers the rates substantially.

