

Sarah Page:

- Female
- white/latino
- brown/black hair, blue eyes, round face.
- Weight- unhappy at 180lbs
- Height- unhappy at 5'7"

Hello, I'm FAT. I have been told this by everyone, girls at school, my doctor, and the world. I have tried to change myself, with varying side effects. I land back at square one, in eighth grade and already one hundred and eighty pounds. Clinically overweight, my doctor thought putting clinically before overweight would make it okay that she basically called me FAT.

I loathe myself, I'm FAT. With thighs the size of redwoods and a face shaped like an overripe peach, I am UNDESIRABLE. I wish I was like other girls, not in behavior sense, but with a body. A body that was in eighth grade and only weighed 120 pounds. Ah, 120 lbs, what a happy number. If I was 120 lbs, I could run better, feel better and not hide in my jacket all day. I wouldn't have to suck it in whenever I wasn't sitting with my friends. I might actually get noticed, in a good way. Instead I have to walk through these halls, hating myself and my family's slow metabolism.

I noticed the demons when I went through the door, unfortunately, they noticed me too.

"Hey FATSO." Tristy hissed. Tristy wasn't a typical middle school demon, she was their queen. Today she was wearing a leopard print crop top, worn jean shorts that looked more like underpants than shorts, and some sort of tennis shoe, high-heel hybrid. Her long brown hair was pinned up in a bun. You could barely see her skin for the amount of makeup she had on, but if you could it would be acne free. She hunted with a pack of girls like her, they worshipped their queen and dressed like her and in return they got protection from other monsters. They also got free boyfriends, Yay?

I tried to escape but Tristy's minions crowded around me, they were soul eaters and I was their breakfast, lunch and dinner. I put up my mental shields and went over my precautions.

~Don't respond, they'll get you back for it.

~Don't show emotion, they feast on it.

~Don't move, it will be over soon.

"Looks like FATS0 got even more FAT!" Tristy told her friends, they grinned and shifted, ready for a meal. "I didn't even know it was possible for a FAT IDIOT to get this FAT." Tristy studied me with judging eyes. "You should just STARVE YOURSELF, you know that? I think that would FIX your ASS."

"Or plastic surgery" Tristy's right hand monster, Ivy, cried.

"Hmm maybe not, even a new face couldn't make FATS0 beautiful." Tristy advanced. "OBESE little FATS0, so proud of her UGLY body that she won't even KILL HERSELF."

Gods, it was bad today, but I stuck to my rules. Stick to the rules, don't cry. I felt like I had swallowed a rock, the tears pushed at the back of my throat. I looked at my feet. I was literally saved by the bell. The monsters walked away, slamming me with their pink backpacks and laughing.

"Dang it." I said. They had stopped me on the opposite side of the school from my first class. I walked quickly down the hall, trying to calm myself down.

"Sarah, meet me after class." My homeroom teacher said absentmindedly. She was sitting at her desk. Every morning we had free choice reading for fifteen minutes, almost everyone else took the opportunity to play on their phones under the desks, I loved to read. I pulled out my copy of *The Fault In Our Stars*, and flipped to my favorite section.

Class went by slowly. At the end, I met with Ms. Jacobs. She looked at me sternly. "Now, why were you late this morning?" She asked me soberly.

"Umm, I-I woke up late." I stammered.

"Mhhmmm, now, try again. And don't lie."

I sighed. "I was talking to some girls in the North Hall and forgot the time." It was partially true.

"Next time, bring a watch." Ms. Jacobs smiled and dismissed me.

I walked out of the door and into the hall. Of course, the monsters were waiting.

"Hope you didn't try to get pity." Tristy smiled at me. She had already done her passing period makeup change. Her mascara was now purple, her lips were neon pink.

I broke a rule, I tried to walk away.

"Where you going, you FLABBY IDIOT?" Tristy asked, her subjects blocked the door.

Never break a rule, never break a rule. They would feast now, feast on her flaws, like they were starving. They would claw her up until her heart was barely beating. Then they would let her go, to KILL HERSELF. Or to return the next day, for the never ending meal.

"Yeah, that right, you're not going anywhere!" Ivy studied me from head to toe. "You're gonna stay right here and let Tristy do whatever she wants, because you are just a STUPID FLABASS."

Tristy walked forward and grabbed my backpack.

"Hey!" I squeaked. Damn, don't respond, don't respond. Never break a rule.

Tristy tossed it to Ivy. "Why don't you come and get it?" Ivy shook my backpack in front of her. She zipped open the bag and took out my book.

Tristy snatched it from Ivy. "Whats this?" Tristy hissed, her eyes lit up like the book was a new fashion magazine. "Some LAMEASS LOSER book? Only a WEIRDO would read such TRASH. The Fault In Our Stars? What kind of STUPID BRAINLESS LAMO are you?" She threw the book on the ground.

I knelt and grabbed it.

"Hey, everyone, look! FATSO is groveling at my feet!" Tristy yelled. My face burned as everyone in the hall turned to look at me.

"Knock it off." A girl with short strawberry-blonde hair grabbed my backpack from Ivy. She had green eyes, dry lips, and

her hair was slightly messy. She looked comfortable in a camo-green jacket and black jeans. Only one of ears was pierced with a green gem. On her wrists she wore two green string bracelets. One for each arm. She helped me up and glared at the demons, to my surprise, they actually stepped back.

“ Whatever, you two STUPID IDIOTS can go be FAT together.” Tristy huffed and twirled, sticking her nose in the air, she paraded out the door.

“ Thanks.” I told the girl.

“ Hmph, she’s the meanest person I have ever met.” The girl stared at me. “ You should stand up for yourself, don’t let her push you around.”

“ Well, usually the demons aren’t that bad.”

“ The what?” The girl frowned.

“ That’s what I call them, demons. At least in my head.” I shoved the book into my backpack.

“ That’s hilarious! I wish I could call them that to their faces.” She grinned like a madwoman.

“ Don’t respond, they’ll get you back for it!” I hissed.

“ What?” She asked, her face serious again.

“ Nothing, its .... nevermind.” I shuffled my feet.

“ Well I guess I should introduce myself, I’m Clem, short for Clementine.” Clem held out a hand. “ All my friends call me Clem, back home.” She looked sad for only a moment. “ You are now one of them!”

“ Um okay, I’m Sarah.” I shouldered my backpack.

“ Okay, what class do you have next? I’m new here, maybe you can show me around.” She talked like a hummingbird, flitting from topic to topic, it was hard to keep up.

“ Well we have a twenty minute break now. But after that I have Math, with Ms.Z.” We started walking into the courtyard. Tristy glared at us from her posse’s table. I set my bag down on another bench.

“ Cool! I have her too. Is she nice? Oh, I like that she is a woman, yay female progress. Is there any other female teachers here? That teach science or math? I hope I have a female science

teacher, oh wait, I do. I forgot!” Clem sat across from me and pulled out her binder. She grabbed her schedule from the front pocket. It turned out she had all of my classes. “ What time do you usually eat lunch?” She asked.

My stomach growled. “ Um, I don’t think I’ll eat lunch today.”

“ Why?” She asked, her eyes burning into my face.

Wasn't it obvious? “ Because I’m FAT, FAT girls shouldn’t eat lunch.”

Clem glared at me. “ Who told you that?!!”

I shrugged, it was no big deal. “ Everyone.”

“ Why listen to everyone? You are beautiful!” Clem shut her binder with a loud snap. “ And anyone who tells you otherwise is a big ASS!” She stood up and projected her voice towards Tristy.

“ Stop that. She already hates you enough.!” I grabbed her shoulder and dragged her down.

“ So?” Clem twisted her bracelets.

“ You ruin any chance you have of being popular, or getting a boyfriend.” I sighed. Didn’t she already know this? She should.

“ Oh, I don’t care about that, as long as you have good friends, who cares about being popular?”

“ Just about everyone here,” I was confused, who didn’t care about being popular?

“ Well I guess I’m not part of that everyone. Do you have Spanish third period?” Clem and I compared schedules. She had all of my classes except Art. “ I’m sooo lucky! My best friend is in almost all of my classes!”

“ Um, yeah, I guess.” The bell rang, I swept up my backpack and we walked to Math together.

That evening I hid in my room. Clem was a confusing person, she didn’t know how to survive in middle school, she talked a lot, and she seemed to actually think I was pretty. Either she was stupid, or Tristy had been lying. She’s probably just stupid, I opened my computer and did my math homework. I didn’t feel hungry, so I skipped dinner. I climbed into bed and opened my

book. I dove into the story of a girl with cancer, her sad story and her deep thoughts.

In the morning I took a shower, ate some grapes and got dressed. My mom had to leave for work early and my dad slept in late. I left at seven thirty, I liked to get to school early and read in the library.

“Hi Sarah!” Clem yelled. I groaned.

“Don’t yell in the library!” I whispered fiercely.  
“Ms. Roddermill hates screamers.”

“Is that why I don’t see Tristy in here? Is she like, eternally banned?” Clem set her backpack down and went immediately to the comic book section.

“You know, those aren’t really literature, right?” I slipped my bookmark into the pages.

“How dare you? Batman is the best hero to grace these library shelves.” Clem hugged the comic.

“What about Harry Potter?” I asked.

“Well, he and Batman are tied.” Clem sat down across from me and stared at the cover. “You know, you should stand up to Tristy today, she is completely wrong about you.”

“Easy for you to say, you aren’t as FAT as me, and you look good.” I traced the words on my books cover with an index finger.  
“You don’t have as many flaws.”

“That’s what you think!” Clem took off her jacket and rolled up her sleeves. Instead of tan skin, she had white patches and dry, flaky skin. “I’m allergic to raspberries and bananas, they give me this,” She pointed to the dry patches. “I have to put sticky cream on my arms and face every night, I love raspberries.”

“Oh, wow.” I was suddenly glad for my skin.

“Yeah, that’s why I wear a jacket all the time, to cover my arms.” She pulled her camo jacket back on. “Everyone has flaws, and everyone has perks, what do you like about yourself?”

I was taken aback, nobody had ever made me think about that before. “Nothing.” I mumbled staring at my book.

“ Really? Because, you have great hair!” She twisted one of her bracelets. “ You also have cool eyes, I like blue eyes.”

“ Yeah well, you have nice hair too, even if it is messy. And I think your funny.” I hissed. I wish she would stop complimenting me.

“ Why thank you!” She beamed. The bell rang, we walked to Math class.

After homeroom, Clem walked with me out of class. Tristy was leaning on her locker, today she wore hot pink pants and a white crop top with sparkly pink letter that read Sexy. She had large golden hoops in her ears that could have been used as a necklace. Her subjects were lounging around.

“ Hey there FATSO.” Tristy called. It was a signal for her pack to surround us.

“ Don’t say that,” Clem snarled. She poked me in the arm. “Stand up to her!” She whispered.

I gulped. She was telling me to break a rule, but, maybe if I did, Tristy would leave me alone. After all, Clem was next to me, she would help me. “ Don’t call me FATSO, anymore. I don’t like it, please STOP.” I said shakily. With those words, a power rose inside of me. I had a friend on my side.

“ Yeah, don’t do that Tristy.” A boy stepped through the crowd. “ Don’t be a bully, what has she ever done to you?”

“ Yeah,” Another boy stepped forward, then a girl, and then more and more people started to break through the circle to stand beside me.

Tristy looked shocked as Ivy walked over to stand next to me. “ I’m sorry, Sarah, I was just following Tristy, we shouldn’t have said those things.”

“ Well, you can all go be RETARDED together, you FAT BITCHES,” Tristy growled.

Today, I had a shield, the words glanced off of me. I had a feeling, they weren’t true. They were lies, lies to make me feel bad, to make me sad. Tristy lied to me, she said it was true. But how could it be if everyone was telling me that she lied?

“ Go back to your den, demon!” Clem cried, she grinned at me.

I nodded. Tristy sniffed and glared at everyone, then she walked out.

“ That was awesome!” Clem said. “ I felt like I was in a high school movie! Or one of those anti bullying videos!”

I laughed. Then I turned to the group that had supported me. “ Why did you help me?” I asked.

“ None of us like Tristy, she is the worst.” The boy who first came up next to us said. The others nodded.

“ We had enough of her, so we decided to stand up to her, because she isn’t right about you Sarah, you aren’t fat, or retarded.” Ivy put a hand on my shoulder. “ We’re just sorry it didn’t happen sooner.”

I nodded, “ Thanks for helping me.”

“ No problem,” The first boy said. “ By the way, I’m Jack, and this is Kat,” He pointed to the girl that had come up after him. “ You guys have Math next, right? I think we’re in your class. You want to walk with us?”

“ Yeah.” I said shaking hands with Kat. “ Sure.”

Hello, I’m Beautiful, not everyone says so, but my friends do, and I do, and that's what matters. My name is Sarah Page, I am happy at 180 lbs and 5’7’.