

Helena (größer Rubiner), 2. BAC-C

I've ~~been~~ writing you for months. For years. I'd say for ages. I've been writing you for so long that I can't even remember when was the first time.

And I've always been there. I've been there when you were sad, when you were happy, angry... I've been there when you never loved me. What a fool.

I've been always a part of you, and you've been always a part of me. Why, then, why did you start to harm me, to hit me, to hate me? Why did you keep hurting me even when you knew you were hurting yourself?

Suddenly I ~~became~~ depressed. Part of me was dying with you. Suddenly I started to decompose me. I was falling for you.

"You stupid piece of rubbish" you said to me when you were staring at my red face, my not-that-flat belly, my breasts and my lacking hair. You hated me because you hated yourself.

Why did I have to suffer? Why did I start giving up? Well, I really don't care. I just love you, want it or not, I will always be with you, because you are part of me and I am part of you. Even when you yelled to me throw the mirror

Yours, sincerely,

your body.