

# I Don't Want to Eat Anymore.....

As soon as I opened my eyes, I saw two figures standing above me. "Hello there Annabelle," they said. Now, I didn't know what that meant because I was only two months old. So, I closed my eyes and went back to sleep.

*One Year later.....*

her and she hugged me back. At the corner of my eye, I saw my dad's head down, depressed. I tried to hug him, but he just pushed me back. I looked at my mom to see if she was watching, but she just smiled and thought he was just playing with me.

*Three years later.....*

Me and my big brother, Ace, sit at the dining room table, waiting for mom to cook dinner. A few minutes later, mom comes in with two bowls of spaghetti. Me and Ace eat. At the corner of my eye, I see him watching me devour the spaghetti. "You're so fat, that you're a monster," he says, glaring at me. I stop eating and look up at him. I was just about to say something, but then my mom comes into the room and asks, "Who wants dessert?" She brings in chocolate chip cookies. "Me!" I say, rushing up to her. "I guess I'll have a few....." Ace says, rolling his eyes at me. We both rush up to mom and grab a couple of cookies. I eat faster than Ace. "You know what?" Ace says standing up, "I'm just going to leave. You can have my cookies if you want, so you can become fatter." He walks out of the room, laughing. I watch him leave and then look down at my stomach. Maybe he's right, I thought, maybe I am a bit fat.....

*One year later.....*

says. Before I knew it, both girls start beating me up. Bruises formed, as the girls kept beating me up. Just as they were really going to hurt me, a boy spots the two girls, beating me up. "Hey! Leave her alone!" he yells, to the girls. They both stop, look up at him, then look down at me." Ugh. Just remember, this isn't over, fatty!" one says, as they both give me one final kick, before they leave. As soon as the girls left, the boy runs over to me. I was curled up, into a fat ball. "Hey..... you alright?" he asks me. "Yes, I'm fine," I responded. He helps me back up. "My name is Liam, by the way," says Liam, "Sorry that I didn't come earlier." I give him a hug. "It's fine, but thanks for saving me!" I say, smiling. "N-no problem," he says. "I'm Annabelle, by the way," I say, "Now, c'mon, we're going to be late to class." We both walk to class together.

At home.....

Once I get home, I spot Ace saying something to dad. Dad walks over to me. Angrily. "Go to your room, now!" he yells, to me. I begin to cry. As I walk past Ace, I spot him smirking. I head to my room and close the door. And cried, and cried.

*Weeks later.....*

Almost every day, mom and dad would argue, or I would just get beaten up. But every time I got beaten up, Ace wouldn't bother to help me. Then one day, out of the blue, Liam said that he was moving. Tomorrow. I can't lose him, I thought, he's my only friend.....

*Years later.....*

All this time, I tried to fight my depression, but I would just give up. But there was only one thing that I could solve and that was becoming less fat. Nah, I thought, that would never happen. That's when a lightbulb clicked on inside of my head.....

*Weeks later.....*

One day, as I came home from school, I felt woozy. "M..... om—" but I wasn't able to call my mom because I just collapsed onto the floor. "Annabelle! Oh my gosh, we need an ambulance, ASAP!" I heard my mom say. She called the ambulance and they took me to the hospital. Mom and Ace waited in the waiting room. An hour later, Liam quickly rushes into the room. "Is Annabelle alright?!" he asks. Mom looks up at him. "I..... I don't know, sweetie....." she begins to cry. Liam looks at Ace. "This is all your fault!" he began, heading towards Ace. "Liam, calm down," mom says. "No, Ms. Flores. He never even helped her when I wasn't there for her! She never did anything to deserve this! He's just a stupid jerk who only cares about himself! And why is that?!" Ace stands up. Angrily. "Because she's an annoying brat who grabs all the attention away from me! I never asked for that demon to be born! Have you seen my dad?! Even HE hates her! Only you and my mother love her!" he yells. "Sir, can you please lower your voice down? Other patients will hear....." says the receptionist. "You know what? I don't care about those patients and that stupid child! I'm leaving my butt out of here!" he yells back, to the receptionist. Ace stands up and heads down the stairway. A few minutes later, the nurse calls them in. "Is she going to be okay?!" Liam suddenly asks the doctor. "She's fine, but she will be in a coma for a month," replies the doctor. "And why?" he asks. "Because....." the doctor takes a deep breath, "..... she tried to commit suicide....."

*One month later.....*

I open my eyes and sit up. "What happened.....?" I ask the doctor, who is checking my treatments. "Oh, you're awake!" the doctor says, surprised, "Let me call your parents....." he punches in the numbers on a telephone. "Hello?..... Yes!..... She's awake!..... Okay..... Okay..... bye, see you later!" The doctor sets the phone down. "Your parents are coming to pick you up!" says the doctor. I was just about to smile, but then, my depression quickly and suddenly takes over my emotions. Once I get to school, I spot Liam. With another girl. Of course he doesn't like me, I thought, I'm too fat for him..... Liam spots me. He gasps. "Annabelle!" he calls, running over to me. I ignore him and keep walking. "Hey....." he says, grabbing me arm, "what's wrong?" I stare at the floor. "You like her, right?" I ask, my head still down. "Yeah....." Liam says. I begin to cry. "..... As a friend....." he says, smiling a tiny smile. I stop crying and look up at him. "Then who do you really like?" I ask him. "Well..... I guess I kind of like this girl who..... let's say..... tried to commit suicide....." he says, winking at me. I smile. "I guess I kind of like this guy who stood up for me, in front of my brother, when I tried to commit suicide....." I say, smiling at him. We both laugh. "C'mon," Liam says, "let's get to class....." But the Day didn't go out so great. I got beaten up by the two girls. Again. Once I got home, Ace spots me, heading to my room. "How dare you try to get me in trouble! It's all your fault for committing suicide! Not mine! You shouldn't have been an annoying, spoiled brat! Dad is the one who hates you the most! The reason why

he wasn't there for you at the hospital was because he never liked you, in the first place!" he says. While Ace was mumbling horrible things into my ear, he was beating me up. I couldn't take this anymore. So, I rushed into my room and locked the door. Meanwhile, downstairs, mom saw the whole thing. "APOLOGIZE TO YOUR SISTER, AT ONCE!!!" my mom yelled, at the top of her lungs, "AND THEN YOU'LL BE GROUNDED FOR A MONTH!!" Meanwhile, I pulled out a knife and stabbed myself with. I collapsed onto the floor, as gallons of blood ooz out of my heart. "Yo, Annabelle," Ace says, heading towards my door, "I'm sorry for all the things that I have done since we were younger..... and now..... Anyways, I just want to apologize and say that I l-lo-lo-ve..... you....." He smiles a tiny smile, but no response. "Annabelle? Are you there?" Ace says, turning the door knob, but then realizes that it's locked. "A-Annabelle?" he says, panicking, "Annabelle!" He jams the door open, hardly, and spots me on the floor, covered with blood. "ANNABELLE!!" Ace runs straight towards me and falls onto the floor, on his knees. "No..... Annabelle....." he says, stroking my hair, while tears gush out of his eyes.

*Weeks later.....*

Mom, dad, Ace, and Liam sit in front of my gravestone. Only Liam, Ace, and mom cry because dad tries his hardest to not let even a small tear roll down his eyes. "I love you, Annabelle....." my dad whispers, "I wish that I would've taken back all the things that I've done to you....." Ace listens to dad. "I knew that you loved her all this time....." Ace whispers, to himself. Dad stands up. "We should..... go now....." Mom looks up at dad and stands up. "You're right, hun. We should leave Annabelle alone, for now....." Everyone, except Liam, stand up and head home. Liam looks back at the gravestone. "We all love you, Annabelle, we really do....." He stands up, places a flower right next to the gravestone, and leaves, smiling a tiny smile the whole way. It wasn't long before Liam died. A month before I died, he had parasites in his lungs. They soon transferred into his brain. Liam couldn't see, talk, think, or breath right. The doctors decided to let him die, on his own, since he wanted to be with me. To this day, we had little kids named Isabella and Henry.

## *The End*

Epilogue:

In heaven:

"So, that's the story, children. What did you think of it?" I ask Isabella and Henry. They looked at each other and said, "It..... was..... awesome!!" They threw their arms around me and clapped. I bowed. "I was right," said Liam, laughing, "You do have an interesting life!" We all laughed and did a group hug. I'm never leaving ya'll, like how I left mom, dad, and Ace, I thought, NEVER.....