**"The Silent Struggle: A Personal Journey Through Anorexia”**

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Anorexia, typically seen as merely an eating disorder suffered by vain individuals, is much more to me. It's something that affects countless people who endure an endless struggle within themselves, grappling with unattainable desires to meet the standards imposed by a society filled with individuals relentlessly pursuing perfection at any cost, regardless of the consequences it may bring in the future.

For most of my life, I was thin not due to genetics but because I meticulously monitored everything I ate. When I ate a hamburger, I didn't see it as just a meal; I saw 967 calories, consumed not out of pleasure but out of anxiety, eventually leading me to induce vomiting without even realizing it.

I had been grappling with these issues for years, so it felt normal to me, something that had already become a part of my life. That's why changing bad habits, my way of living, was so difficult; it was like making a complete 180-degree turn in my life.

Initially, accepting that something was wrong was horribly difficult. So when I started eating better, I experienced many relapses. I felt terrible for eating a full meal; it was too difficult to leave so many calories inside me without being able to purge them. I felt like I would gain weight like an elephant, and everyone would ridicule me, but I also knew that if I didn't make a change, nothing would improve or be different. Days turned into weeks, weeks into months, and gradually, I felt much better. I could allow myself to eat a little more, like that delicious hamburger I ate, which I would have purged before without hesitation. But now, I no longer had that need. Even after so long without inducing vomiting, I started to regain the reflex to vomit.

After over a year of effort and giving it my all, I achieved one of my goals: to change things. I looked different, ate things I never would have considered touching before, and, best of all, felt good about myself. It wasn't easy at all. There were times when I couldn't bear it alone and wanted to make desperate decisions to end it all, but that's when I learned to ask for help. My partner supported and assisted me as much as possible; he was always there for me. I also went to a psychologist, whom I initially didn't want to see because society made me believe that only crazy people went to therapy. But in the end, I realized that wasn't true. Once again, it was just society's lies because I went without being crazy, and now, thanks to that decision and many more, I'm experiencing all the happiness I could never experience in the past.

Often, we don't want to step out of our comfort zone because it's what's normal for us, even if this "normalcy" is causing us harm. We only realize that it's not doing us any good when it's too late. There are many people suffering from these problems, but due to some individuals who minimize others' problems, they often don't receive the attention they need. Many others even mock these issues. There will always be someone judging us for something, not just how we look but also how we speak, dress, our social status, skin color, where we work, study, live, and many other things. But we have to learn that the only thing that matters is what we want, and what others say has no value unless we give it to them. So, we also have to learn not to judge anyone ever again for any aspect of them or their life because they may not be as fortunate as I was in overcoming it.