

thought that I would go to my father for a weekend. There are several explanations I think I have found for this, I just don't know which one is correct. Maybe it's a combination of everything.

First, I was abnormally busy with school during this period. I spent almost all the free time I had in school. Not that I minded; on the contrary. I got very high grades, and every teacher was happy with me. This was satisfying and I really didn't think it was a punishment to do my homework, it took away the school stress I put on myself and I liked this. But maybe this was one of the reasons that I wanted to do more with my family, because these were reasons to not focus on school for a while, it was a way to relax. But the strange thing is that I didn't really feel the need to do more with friends, just family. That's why I lean more towards the other potential explanations.

The second possible explanation is that I felt alone. Because I was spending so much time at school, I basically didn't do anything else, and while it was satisfying, maybe it also made me feel lonely, because I was doing my schoolwork every night and not socialising with my mother and stepfather, sitting on the couch and watching TV. I felt I couldn't share my problems with anyone because I didn't think anyone would understand and because I was afraid that it would force me to eat more. I was alone with it.

Yet I believe most in the last explanation: it was the fear, or the realisation that I really needed help. So basically, I was trying to force myself to tell someone, and if I was doing

things with other people, I was with someone I could tell, who could help me. I sought the support, but did not use it. Because every time I did something with my mother or someone else, I could possibly confide in, it was too enjoyable, and I forgot. Apparently, it was my subconscious that realised that I had to do something, although I didn't really realise this. I think this is the most logical explanation for wanting to do things together with my family so much. My subconscious understood that I could of course tell them; that they were the best help. Because that's your family. But I couldn't, until that evening with my mother on the couch.

After I broke down and cried a lot, everything came out. My stepfather joined us, and we talked from 10:30 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. This took a big weight off my shoulders. Finally I could share my thoughts and try to explain, finally I could admit the fight I was having with myself inside and I could accept that I was not alone in this, it was finally time for others to help get me out of this and understand it and so together we could figure out how on earth this had come about. And look for a solution.

So, there has always been that struggle: on the one hand I knew this was not healthy and I knew it had to stop, but on the other hand I also knew how bad I felt after eating and so I preferred not to do it. But realising that something went wrong is already a big step. I didn't go through the whole denial process, which many girls who must deal with this disorder also go through. I couldn't take it any longer, it had to stop. I'm going to try to describe everything in as much detail as possible, from the very beginning. I will also try to make it understandable so that you will get why and how I ended

up here. This is not so simple, because I don't understand it myself yet. Perhaps through this story I can find out for myself; why I ever had to go through this terrible thing...