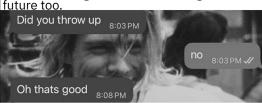
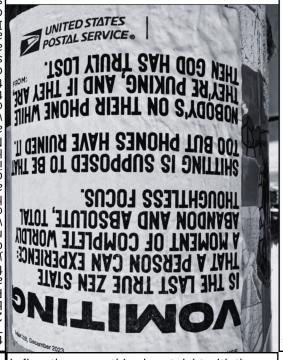
insides of my throat. My voice was always the inspiration | nevertheless- stomach acids tearing the scared to eat lest I throw up. I still threw up did 1 have an eating disorder but 1 was too

If was still destructive to my body. At no point appearing with no warning whatsoever. I was MOBODY'S ON THEIR PHONE WHIP washrooms alone. Odd as it sounds, she is the only person whose house I am comfortable throwing up in. I got kissed for the first time that summer and it was lovely, but I was digging my nails into my palm to keep my alone. Odd ASS I was lovely, but I was the was lovely, but I was alone of the was lovely, but I was digging my nails into my palm to keep my stomach down. My gag reflex was in overdive. and started making sure I did'nt go to the Mc'Donald's. My triend quietly drove me home pad to throw up lunch in a drain outside itself and I did not want them to know, till I disgusted, by what my body was doing to and ask it the food could be packed. I was heave, and I would come back to my friends ou my tood, quick visit to the washroom today with friends. I would go to out to eat, nibble re stayed. I would throw up before I went out drama my exams went well, but this nightmayou studied. Despite all this unnecessary tamily cannon: Oh I'm sure you'll be okay... if assure me he said words now cemented in Papa, Econ will bring down my percentage, to bathroom tile in my school uniform I told him, 2000km away tor work. Sitting on the cold That day Mumma called up dad, about the metro station, and outside the exam hall.

scratchy and my mouth always sour. I started carrying mints and Vomistop in my wallet. I was very spick and span-never made a mess. But my insides felt squeamish-rotten. They constantly wanted to come out. On a particularly bad morning I felt as if my heart would turn itself out. I never cried during this miserable time-but my eyes were always red and shot and watery. My body betrayed itself. And one day, all of a sudden, it stopped. I had thrown up for the last time before boarding my train for college. I was worried if this would persist in my new life- I was to have a roommate, a shared washroom and hopefully robust college life-where would I find place to why it happened, all I knew was to fix it. I projectile vomit? It never happened. I am always on gaurd, any ghost of the issue sending me on high alert. I'm still wary but I don't think this has power over me any longer. I have been alright so far. I'll be alright in the



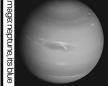
vomiting as a dubious biological process Oh I'm aware its quite bad. Almost all times vomiting is super unhealthy- and if your body



is fine, then something is not right with the mind. When I discussed my nauseatic journey with my sister she started implying that Princess Diana had the same issue as me, and I had to tone her down to my cause of plain old stress, a sad lack of all chill, where every big feeling-joy grief pain fear=hurling out my guts. But sometimes, its epiphanous. Nowadays, living alone I almost never throw up-only when I make questionable eating decisionsits just my own choices biting me back. When I threw up for the first time and was alone I took five minutes to revaluate what I could do. Its 2am, everyone is asleep, I don't know shoved everything in the washing machine and took a hot, scalding shower, went to a bed without a bedsheet, woke up the next morning and went to college. That was the first shower I had taken in my life after 4pm. And I lived-and I was ok, and it was going to be ok. There is a wild abandon to throwing up, there's nothing quite forceful as the very act itself. Its an abnormality, a defiance of all science. Your body defies literal gravity and normal biological protocol to push out the unwanted in a rushed, vile explosion of pure filth. Tears fill your eyes as your throat burns, your stomach turns itself inwards and you are forced to your knees. Its embarrassing, its sickening, its godawful. But its so grossly, disgustingly, shockingly, incredibly human.

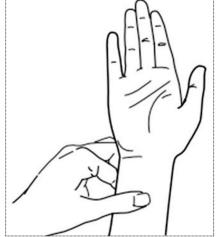
threw up thrice before Economics-at home, at my exams-I still threw up water and bile. I constant nausea. I did not eat before any of tite and you guessed it-the awful, nagging, ıght, losing sleep- worst of all losing my appethat trigerred months of losing hair, losing westudent and ended up scoring quite well. But about-I mean lets face it-I was a Humanities rried about what exactly I was so worried good old DSM style anxiety. Everyone was woewhere around my final board exams I get The real kicker comes in when I'm older.Soming very hard trying not gag. taxi, please don't talk to me, I am concentrathowever long it may be. If I sit with you in a nation runs out. I still prefer public travel, six hour journey where even childhood imagi-

egring, and 1 liked reading-there's a point in a my siblings I adapted to it eventually. I liked snacks and tea stops were unheard off. Unlike ot car freshner and my swimming head. Road Dey, music which takes me back to the smell Kishore Kumar, Muhammad Rafi and Manna entire childhood, I threw up soundtracked to itselt- it has to be quite inconvenient. For my are threatening to throw up INSIDE the car wretch-or WORSE-stopping when your kids bing every 10km for one of your kids to dry ment in us all. I don't really blame him- stopnimselt, whose affliction is simple disappointjamily of carsick individuals, except Papa



to drive, and decided that oad trips. My father loves solid memory begins on These are just fragmentsnecklaces that adorned me my head and the numerous toliet while my mum held of milk and cereal down the not of dressing up, but of puking my breakfast

event- I never ended up going. My memory is Iulsi plant in my balcony. That is before the blush on my cheeks, standing next to a small first red lipstick I ever wore and two circles of in dressed up in a red lehenga, probably the ted. There's a picture of me in my photo albuthe girls were Radha and my mother was Exciin nursery school. The boys were Krishna and ory which rises is Janmashtami celebrations memorable amount. Another childhood memhave allergies, I threw up an unconcerning but school, Some kids have ear infections, some everyone has their thing when they're in playwas worried. I wasn't exactly a 'sick' child but and make waking her up worth it, even it she pointing children, I would always throw up to jell her I jeel pukey. And unlike some dissa-Meptinne like circles on it, waking up my mom wearing a white cotton nightsuit with blue photographic snippets is of a very young me of my earliest memories in a saga of oddly I am no stranger to throwing my guts out. One **the arthor as an expert on brojectie vomiting!** every trip we have will be in a car with a whole



Accupunture spots to avoid nausea, apparently.

On a serious note, if you are facing this issue OR relate to anything mentioned in the zine and wish to seek help, know that appropriate solutions are available. Please contact healthcare, read up about your experience and talk to your friends and family. I promise, it gets better.

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