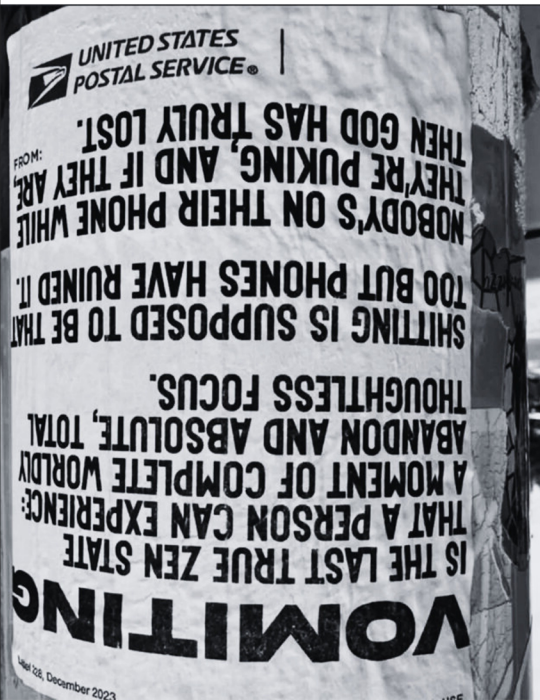
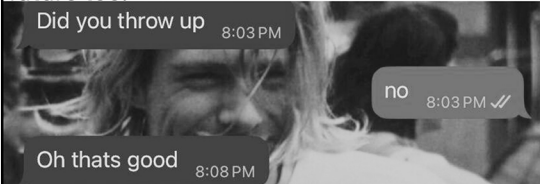


the metro station, and outside the exam hall. That day Mumma called up dad, about 2000km away for work. Sitting on the cold bathroom tile in my school uniform I told him, Papa, Econ will bring down my percentage, to assure me he said words now cemented in family cannon: *Oh I'm sure you'll be okay... if you studied.* Despite all this unnecessary drama my exams went well, but this nightmare stayed. I would throw up before I went out with friends. I would go to out to eat, nibble on my food, quick visit to the washroom today and ask if the food could be packed. I was disgusted, by what my body was doing to itself and I did not want them to know, till I had to throw up lunch in a drain outside McDonald's. My friend quietly drove me home and started making sure I didn't go to the washroom 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 stomach down. My gag reflex was in overdrive, appearing with no warning whatsoever. I was ashamed. It was still destructive to my body. At no point did I have an eating disorder but I was too scared to eat lest I throw up. I still threw up nevertheless- stomach acids tearing the insides of my throat. My voice was always

the inspiration



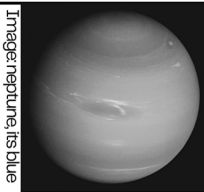
scratchy and my mouth always sour. I started carrying mints and Vomistop in my wallet. I was very spick and span-never made a mess. But my insides felt squeamish-rotten. They constantly wanted to come out. On a particularly bad morning I felt as if my heart would turn itself out. I never cried during 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 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 future too.



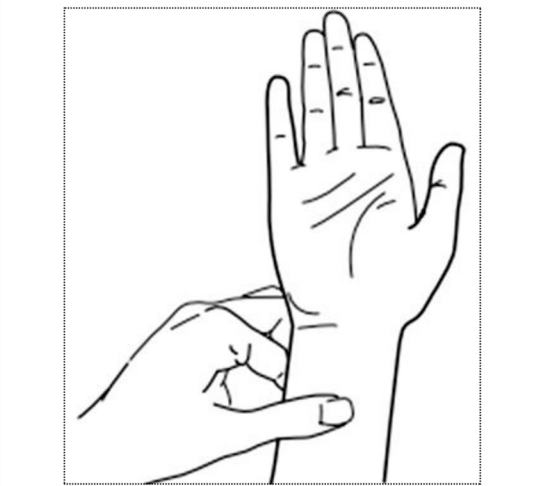
vomiting as a dubious biological process
Oh I'm aware its quite bad. Almost all times vomiting is super unhealthy- and if your body

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 decisions-its just my own choices biting me back. When I threw up for the first time and was alone I took five minutes to reevaluate what I could do. Its 2am, everyone is asleep, I don't know why it happened, all I knew was to fix it. I 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.

every trip we have will be in a car with a whole family of carsick individuals, except Papa himself, whose affliction is simple disappointment- I don't really blame him- stop- ping every 10km for one of your kids to dry Neptune like circles on it, waking up my mom and make waking her up worth it, even if she was worried. I wasn't exactly a 'sick' child but everyone has their thing when they're in play-school. Some kids have ear infections, some have allergies, I threw up an unconcerning but memorable amount. Another childhood memory which rises is Jannashtami celebrations in nursery school. The boys were Krishna and the girls were Radha and my mother was Exalted. There's a picture of me in my photo album dressed up in a red lehenga, probably the first red lipstick I ever wore and two circles of blush on my cheeks, standing next to a small event- I never ended up going. My memory is not of dressing up, but of puking my breakfast of milk and cereal down the toilet while my mum held my head and the numerous necklaces that adorned me. These are just fragments- solid memory begins on road trips. My father loves to drive, and decided that



the author as an expert on projectile vomiting



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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tw: puke