

*Insatiable*

I never thought I related to anyone else, no public figure, no character. At 10, I believed no one could understand me. I was never “insecure” enough to be seen as struggling but never “normal” enough to be fine. I didn’t check any box neatly.

That changed when I watched *Insatiable*. I watched it repeatedly between ages 9 and 12, not caring that it wasn’t meant for kids. I related to Patty Bladell “Fatty Patty.” She was overweight, became a beauty queen, and believed the crown would erase all her pain. She said, “I want them to hurt like I hurt.” I felt that.

I didn’t struggle with body image until this year. I thought I’d been raised to be confident, but the truth is, I was taught that fat meant failure. Ugly meant unworthy. Patty’s mom told her, “Bladell women never win.” My house didn’t say it out loud but it was there. I carry that belief; no matter what I do, I’ll never be good enough.

I remember being nine, swimsuit shopping. I told my mom, “I don’t want a two-piece because I’m fat.” The media said it, but so did the people around me. Even now, in wrestling, the sport I love, weight defines everything. I weigh 125 pounds. My friends are 110. One of them reminds me constantly. Comparison is my worst enemy.

Sometimes I try to eat better, work out more. But when I feel lost, I fall back into old habits. I know I’m developing disordered eating. It’s not about food, it’s about control. Patty binged on her birthday when her mom left her. I get that. She made me feel less alone.

Everyone says, “Just stop.” Her coach said the same thing he just stopped eating. But that’s not recovery. That’s harmful. Healing isn’t linear. It’s not quick. It’s messy and long and hard to admit.

I’m not fine. But I’m not a project either. I’m not a disorder. I just need support. Fatty Patty is a part of me of many girls because she reflected the parts of us no one talks about. We don’t need to be fixed. We need to be heard.

I am not just a statistic. I am a voice rising from silence, a story still unfolding, and proof broken pieces still deserve to be seen, heard, and healed.