“Why?’ She nods. ‘She had everything: a family who loved her, friends, activities. Her mother wants to know why she threw it all away?’ Why you want to know why? Step into a tanning booth and fry yourself for two or three days. After your skin bubbles and falls off, roll in coarse salt, then put on long underwear woven from spun glass and razor wire. Over that goes your regular clothes, as long as they are tight.
Smoke gunpowder and go to school to jump through hoops, sit up and beg, and roll over on command. Listen to the whispers that curl into your head at night, calling you ugly and fat and stupid and bitch and whore and worst of all ‘A disappointment.’ Puke and starve and cut and drink because you need an anesthetic and it works. For a while. But then the anesthetic turns into poison and by then it’s too late because you are mainlining it now, straight into your soul. It is rotting you and you can’t stop. Look in a mirror and find a ghost. Hear every heartbeat scream that everythingsinglething is wrong with you. ‘Why?’ is the wrong question. Ask ‘Why not?”
― [**Laurie Halse Anderson**](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/10003.Laurie_Halse_Anderson), [**Wintergirls**](http://www.goodreads.com/work/quotes/5219477)

“The result was unreal. The most incredible feeling came over me. Weightlessness. Like the vise that engulfed me had evaporated. There was no more tightness. I could breathe freely. My head didn’t hurt. My stomach didn’t hurt. After a few moments, the only thing that hurt was the cut on my arm. I sat there and closed my eyes, reveling in the physical pain that was a hundred times easier to handle than what I had been dealing with.”

“Other times, I look at my scars and see something else: a girl who was trying to cope with something horrible that she should never have had to live through at all. My scars show pain and suffering, but they also show my will to survive. They're part of my history that'll always be there.”