

Winter and Spring

I started counting down when I turned sixteen. That long winter was the coldest of my life – a perfect time to shed the old. I was to enter the spring reborn – a tulip beginning to bloom. I wanted to be so new that even with the same face people would have to ask me my name. My rebirth entailed becoming a top twenty-first century model, as controversial as Edith Sedgwick and Sylvia Plath combined.

Sleeping replaced my social life, as I believed it was a good investment for my height. I slept so much that I ran out of dreams to have. If I wasn't sleepy, I was eating grapefruit and drinking green tea. Boy, I ate enough grapefruit for twenty teenagers on diet. I imagined the grapefruit burning my fat away like it burnt my tongue. No mercy. Going outside would make me cold; getting cold would make me binge eat. I would want to stuff my face with carbohydrates. Carbohydrates were the enemy! The isolation would have to continue with me staying inside. I spent two months of my life surrounded by the four walls of my flat. Like a bear, I was in hibernation, and the walls were my frizzy fur. My determination raged with more intensity every day. I was fierce with the passion of a forest fire. I was going to have my big break! The one dream that did replay was the one about the first day of spring, Spring Day. In my sleep I watched the tulips bloom and listened to the rhythm of the birds tweeting as my sun shone with a blinding light.

As Spring Day grew closer I reinvented my wardrobe. I purchased chandelier earrings like Edith Sedgwick's. I practised my posture every day in my brand new neon-orange leotard but I found it hard to manage the weight of the earrings and the loose leotard kept on slipping down between my buttocks. My stomach pained me from grapefruit-induced ulcers; the more I tried to ignore the pain, the harder it got.

Then I realised that I was not born in the middle of summer on a ranch like Edith Sedgwick; I was a winter baby and that would never change. I was born to be still and quiet but this was no a limit my greatness. I understood, finally, that I should not compare myself, that I should embrace the snow and the fallen leaves.

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