

the worst of what I say. In the end, I still had to eat a little bit, making me almost throw up at the table. I went and sat in the toilet for a little, taking deep breaths to stop me from spitting all of my emotions out on everyone.

After my mini mental breakdown in the toilet, I went straight back up to my room, my safe place. Hiding in my grey worn-out hoodie to cover the fact my chest wasn't at all flat, Picking up my guitar with minimal energy, I placed my hands on the strings. My parents didn't like me playing guitar as much as I did, they wanted me to do ballet or go shopping with my friends. But that was all girly stuff, and I am NOT a girl.

How to disappoint

Amelia Smits

Step one: Be different

The untouched book that laid on the messy bed covers was evidence that nothing had been done. I was on the floor cross-legged with my guitar in one hand and tabs in the other. I hadn't been out of my room that afternoon, it was too exciting: the first concert of the year.

It had been a long summer, the anticipation of getting to play again in front of an audience was too much. I had been practicing every night, ignoring the piles of plates and diet cola cans that lived in my room.

“Ali! Come down for dinner... bring down all of your dishes too!”

Mum was a real nagger, it was hard to please her. But I can't lie, mum's veggie lasagne was the best, the smell of it drifting past my bedroom, my stomach rumbling and my mouth watering. My guitar crashed onto the ground as I stood up. I had saved up all of my money to buy this, it was my baby, my love. I had been playing for almost 5 years, it's probably the only thing interesting about me. 'Oh hey it's Ali, the guy who plays electric guitar!' is what I strive for when meeting new people. I will always remember the first concert I went to in Auckland when I was 10 years old, the guitarist being my first ever crush. I wanted to be like her. The way she strummed the strings, I fell in love instantly.

“No she's just a little confused, she'll get over it in no time,” the words spit out of my mum's mouth like bullets, hitting me right in the heart. Walking down the stairs one by one, I slow down until I stop on the 3rd step, hunching over myself and tightly hugging my knees, 'deep breath in and out, just 2 more years.' I think to myself. I had been counting down the days before I turned 18, the day I can finally be free from this hell hole and the day I can be myself. I had come out to my parents 2 years ago, the shock that my parents got was traumatic. Since then, it has all been different. The way people look at me, the way they all treat me, everything, different. It was better to ignore all of it though, no matter how much it bothered me.

Dinner was.... Hard to explain. The thought of having to sit down with my family for more than an hour wasn't the best feeling, but my parents didn't care about how I felt anyway. Apparently, the things that my mum had said about me had gotten to my stomach as well because for some reason, I had no appetite at all. Trying to convince my parents that I wasn't hungry was hard, they always think