

# Barbie's "PERFECT" Life

by Astrid Lopez

Barbie is every girl's dream. With a perfect face, perfect hair, perfect body, and a "perfect life". To the point that they begin to become obsessed with their body, their physical appearance, and their beauty.

I was one of those girls. Obsessed with fitting into the beauty standards that society sets for us at an early age. Like a parasite that devours us from the inside transforming us into something, we are not.

I remember that when I lived in Honduras my body never mattered much to me. Nor my weight since I have always been chubby. I never had any problems with my body, but everything changed when I came to the United States. Middle school girls who were already dressing like 20 and 23-year-old women wearing makeup and obsessed with photos. Their poor minds had no room for school classes and lessons. But, if you asked them what brand of makeup they used, they answered in seconds. I didn't know what to do and little by little my appearance began to be a problem.

I remember that I used to love it when my mom would style my hair with the braids she made for me or the ponytails. She loved the clothes she bought me, colorful and bright, but, over time, they stopped being colorful and their shine



faded. I was embarrassed to arrive at school with the braids and the "baby" clothes that I once loved so much.

Every day before I got to school I would undo my braids and cover my clothes with a sweater or a jacket. I started to hate everything I once loved and adored, including that hair routine I always had with my mom. I no longer let her touch my hair. My clothes went from being full color to black and white. I never told her what was happening to me. On the contrary, I only told her that I had grown up and no longer needed her to do my hair. Within a year, I was a completely different person and within three years I started hating my body, my height, and my hair. I was no longer a small and cute short "little girl or grown woman". I was not frail and my body was no longer thin and fine. On the contrary, I was strong and stocky. My hair was not straight neat. It was short and curly. I was a basketball player who was 5'10 and not a perfect and delicate Barbie. I would wonder "Why am I like this?" "How can I change?" I would like to be like her. Her body is beautiful; she is absolutely perfect. And I am not.

Our society poisoned my mind and the minds of many other girls to the point that I asked my mother for weight loss surgery. My mom was angry with tears in her eyes, asking me, "Why?". I did not have a correct or certain answer since I only thought about changing my physique, face, and appearance. She grabbed my face and told me how perfect I was. But, at that time I did not listen to what she said

because one of my aunts and my cousin always told me, "If you were a little thinner you would be more beautiful." "Get surgery and you will lose weight faster," they would tell me. My parents began to dislike my aunt and my cousin to the point that they didn't leave me alone with them so they wouldn't poison my mind and my innocence anymore. But, it still wasn't enough. My aunts weren't the only thing poisoning me. Soon after, I started using Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat, and Twitter. At that time, I did not know that not everything is what it seems. Models with a waist so small that it seems that they could not breathe. Skin as soft and delicate as porcelain dolls. I felt like a creepy Monster High doll in a world full of Barbie's perfectly designed to meet the standards of our sick society.

After three years my self-esteem began to grow. I am not 100% sure of my myself and my body, but I hope I can love myself just the way I am.