



IT USED TO BE DIFFERENT. NOTHING BOTHERED ME. I WAS REALLY EXCITED ABOUT THE FUTURE. I HAD SO MANY QUESTIONS.

Will I be beautiful?



Will I be happy?



Who will I love?



Will he love me?

How many children will I have? Quite a few I hope.



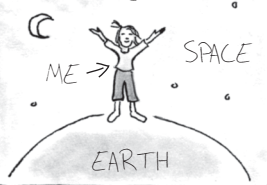
Will we have a dog?

How old will I be when I die?  
Will anyone miss me?

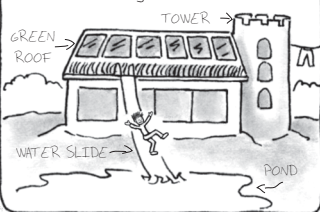


But I don't want to die.

Isn't it amazing that I exist?



What will my house be like?



Will my work be thrilling?



I love spaghetti VERY much.



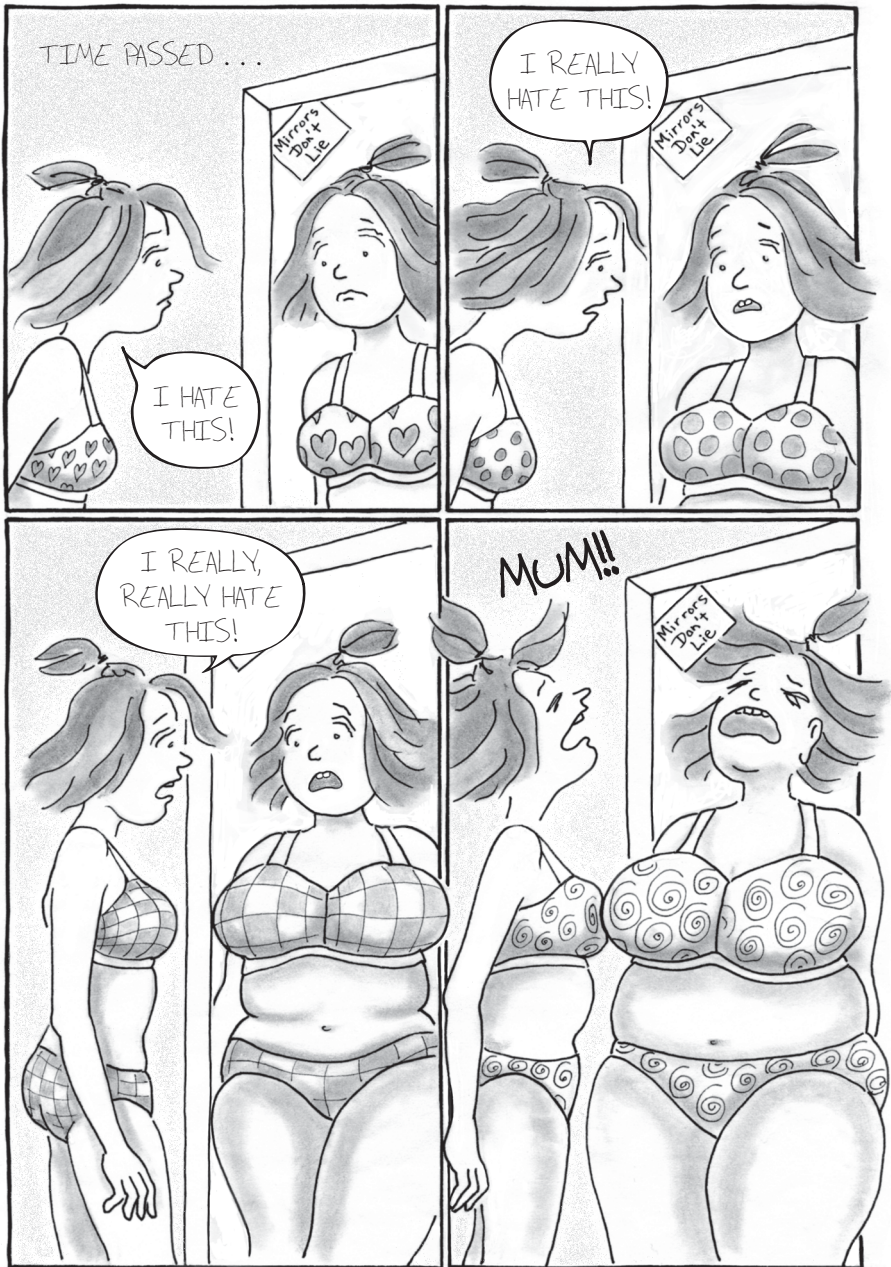
I wonder what's for dinner?

WHAT I WANTED MOST WAS TO BECOME A WRITER. MY MIND WAS FULL OF STORIES. I WAS SO IMMERSSED IN THEM, I HARDLY NOTICED ANYTHING ELSE.



BUT THINGS BEGAN TO CHANGE ...







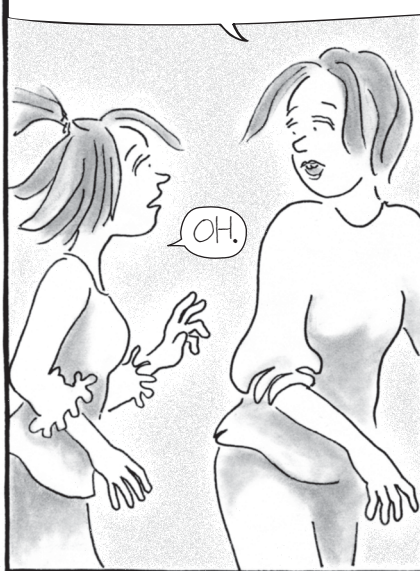
YOU'RE NOT TOO BIG!  
STOP WORRYING, SWEETIE.  
THIS IS ALL A VERY NORMAL  
PART OF GROWING UP.



BUT IT LOOKS LIKE  
FAT TO ME, MUM!



WELL IT'S NOT, DEAR. JUST  
BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T GAIN  
TOO MUCH MORE WEIGHT.

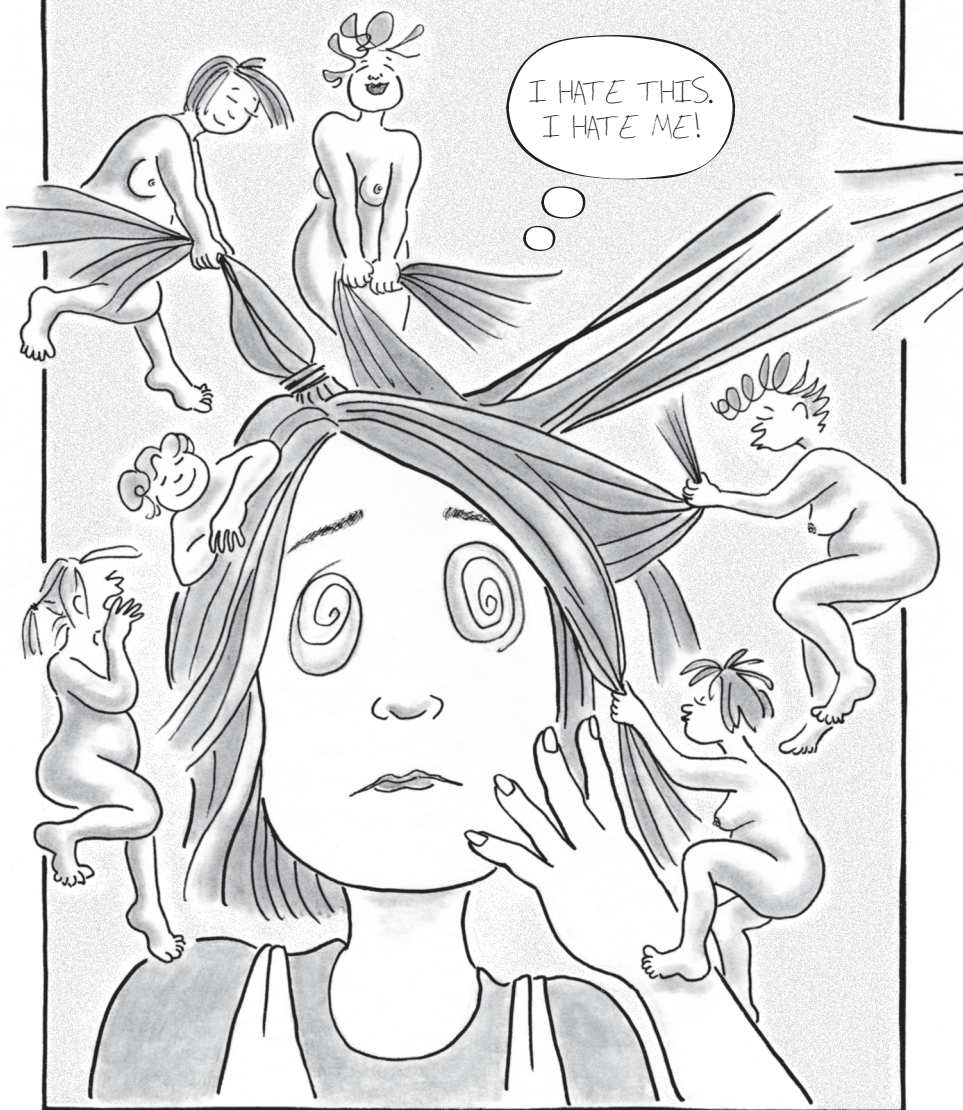


MY DAD STOPPED HUGGING ME.

I'M JUST TRYING  
TO GIVE YOU  
SPACE, HONEY.

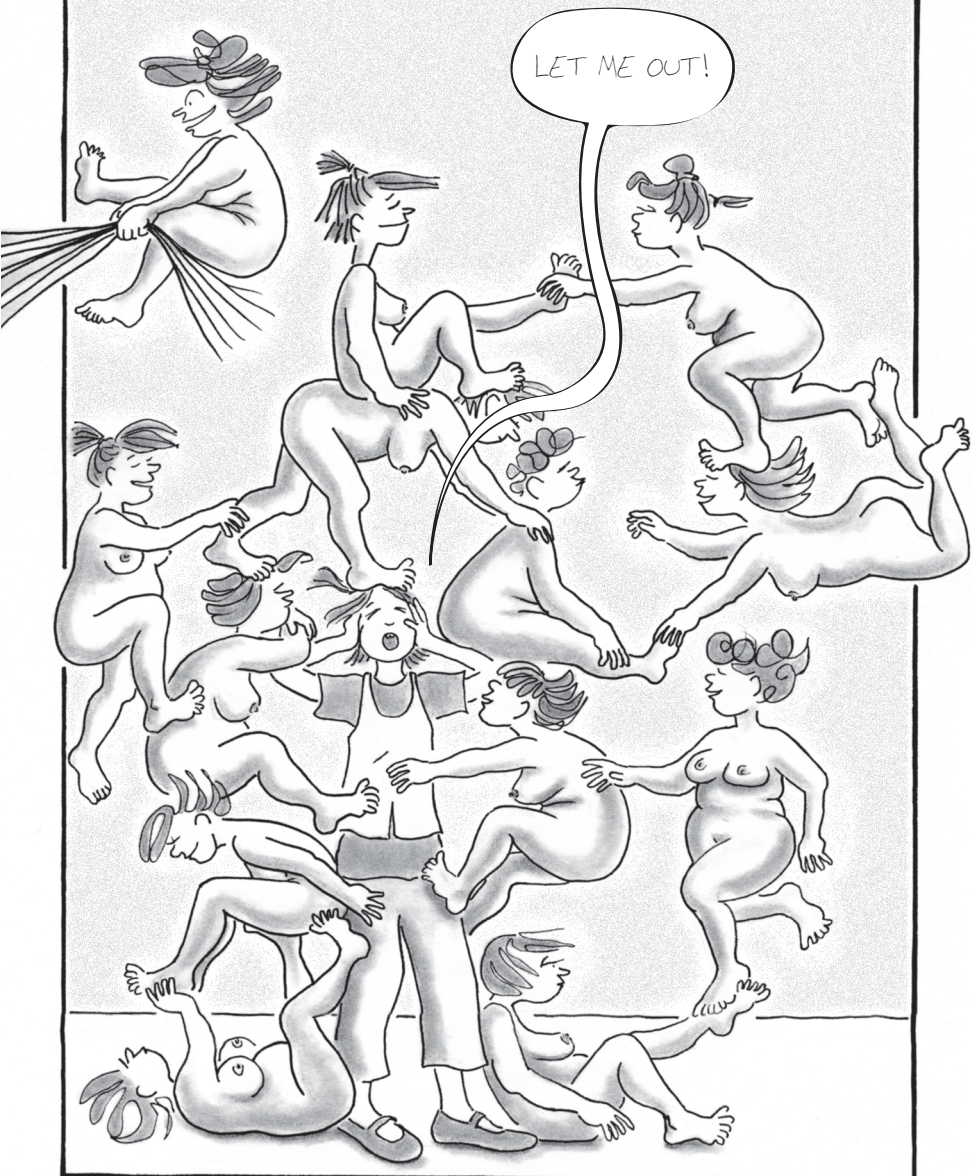


I FELT TRAPPED INSIDE MY NEW BODY.  
MY IMAGINATION WORKED OVERTIME, AND BEFORE LONG,  
I WAS TORMENTED AND MISERABLE!



I WAS DESPERATE TO HAVE MY YOUNGER BODY BACK.

LET ME OUT!



I DECIDED TO GO ON A DIET. I WENT TO THE BOOKSHOP,  
AND BEGAN TO READ ...

