

2024

NYNM

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This year is my year, I can feel it deep down to my bones, to my soul. This is the year I will shine! New Year, New Me, hash tag NYNM!

Sipping my coffee, I reread the email Sasha sent me. ‘Do you want to keep your New Year’s Resolution? Tired of throwing in the towel every January and not meeting your goals? Is it a struggle every year? Struggle no more! Sign up for the New Year New Me package and we will make your dreams come true.’ Sasha always found these weird things online. She was my best friend since grade school. This sounded too good to be true, but I needed a little help. My willpower was a bit shaky, and it really was a struggle. Looking at my reflection. I am a pretty girl underneath the weight and tired looking body.

I took off a little early and headed over to the new clinic that just opened in November. It was busy but I grabbed a number and sat down. Twenty minutes later my number was called. I got up and approached the counter. The nurse behind the counter smiled at me. Her name tag said Mavis. She reminded me of my mother. My mother had died a few years ago. Partly the reason I gained weight; I didn’t deal with her death so well.

“You are interested in the New Year, New Me package?”

I nodded.

“Fill out this form please and bring it back to me when you’re done.” She handed me a clipboard with several sheets of paper.

Trudging back to my seat I pulled out the pen at the top of the clipboard and began filling in the blanks. It was very thorough. Lots of background health questions, then it got into the goals, what did I want to achieve? I filled it in as best as I could and then signed the several signature lines. I handed it back to the nurse. She smiled and nodded. "I'll call your name shortly."

I sat back down in my seat noticing the time. I had used up my lunch break. If I left now, I would have to do this all again. Jack was not going to be happy if he noticed I was late for lunch. Anxiety began to build.

"Lilith Granger?"

I stood up and smiled, the nurse motioned to follow her down the hallway. I complied.

"The doctor will be right with you." She closed the door behind herself. Sitting on the bed I waited with my legs dangling over the side like a child.

The man that entered the room paused when he saw me and looked me over, I suddenly felt uncomfortable. He came in and closed the door behind himself.

"So, you want to lose weight and be the best version of yourself, eh?" he peered at me over his glasses. "Right."

I nodded.

"What about eating healthy and going to the gym?"

"I work a lot."

"Hmmm," he looked at the clipboard. "I see."

"Any health issues aside from the weight?"

"No not really."

"Not really?"

“I don’t sleep well at night sometimes.”

He nodded, looking over the papers on the clipboard. “Well, we have this process, you need to take medication up until the surgery and then we go in and removed all but 25% of your body fat.”

“You can do that?” This sounded too good to be true.

Within an hour I had my prescription filled with the nurse at the front desk and an appointment book for the following Monday to have the surgery.

I kept looking at myself in the mirror every night. The calendar on the wall beside my mirror had Monday 16th circled in red. Tonight was the 15th. The only other time I had surgery was when I was a kid, and had my appendix taken out, my mother had been worried and when she told the story it’s always how I woke up early in the middle of surgery, but they put me out right away. People grow out of those things, don’t they? I wasn’t going to worry about it. The doctor would be there, and he would have it under control. Staring at my puffy face, I was ready for the sagging skin that comes with surgery. I was pushing 136kg, I missed the young woman I used to be. In a few weeks I will be thirty years old, and I would love to be able to restart my life in a brand new me body. This was an expensive surgery, and it wasn’t covered by insurance, I was using up most of my savings. There was a picture of me when I was 18 years old, slim, long hair, big blue eyes and smiling. It was just before my mom died. I did the therapy and healed on the inside. This surgery was going to fix my outside.

I showed up early, they had me stripped down, I had to take a shower with their weird soap which smelled funny and slipped on a gown afterwards. The nurse was sweet and had me sit in a waiting room. She came in and gave me a needle and told me it was to help me sleep. Within minutes I was out like a light.

They never mentioned the scary dreams you could have. I felt like something was cutting out of me! Biting and tearing my skin. It was little blobs with fiercely sharp teeth, biting and tearing at my skin. I screamed. I opened my eyes and was screaming. There were hundreds of little blobs tearing out of my body and biting me. The nurse was standing over me patting my cheek until a little blob tore itself from my cheek and sank its tiny razor-sharp teeth into her finger. She injected me with something, and the room dimmed, and everything went black. What were those little monsters biting me?

The doctor and his nurse were standing near me arguing. “She didn’t say she had a problem with anesthesia.”

“Well, she obviously does.”

“Everything went extremely well doctor, should I put her in the sun bed?”

“Give her another dose and yes.”

I felt myself being wheeled on a bed to another room. Then everything felt warm, and I drifted back to sleep again. This time I dreamt of sitting on the beach wearing a bikini because I could fit into one.

I found myself lying in a hospital room, my body bandaged from head to toe. The doctor’s nurse was sitting beside me in plain clothes, jeans and a tee shirt.

“Miss Granger hello dear. I’m Mavis, the doctor’s nurse.”

“Did everything go okay?”

“There was a little issue, but we were able to take care of it. We have you bandage up and would like you to stay here for a few days.”

“An issue?”

“It’s nothing serious my dear. Just taking precautions. There will be less scarring doing it this way.”

“Oh okay. Mavis?”

“Yes dear?”

“Am I slimmer?”

“Yes, dear that has been taken care of. I’ll be in to check on you tomorrow.” With that she disappeared.

Mavis checked on me every day for a week and then they took the bandages off. There were some light cuts all over my body, but they looked like they were fading away. I told Mavis about the strange dreams I had been having. Where my body was eating myself. She looked like she paled, whiter than the bed sheets. Swallowing hard, she patted my hand, “they are just bad dreams my dear. Nothing more.”

After that Mavis couldn’t look me in the eyes. Two weeks after being released. My scars were gone, and I was completely healed. I stepped on the scales and weighed in at 61kg. I had lost almost 72kg, I was fit, no sagging skin no stretch marks, no marks of any kind. I had a small butterfly tattoo on my left hip but that was gone too. It was like I was given a new body. None of my clothes fit but that was a great problem to have. I decided to stop by and thank Mavis for checking in with me. During my lunch break I picked up some flowers and a card. Walking over to the medical clinic I got there but the door was locked, and the sign said closed. That’s just crazy.

Looking up and down the street, this was the right building, wasn’t it? Looking up at the building number it was. Stepping back, I didn’t know what to make of it. Taking the card, I dumped it in the nearby trash can. Stopped for lunch and headed back to the office giving our

receptionist the flowers. How does a successful business close up shop? It didn't make any sense. I checked online and the website was down as if the clinic didn't exist. Looking down at my body. New year new me.