

Intro

“Resist the temptation” they say. Well, I live on the corner of temptation right between carrot cake boulevard and ice cream parade...as Oscar Wilde so aptly puts it “The only way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it...I can resist everything but temptation.” So they call me a slob, they say that I have no will power, that I lack discipline, that I don’t WANT it enough, even, that I am weak person. Don’t they know that apart from the fact that food, and resisting the urge to indulge, is one of the most difficult addictions to recover from next to smoking and drugs.

For us ‘fat’ sufferers there is no ‘fatotine’ patches, no replacement drugs available to bring us down gradually from the euphoric affect food has on our well being. Dieting is rough. Especially when you have lived the better part of your life as a fat person. Overcoming the mind barriers and resisting the, ever constant, urge to ‘sabotage’ your progress is hard work. There are deeper forces at play.

- The fear of the unknown: what will life bring on the other side of large...
- How will I relate to people when I don’t have my weight to hide behind.
- Will they accept me, will they think I am beautiful, and will men be attracted to me.

At the moment, I have an excuse to explain away all of the above. ‘They don’t except me, because I am fat.’ ‘They don’t think I am beautiful, because I am fat.’ ‘They are not attracted to me, because I am fat.’ But once my weight goes so does my excuse. Once the weight is gone, I will be vulnerable, naked, exposed.

You see, not only do I have to resist the temptation, but I also have to constantly fight my mindsets, my fears, my insecurities. I have to break through the barriers to come to the point where I can confidently say ‘I deserve to be slim’, ‘I deserve to be noticed’, ‘I deserve to be admired’ even ‘I deserve to be loved’. Its so much more than just resisting the temptation. Its much more than just being disciplined. It’s about allowing myself the opportunity to be who I was meant to be and rid myself of the ‘safe’ façade (my weight) behind which I have found a comfort zone.

And so here on this site...as a part of my journey, I am determined to be at peace with myself and my ‘flab’...Nothing is sacred; not me, not my weight, and not my life...I will rant and rave I will make fun of myself and my huge arse...I will flaunt it! Because...Hey...I’m FAT! I know it, you know it, but this is not a site about ‘Fat Acceptance’ , in the modern sense of the word, because although I HAVE accepted that I am fat and am able to laugh about it, I am also committed to doing all i can NOT to stay that way!

I want to record a humourous and candidly honest account of what it feels like, day in and day out, often year in and year out, to be FAT and trying to ‘lose it’; an unashamed tale of physical

limitations, fashion fiascos, personal setbacks, and embarrassing misadventures as a direct result of being large and dieting.

Although, part blog, part comic, the cartoon illustrations offer humorous yet compassionate accents to this sobering topic, that are both refreshing and human.

There's a lot of truth between the laughs, no matter what size you are.

So, with humour...and more than a touch of ridicule, Here I will track my progress, my mindset, my success and my failure on the quest to living on the lighter side of large.

~~Bella White