

The Diary of a Fat Girl.
Kenna LaCount

Diary Entry, January 14th, 2022: ~~I don't have an~~ eating disorder, I don't want one.

My alarm goes off. It's 6:30. My family won't be awake for another hour, it's time for the ritual to begin.



Diary Entry, February 25th, 2022: My mom would be devastated to read the way I speak of myself [on these pages], and how much I hate who I am and how I look. I don't think I could look her in the eyes again.



I go to the bathroom, I step on the scale. Repulsive red numbers blink back at me. Still too heavy, still too ugly. Spend five minutes dry heaving, no good. I've never been able to throw up. ~~I wish I could.~~

Diary Entry, November 5th, 2021: ~~I wish that I could~~ make myself throw up the food I overeat instead of choking it back down like a coward. I wish I were bulimic instead of fat and ugly. I hate my body. I have for a long time.



I cannot eat breakfast. I don't deserve breakfast. I grab a bowl, set it in the sink, and fill it with water. I pour milk down the drain and give some cereal to the dogs. If I am going to disappear without notice, the food I am not eating must too. I will swallow my tongue. That is all the nourishment I need. I do not need food. What I need is to be healthy. To be pretty. To be thin. I need to be happy.

Diary Entry, January 14th, 2021: ~~I know that your body~~ doesn't matter, but I just know I'd be happier if I were thin. If I were thin, I'd never think twice about wearing shorts. If I were thin, I wouldn't spend hours in front of the mirror wondering if everyone sees the fat girl I see. If I were thin, I could shop at Brandy Melville and be a part of this 'exclusive thin girl club'. If I were thin, I'd be praised for being a feminist. If I were thin, maybe people would actually notice me. If I were thin, I'd be able to sit in the middle of the back seat with a person on either side. If I were thin, I'd never have to worry about [whether] a thrifted dress will fit. If I were thin, I wouldn't have to wear baggy clothes to hide the lumps all over my body. If I were thin, wearing baggy clothes would be considered a fashion statement instead of insecurity. If I were thin, I could dress the way I wanted without fear of judgment. If I were thin, I'd be able to buy vintage clothes... If I were thin, nobody would judge me for eating, drinking, or just consuming... If I were thin, people would be impressed and transfixed with what intelligence I have. If I were thin, people would like me more. If I were thin, I'd have more friends. If I were thin, those ugly purple stripes wouldn't taint my skin on every inch of me that grew too fast. If I were thin, my doctor wouldn't sigh reading the number labeled weight... If I were thin, I wouldn't have to read the weight limits of products... If I were thin, I could be free. If I were thin, I would be happy.

I hate lunchtime—thirty minutes of torture, thirty minutes of staring, thirty minutes of deprivation. My friends believe me when I say that I’m nauseous. I wonder how many times I can use that excuse before they suspect anything different. I miss bosco sticks.



Diary Entry, January 24th, 2021: *If I did just stop eating, what would happen? Would anyone even notice? At school, I could just tell everyone I’m not hungry and that I’m eating lunch when I get home instead, but that would be lying. I don’t really want to lie to my friends. But I wouldn’t want to concern them either, so maybe that lie would be okay. Besides if I got thin they wouldn’t worry anyway because they’d be happy that I was finally not obese or finally not the “fat friend”. Not that it matters, but it would be nice to not be the biggest one in group pictures. I feel like I stick out like a sore thumb y’know?*



The final bell sounds at 3:15 PM. I no longer have to play pretend to prevent pity from my friends. I walk home. Just like every day after school, I immediately go to the bathroom. I hope that I have miraculously lost weight in the seven hours since the last time I stared at the cruel red numbers and listened to the vicious voice in my mind. I step on the scale. I cry. Dad is out of town this week and Mom is working overnight. My sister has a date. She told me not to wait up.

Diary Entry, February 5th, 2021: *What would Dad think? I mean he can't even talk about the Carpenters without bringing up that Karen Carpenter was an anorexic and died from it. Just imagine what he might say about me if I had an eating disorder.*



I am on my own for dinner. There will be no food on the table, no food in my stomach. I feel faint as I crawl into bed, I am glad for it: that means I have done well today.



Diary Entry, January 14th, 2021: *If I could just not eat and be magically skinny and perfect, I would. I’d literally starve myself if I knew I would be skinny. I’d rather starve than feel like this. I’d rather feel my body slowly give out from a lack of nutrients than ever feel like I’m not enough ever again. If I knew that skipping meals would help me be beautiful, I would. But I’m smarter than that. Skipping meals and starving yourself just makes people worried. There’s nothing pretty about a sick girl. I just so painfully wish people would see me and genuinely think that I am beautiful and not just that I’m pretty for a fat girl.*

I wake up and the stars are shining through my window - mocking me with their beauty. It’s 3:06 AM. My stomach is groaning. My abdomen is aching. My mind is weak. I pull myself from my warm bed. I’ve been so cold lately. The starving monster pulls me into the kitchen. Mom won’t be home for another two hours, my sister sometime tomorrow morning, and my father sometime next week.



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Diary Entry, January 24th, 2021: *I really wish that Dad would stop preaching about calories and [to stop] snacking. I also wish he would stop telling me how many calories are in everything I eat... All it does is make me feel bad about myself and guilty for overeating. It kind of makes me just want to stop eating.*

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I am so hungry. The monster claws at my throat, begging me to eat. And I do. I eat a bowl of Cap'n Crunch. I finish what is left of the cornflakes. I eat four PB&Js. I eat a can of Campbell's chicken noodle soup. I eat a can of minestrone pulled from the depths of the cupboards. The food fills my stomach, fills my throat, fills my mind: pushing pushing pushing. Guilt. I only have another twenty minutes before Mom will be home. What would she think? The guilt scrapes its way up my throat, bringing with it gasping sobs and shame-filled memories.

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Diary Entry, March 23rd, 2021: *Nothing that I tried on fit, everything was far too small. By the end of trying every dress they had on, I was just so embarrassed (not quite the word I'm looking for) that nothing I'd tried on fit and disappointed that I hadn't managed to find anything to wear to prom that I just wanted to go home and hide from the world. I feel really bad that Mom drove so far just so we wouldn't find anything. I don't like feeling guilty.*

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I run to the bathroom, anxiety bubbling up my throat and self-loathing coating my tongue, thick and bitter. I step on the scale. Fat. Ugly. Worthless.

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Diary Entry, February 23rd, 2022: *I'm still fat and ugly and disgusting and unlovable.*

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Dry heave for five minutes, no good. I've never been able to throw up. Not unless I was sick. I wish that I always had the stomach flu.

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Diary Entry, February 23rd, 2022: *I miss [how] I felt after getting sick before Christmas. I threw up so much that I lost fifteen pounds! The grotesque fatigue of having thrown up everything in my stomach was washed away by a glorious euphoria. I felt like I was flying after I stepped on that scale and saw the disgusting number fifteen less than it was. I know that I've said I wouldn't be and that I'm not Bulimic, but that [feeling] is tempting. Besides, if I throw up when I'm nauseous due to anxiety, it might make me feel better. I'd fight my anxiety and utter obesity in one [purge]... I just have to do it.*

I stare at myself in the mirror. I hate what I see.

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Diary Entry, February 5th, 2021: *Me even pondering the ideas of forcing a literal disorder onto myself is fucking insane, and I'm smart enough to see that. It's just that sometimes when I look in the mirror, I see nothing but a fat, ugly, deluded, unlovable girl trying to perceive herself as something she knows she is not and likely never will be. I am so tired of these cynical staring matches with my reflection.*

Frantic eyes, teary cheeks, and swollen lips. I have always been an ugly crier.



Diary Entry, November 5th, 2021: *I doubt this revelation is much of a surprise to you. We both know what's been scrawled on these pages in bouts of angsty fat-girl rage: 'I want to be skinny' and "If I were" and "I hate." "I hate." "I hate". With fat tears rolling down fat cheeks landing on fat thighs.*

I cry on the bathroom floor, alone and unloved. I weep for myself. I weep for my mother.



Diary Entry, February 25th, 2022: *That is part of the problem though. I don't feel guilt for those thoughts, not for myself or my morality. I feel guilty because of how I know it would make my mother feel.*

I weep for the time I have wasted. I weep for the love that I will likely never know.



Diary Entry, April 3rd, 2021: *I'm unlovable. I'm afraid that I'll never find or feel the love that I've been reading about my entire life.*



Fat girls are not romantic leads. A loved fat girl is nothing but a joke. I've been fat long enough to know this.

Diary Entry, March 19th, 2021: *I wish I were thin. If I were thin I could have been the female lead instead of comedic relief in a stupid measly mediocre high school production before they were obligated to give me one my Senior year.*



I pull myself out of the bathroom, into my bedroom, and back into my warm bed. I burn with shame but still cover myself with blankets. I would rather smolder than look at my body any longer.

Diary Entry, November 7th, 2021: *Listen, I know that I need to speak to someone about my body issues. I know. Whoever is reading this is definitely screaming at the pages for me to get help. But I don't want to.*



I will not eat tomorrow. I do not deserve it. I will repeat my ritual. I know that I will not be able to throw up tomorrow morning. I couldn't do it tonight. ~~I wish I could.~~

I wish I could.



Diary Entry, November 7th, 2021: *I probably do have an eating disorder.*