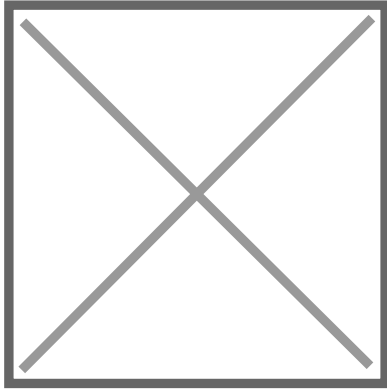




Why Does My Weight Get to Dictate?

Description

Happy Tuesday, everyone! Not for me, though. I think today sucks balls. And I thought yesterday sucked balls, too. Who knows what kind of balls will be sucked tomorrowâ?|.

â??Damn! Whyâ??s Kate in such a shitty mood? What did Adam do!!!!â?•

Actually, itâ??s not Adam at all â?? itâ??s 100% me. Iâ??m in a really fucking shitty mood becauseâ?|â?|. *I. Feel. Fat.*

Before I continue, Iâ??d like to say something. I am not a medical professional. In fact, I passed all of my physical science classes by the skin of my teeth. So if youâ??re reading this and hoping that Iâ??ll provide some EUREKA moment of clarity that will solve your weight problems â?? donâ??t bother. Iâ??m as clueless and lazy as you are.

Another thing Iâ??d like to point out, is that Iâ??m thin. How thin? None of your goddamn business, thatâ??s how â?? but not too thinâ?|. thatâ??s for sure. But the reason Iâ??m telling you this, is because I know some of you know what I look like and will be rolling your eyes with a word bubble hovering over your head that reads, **â??#skinnybitch #skinnypeopleproblemsâ?•**. But itâ??s important you know this, because I sincerely feel that there is this radical misconception that only fat people can feel fat, and that if youâ??re *thin* and feel fat, then youâ??re really just fishing for compliments. I stand by this statement 100% because ANY time Iâ??ve tried to even *broach* the subject of how I am feeling about my weight, guess what? Some of my friends roll their eyes, mad-dog me and then tell me to, **â??Shut the fuck up.â?•**

But I canâ??t help it! Sometimes thatâ??s how I feel! For example, over the past two weeks, I have gained 5 lbs. Now this may not seem like a lot to some of you, but 5 lbs. on a fat person and 5 lbs. on a skinny person look wayyyyyyyyy different. And no â?? I will not be politically correct and call fat people *overweight*â?•. Fuck that â?? youâ??re fat. Now, does it make you in any way less of a person? Of course not! Does it mean youâ??re not beautiful just the way you are? Fuck no â?? as long as youâ??re happy, DO YOU. Iâ??m just calling a spade a spade. If you are carrying a lot of extra weight around your major organs, whatâ??s that weight made of? Dollar bills? Laundry baskets? Lawn chairs?

No it's made of fat. But that's not the point of this post. I could give two shits how much a person weighs; if you're a good person, that's all I care about. Well, that's not entirely true. Obviously, if you're carrying excessive fat around your major organs, preventing them from working properly, and you also happen to be someone I care about, then it will matter to me. But I'm not your mom, so I will never try to make you feel bad about it. But if you are reading this, and we're friends, and you happen to be overweight, know that I want you to get into better shape for your health NOT for your closet.

Okay, now that that's out of the way, allow me to get back to my main point. **I feel fat.** I know that logically speaking, I'm not, but it doesn't matter. It's how I **feel**. It boggles my mind **how much** power I give my scale. Seriously. Every morning, after I pee (morning pees are the BEST!!!!) I weigh myself, and then, like an idiot, I allow the number on the scale to dictate how my day will go. **How fucked up is that?!?!** **How** did a fucking square, made in Taiwan, with numbers on it, gain so much power? Someone please tell me?

I just don't get it. It's like there are two little synapses inside my brain, having a little conversation.

Good Synapse: *It's okay, Kate. No matter what the scale says, you are perfect just as you are.*

Bad Synapse: *Fuck that shit. If you so much as gained 1/2 a pound, you are a loser and are completely unloveable. Step away from the bread, you fat whore.*

Good Synapse: *Shut up. Don't listen to it, Kate. Just drink a lot of water.*

Bad Synapse: *Yeah, listen to Good Synapse, you bloated goat. And remember, water does not mean chocolate milk. Fatty. Hey! I just realized something. Kate and weight rhyme! HAAHAAHHAHA that means you ARE fat. Fat, bloated & gross. Stay indoors. Don't subject the world to your FUPA.*

Me: *Hey, Bad Synapse. Did you realize your initials are BS?*

BS: *Hey, Kate Weight, did you realize you're fucking fat? I'm shutting down your endorphins so you suffer!!!! Suffer, you fat bitch. Suffer!!!!!!!!!!!!*

I know I sound crazy. But, truth be told if I were to write this post when I'm feeling skinny, I'd probably end up **there-thering** myself and writing down all sorts of euphoric wisdom. But guess what? That's not how life works. Sometimes you love yourself, and sometimes you wish you could be anyone else BUT you. And it sucks. It really, really sucks. **BUT**, it's important that men and women of all sizes understand that even the skinniest people aren't happy with the way they look sometimes. In fact, I think it's fucking rude to tease skinny people about their size EVER. If it's not okay to tell a fat person, **Dude! Put the down the burger!**, why is it acceptable to tell a skinny person, **Dude! Eat a burger!** Guess what? It's not.

Okay, I'm getting off-topic. Back to my venting. I was chatting with a friend of mine recently, and she was really bummed out because she had gained some weight and was having a difficult time getting rid of it. I can totally relate. It is so fucking frustrating to try your best and still feel like you've failed. Every morning you wake up and promise yourself you'll do better, and then as you turn out the lights

at night you feel like a failure. You tell yourself, **â??Thereâ??s always tomorrow.â?** Well guess what? That is one fucked up way of thinking. And I can say that because thatâ??s exactly what I say and how I feel.

YOU ARE NOT ALONE!!!! Why are so many of us afraid to admit when weâ??re feeling bad about ourselves? I have yet to meet one single person who loves themselves so much that they never have a bad day and they never feel depressed. You wanna know why? **Because they donâ??t exist.** They donâ??t!!!! **Andâ??!** if youâ??ve met someone like that, run as quickly as you can in the other direction, cuz that person is in such denial about the realities of life and is so detached from their own feelings that they will most likely end up on an episode of **â??I Thought I Knew Them.â?** No, thatâ??s not a real show, but it sure as hell could be! Think of all the killers, rapists, child molesters, con artists, etc. who portrayed themselves as â??having it allâ?. Think of all the Dateline interviews where the victims or acquaintances look at the camera and say, â??He/she was such a nice person. Never in a million years did I thinkâ?!. (sigh) â?!. I thought I knew them.â?

And for the people who say they never weigh themselves? Iâ??m telling you right now that I envy you. I am jealous and bitter, but most of all, *confused*. I canâ??t imagine going a single day without weighing myself. But perhaps thatâ??s the problem. Perhaps I need to calm the fuck down and reassure myself that the scale means NOTHING. The scale doesnâ??t pay my bills. The scale doesnâ??t get my nails or hair did. The scale doesnâ??t cuddle with me and tell me Iâ??m pretty. The scale doesnâ??t rub my feet on the weekends and help out with the kids. The scale doesnâ??t feed the dogs or water the garden. In fact, the scale **doesnâ??t do SHIT**. Literally. It literally does nothing. At least a dog licks your face and lays in your lap (regardless of its size). Does the scale lay at your feet and follow you around the house, sensing your sadness and wanting to make it go away? Fuck no, it doesnâ??t. **It takes up 12 square inches of my bathroom and 100% of my brain. How is that even possible?!?!?!?**

FUCK. YOU. SCALE!

I knowâ?!. Iâ??m cursing a lot. I canâ??t help it and I donâ??t want to, either. I write the way I speak. In fact, not to plagiarize myself, but Iâ??m pretty sure it says that in my bio, as well. And anyone who knows me knows that, while my vernacular may be broad, Iâ??m just too lazy to use intelligent words. So my go-to is always â??**fuck**â?. Iâ??m mad? Fuck you. Didnâ??t like my food? Fuck that dish. Find out someone is badmouthing me? Haha. I donâ??t give a fuck. You donâ??t like me? Your fucking loss. You fuck with someone I love? Iâ??ll fuck you up. You talk badly about one of my friends? Iâ??ll tell you to go fuck yourself. My son got 100%? Thatâ??s fucking awesome! My daughter drew a flower? Fuck yeah! My husband is coming home early? Whoa â?? thatâ??s fucking rareâ?!. but also fucking amazing!!!!!!

Okay, now that Iâ??m rambling, allow me to finish this by stating simply that, we all come in different shapes and sizes, and regardless if youâ??re a size 4 or 14, we all have feelings. And while the size 14 might find it obnoxious that a size 4 person would not be happy with the way they look, it doesnâ??t make our feelings any less valid. So when a thin person tells you theyâ??re feeling ugly, fat, lonely, whatever, please donâ??t roll your eyes. Sometimes all a person needs is someone to hear them. Believe me â?? there is a stark contrast between listening to someone and hearing them. Hearing someone goes much deeper. By hearing them, you allow yourself to put yourself in their shoes, even if only briefly, and you can often see things from their perspective. Itâ??s amazing what kind of friend you

can be when you HEAR what other people have to say instead of just listen.

! More on that topic later.

P.S. You know how they say writing shit down helps? Well FUCK THEY. Who the fuck are **they** anyway? Talking scales that's who.

P.P.S. ***I'm never getting rid of my scale.***

Category

1. Uncategorized

Tags

1. depression
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