

T o t h e B u l l i e s :

W h a t d o e s f a t b u l l y i n g l o o k l i k e ? I t l o o k s  
l i k e a y o u n g t e e n w a l k i n g h o m e f r o m  
s c h o o l , a n d s o m e k i d s d r i v e b y i n a c a r a n d  
s h o u t o u t t h e w i n d o w " f a t b i t c h " a n d k e e p  
g o i n g . I l o o k e d b e h i n d m e t o s e e w h o t h e y  
w e r e t a l k i n g t o , b e c a u s e I d i d n ' t e v e n k n o w  
t h e m . . . . a n d t h e r e w a s n o b o d y b e h i n d m e . I  
w a s s h o c k e d , a n d I c r i e d t h e r e s t o f t h e w a y  
h o m e . I t l o o k s l i k e r i d i n g m y b i k e t o a  
f r i e n d s h o u s e , a n d h a v i n g s o m e g u y s i n a  
t r u c k s c r e a m " l o o k a t t h e f a t c h i c k o n t h e  
b i k e " a n d t h r o w a r o c k , h i t t i n g m e i n t h e  
f o r e h e a d a s t h e y l a u g h e d a n d c o n t i n u e d  
d r i v i n g a w a y . I h a d a g o o s e e g g o n m y  
h e a d , a n a s t y h e a d a c h e , I w a s h u m i l i a t e d ,  
a n d i t h u r t , a n d y e s , I c r i e d . I t l o o k s l i k e  
w a t c h i n g m y p a r e n t s , w a l k i n g i n t h e  
n e i g h b o r h o o d , a n d s o m e o n e s c r e a m i n g o u t  
" l o o k a t t h e h i p p o s o u t f o r a w a l k " . I t l o o k s

like being afraid to go to a comedy club ,  
because you're terrified of having the  
comedian point you out as they make jokes  
about how fat you are, and how you should  
have a "wide load" sign on your ass. It's  
sitting in a bathroom stall in the 8th grade  
eating your lunch as you cry because you  
just can't face those girls anymore and their  
comments about what a fat cow you are. It's  
having a debate in class, or in conversation,  
and when your argument is more logical and  
sound, you still lose because the opponent  
resorts to making comments about your  
weight. It's having a doctor ignore you for a  
month as you go back and forth to the doctor  
saying something is wrong, and feeling  
relieved when you finally find a doctor who  
will listen....and finding out you have not an  
infection, but stage 3 ovarian cancer. It's  
girls saying "omg if I ever get that fat slap  
me". It's the doctor who keeps bugging you

a b o u t w h e n a r e y o u g o i n g t o h a v e g a s t r i c  
b y p a s s . . . e v e n t h o u g h y o u ' v e e x p l a i n e d t o  
h i m t h a t a f t e r h a v i n g h a d t h e c a n c e r e t c . t h a t  
y o u d o n ' t w a n t a n y m o r e s u r g e r i e s , a n d t h a t  
y o u ' v e r e s e a r c h e d t h e s u r g e r y a n d y o u d o n ' t  
b e l i e v e i t ' s f o r y o u , u n t i l y o u f i n a l l y l o s e i t  
a n d s c r e a m a t h i m t h a t y o u ' l l h a v e t h e  
s u r g e r y w h e n h e l l f r e e z e s o v e r . I t ' s g o i n g t o  
a f a m i l y g e t t o g e t h e r , a n d y o u c a n ' t e v e n  
e n j o y t h e f o o d a n d t h e c o m p a n y b e c a u s e  
p e o p l e k e e p s a y i n g t h i n g s l i k e " l o o k l i k e  
y o u ' r e p u t t i n g o n a l i t t l e w e i g h t t h e r e " o r  
" a r e y o u s u r e y o u s h o u l d b e e a t i n g t h a t " . I  
k n o w w h a t i t l o o k s l i k e v e r y w e l l , a n d I  
k n o w w h a t i t f e e l s l i k e , b e c a u s e a l l o f t h o s e  
t h i n g s h a v e a c t u a l l y h a p p e n e d t o m e . W h e n  
i t ' s h a p p e n i n g , y o u f e e l l i k e y o u r h e a r t i s  
g o i n g t o e x p l o d e r i g h t o u t o f y o u r c h e s t .  
Y o u g e t t h a t d e e r i n t h e h e a d l i g h t s l o o k , a n d  
a l l y o u w a n t . . . i s t o m a k e i t s t o p . T h e n y o u  
t h i n k , I s h o u l d ' v e s a i d t h i s , o r I s h o u l d h a v e

done that.. but it's too late. When it's your family, you're often afraid to speak up because you can never be sure that someone who would do something like that to you to begin with, even understands what love really is.... and you're afraid of losing your family... and sometimes that's all you have left. Bullying also looks like being passed over for a job even though you're as qualified or M O R E , because the other applicant is skinny. It's jokes about how she'll be there, because there's free food involved. It's "you don't need to be wearing that at your size". I believe there are two types of bullies. There are those people who are just ignorant of the damage they are doing because they have bought into the media's lies and they really think they're helping me. To these people I say this..... how would you feel, if someone said these things to you? To your daughter, or son, or

wife, or mother or someone else you loved more than life? You thought you were helping, and you were. You helped me to hate myself, to miss out on so many wonderful experiences in life, to starve myself, to turn to binging and purging. If that's not what you wanted, then maybe it's time you stopped "helping" me, and anyone else who happens to be fat. Newsflash, if I had wanted your help, I could have asked for it. The other kind of bully, is the person who is themselves hurting, and strikes out at others to make themselves feel better. To that person I would say.....please get help. Because you can no longer use hurting me as a way to make yourself feel better. I'm still fat, and I'm ok with that on most days. I eat healthy, and I'm a fabulous cook. I have literally climbed mountains, I have survived cancer, I carried another human being inside my body for 9 months, and then produced

milk to feed it with. I am an artist, and people have bought my artwork. I throw fabulous parties. I am smarter than your average bear. I'm a belly dancer, with business cards, and my own Facebook page and everything. I am a good mother, and I am a fiercely loyal friend who can be counted on to be there for you when you really need someone. I am so much more.... than this body. I am more than a number. I am a beautiful spirit having a human experience, and I will no longer cower in fear and shame, just because you can't see ME through your blinding prejudices. It is no longer ok for you to abuse me. It was NEVER ok to begin with.

~ A n a h a t a

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