

Plus Size Life – Why I Call Myself Fat

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I used to be one of those people who would never, ever in a million years call someone fat. What a horrible thing to call someone. Then a friend of mine called herself fat, and I responded, “You’re not fat, you’re...” I never finished the sentence because she looked at me as if to say, “who are we kidding?”

I didn’t mean to suggest that she didn’t have a larger than average body. I meant she wasn’t lazy, stupid, unhealthy, unattractive, undeserving of love (<http://abbeypost.com/blog/louis-ck/>) or undeserving of clothing that actually



[fits \(http://abbeypost.com/blog/plus-size/\)](http://abbeypost.com/blog/plus-size/). But the word, “fat,” doesn’t mean any of those things. We hang all those implications on the word, but that’s on us. Fat doesn’t really mean any of those things.

That realization was so liberating for me. Yes, my body is larger than the average. But all that means is that my body is larger than average. And that’s it. It’s only a reflection of the amount of body fat I’m carrying around. And since 60% of American women wear plus size clothing, it

seems like our idea of average is a bit off.

As a society, we seem to have an issue with fat people. Hence the negative connotations, and the pervasive assumption that we’d all like to be thinner than we are.



Hi! I’m Jen. I’m fat...and that’s OK.

On planes, public transportation and elevators, people look at fat people like we're taking up too much space. Yet no one ever treats an especially tall person that way. Don't think it's the same thing? I once got stuck in an crowded elevator for 20 minutes. That's when I discovered I'm claustrophobic because the guys behind and in front of me were more than a foot taller than I am. I wasn't trapped in a 6 foot square space with a bunch of people – I was trapped in a space roughly the size of my body because of these giants. I couldn't see around them, or breathe in fresh air. A coffin would be more comfortable.

I fended off hysteria by burying my nose in a book for the duration. Those tall guys had no idea that their bodies were taking up too much space. Because we don't pin negative connotations to tallness. Even though though as far as cubic feet are concerned, a tall skinny body takes up as much space as short, fat me. Dude, lose some height.

So I'm fat. Big deal. I also have blue eyes, no wisdom teeth (anymore), and an innie belly button. Those are just details. Nothing more. I don't feel the need to use euphemisms for other things about my body, so why wouldn't I come right out and call myself fat?

Because there are way worse things than being fat (<http://abbeypost.com/blog/youre-fat-response-yeah/>). You could be mean. Or violent. Or that jerk who always ruins Thanksgiving. Or a boring conversationalist. I'd rather be fat than any of those things.



I've wasted way too much time and energy in my life thinking that my fatness was somehow unacceptable. Thinking that no one would ever love me if I didn't overexert myself doing [Tae Bo](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tae_Bo) every night. Thinking that dieting was way more important than spending time with my friends, or writing a novel, or [buying nicer clothes](http://abbeypost.com/blog/6-reasons-invest-clothes/).

I was just so unhappy. We only get 100 years of living, give or take. Why would we waste time being miserable over the size and shape of our bodies? We all do, but is that really a worthy use of our time and energy? I'm done.

So, I'm fat. If anyone has a problem with that, that's about them. Not me. If you're more comfortable calling yourself curvy, or bodacious or zaftig, go right ahead. It's your body. But the key here is to OWN it. We're all different, and that's OK. Which is kinda the point.

Talk to us: what do you think of the word “fat”?

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