

Chapter 1 : Fat Girl: A True Story by Judith Moore

Fat Girl has 3, ratings and reviews. Jennifer said: I'm thankful that this was a very short book, because I had a lot of difficulty getting through.

Judith Moore has lost weight in her life, but she always gained it back. At the end of the book, she is not skinnier, she has not shed the pounds nor the self-loathing that comes, almost as a guarantee, with being fat in America. I give her credit for her honesty, for her reluctance to give the story a happy ending, but it also makes me wonder: The skin on one thigh rubs the skin on the other thigh down to raw blister. The descriptions are incredibly vivid but they often make you cringe. More than it will make you ponder our image-obsessed and weight-obsessed culture, this book will make you think about the unfortunate body odor and sweat problems Judith Moore faces as a fat person, such as: Moore survived a difficult childhood: She is fat because she is starved of love and eats and eats and eats to fill that void, sometimes even breaking into the homes of acquaintances to eat their food and dream of how it would feel if those people loved her. Food for Moore is life and love itself and this is clear from the steamy, almost erotic prose she uses to describe food and eating: My mouth is dangerousâ€¦ My mouth wants to bite down on rough bread and hot rare peppered steak and steamed broccoli sprayed with lemon juice. My mouth wants potatoes sluiced with gravy and Cobb salad and club sandwiches and ridged potato chips and loathsome onion dipâ€¦ Caramel macadamia crunch [ice cream] might as well be the A-bomb, I am so scared of salty nuts and unctuously sweet caramelâ€¦ of the frozen cream that melts along my tongue and walls of my cheeks. Deliciously written and mouth-watering at first, but by the end of these descriptions, we feel stuffed, repulsed, and just about ready to put the book down. Her crisp writing style definitely gives the book momentum, but like I said, she keeps a safe distance between herself and the reader. While we sympathize with her, she never lets us all the way in. She admits this in the end: I am glad I wrote this and I am grateful -- very grateful -- that you kept me company while I did. I am not that pleasantâ€¦ If you have never been fat, you may find me and my story repugnant. She wrote the book she set out to write, and she knows that not everyone will enjoy it. She knows the book is unpleasant and will be disturbing to some. So, if the merit of a book is based on whether the author accomplished what they set out to do, bravo, Judith Moore. Perhaps it gives a sense of solidarity to other overweight people, perhaps they will recognize things and say ah-hah! And that is most definitely a good thing. Judith Moore does not like being fat and she makes that very clear -- it is what she is and there is nothing she can do about it.

Chapter 2 : Fat Girl: A True Story - Judith Moore - Google Books

This is a story about an unhappy fat girl who became a fat woman who was happy and unhappy." With that, Moore unflinchingly leads us backward into a heartbreaking childhood marked by obesity, parental abuse, sexual assault, and the expected schoolyard bullying.

A True Story By Judith Moore Fat Girl is a black diamond, revealing its hard brilliance only when you accept its invitation to descend into the soul of the loneliest little girl in the world. When you reach the center, the microscope becomes a wide-angle lens, suffusing your spirit with rage and mourning. Fat Girl is to-the-marrow honesty and monumental courage. It stuns, shocks, and saddens. Mama was extra mean. I was so overweight that I increasingly dreaded the walk up the hill from Broadway to Riverside Drive. I got so out of breath that I began to be afraid I was going to have a heart attack. I know that I was nine and that it was springtime and I was in fifth grade when I began to try to keep from throwing myself out my bedroom window so that I would fall on the concrete and break apart into millions of tiny pieces. I would finally be small. Truth was that Mama began to beat me on a regular basis. She chased me through the small rooms, the brown belt unfurling toward me like an infuriated snake. The belt lived a life of its own, its tip fiery on my bare legs. She screamed, "I am going to cut the blood out of you. I am going to teach you a lesson. I am going to break your will. Early on I understood this business about breaking my will. The horses reared back their heads and snorted and whinnied. Their unshod hooves stirred dust clouds. The cowboys kept after them. Sometimes the belt left welts. On those days, I wore knee socks to school. Even now that I am old, I feel Mama chase me from room to room, the brown leather belt flailing, its brass buckle closer and closer. I hear the buckle slash the air. I began to flinch, noticeably, at unexpected noises—backfires in the street, dog barks. If someone bumped me, I jumped. On weekdays, she rarely arrived home until dinner and she was gone Sunday, because she was the soprano soloist in a midtown church and she frequently sang both morning services and in afternoon chorales and oratorios. In Brooklyn and in Manhattan we did not eat our meals at the same table. In both boroughs, I ate in the kitchen. Mama took her plate into the living room and curled up in a chair and ate. Weekday afternoons I practiced piano lessons and played outside, but if Mama was gone, as she sometimes was, in the evenings, or on those Sundays, I felt lonesome and restless. I did not feel frightened. I was more afraid when she was home than when she was not home. When she was home every squeak of a kitchen cabinet door or swish of Kleenex pulled from its box was a scream. I felt shaky and frightened and weak and newly born into an uglier world than it had seemed before the beating started. The word lurid describes how I felt the world looked, lurid like bruises that are described as lurid. For Mama, the beatings seemed to clear the air, like lightning storms on Midwestern summer afternoons. After the beatings, I felt, well, "beaten. I had to love someone who beat me. How did I manage this? I did love her and long to please her, but there was no pleasing her. I was not satisfied. I did want more. I give her credit for that, for not saying, "I love you, darling. My father forgot me. My mother kept saying that she was nothing but a doormat, that I treated her like my father treated her. Some time after I was ten and in the fifth grade, I began to make myself invisible to others. I said to myself that I was a wallflower and I clung, therefore, to walls. I began more and more to hide myself from myself. I dug down further. I was tired of trying—to get and stay thin, to get along with Mama. I walled myself up, shut myself off. I found ways to amuse myself. I told lies that covered my grief. I said that my father died in the war. I said that my mother was going to be an opera star. I said I got Madame Alexander dolls for Christmas and a three-story doll house. I never mentioned Grammy. The truth was the same truth as always. I began to chew my fingernails. I turned into a voracious eater whose meal was herself. I ate myself raw. My cuticles became infected. My fingers were swollen. When I practiced the scales and arpeggios for piano lessons, when my fingers thumped out the simple pieces assigned a child, my fingers hurt. I did not care. I could not give up this chewing, biting, licking. I could not give up sucking at my own red blood. I was not delicious. I was slightly salty. But I was my own breakfast, lunch, supper and snacks. I was eating myself, I see now, alive.

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Chapter 3 : Fat Girl: A True Story - free PDF, DJVU, DOC, TXT

*Fat Girl: A True Story [Judith Moore] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. A Top Ten Nonfiction Book of (Entertainment Weekly) For any woman who has ever had a love/hate relationship with food and with how she looks; for anyone who has knowingly or unconsciously used food to try to fill the hole in his heart or soothe the craggy edges of his psyche.*

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Chapter 4 : Welcome to Fat People Stories.

Judith Moore's Fat Girl: A True Story is an anti-sentimental journey through the life of a fat woman. Do not read this to feel better about your size. Read this because you want company.

Chapter 5 : Fat Girl : A True Story by Judith Moore (, Paperback) | eBay

I watched fathers and their little girls. I watched them on the subway, sitting next each other on the straw seats. One Saturday morning on the way with Mama to Manhattan where she went to take.

Chapter 6 : Bookslut | Fat Girl: A True Story by Judith Moore

A nonfiction Shes Come Undone, Fat Girl is a powerfully honest memoir of obsession with food, and with ones own body. For any woman who has ever had a love-hate relationship with food and how she looks, for anyone who has knowingly or unconsciously used food to try to fill the hole in his heart or sooth the craggy edges of his psyche, Fat Girl is an angst-filled coming-of-age story of gain and.

Chapter 7 : Death of the Fat Girl - The True Story of a Fat Girl's Weight Loss Journey

an excerpt from: Fat Girl: A True Story By Judith Moore. Fat Girl is a black diamond, revealing its hard brilliance only when you accept its invitation to descend into the soul of the loneliest little girl in the world.

Chapter 8 : NPR Choice page

A nonfiction She's Come Undone, Fat Girl is a powerfully honest, compulsively readable memoir of obsession with food, and with one's body, penned by a Guggenheim and NEA award-winning writer. Published by calendrierdelascience.com User, 11 years ago Judith Moore never tells us exactly how much she weighs. She.

Chapter 9 : Fat Girl: A True Story -- book review

I wrote Fat Girl because I'd read books that other fat women wrote about how they were fat. Most fat women didn't write the truth about fat. They didn't write about fat fat fat fat thighs and how.