

Diary of a FAT GIRL

by **Penny McKinney**

Each step hurt my feet, my thighs rubbed together, which made me angry, and I could feel the vertebrae of my spinal cord jarred together unmercifully. I was walking up the hill to my twin sons' baseball game. It was just a little hill. I blamed my difficult breathing on my asthma. My face got hotter and hotter, I knew it had flushed a bright red. Each and every individual stride made my legs feel like I had 100 pound cement blocks attached to them. I finally made it to the top of the hill and I heard a little boy say to his mother, "Mommy, why is that lady so fat?" I heard his mother answer him, "Honey, that's not polite." I looked off into the setting sun, pretending I had something in my eye, and wiped away the tears. I heard my boys yelling to me, "Come on, Mom, we're over here! Hurry up!"

Now, as I run down the road, covering the three miles I regularly do, I can feel my thighs, the back of my shins, and my breathing in perfect rhythm. I can feel my body working; it feels so good to be alive! I'm wondering if I'll make it up the hill without stopping and I do. I keep on going. I smile as, dripping wet with sweat, I can hear my twin boys yelling to me from on their bicycles behind me. "Mom, wait up, you're going too fast! We can't keep up!" When I get back home, my husband says to me, "Look at you..."



Would I do the gastric bypass surgery all over again? In a heartbeat, yes I would.