

i don't talk to... X

i don't talk to thin people.

a zine by a.c.d



DISCLAIMER

this is satire. if i can deal
with a doctor telling me i
need to lose weight 5 times
during a 10-minute
appointment, then you can
deal with my jokes.

my name is a.c.d and i don't
talk to thin people
anymore.

continue



i finally got over being thin
a few years ago

(thank goodness)

and since then i've
managed to stop hanging
out with thin people. i want
to make sure i'm still
motivated to stay **fat**, you
know? it's so hard to be
disciplined when i'm
surrounded by people who
just remind me of when i
used to be thin.

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sure, i hurt a few feelings
when i told my sister she's not
allowed to take pictures with
me anymore, or when i blocked
the numbers of almost all of
my college friends on my
phone so they couldn't
contact me. but what matters
more?

**my fat health or their thin
feelings?**

being skinny is so dangerous
for you. i don't want to go
back to that place by having
to see thin people all the time.

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it's great that i'm not
around thin people in my
personal life, but a new
problem emerged. thin
people keep trying to be
my friend?

i guess they're just so
desperate and lonely,
missing all those calories. i
remember when i was like
that, and nothing i found
could fill that hollow place
in my stomach

(if you can even call what i
had a stomach)

thin people are so starved
for any kind of positive
attention that they take my
barely-polite "good
morning." or "how are you?"
as permission to try to get
close to me.

embarrassing and sad, to
be honest.

did i used to be like that?

i don't want to start a scene in public, but it's getting harder and harder to let the skinnies off gently.

like sorry who cares if your doctor won't prescribe you life-saving medication until you gain weight? i'm too busy partying with huge women to give a shit.

oh you can't find clothes in your size in the store? haven't you heard of online shopping?

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stop whining about how impossible it is to find minus size clothes made somewhere other than a sweatshop full of people from the global south paid pennies a day to mass produce a boring ill-fitting t-shirt,

no one cares!!!

just buy a pack of tank tops from amazon and move on!

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**AUGH you see what i have
to deal with?**

so now i've got all these
thin people clamoring for a
piece of me as if that will
make them bigger. it's
really messing with my
mood.

my former best friend of 10
years recently lost a lot
of weight so i stopped
returning her calls.

now she says i'm being a
bigoted asshole to her just
because i don't want her
negative attitude and poor
decisions to bring me down
with her. i know she's got a
health condition or
something, but that's no
excuse to be that skinny.

**i honestly don't
understand how she looks
at herself in the mirror.**

the only solution i can think of – really the only thing that will actually work against these ugly sticks – is to stop talking to thin people entirely.

from now on, when i see a thin server at a restaurant, i'm leaving.

if the only barista available is thin, i'm not getting a chai latte that day.

thin co-worker? they aren't getting invited out to drinks with me and the others.

i have a feeling i'll really
have to stick to my guns
about this. i don't think i'll
even do non-verbal
communication anymore.

no nodding at thin people,
no acknowledging their
existence at all. i'm going
to pretend thin people
aren't there and can't
bring me down.

why would i need to see
them? why would i need to
interact with them?

**i wish thin people just
didn't exist!**

...

...

...

oh well, at least i'm doing
my part to get rid of them
:)

continue



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