

12th May, 2000

SKIN AND BONES

DEAR DIARY, what has happened to women recently? They want to be skin and bones. Don't they know that rack of ribs is not a good look? Also, I must add, they're not just going about their daily lives hiding their rack of ribs, but they're taking off tops and doing photo shoots and strutting up and down catwalks like they're not hungry. They're posing for pictures saying don't I look fabulous darling! Well no Miss Wishbone, you look like how you look; poorly, starving and miserable, just like poorly, starving, miserable people in poor countries who have no choice but to be poorly, starving and miserable. In fact, you look worse than the faminites because you're combining your appearance with expensive designer wear, lip-gloss, coifed hair and showing me your hungry belly and your razor sharp ribs accompanied by your orthodontified smile.

Miss Wishbone is the woman standing in front of me in MacDonald's asking for a Big Mac without the dressing, the cheese and the burger? Lady, you're in the wrong eating establishment. This is the place to be if you want to get fat.

Miss Wishbone is the woman whose stomach is making the saddest music because that hunger sound is nowhere near drum & bass. Drum & bass is when you've had fried chicken, jacket potatoes and baked beans, not when you've had celery soup and a glass of red wine as your one and only meal of the day.

What the devil possesses a woman to starve herself into jutting rib cages and hip bones? Her breasts are mere grapes sitting in the bottom of her brassiere, unless of course she's gone and had surgery.

When I see the likes of Miss Wishbone, I want to pull her into my kitchen and offer her some dasheen, plantain, yam, banana, cho-cho, coco, fried dumpling, curry chicken, rice & peas, stewed beef, oxtail stew, braising steak, lamb neck soup, apple crumble & custard twice and Guinness punch, because Miss Wishbone's body is hungry, even though her mind tells her that at six and a half stones, she's fat.

Being skinny until my hips are sore because my jeans are rubbing up against my hip bones can't be a good thing. Just the term size zero should make you think. Which sane person aspires to be a size nothing?

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