

# THE STAGES OF GETTING **FAT**

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Gaining weight is a difficult process, mentally, physically and above all, emotionally. But like all difficult things, it's rewarding. I've gained enough weight in recent years to have encountered all aspects of this phenomenon. To share my experience with the masses, I've decided to break this up step by step.

Speaking of steps, the first thing a person gaining weight will experience is finding it considerably harder to move around on their feet. Walking isn't affected at the beginning, but running becomes tiresome. You can see signs of yourself slowing down quite early on. You can hide the fat on your body with loose clothing, and tell people it's just holiday weight, but your body will give you away as soon as you start running. It'll start with a dull ache deep in your stomach in the middle of a football game, and when you stop to catch your breath, you'll grow weak in the knees, almost as if you're in love.

Being slow on your feet isn't one of the better things about getting fat; being unable to fit into your own clothes isn't one either. But there's light at the end of this tunnel, it's when you can fit into the clothes of another family member (or a

friend) who's always been bigger than you. If your old clothes don't fit, you're going to get new clothes eventually, but now you have another person's wardrobe to choose from. For thin people, having clothes that fit is important, because they



probably have a body shape that they want to show off. For people who aren't fit, clothes can be as loose fitting as they want it to be. Sky's the limit here, and that kind of freedom is always appreciated.

Another mesmerising thing that

happens at a later stage of gaining weight is gaining the ability to eat a lot more than one used to be able to. Often times, I've seen helpless people at a wedding or a restaurant where the food is amazing but they just don't have enough space in their

tiny bellies to stuff in an extra mouthful. But that's never a problem if you can put on a few kilograms, you'll soon be in a place where you're always hungry and not being able to eat is the least of your concerns.

There will come a time in the course of a person's fatness when they feel stuffy all the time. It gets unbearable in the summer and when you start sweating, it becomes worse. Some people start developing chronic cases of diarrhoea at this stage and aren't able to eat a lot, which is tragic. This stage is usually a sign that you've spun a tad bit out of control and need to watch what you eat, maybe even start working out. With a little effort, you can scuttle back to the stage where you could just eat a lot and wear your dad's clothes, which isn't a bad way to live.

The final stage of growing fat is acceptance. You grow accustomed to the protuberant roundness of your midriff, and start spending time petting it, feeding it, pretending to play the *tabla* on it. If you're up for it, maybe you can allow people to make fat jokes about you. Get in on the act yourself sometimes, make people laugh. At the end of the day, if something has the potential to spread joy and laughter among people, it can't be bad, right? Being fat isn't bad, it's funny.

*Azmin Azran is terrified of the challenges life is about to throw at him. He watches football and listens to weird music to find strength. Give him encouragement at [fb.com/azminazran](https://fb.com/azminazran)*

# Back to Printed Books

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Lured by the countless "Addicted to the smell of books" posts and photos of stacks for summer reading, I decided that perhaps it might not be a terrible idea to revert back to paperbacks and hardcover books. Thus, I was prompted to go on a frenzy and buy beautiful decor for my shelves.

As I hauled my collection of books through the crowded streets of New Market in the sweltering heat, the heaviness of the bag made me reconsider my decision even before I could step out of the place. A Kindle, or any other reading device for that matter, could hold a hundredfold more books and weigh only a very small fraction of what I was carrying.

When I opened up the copies to read beyond the pretty covers, much to my bewilderment, all the books



came in different fonts and it wasn't just a glitch in the system or even something that I could fix. Instead of having to do what was ideally just a task of a button or two, I had to squint for some copies and hold away the others at a distance all the while sympathising for my vision.

As night fell, the squinting option became unviable. Despite the many taps on the book and trying to figure out the engineering, or lack thereof, behind it, it became apparent that increasing brightness was not an available feature. Thus, I had to forsake the usual blanket wrapped overhead because flashlights felt kind of "out of season".

Soon enough, I found myself twisted in a space which had the best lighting of the house; my body contorted to support the book at an angle most convenient. The weight of the book had grown on me. Suddenly I realised the teleporting power not only of the content of the book but also the form it comes in as well.

In the many books I acquired, I became reacquainted with second hand books which had scribbles, underlines,

tears, and all manners of marks and smells of indistinguishable nature. Initially, the kinks distracted me and made me miss the clean white of a screen. However, as I became more invested, the little scribbles served as comic relief, the underlines delineated the significance of certain parts to a previous reader, every other quirk were tell tales of the book's very own adventures, or rather, misadventures.

As time passed, I became increasingly impressed by the ridiculously long battery life of printed books. While I missed the many features of a reading device (and did not miss certain ones like the constant blaring of notifications), with a book cradled in my hand, I felt I could perhaps get used to print copies again.

*With a keen eye and a broken brain to mouth filter, Mahejabeen Hossain Nidhi has a habit of throwing obscure insults from classic novels at random people who may or may not have done anything to warrant them. Drop her a line at [mahejabeen.nidhi@gmail.com](mailto:mahejabeen.nidhi@gmail.com)*

