

BUDDHA DOESN'T NEED TO GO ON A DIET

(a novel)

By Lena Kramp

If you want to lose weight it's not a good idea to start the day with cake and coffee with cream as I'm doing right now, because evidently that sends your blood sugar level way up and then bungeejumping back down again, which makes you terribly hungry, so that you've got to eat again and then you're full for five minutes and then hungry again and so on, up and down, until you die from glycaemic diabetes attacks or blocked arteries. Humph.

Instead of cake, yes I know, I should be eating an apple and some wholegrain cereal or seeds rich in Omega 3 fatty acids that keep the cell walls healthy and instead of coffee be drinking water. How pure and minimalist it is to drink water. It's most fashionable at the moment from a half-litre plastic bottle. And that only after the obligatory half-hour morning run. Humph.

I'm sitting at the kitchen table like a great big pudding that hasn't quite worked sipping coffee – the cake has already disappeared – and eating an apple on top, for health. Okay, there's nothing wrong with the apple, it's just that you don't get the same kind of hit from it as you do from cake. [...]

While I'm reading an article on how to avoid getting fat (there's at least one every week now, even in the daily paper) both the apple and the coffee disappear. The cake has already had its effect and in the self-satisfied haze of sugar-induced intoxication I decide to lose weight, even though I know from experience that this goal will be abandoned within an hour and a half at the most, when I shall be gripped by hypoglycaemia (my blood sugar level will plummet) and a wolf-like hunger. But at the moment I'm quite pleased with the world and with myself, even though on closer examination the world is a wretched place and I, well, it's better not to waste my breath.

I just read in the article – which of course I've known for a long time – that to maintain the right weight regular physical activity is required (they're not thinking of sex, are they?). It's absolutely vital, absolutely, but the guy who wrote that probably doesn't realise that fatties are scarcely able to enjoy physical activity. Even if we overlook the fact that it is much harder for fatties, because of their extra layers, to overcome gravity and if we forget that when they run everything on them wobbles like blancmange or that the swimming pool overflows when they jump in, and if we overlook the buckets of sweat that pour from them when they try to run and the asthmatic gasps that make you turn round to look back down the avenue of trees in case some mad attack dog is following you, even if we forget all that, there still remains their tedious appearance in grandmother's clothes, as young fashion isn't available in larger sizes, and the loneliness, as there are few willing to appear with a fatty in public in broad daylight.

I won't think about it any more, it'll only get me down. I'll just comfort myself instead with some of the Twiglets left over from yesterday. Hm. Where are they? Come on, the bag can't be empty already! I bought a family-size pack and now there's none left. Alright, I won't think about that either. It's terrible. I obviously eat a lot. No, I won't let myself think about food any more. So what can I think about that'll be nice? Hm.