

JILL is a very spunky, peppy dietician. She is trying to help one of her patients who struggles with anorexia.

So you're a cheerleader, right? Or you used to be.

That's awesome! And I feel like that will help us, like - Okay so imagine if, okay, you're making a human pyramid. And everyone has super good technique, but only half of the people who are normally in the pyramid show up. So in that case, it doesn't matter how good everyone's technique is, how much you trust everyone there, how strong your core is, blah blah blah - you're never going to be able to make a perfect or even good human pyramid if there aren't enough....um...

So it's the same with what we eat, right? Like no matter how good the foods are that we are putting into our bodies, if there aren't enough of them altogether, you can look or present yourself a certain way that sounds ideal aesthetically, but you can't really form a strong, solid foundation to build a healthy person. If you're only eating carrots, you're shaky on the bottom of your pyramid because spotter black beans and other supports like umm umm corn? I don't know, yeah corn. You're gonna... it might look good to the outside world, but it's always on the verge of collapse. It might...

You know, the analogy breaks down. But.

Yeah.

Was that good? I don't know.

Um.

She has a nervous habit of making an "ok" symbol with her fingers and seeing if her arm will fit inside the circle her fingers make. It won't today. That sets her off.

You know what? I - like honestly, that analogy just isn't helpful or right at all. I feel like I can't in good conscience give you that clinical opinion and then just pity you in my mind because I know, I KNOW I'm not being truthful.

Like - not to be harsh, but I feel like if you're paying me, I should be honest with you. As your dietician, I am telling you that you are honestly just really

fat. And like that's not necessarily a bad thing, at all! Don't get me wrong!
Being fat is not bad.

But just.... YOU being fat is... bad.
Because... it's your job not to be.

Well not actually, but. It's your job to help other people feel good. And how
can they trust you to do that if you look like...that.

She gestures to herself in the mirror she has been looking in.

Like THIS.

She body-checks her "problem areas".

*She laughs. Really loudly, she thinks it's the funniest thing in the world. And
then it's so, so miserably heartbreakingly sad. So sad that it's absurd, which
makes her laugh again.*

The irony is... something else, isn't it? That's just people. I have...degrees in
knowing exactly what is wrong with how I'm thinking. In knowing never to
talk to patients like you would talk to yourself. But it's still -

Sometimes I think if I just
balance just right
or change the bases
or rethink the positions
I can try hard enough that the pyramid doesn't collapse.

It's just such a little skeleton though, isn't it?

No substance.

There's nothing strong to tie it down. No muscles to help it move. It's
threadbare, the way I feel, the way I am.

The thinnest wind of change could topple me right over.

Maybe it will.

Is it wrong that I kind of -

I hope so.