

Self-expression – read the following expressive text

The following expressive text concentrates on the thoughts and emotions of the writer. It is written in essay form

Thunder Thighs

In my opinion having 'thunder thighs' is worse than anything. I've got thunder thighs; I've had them since I was a little tacker. Photos of our family at the beach taken ten years ago show me with the early signs. They were big, even at age seven, and they have kept getting bigger ... and bigger.

Over the years I've tried all sorts of things. I've wrapped them in glad wrap when I go to bed. I've tried every diet known to teenagerdom. I bought some cream once that was supposed to make them shrink in fourteen days, but careful measuring before and after showed that they had actually grown by two millimetres over that time.

Other people tell me not to worry, that I'm just designed this way

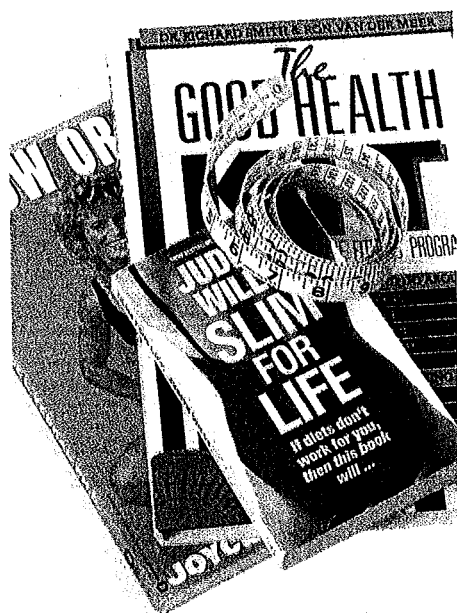
and to accept it. Accept it? It's OK for them; they don't have to look at them in the mirror, to feel them rubbing together when they walk, to cope with the feeling that everyone is gawking at you at the beach, to never be able to wear shorts, to catch an unwanted glimpse of yourself in every shop window. The list goes on ... and on.

Sometimes I get so down about the situation that I'm willing to invest in liposuction, to starve myself silly, to go to a Swiss clinic, to do anything, anything. What can I do and how can I do it? Every magazine I see on the train of a morning has

glossy pics of perfect bodies, perfect skin and ... perfect thighs, together with advice about colonic irrigation, the lo-carb diet, the GI and point counting diets; apparently they all work for the stars. I want to be perfect too. I want a Hollywood body that's been toned, sculptured and maintained according to the guidelines in all the magazines that I've read.

I'm cursed! I'm damned and I'm doomed. My friends have got slim, normal thighs. Why can't I? I'm sick of wearing thunder thigh disguising clothes; I've got a wardrobe full of them, all bought and worn with one aim in mind – coverage. I would give anything to get rid of these thighs.

Oh well, as they say in the classics, things could be worse. I could break out in boils on my face. Or become hospitalized with a bad case of haemorrhoids. Time to go for my next jog.



Self-expression – answer the following questions

1. Do you think this story was written by a boy or a girl? Give reasons for your choice.

2. How does the author develop a sense of desperation?

3. Do concerns about your body shape make you feel guilty about what you eat?
