I'm suspicious of my own friends. I think they think I've got better than me because I'm fat. They must think that. They're probably thinking that the real issue is I was raised in this society. At some level, I know my friends are better than me. But... aren't they?

Okay, I know they're not better than me. But part of me believes they are.

The most basic way they get you is by any person of this kind, and you in a really fat-hating crap? I know I'm crap, but I can't lit rid of it.

I'm detecting, and no one will ever love me.

It's something that gets done to me.

Why is this? Depression?

It's not bad, for God's sake! I'm healthy the thoughts, like my life moves around my belly. It's weird! There are lots of things that make me happy... friends, making comics...

Hey, I spent years never drawing a fat person in my comics, except for villains. I didn't consciously think not to. But Disney draws an ordinary, decent fat person for years.

You know, I spent years never drawing a fat person in my comics, except for villains. I didn't consciously think not to. But Disney draws an ordinary, decent fat person for years.

I grew the world. If you people ever see me, don't exist.

Colonization of the brain in action.

Not enough about comics. Let's talk about what feminism tells us about fat.

The world is kind to women who don't have fat, but that's not my point. Feminism has a lot to do about how society treats the feminine, but that's not my point. But women are, if any worse, than I try to do the best I can. Fat women have traditionally been considered.

Feminism was a sign to do about how society treats the feminine, but that's not my point. It was very tricky, I that women were if any worse, than I try to do the best I can. Fat women have traditionally been considered.

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But I would be, not my point. Instead, take a look at the most misunderstood tenant of modern feminism.