

Food+Chef

MAGAZINE

Restaurant
Spotlight:
PASTA REMOLI

The Best
**CUPCAKE BAKERIES
IN D.C.**

WHAT IS A WET HOPPED BEER?

a complete
meal with:
RAW FOODS

**HISTORY IN A
COPPER MOLD**

LIFE OF PIE



A Food LOVING ANOREXIC

By: Teresa Sweeney

I am a food loving woman with an eating disorder. Not the kind of disorder that has me feeding on mounds of food, the other kind. The one that means I eat very little every day. I am acutely aware of any food that passes my lips and I restrict and control everything I have.

But I love food!



Lots of lucky people just get to sit and eat dinner every day. They might have pasta carbonara tonight and a chicken stir fry with noodles tomorrow night. For me, that would be a month of meals. My favourite food is lasagne. I love the cheese, and that creamy sauce, the pasta sheets and the meat mixed with all sorts in a delicious tomato sauce. The sight of that dish will ignite my appetite but not before the smell reaches my senses. It might take a long time for me to even get a quarter of the way through, but I will fall in love with every bite.

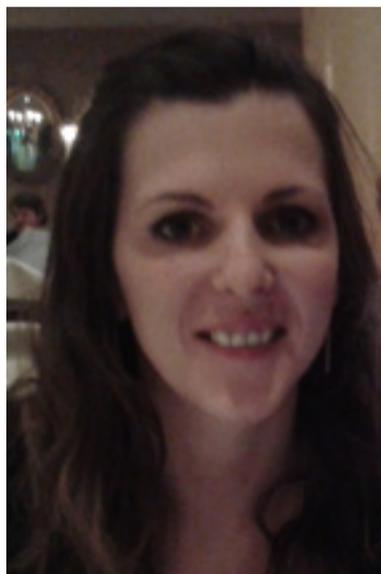
That is how it is for me. I love food; I just have a different way of expressing my love. I will not just sit and have a slice of fudge cake, devour it all quickly because it tastes good. No. I will plan that slice of cake, the size, when and where I will eat it, who with. I will, at last, sit with that slice of fudge cake on my plate. I will see how moist it looks, the different colors of the sponge and the fudge. I will see how the steam rises and the chocolate slowly melts, oozing across the plate.

Eventually, I will pick up my spoon and put a small, small piece into my mouth. I will not just mush it up and swallow, ready to scoff the rest. No. I will feel that food in my mouth, the warmth and the texture. I will eat that one piece slowly, carefully, tasting every ingredient in the mix. Ok.

So it is not the most exciting way to eat cake. And to be honest, I would much rather just shove it all into my mouth and just swim in the deliciousness. But eating is all about control. It isn't really anything to do with the food. It isn't about how I look or what I weigh. It is about controlling what I eat, how I eat, when I eat. It is about controlling how I look and what I weigh. I have always loved food. And somehow, oddly, I believe that maybe I love it more than people who have normal relationships with food. Maybe I love it more because I don't get a whole lot of it, so when I do, I take my time, taste every mouthful, relish every bite; I savour what I don't get much of.

I have heard before that people who are lacking in something will have acute awareness in other ways. Like the way a blind person might have extra sensitive hearing. I think my enjoyment of and love for food is a bit like that. Because getting the good stuff is rare, I take every instant to enjoy how the smells fill my nostrils, the image of it before me fills my eyes and increases my desire, and each small, careful mouthful is slowly tasted and completely enjoyed.

So next time you see a skinny bitch push a half-finished plate of food away enjoyed to the full from her (or him), remember that half eaten, half-finished meal may have been as good as your first...



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Teresa Sweeney writes short fiction irregularly. She also claims to bake cakes. You can read some of her stories here www.teresasweeney.com.

