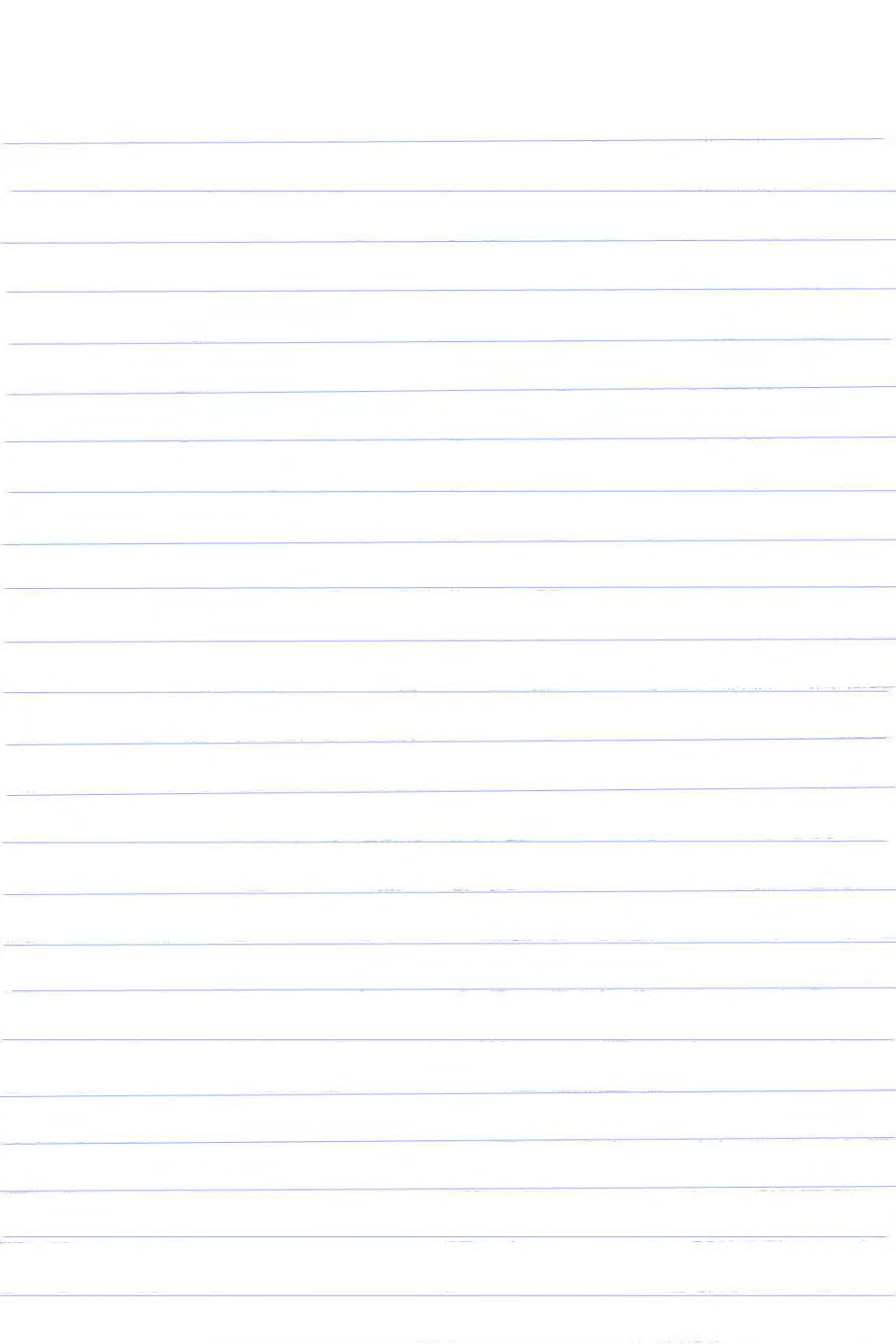
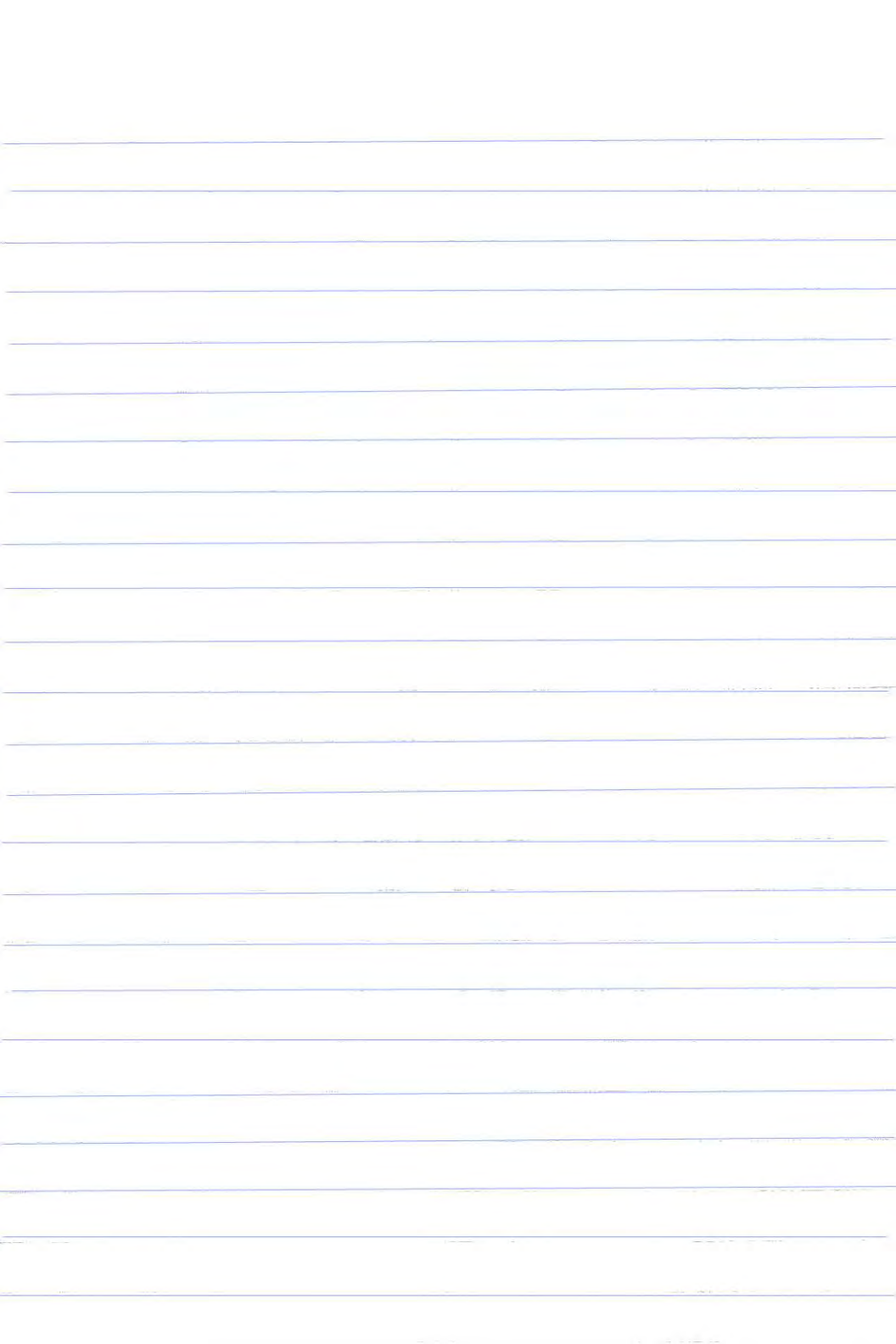


# The Last Bite Before Monday



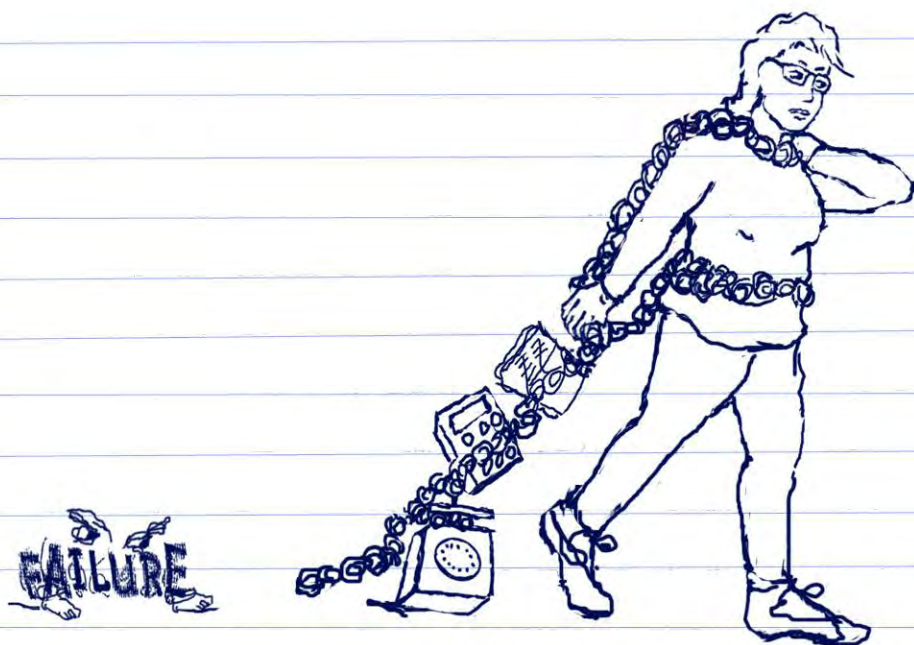
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY  
JACKIE BLUZER





# The Last Bite

Before Monday

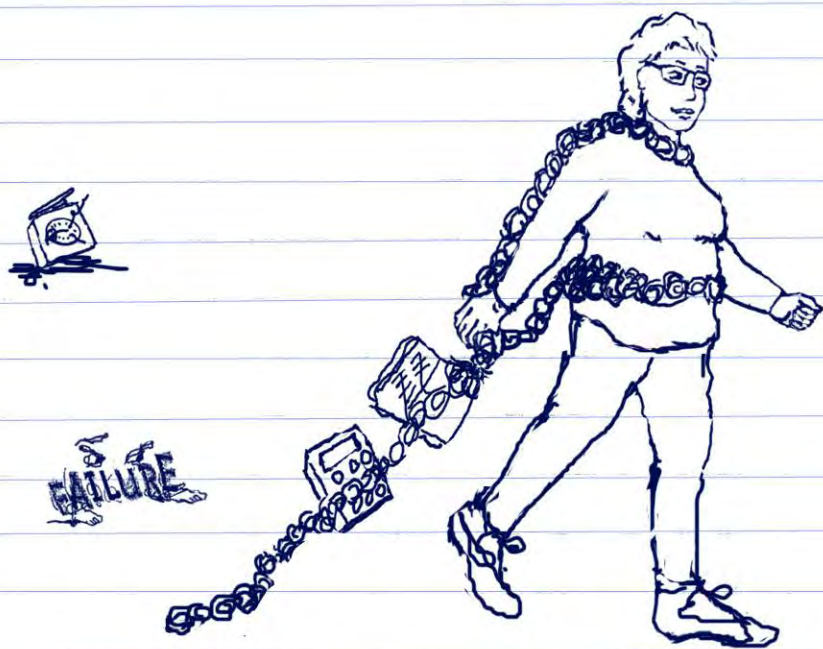


written and  
illustrated by  
Jackie Bluzer



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For my children  
your children  
and the  
child within



I binged again  
and again,  
for days,  
months...years.

Until I didn't.

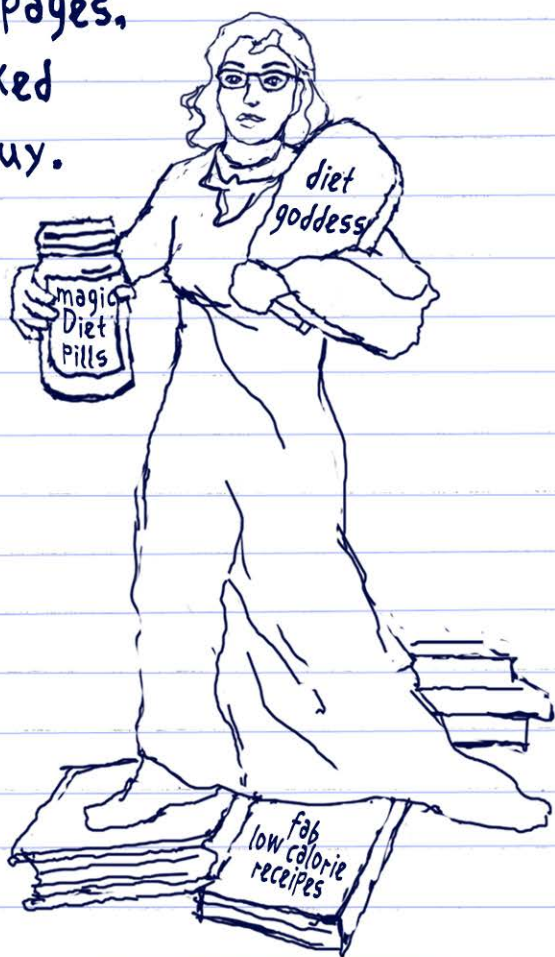
# Diet Disclamier

There are no recipes or daily food plans in these pages, no cardboard boxed meals or pills to buy.

No magic. musts, have to's, or commandments.

Rather... my experience, insight, lightning bolt revelations, and the ability

to reinvent the relationship between self and food.



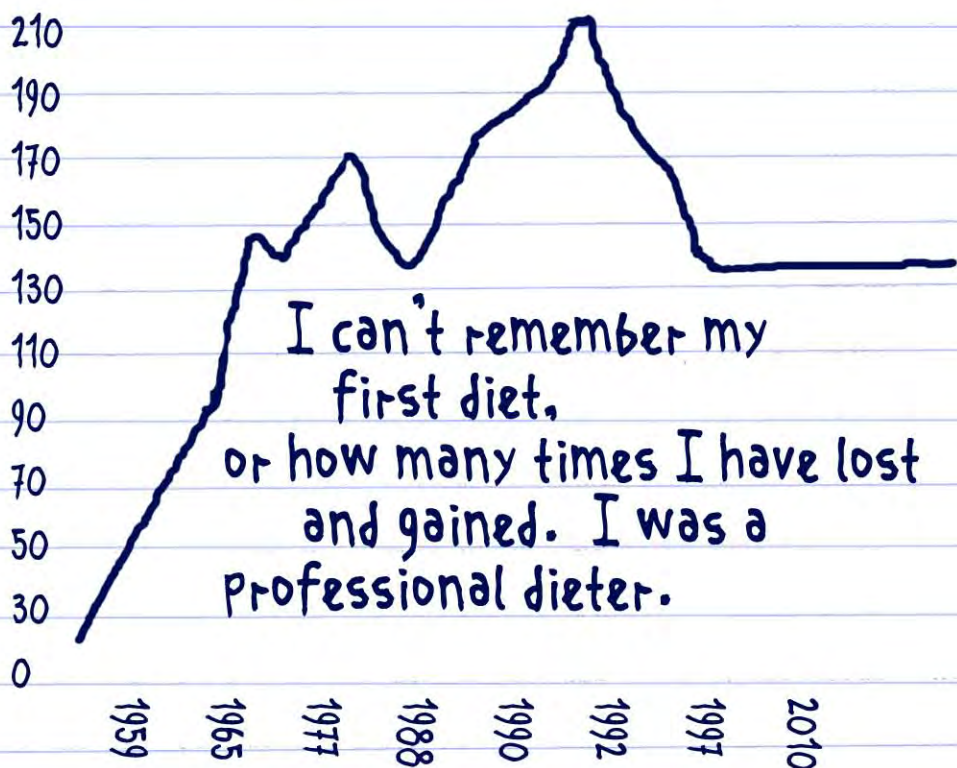
# The Start of The Dieting Life



Fat genes  
entrenched in family  
chromosomes.  
plausible excuse.



# Yo-Yo Time Line



There were periods in my 40 years of diet cycling when I lost weight, for however brief.

In a blur, a switch would flip and I would fall into the depths of a binge. Fortunately, I had a closet full of black pants in a range of sizes.

# Weight Loss Resume

Jr. High School Graduation: 1974  
First success in shedding pounds:  
method unknown.

Married: 1988  
Lost 40 lbs: could have been  
Weight Watchers, or a concocted  
combination of diet plans.

After and Between the Birth of my  
Two Children: 1990 - 1996  
Phen-Fen  
Overeaters Anonymous  
nutritionists  
multiple gym memberships  
eating disorders counselor  
group therapy

Long Term Weight Loss: 1996 - Present  
threw out my scale  
and piles of diet books.



Brother Richie & Jackie  
Brooklyn, 1968.

When I was five,  
there were few stores  
in which to purchase large  
size childrens' clothing.

My mother and I would take  
the bus and train to Manhattan  
to shop at Lane Bryant.

The start of my journey  
in pursuit of the "plus size."

# Pretty Dress



1965

We moved from Brooklyn to  
Bayside when I was 10.

I entered my new school  
in the 6th grade which was  
graduation year.

The kids had their cliques,  
and I was the new fat girl.

The cat eyeglasses were  
not considered the  
fashion accessory  
they are today.

# Sixth Grade Graduation



Hate this picture,  
it scares me.

# Overweight Child

When I was in  
Junior High School,  
which is the term baby boomers  
use for Middle School,  
I had to endure the  
President's Fitness Challenge in gym.

An overweight child  
cannot climb the rope,  
do pull-ups or run the mile  
within the passable timeframe.

This was a physical education  
nightmare.

# School Picture



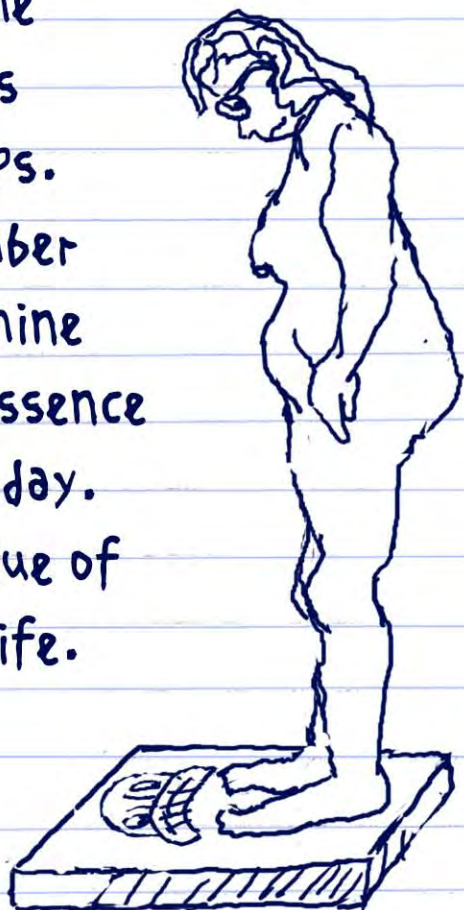
1972

# Morning

I stand erect, in profile,  
before the bathroom mirror,  
and step upon my adversary: the scale.

It is hostile. A sly grin  
beams up at me  
while it flips  
and blips.

The number  
will determine  
the essence  
of my day.  
The value of  
my life.



# Enough?

I buy in 2's,  
but not for two. Because  
there is never enough.  
Even if my stomach  
is sick and swollen,  
you will not confiscate  
my stash.

I will eat what I want  
when I want.

Do you think you are  
my savior? That I am blind  
to my appearance and you  
will enlighten me  
to my condition?

Entenmann's Donuts  
my favorite:  
chocolate crumb



# An Existential Experience

I throw the contents  
of the box in the garbage but  
do not pulverize it to smithereens.

It beckons me.

I look around...  
approach with stealth as if  
there is a camera that watches  
and scolds. Not that it would  
stop me. Because I am a victim  
of my own creation.  
I'm drawn toward  
the kitchen as if in a  
trance and dig out the box  
I had disposed of with care,  
in case the urge should  
take me hostage.

# I Feel Fat

Today  
is one of those days.  
Everything I try on  
is a reject.  
I feel fat,  
bloated,  
dumpy and ugly.

No matter  
what size  
or weight  
those days  
hover waiting to kick  
me in the butt.

# Willpower x 3

"Normal eaters"  
do not understand.  
Why... I can't  
exercise a shred of  
self-control.

## JUST STOP!!



## What is normal?

# On Vacation



1976

# My Brain on Whack Junk Food



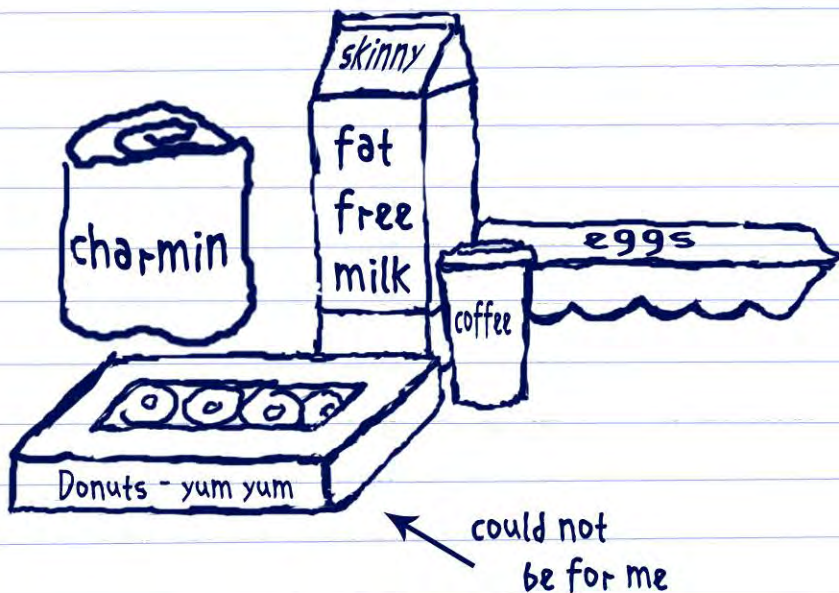
# Words of Wisdom...

from my eating  
disorder's counselor:

If I crave a bag of  
Pepperidge Farm's Milano  
cookies, and 7-Eleven  
is on the way home,  
"Drive the other way."

Are you freaking  
kidding me!!!

# Fooling the Folks in Line at 7-Eleven



## Hint

Include items to  
legitimize purchase.

# Lesson in Humility

Drive and eat.  
The car is perfect for  
secretive snacking.  
I buried the  
evidence under the seat...

until the day  
my husband  
dug out  
the trash.

# The Smoking Gun



When disposing of that  
which would prove to  
be a damnation of truth,  
dump the goods in  
a foreign waste  
disposal unit.

# Giving Up...

that which  
I love seems  
impossible. I don't  
exist  
without it.



It is my salvation.

# Grief

When all the food is...gone.

There are countless  
minutes until my  
next bite.

I placate my chronic  
food think  
with the promise  
of snacks yet to come.



# Never On a Monday

Oh those crazy weekends  
in anticipation of the  
end of food forever,  
I would shove  
my true favorites  
in to my soon to be  
deprived stomach.



# FORBIDDEN FOOD



There is the obsessive need to  
eat what I can't have.

Deprivation builds strong  
feelings of loss, grief, fear  
and punishment.

When food is not labeled  
as taboo,  
the attraction is  
not as strong,  
and it does not feel as  
if a part of me will  
be torn...away

# Honeymoon



1988

# Responsibility

I see my self within  
my children, and repeat  
my adolescence through  
them.

The insecurity, scarred body  
image, and sick self-esteem.

Am I projecting my food  
think on them? How  
has my failed relationship  
with food affected who  
they are today?

Catskills, NY



1994



# The Way Back

I would not be  
so presumptuous as to  
dictate how or what  
another should eat. My internal  
GPS guides me through  
the donut hole to sanity.

A nutritionist threatened,  
“Follow my food plan or...”



# I Must

Drink 8 glasses of water  
every day.

Exercise 20 minutes.

Write down every morsel.

Weigh every ounce.

Count calories  
every day, every day.

**I SWEAR**

**THIS**

**I WILL DO**

**AND MORE.**

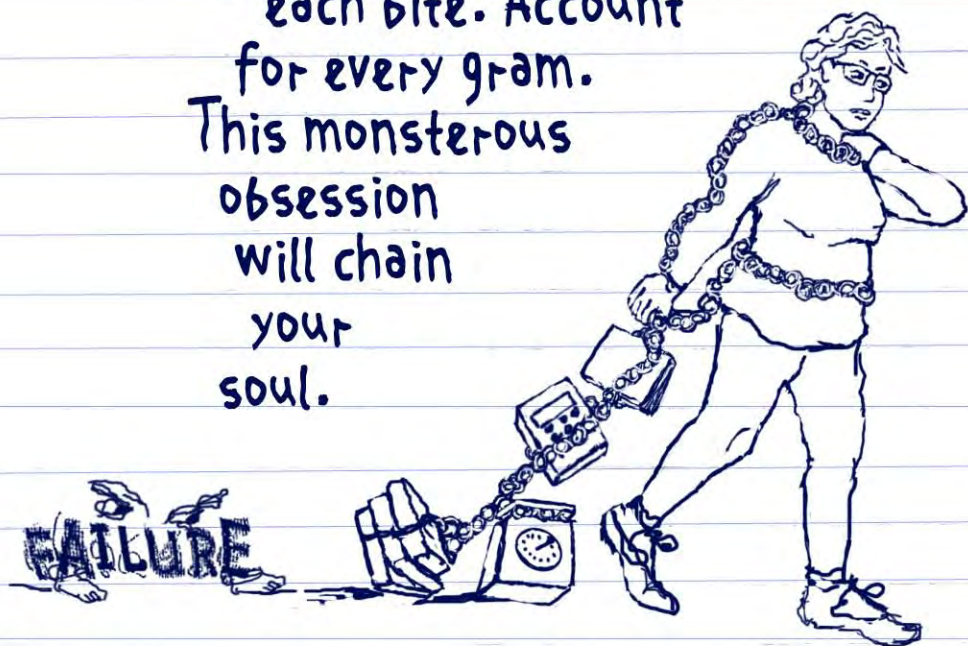
# Caution

Starve the day before the "weigh in."

Clap. Hooray; lost 3 ozs,  
report in, confess any  
food blunder and if I  
have been

**BAD.**

Haul the scales of  
judgement. Analyze  
each bite. Account  
for every gram.  
This monstrous  
obsession  
will chain  
your  
soul.



# Reinvent It

to feel comfort in this  
death till we part relationship.

Set boundaries.

Be compassionate.

Patient. Kind.

Supportive. Realize  
there will be setbacks.

Revisitation of old behavior.

Repetition of odd behavior.

Change relationships  
till you find

a harmonious marriage  
between self and food.

It took me 25 years to  
engage in a stable relationship.  
It is ever evolving.

# If I Could Eat All Day I Would

Some days I don't notice  
the empty space between  
nosh and chow time.

There are the dawn to  
bedtime days of damnation  
when my brain is fixated  
on devouring food.

To pacify my <sup>hunger</sup>  
dependence  
addiction

I split breakfast, lunch & dinner:  
 $3 \times 2 = 6$  meals  
add snacks,  
and I can eat my day away.

# Relationship Issues

Move out, distance, divorce  
are options  
if friends, family, parents,  
or partner slam my self-worth.

It is impossible to avoid  
a relationship with food.  
I can't storm away  
or travel cross-country  
to escape.

Curse, yell, fight, rage,  
stop frequenting the same  
restaurants on those  
special occasions,  
but  
this is a love-hate,  
forever thing.

# Food Philosophy

My way is not your way,  
but this is my basic  
how to.

My food days include:

- The -I-Can't-Survive-Without
  - The Pack & Carry
  - The Juggle of Meals
  - The Meal Split

Compromise is essential.

Self-defeat screams at the door  
when left with no options.

# The-I-Can't-Survive Without

Skip the entree, appetizers,  
soup and salad; that is me  
express

to the dessert bar.



I eat cookies and  
brownies, but not every day  
and with thoughtful selection.

I do indulge in frequent snacks  
to soothe the beast within.

The challenge,  
find that which will tame  
the ferocious cravings.



Disclaimer: this is a skill that  
requires maturity of the warped  
food brain.

# Pack & Carry

When I leave home,  
which is my optimum  
food environment,  
it is overwhelming.

To help relieve food anxiety  
I bring my own stash.  
Pack & Carry is an absolute.  
I hate to be caught on the fly  
without a meal or snack.

Warning: friends and relatives  
might be insulted.  
Bring plenty to share.  
If said relative is prickly  
take other measures.

# Juggle & Swap

Why do relatives insist on dinner at 3 or 4, when I eat at 6??  
Hence the food Juggle & Swap;  
exchange a snack with  
a meal, or eat half of  
a designated lunch or dinner  
to hold out till the ridiculous  
early meal or late  
social event.



This might seem obvious,  
but frequent pings are required  
to adjust warped food think.

# Put It Down

Put down the fork.

Back away from the plate.

The stomach recognizes  
when it is content.

But, there is an override  
mechanism that controls  
the hand-to-mouth action.

It seems impossible  
to STOP.

It is tolerable when  
food relief will be in an  
hour, two hours or tomorrow.

It is how I survive every day.

I know it will come.



# Comfort Food

Don't forsake  
comfort food.

I will rip open cabinets,  
and empty the fridge  
as my body lusts  
after what  
it craves.



# Perfection

is not the goal.

The ability to  
pick and choose  
came after years, when I

sucked in water  
held my breath

drowning

Incapacitated. Vulnerable  
to mood,  
and self-punishment.

# Slender Mom



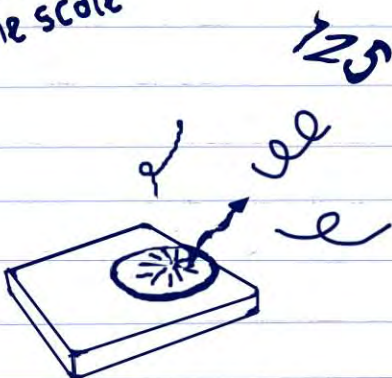
1996

# Trash The Scale



No support.  
No empathy.  
The numbers do not  
embody who I am.  
The scale can't  
enslave me  
unless I  
allow it to.

trash  
the scale



220

155

# Multiple Choice

Professional dieters  
know the dope on food.

- a. Grilled or Fried
- b. Blue Cheese or Light  
Italian
- c. Sundae or Fruit
- d. Fish or Steak
- e. Baked Potato or  
French Fries

The answers are a cinch.

The inner battle is  
between the knowing  
and the doing.

# The Situation

Vacations = Anxiety  
bathing suits, skin exposure  
breakfast buffets, dining out.

Dieting for months  
for one week in the sun.  
15 lbs lost. 20 gained.

Survive with  
selective consumption.  
Eat what I absolutely  
can't resist. Order  
everything on the menu;  
try it all  
but don't  
eat it all.

# Cruise Bermuda



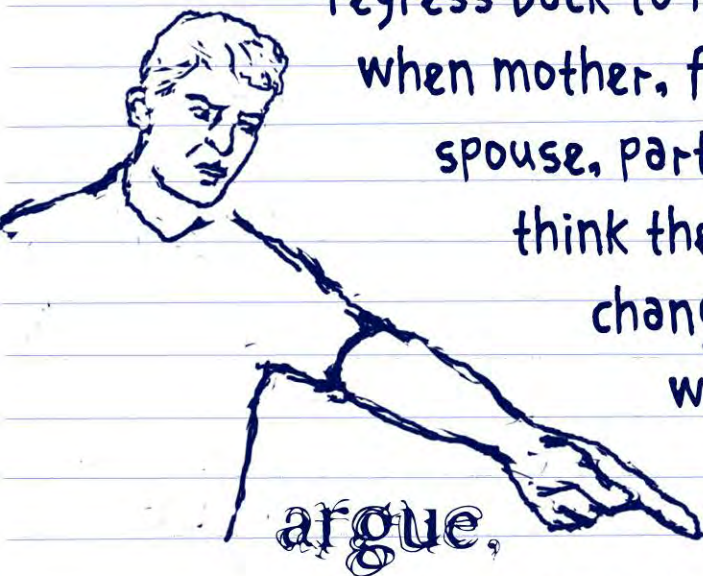
Fifty  
12/01/2009

# A Cruise...

to a compulsive eater  
is like an alcoholic  
vacationing on  
a floating open bar.  
In a daze, I circled the  
buffet dodging the  
mob of passengers with  
mountains of food  
on their plates.  
I wondered if there was  
a cruise support group  
for the overwhelmed  
with an eating disorder.



# I Will Not...



regress back to my childhood  
when mother, father,  
spouse, partner  
think they will  
change me;  
when they

argue,

yell,

scream,

curse.

I am not that  
person anymore.



# I AM

I would not lock my child  
in a cage. Beat that child  
with verbal barbs.  
Ridicule. Scold. Lash.

Never.



I do not deserve my  
self-abuse. I will not  
do to myself that  
which I would not  
do to my child.

# ~~FAILURE~~

If I binge,  
it does not mean game over.

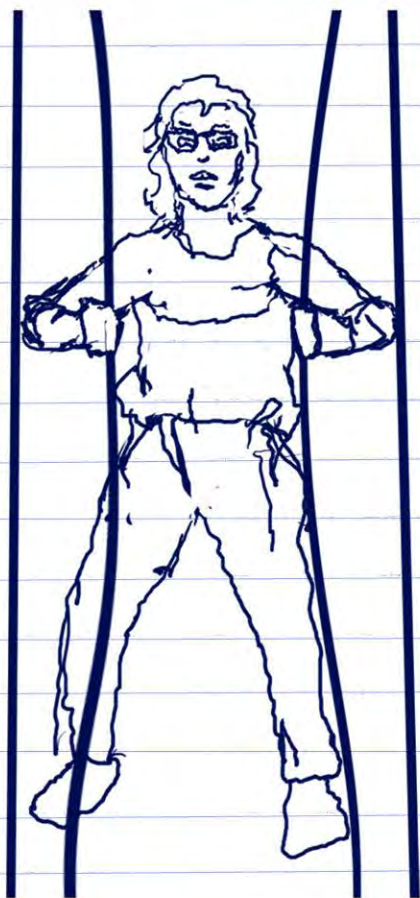
Unless I convict  
myself.

I must forgive  
and release  
my battered  
mind and body.

Even if  
I binge again  
and again.

Which I did for  
days, months,  
years.

Until I didn't.



# Defy Your



I can't

I won't  
commit to the insanity  
of compulsive dieting.

# A Zillion Paths

Transformation  
to a self  
free from the warped  
food brain  
comes in slow  
creeping steps.

It is a crazy, twisted  
alternate universe  
that leads in one  
direction.

Forward.   
 Never Back.

# As a Compulsive Overeater

I lived in the  
world of black and white.

I either drowned  
in darkness and depression,  
numb, and withdrawn,

or immersed  
in a false state  
of euphoria  
while in the  
white of a  
restrictive diet.

When I knew  
I would not binge, and could  
stray by absolute choice,  
my self-to-food relationship  
found stability.

# What Will it Take to Stop?

A cosmic shift in the universe,  
divine intervention, the conspiratorial  
nagging of friends and family?

Perhaps motivation does drop  
from the sky.

Relax.  
Take a deep breath.

You can't fail at this.

There are infinite chances  
and no deadlines.

Don't give up.  
The change is from within  
and always in reach.

# When Will You Stop ??

It comes down to an  
elementary math equation.

**PAIN** < **EMOTIONAL DISTRESS** >

---

**FOOD** < **CODEPENDENCE** >

When guilt, shame and depression  
are greater than  
the benefits of the binge,

Then...You Will Stop.

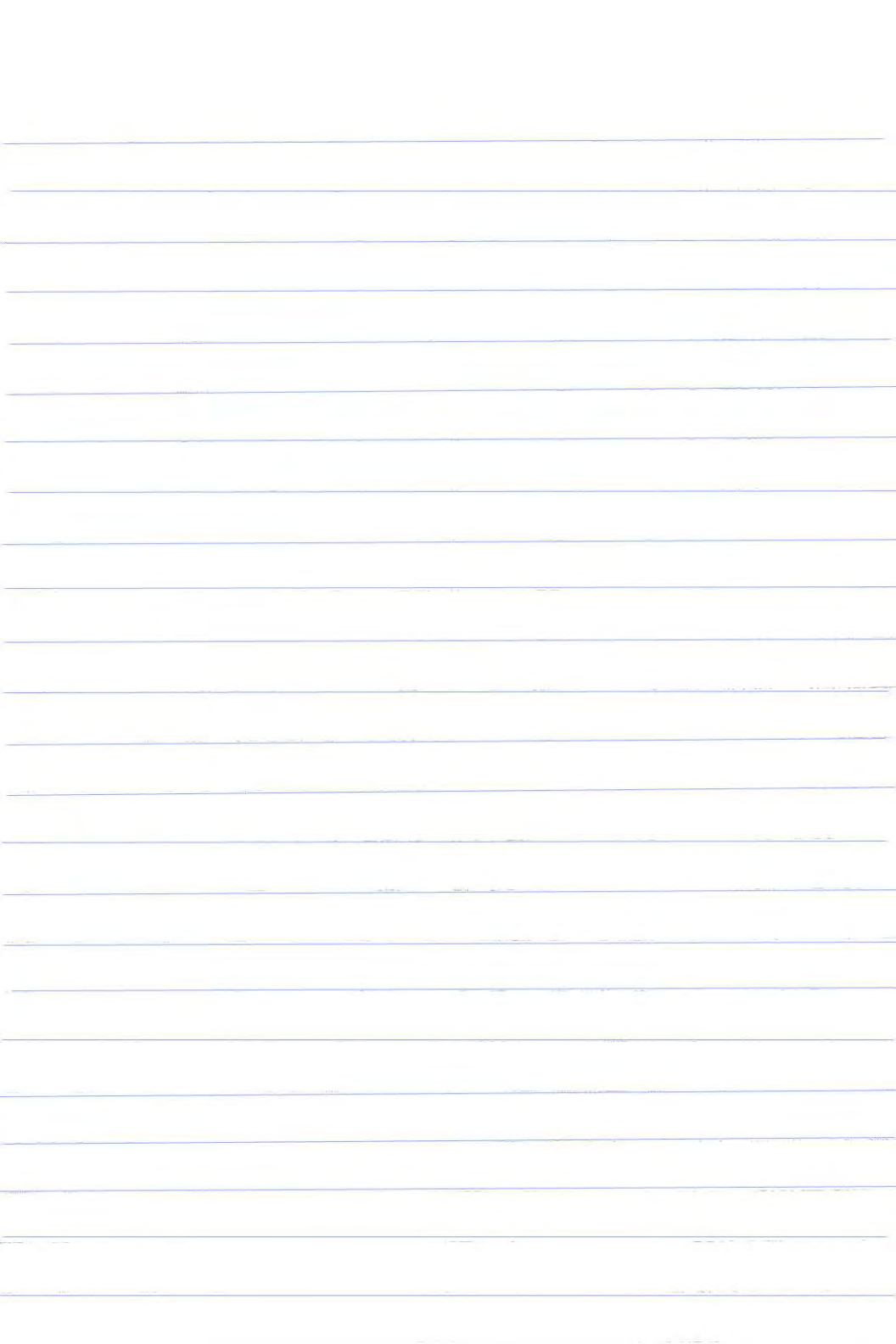
# What I Know...

DIETS DON'T WORK.  
Deprivation doesn't work.  
There is no "Bad" food.  
Scales fluctuate.

You can't fail because there  
is always another day  
for different choices.

Be kind to yourself first and  
others that are struggling.

Do not allow society, the media,  
friends or family dictate  
what body shape or size  
is your perfect happy, healthy  
Self.



# THE LAST BITE BEFORE MONDAY



PUBLICATIONS ILLUSTRATED BY JACKIE  
FAWN'S TOUCHING TALE: A STORY FOR  
CHILDREN WHO HAVE BEEN SEXUALLY ABUSED  
WRITTEN BY AGNES WOHL, LCSW  
& IRENE WINEMAN-MARCUS  
GOODBYE TO BEDTIME FEARS:  
WRITTEN BY SHERRY HENIG, PHD

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