

I am F.A.T.

Based Upon Real Life Events

by Jaia Davis

When I came home from school today, my mom was in her office working from home. I plopped down into the cozy chair in the corner and sighed heavily, "Huuuuuhhhh!"

"Jaia, what's wrong?" my mom asked as she continued typing on the computer.

"I had the worst day EVER!" I said disgustedly. "The kids at school called me FAT."

"Mom, I don't know what to do! I've asked them nicely a thousand and twenty-two times not to call me names, but they still do it!" Mom was staring intently at her computer, so I said, "Are you listening to me?"

Mom quickly swiveled around in her burgundy office chair and said, "Yes, of course I'm listening to you, and I have GREAT news!"

"You have GREAT news for me?" I asked enthusiastically. "What is it?"

Smiling, my mom said with great exuberance and excitement, "Jaia, I think you are F.A.T.!"

"Mom, don't call me FAT!" I yelled. "That's mean! You're NOT like those bullies at school. I know you're not!"

"Honey, calm down! Hear me out!" my mom said wrapping her strong, loving arms around me.

"I didn't say you're **FAT**. I said you are **F.A.T.**:"

"F – Fabulous;
A – Awesome; and
T – Terrific!"

"I'm F.A.T.?" I said questioningly.

"Yes!" mom said. "You are F.A.T. Jaia, you are a beautiful girl – inside and out. NEVER let anyone make you think any differently. NEVER let anyone define you. Beauty comes in ALL sizes, shapes, colors, abilities and income levels."

"Mom, I don't get it. You, dad, our family, our pastor and my teachers think I'm a beautiful angel..."

...BUT, some of the kids at school...not so much. How do I get them to see I'm really a wonderful person?" I said as I began feeling a little bit better.

Placing her hand on my shoulder, mom went on, "Jaia, I've traveled around the sun many times."

I interrupted giggling, "To be exact...forty sss..."

"...SSSOMETHING times." Mom said laughing loudly and talking over me.

Mom continued to console me saying, "One thing I've learned is you can't change WHAT people say about you. But, there is one thing you can change."

"What's that, mom?" I asked expectantly. "What ONE thing can I change?"

"Honey, you can change your attitude about what people say negatively about you. As Granny Meaney would say,

'ATTITUDE IS EVERYTHING!'

"That's not fair. I have to change MY attitude? Shouldn't those mean kids change THEIR attitude?"

My mom answered, "You can't control WHEN or even IF they will change, Jaia. That's why you change your attitude, and you'll be MUCH HAPPIER."

"MMM..." I said taking it all in.

"Mom, I think I get it! Tomorrow at school if someone calls me dumb, I can say in my head, 'thank you,' because after all I am d.u.m.b.: d – delightful; u – unique; m – magnificent; and b – beautiful!

Excitedly jumping out of the comfortable chair, I continued talking. "I'm also l.a.m.e.: lovely, artistic, marvelous and enchanting!"

Mom began to laugh out loud. "You've got it, Jaia. You have definitely got it!"

"Thanks, mom. You're awesome!" I said joyously as I kissed Mom on the cheek. "Tomorrow at school I'll have the best day EVER!"

"I'm going to do my homework now! I called out and skipped out of the room.

As Mom went back to working on the computer, she shook her head and chuckled, "That's my Q.u.e.e.n. Jaia: Quaint, unique, exuberant, exciting and nice!