

Christine Kehl
English 104
Ratcliffe
Fall 2008
“Shout and Murmurs”

Confessions of a Tanorexia

Tanorexia is an epidemic that is sweeping throughout the country affecting our youth. As defined by doctors, Tanorexia is a disorder where one goes tanning in an indoor tanning salon to an excess amount where they produce an orange glow in their skin. A typical Tanorexic is a high school or college aged female who lives in a city in which outdoor tanning is limited due to cold temperatures and lack of sunlight. The following is a special report. Tiffani*, a recovering Tanorexic volunteered some entries from her diary where she recounts her life as a Tanorexic.

Tuesday, December 11th, 2007

I have a party to go to on Friday so today I made sure to go tanning twice. Although it is not advised to go tanning more than once every 24 hours and that no salon will let you, I got passed the system and went to two different salons! I left for work 20 minutes early so that I could go tanning beforehand. At work, I could not sit still. The lights in the office are too dim and every time I sit there I feel so depressed. I NEED SUN!!! I will just have to apply tanning lotion all over my self in the bathrooms until I can sneak out on my lunch break and go to the tanning salon down the block.

Wednesday, December 12th, 2007

I had a meeting that went late today so I was not able to go tanning and have lunch. My co-worker asked me to go to Burger King with her so I had to choose lunch over bronz-ifying

myself. After placing my order I leaned under the heat lamps on the counter in hopes of catching
* Name has been changed to protect identity

a few artificial rays. As soon as I got off work I rushed to the nearest salon and booked myself 20 minutes of fake bake heaven. That night when I got home I looked in the mirror, disappointed in myself for not skipping on lunch to go to the salon close to work. I look like I haven't seen sun in years.

Friday, December 14th, 2007

TGIF! A little boy passed me on the street today and called me an Oopa Lumpa. I have no idea why he called me that. I look like Paris Hilton, not some fictional character. As I trudged through the snow on my walk from the subway I could only think about how on my lunch break I would be not only taking a break from work but I would be lying in a bed feeling like I was on the beach! When I got home from work, I had a tanning attack. I had the urge for sun. I told my boyfriend I was going to the library to look for some books when instead I was really driving to my favorite salon where they play island tunes while you tan.

Spotting a person suffering from Tanorexia is not hard to do. If you think your loved ones are suffering from this epidemic look for signs such as: lying about where they are going/have been, smelling like coconut oil or any sun tanning product, heart shaped "skin" tattoos (stickers placed on the body to make decorative tan lines) near their hip bone, orange skin tone, and paleness around the eyes (a result from wearing goggles). If a loved one appears to have these symptoms please get help by taking them to an emergency care facility.