

# FATSO

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**John Boston**

Emily Lockheart wasn't really fat, she was just large. Her head, her hips, her butt.....and especially her heart. She pulled into the coffee shop to pee and that's when the unthinkable happened:

*She broke the toilet bowl.*

Clearly, these things had a weight limit and Emily had gone over it. It cracked in half and she landed on her backside in the bathroom. She was surprised.....shocked may even be a better word. Maybe it was already broken and she simply pushed it over its breaking point. Whatever the reason, it was her that broke it. There was water all over the floor. She opened the door and darted out of there before anyone saw her. By the time she got to her car, she was in tears. She hated her body and how it made her feel.

Hopefully, no one saw her. Hopefully, no one would recognize her.

*It's painfully difficult to come back from something like this.* She should know. She's been dealing with these things throughout her entire life.

Work wasn't much better. She had a meeting with the rest of the flunkies. She was friendly but never made any real friends at work. She was just there to collect a paycheck. She would always chit-chat with her co-workers, but never actually do anything with them. She did graphic design. Lots of people claimed to do graphic design and most weren't very good at it. She was a digital artist. She didn't copy and paste, she created. She was a content creator.

No one was paying attention. Thankfully, there were only two others in the room with her, not the entire staff. She sat down in a chair, only to have it give way and break. The back had come off the chair. She fell over and landed on the carpet. The two others looked at her. It was both shock and pity. She could read the look on their faces. She was no stranger to it.

*If you weren't so big, this wouldn't have happened.*

"Are you okay, sweetie?" asked Bryce.

"I'm fine," she said, picking herself up off the floor.

The two men just looked at one another and nothing more was said. Nothing more had to be said. The damage had been done. She managed to get through the meeting without breaking down. That in itself was a major accomplishment. It was almost trophy-worthy.

She worked out regularly. She was nearly six feet tall and weighed almost 250 pounds. She was the biggest girl in the room and probably one of the biggest girls anyone would ever meet. She had only been with two boys her entire life. Both of them were nothing to write home about. She spent most of her days in a self-induced prison. She was shy and awkward, but her heart was always in the right place. She just wanted someone to love her. Someone to come home to every night. Someone to have a family with. She wanted to be a mom so that her own daughters would never have to go through what she has. She would be there for them, much more so than her own mother was. Her mother was far too focused on her career to spend any time getting to know her, or become involved in her life. She was a pianist and since Emily had shown zero desire to follow in her footsteps, mom had shown zero desire to be her mother. Her father wasn't much better. He was a functioning alcoholic who managed a trucking company. They rarely spoke. It was Emily vs the world. She wanted it to be Emily and her husband vs the world. If such a man existed.

She volunteered her time at a library for story hour. The soccer moms and their f-boys dropped the kids off for an hour and it was her job to entertain them for that time. Usually, she just read from a book, today she decided to wing it and tell them a story about giant birds and dragons. The kids seemed to love it, albeit for one. He was a fundamentalist Christian.

*The kind who believed that the Earth was only six thousand years old.*

"Your story lacked substance and development," he said. He looked like the type who would be doing cereal commercials or the kid who would think there was a monster underneath his bed.

"Well, I'll take that into consideration."

"If you need a boyfriend, I'm taking applications," he said perfectly seriously.

"You don't say."

"Yes, I am the leader of my flock. I have followers. People who will devote their entire lives to fulfilling my desires. They are my legions."

"Now how could a girl possibly say no to something like that?"

"So, are you down for a wedding?" he asked

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to pass."

"I'm very desirable for a ten-year-old," he said assuringly.

"I'm just not ready for a relationship right now."

"Your loss. You need to lose a few pounds before we hook up," he said.

"It's a good thing you're only ten," she said, trying to remain calm.

*"I got an army, bitch! You better show me some respect, or I might just drop a mortar round on your house!"* he said as he sulked away.

"You'd probably be doing me a favor, kid."

She was at a wedding the next week. She had done a spin class for an hour. She starved herself and somehow she had gained a pound. It was as if God personally disliked her for some reason. She got drunk at her cousin's wedding and ended up eating a few plates of the birthday cake. She loved cake. It was her guilty pleasure.

*"Damn Emily, save some for the rest of us."* said her ten-year-old nephew.

She was tempted to punch him but restrained herself. He'd probably start bawling. Boys nowadays are such wimps.

"Do you know how hard it is to get laid in Joe Biden's America? Everyone is so fucking miserable, no one wants to think about sex!" exclaimed her aunt, Winnie. Winnie was a very vocal, very passionate Donald Trump supporter.

"Emily dear, are you seeing anyone?" she asked

"No. No, I'm not," she said softly.

"What's the matter? Don't you want to get married and have kids?"

"Someday."

"You better not waste any more time. You're almost thirty. Pretty soon, you'll be almost forty. Then who, the hell is going to want you?" asked Winnie.

Emily smiled and excused herself to the ladies' room. She couldn't believe that someone as hideous as her Aunt had found the love of their life. They had been married for over twenty years. He was a nice guy. He deserved much better. The wedding was lonely. She sat at the table and made pointless small talk with her family members. Her cousins and even nieces had all brought their dates. Some were engaged. Some were already married. Some were pregnant.....and she couldn't even get a man to look at her.

"TRUMP IN 2024, BITCHES!" shouted her aunt Winnie as she left the wedding.

The saddest thing of all is that her aunt wasn't even really drunk yet.....*this is just who she was. Ain't nobody going to dim her shine.*

Her aunt was obnoxious. She wasn't even pretty or had a nice personality, but she wasn't fat. She was height and weight proportionate. Emily had practically been born with a giant handicap. She had difficulty finding clothes that fit, even though she counted every calorie she ate. She ate protein shakes and appetite suppressors. Life could be so very, very cruel to the kindest of people.

She had been in an ongoing dispute with her neighbors for quite some time. They were dealing drugs. They were not nice people. She lived above them. They played music at all hours of the night. It all started one day when they were in the hallway together. She was unknowingly blocking their way while checking her mail.

"*Bitch, move your fat ass!*" said one of them, carrying a heavy box.

"Excuse me?"

"Get your big, ugly ass out of our way!" said the other one.

She moved and they walked by her. She complained about them to the landlord, who was clearly intimidated by them. He didn't seem to want to intervene.

"They live here too, Emily. Can't we all get along?" he pleaded with her.

"That's easy for you to say, you don't even live in the building," she said and stormed off.

This had been going on for six months now. Her lease was up in just a few months. She was not going to renew. She had her fill of these people and was ready to move on, she just didn't know where she was going to go.

She had a date. He sounded nice and polite. He was a *wordsmith*. That's the term used to describe a writer.

She had dropped three pounds. She got her hair done and bought a new dress. She hadn't been out on a date in nearly a year. They met at a restaurant and ordered drinks. As soon as he saw her, she knew exactly how this date was going to play out. He was at least polite enough to wait until after dinner before breaking her heart.

"I'll call you as soon as I can," he said as he grabbed his coat.

"Yeah, right," she said and finished her pudding, alone at the table.

She went back to her apartment and got drunk on cheap wine. She had also started vaping.

*Nothing says success quite like box wine and disposable vapes!* She told herself.

That night, she decided to end her life. Not like a plea for attention type of thing, she was really going to kill herself. It had been in the back of her mind for quite some time, like a smoldering fire, waiting for a strong wind to turn into something gigantic. That wind had come and gone tonight. She had to wonder if he was married. She knew she was never going to hear from him again.

She stripped down nude and climbed into the tub. She was so drunk, she could hardly get in. She turned the water on and laid down. She passed out as the water overflowed and hit the floor. She shut it off and just laid there. The hot water felt so relaxing. She was going to slit her wrists, but

that was later. Right now, she just wanted to enjoy this feeling of pure bliss. This is how she imagined heaven would be, floating on clouds and taking hot baths every day.

She could hear the scumbags down below arguing. It was a three-family house and the bottom floor was unoccupied. Just her and the scumbags. At least they were consistent. She had no idea who they were even arguing with.

She heard the board cracking. The tub suddenly shot itself to the right. Water overflowed and hit the floor. She removed the face cloth from her face and looked over. It looked as if the hot tub was sinking. One more good jolt and she knew she was in trouble.

*Oh Jesus, no!*

The floorboards supporting the tub had been cracked and rotted with mold from leaky pipes over the last fifty years. She knew they had to be replaced, but wasn't going to say anything with only a few months left on her lease. In an instant, her and the tub and the water came crashing down into the scumbag's apartment. It landed on the table, sending her and the bathwater in every imaginable direction. Somehow, she had managed not to get killed in the whole process. She came to and looked up at the giant hole in her bathroom. This was officially a new low for her. She was naked and wet and in a stranger's apartment. She was in trouble. She looked over and could see the arm laying underneath the rubble of the bathtub. She looked over and saw another arm. It couldn't be, but it was!

The tub had landed right on them, killing them both. She stood up and saw the piles of money sitting on the counter behind her. There had to be fifty thousand dollars in hundreds, just sitting there, next to the scales.

*Come to momma!* She thought to herself as she scooped everything up. She found a paper grocery bag and put the money inside. She ran back to her apartment with the money and hid it in a drawer. She had to compose herself before she called the police. She had to make it sound believable. She would only get one shot at it. Time for the waterworks.

"Hello, yes I need help. My bathtub just fell into my neighbor's house below. I think he's dead, the tub landed right on him. Please hurry!" she said, sobbing.

She looked over at herself in the mirror. She was a pretty girl with big bones and a big heart. She was slightly overweight, but so were most people. She looked at the money, she had never seen so much money in her life. She had to pinch herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming as she got dressed.

*Emily might be fat.....but now she fat and very rich! Anyone who tells you money can't buy happiness has never had any real money! She had a lot of planning to do. Hopefully, no one would ask about the missing drug money. That might get awkward.*