

FAT MERIDIAN



The townsfolk reached for the sky best they could, their jelly shaking with fear as the Acne Kid waved his shotgun about, stuffing his face with iced donuts.

“Y’all gonna leave us hungry?” said Mrs Wonkle, her piggish features set in a frown. The Acne Kid reached for the last apple pie, licking the cream from the top with relish.

“Hungry you is better than hungry me!” he snorted, his face plastered with chocolate, cream and other sticky delights. He filled his saddlebags with the remaining sweets and cakes, tipped his hat and waddled off to his cart parked outside the bakery saloon. The four horses strained to get the small cart moving and eventually he vanished from sight, the muffin tops of his pimply wide ass jiggling in the sun; a wraith of lard.

The townsfolk lowered their weary stout arms panting for breath as they watched the Kid ride off, the tables a disarray of dirty stacked plates licked clean. Hunger gnawed their massive guts as each set of eyes flooded with tears at the grim remains of brunch. Nary a crumb to see.

“Somebody call the sheriff!” shouted Porky West. “I’m mighty hunger’t.”

“You go get him then, Porky. You’s closest to the door.” said Mrs Wonkle. Porky shook his head.

“Mah lumbago is playin’ up, woman. I aint walkin’ all that way cross the road.” Porky sat down in a sturdy double size chair that groaned in protest. Mrs Wonkle cast her gaze to the newcomer - a deathly pale super obese middle aged city boy who called himself a writer of some kind. Mrs Wonkle couldn’t ever once make head nor tail of the stuff he wrote, but being kindly always told him it was ‘very nice, dear.’ Fatrick was a simple soul, and they’d taken to calling him Snacks on account of his constant eating. The boy never stopped.

“Well, hows about you then, Snacks? You go get the sheriff right this minute.” said Mrs Wonkle.

Snacks diabectus was coming on a storm as he looked from face to fat face. They appeared to

be in the throes of diabeetus too. Mrs Wonkle squinted at him with her liver spotted hams planted on massive hips.

“I got a notion to.” Snacks finally said, reaching into his pocket for his last gobstopper. Mouths watered as Snacks threw the gobstopper down his own. His diabeetus began to recede as sugar hit his gut, and he began his tiresome journey to fetch Sheriff Hawg. Satisfied some, Mrs Wonkle got to baking before the diabeetus could deliver up yet another hefty soul for the Lord to ponder.

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Snacks burst in on the sheriff just as he was heading to the jakes. “Not now, Snacks, I gotta give birth to a grown nigger by the feel of things...oh lawdy...” Sheriff Hawg hopped fast as he could to the jakes and slammed the door behind him. Snacks waited outside listening to the grunts and groans and a rush of splattering diarrhoea. A loud fart. More splattering. Snacks stepped back a tad avoiding the stink that reached for him from under the door as more groans and mighty straining ensued.

“Sheriff, hurry up in there! The Acne Kid done stole every morsel off Mrs Wonkle’s spread!”

“Eh?” The sheriff stopped his straining for a minute. “That varmint again? He take my damn key lime pies?”

“All seven of them, sheriff, and everything else too. Ain’t a bite for miles.” Snacks declared.

A loud shart of great power shook the jakes and Snacks heard the sheriff moan pitifully.

“I am indisposed for the foreseeable future, Snacks. You best head on and round up a lil’ posse, grab yourself a deputy badge outta my desk.”

“But sheriff...”

A thunderous fart with a follow through of splattering came in answer. Snacks shrugged and waddled back to the sheriff’s office and grabbed himself the shiniest badge he could find. He pinned it to his shirt in the middle of his chest right tween his moobs replacing a button that had popped off that morning. He found his way to the street and started off towards the large white house yonder.

Snacks had wondered about the big white house filled with women ever since he arrived in

Chonkey some weeks earlier on the stage. Porky West had told him a man went there for horizontal folk dancing, if Snacks had a hankerin' for such things. It didn't look like a dance hall to him. There weren't no other place he knew of that had women, and Sheriff Hawg's orders had been clear. He went in to round up a few.

Snacks raised his meaty paw and knocked on the door. The thunder of heavy footsteps approached, and the door swung wide. Snacks and the elderly whore stared at each other with mouths agape, doubling the number of triple chins each had.

"M...Ma?" Snacks rubbed his beady eyes, blinked a few times and scratched his head.

"My boy! Fatrick honey, is that really you?" Mama Tomlinson bear hugged the shell shocked Snacks. His consternation grew when his two sisters appeared at his mother's side, fatly dressed in gaudy dresses that barely contained their ponderous breasts.

"Hellfire! Ma! Hymen! Flange! Where the tarnation you been?" asked Fatrick 'Snacks' Tomlinson, gasping for breath in the cloud of cheap perfume.

Now having rounded up some pussy, Snacks led the the three hardened whores back to the sheriff's office. Sheriff Hawg, now many pounds lighter and suffering greatly from assburn, sat on a cushion regarding the four. The gaseous clay had not only floated like a butterfly, it stung like a bee. He could use some salve right now.

"What the hell?" said the sheriff. He gave a shrug. "They'll do I guess. Snacks, ladies, grab yourselves weapons from that there cabinet. It's nearin' lunch and that varmint is sure to be back."

"You coming, sheriff?" asked Snacks. Sheriff Hawg shook his head.

"Sorry Snacks, I gotta stay near the jakes. Mah giblets are still goin' hell for leather."

"Don't worry sheriff, Imma use my kung fu and turn that lowlife into a pretzel!" Snacks raised a leg a few inches attempting to kick the air oriental style, lost his balance and stumbled back into his sister's arms. The three whores rolled their eyes, giving each other knowing looks; for three little niggers back east had handed Fatrick his fat ass on a daily basis and stole whatever he happened to have at the

time. God knows how he tracked them down to Chonkey, but it weren't mattering now.

Soon Mama Tomlinson waddled her offspring back to the bakery saloon, where Mrs Wonkle had laid out another huge spread of protein free vittles. Folk had gathered once again to ward off their diabeetus, when Flange came bouncing it to declare the Acne Kid returned, causing all but the four to scatter like poultry. The doorway darkened, blocked by the immense and terrible flesh.

The Kid staggered forward wiping drool from his chin. Snacks hid behind his mother's skirts which approximated the size of a marquee tent and poked his shotgun up between her legs towards the kid. The Acne Kid stared at the huge bulge pointing at him from the familiar elderly whore's groin as a look of sheer terror shadowed his sugar ravaged face.

"No!" The Kid started to back away. "God darnit, She's a...troon?" Revulsion and horror swept through his being for she had sucked his dick many a time. "I ain't no fag!" He lifted his gun to his head and pulled the trigger casting blood and brains across the spread as his mighty corpse hit the floor with a boom that faded that of the gunshot to insignificance.

"Well shit." said Mrs Wonkle.

Snacks decided there and then being a lawman wasn't for him. They had to drag him out from the safety of his mama's skirts with it's comforting smells and ease the unloaded shotgun from his sweaty paws. Snacks found himself wondering what it was like to be a woman. Even as he dug in eating his fill of reddened cake and chocolate ice cream with extra sprinkles, womanly thoughts drifted through his simple mind.

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The moon shone across the lonely plains as he found himself alone in his room upstairs lying on the bed thinking of how good he'd look in a skirt of his own. He felt his little cock make a rare appearance from the rolls of lard that enveloped it and taking it between thumb and forefinger he rubbed it out in the ecstasy of his new found girlhood. He danced about the room, pale and naked and singing to himself that he'd dance forever and never die. He put on the bright red dress then spun on tiny feet

moving daintily to the mirror that told his lying eyes he would totally pass, opened the door and went down the stairs, prancing through the mud to the fiddlers in his head; to the large white house that beckoned in the distance, a purple haired maiden of the west.

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