ISSUE #3

bigger & heavier, but still not one single ounce of class! OINQUIRER

GO AHEAD, TURN THE PAGE,
PANDORA PROBABLY THOUGHT
SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WAS
DOING AT THE TIME, TOO!

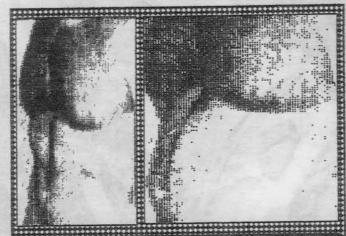
6 BUX......
OINXtravaGUTly
WAIST-FULL!!!

PARADE PIG-TURE 0-1-N-X-T-R-A-V-A-G-A-N-Z-A!!!

WANNA GET REAL FAT REAL FAST???

Try new and improved CHUBEEZ!!!

The product that will be a boon to Gainers and Encouragers Everywhere!



Goes to work in minutes!!! This man took Chubeez only 10 minutes ago.... just look at him now!

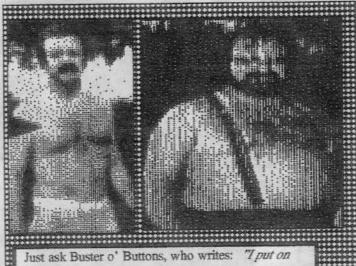


Chubeez inventor (left)

I. Pumpemupsky:

"I used to be skinny, too. I only weighed 135 lbs. on a 6' 1" frame. So you could see how motivated I was to come up with this product!"

Chubeez's secret, Simp⁺, is the result of 10 years of research. We found if we rearranged certain atoms in a hydrogenated base, the mass would collapse yet retain all the calories! So each tablespoonful contains over 500 calories! All you have to do is speed-eat Chubeez! Some people have reported packing away 5.000... 10,000.... and one TOTAL HOG has reported downing 20,000 calories in one eating session before passing out!



Just ask Buster o' Buttons, who writes: "I put on 50 pounds in a little over 2 weeks. In a couple of months, I'll be the huge fat slob I've always wanted to be!"





B. Kamabiggin writes: "Before I used your product,
I was a sack of bones! I've put on 96 pounds in a
little over three weeks! Now I've got a body I can
be proud of, especially at the beach!"

GET CHUBEEZ TODAY, GET FAT TOMORROW!

available in three forms: powder, reddi-chugg and new ice cramm!

THE OINQUIRER

TODD'S GLORY 'A' G-A-I-N-E-R SHAKE*

formulated by Todd Bishop

(mix in blender)

1/2 quart Mocha Mix Coffee Creamer (or more) 1/2 pint whipping cream

1 scoop banana flavor protein powder

1 scoop chocolate flavor protein powder (or just 3 scoops of one flavor)

2 scoops Brownie mix

2 scoops Baking mix (such as Bisquick)4-6 ounces

Vegetable Oil

Ice Cream (Cookies & Cream or Rocky Road)

Ice Cubes NOTE: If necessary, use whole milk as a substitute for whipping cream. Pour 1/2 into a large jar w/lid if all won't fit into blender container after blending.

"This recipe contains large amounts of saturated fats. The OINQUIRER recommends that it NOT become part of your daily diet, and that the consumption of lethicin, a fat-breaking oil, accompany or be incorporated into this shake.

ISSUE
#3
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THE OINQUIRER IS PUBLISHED ON A VERY IRREGULAR QUARTERLY BASIS. IT IS INTENDED FOR ADULTS OVER THE AGE OF 21 AND FOR THEIR ENTERTAINMENT ONLY.

VISUAL AND LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOME BUT STORIES MAY BE SUBJECT TO EDITING. ANY SUCH MATERIALS MAY BE SENT TO: THE OINQUIRER

SAN FRANCISCO CA.

94102

Rick's Stir Fry Chicken

(this isn't fattening in itself, but is excellent over a mountain of rice, besides that, everybody KNOWS that half an hour after eating Chinese food, YOU'RE HUNGRY AGAINIII It would be wise to read the entire recipe through at least once or until you are familiar with the step-by-step procedures)

MAKES I LARGE SERVING

(Avoid making more than 4 servings at one time, as it becomes unwieldy)

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT REQUIRED: Wok Spoon and Ladle

3 TBSP cooking oil

BEAR QUEEN CROWNED!

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER BEAUTY PAGEANT! THIS TIME

IT'S THE SAN FRANCISCO MR. BEAR CONTEST, WINNER

(CENTER) WHILE THE RUNNERS-UP PRETEND TO LOOK

UP ADORINGLY. MEEEEEEEEOW-HISS!!!!



1/2 to 1 cup chicken meat, skinned and deboned, cut into bite size pieces

1-inch square piece of fresh ginger root, crushed

1/2 medium bell pepper (preferably red)

any TWO of the following (fresh, if possible):

celery (two stalks, Cut into 1/2 inch pieces)

green beans (one or two handfuls, ends snapped off)

sugar peas (one or two handfuls, ends snapped off, strings removed, and yes, you actually do use the pod)

Broccoli (one or two stalks worth of flowers, tough stalks removed)

NOTE: green beans and sugar pea pods may be stir-fried together, but if you should choose celery, it should be stir-fried first, and if you choose broccoll, it should be stir-fried last since it will soak up all the oil in the wok.

OPTIONAL: 1/2 can water chestnuts or a handful of peanuts, walnuts or slivered almonds.

SAUCE: 6 0z chicken broth

- 1 TBSP regular soy sauce
- 1 TSP sugar
- I TBSP sherry, White Zinfendel or any white wine that isn't too dry
- 1 TSP curry powder
- 1/2 TSP five-spice powder
- 1 TBSP and 1 TSPcornstarch dissolved in 3-4 TBSP water
- 1-combine sauce ingredients except for water and cornstarch. Combine water and cornstarch in a separate bowl. Set both aside. Put oil in wok and turn on heat to medium to high. After the oil is heated, place crushed ginger root in wok, leave it there until it is 'extremely well done,' then remove the ginger and discard. This is to clean the oil prior to stir frying.
- 2- Put chicken in wok and stir fry. When done and removing the chicken, allowing oil to drain off the chicken, since the oil contains flavor from the meat.
- 3-Stir fry the bell pepper, taking care to keep it moving at all times since bell peppers are quite prone to singeing. Remove after 1-2 minutes.
- 4-Stir fry remaining vegetables (in order accord-

ing to choices made as noted above). Remove green vegetables when they become a bright green color.

5-Place sauce mixture (but NOT cornstarch mixture) in wok and leave there until it is quite hot. Dribble in cornstarch mixture a very small amount at a time, stirring. It will appear cloudy at first, but will clarify when it comes to a boil. Keep adding cornstarch until the consistency is that of a quite runny gravy. If you make it any thicker than this, it will become gummy when it cools on the plate. Put chicken and vegetable back into the wok containing the sauce. Stir fry for about 2 minutes and serve immediately.

Perfect Hashed Browns

(If everytime you've tried to make hashed browns and ended up a gray, barely edible lump of potatoes, try this variation, which is practically guaranteed to come out perfect!

makes 1 serving 1 potato, grated 2-4 TBSP cooking oil Salt and Pepper Onion powder (optional)

1 This is the main secret to it! Take a handful of grated potato and put it the middle of a clean dishrag or similar piece of towel or cloth, fold the cloth around it and squeeze most of the juice out of the potato. Continue doing this until all of the grated potato is 'squeezed'.

2 Put 1/2 of the oil in a large skillet and turn the heat up to low-medium.

3-When the oil is heated up. place the grated potato making a layer of no more than 172" deep. Add seasoning.

4 Leave on flame for probably



HEFTY HUNX HEIST HÄÄGEN DAZS TRUX!!!



APTIST'S RENDERING BASED ON DESCRIPTIONS GIVEN BY DRIVERS WHO

HAVE BEEN ROBBED BY THE TUBBY TRIO!!!

Bay area HÄÄGEN
DAZS route vendors of that very rich premium ice cream have been hit by a series of bizarre robberies by a trio of very fat men that have left truck drivers and the law puzzled.

"They came out of nowhere, which is hard even for me to believe, since I should have seen anyone that size coming from a long distance." said Robb Blind, a truck driver for HÄÄGEN DAZS.

"I'm surprised anyone that big

could move that fast!"
Blind's incident into the pattern of these robberies, which is that the three

which is that the three armed ice cream bandits sneak up on the trucks, which are usually at the start of their daily routes with remarkable stealth for their girth. They then demand the truck and its contents. They then hoist themselves up into the cab of the truck with remarkable ease and speed off in it. While not demanding money or anything else, they usually don't hurt the drivers if they get what they want.

"They hit me upside my head so bad, I couldn't go to work for three weeks!" claimed I. Ben

THE OINQUIRER

Beaton, another driver for HÄÄGEN DAZS, "That little one was the meanest! He said what you mean you don't WANT to give us your truck? I'll be the one to tell you what you want or don't want to do! Right now, you want to give us this truck!

"And then he shoved that big fat gut o' his forward so hard and fast that he knocks me over! They musta been in the Army together or somethin', 'cause the littlest one says to the biggest one, 'requesting permission to administer a Jane Hudson Number One, SIR! So the biggest one says to him, yes tht would be an excellent choice, cub! Maybe he meant cadet. And then he kicks me in the head! Then he asks me if I were ready to give it up, Blanche. Why he called me Blanche, I dunno. So I says to him, well fuck no! That's when they ALL started in on me, kicking and punching! I didn't think they'd EVER stop!!! If I ever sees them agin, I'll just git outta the truck and leave the motor runnin!"

The trucks have all been found abandoned later the same day, devoid of their cargoes but with a weird assortment of items left behind. Besides the empty pint and quart ice cream containers, several 20 gallon milk containers, 5 to 10 empty containers of Weider's Super Gain 2000

Powder, 6 to 12 Vitamaster blenders, most of which have burnt-out motors, several empty tubes of KY jelly, numerous used prophylactics and some soiled towels.

Authorities are perplexed by the odd circumstances and unfathomable motive for these robberies. "It just doesn't make any kind of sense!" exclaimed 'Oui' Dunneaux, of the San Francisco Police Department. "I don't understand why they don't demand money or why the trucks are always found about 4 hours later minus the contents, or what all that stuff they leave behind is all about! Nobody could eat THAT MUCH ice cream in a few hours' time and why they'd And why they'd want to in the first place is a mystery to me! It must all go together somehow, but I JUST DON'T GET IT!!!"

Haagen Daz drivers have been able to provide enough descriptions of the bandits, although later reports put their weights much higher for some unknown reason:

Suspect #1: Caucasian male, deeply tanned complexion, late teens. 5'7'', 320-430#, dark blond hair with obvious platinum streaks, cut in flat top with Mohawk beginning at the back of head and continuing down in a long braided ponytail, blue-green eyes, goatee, long sideburns tapered to

ZEKEY BOB CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5



a point, usually attired in Hawaiian shirts, 'baggy' pants and other loose attire with no regard to how the garments look together.

Suspect #2: Hispanic male, late 20's -early 30', polychromatic complexion, 5'10'', 300-400#, although overweight, quite muscular build, said to resemble an overfed Tom of Finland drawing come to life, black hair, long bangs frequently fall over left eye, hazel eyes, moustache, frequently wears shirts with the sleeves torn off that exposes his overdeveloped arms, and the shirts almost appear to have been torn to expose his large pectoral muscles with unusually large nipples.

Suspect #3: Caucasian male, medium complexion, 6'2", 350-500#, late 40's, greying very long dark-brown hair, slightly unkempt beard, unknown eye color, since suspect has always worn mirrored sunglasses at all robberies, always wears black leather clothing with no shirt that exposes his huge hairy paunch and a leather cap.

If anyone should see them or knows anything about the motive for these peculiar robberies, please contact the OINQUIERER, because frankly, we're stumped, we don't get it either, don't you believe us?

And she might well be, since the last anyone in the Bent Fork area has heard from Zekey Bob was June 24th, roughly a week after OINQUIRER #2 was mailed out.

Zekey Bob's cousin, Bertie Billy Burlap found the note, a childish scrawl on a Walmart bag in a shade Crayola probably still calls Cobalt pinned to his pillow said simply, "Ahm gonna eet maseff ta dayeth!" 'Cain't help t' feeling something bad's happened to him', Bertie Billy confessed, as he munched on the latest in a long series of corn muffins, crumbs and butter falling down on his vast paunch, which was partially exposed due to the fact that he had outgrown the T-shirt he was wearing about 80 pounds ago.

Others were less charitable in their view of the situation. "That damn fool's jest hidin' out so's he can get some more 'tention!" cracked Hesiah Crabbe, one of the Burlap neighbors. "They is so inbred, and so many of 'em roun' chere, I'm surprised they's a brain in the whole trainload of 'em!" Asked how many Burlaps there were in Bent Fork, Crabbe snapped "Heyell, iffen ya fell down in any dierection a-tall ya might land on a Burlap as much as hit the ground!"

The OINQUIRER asked local authorities what kind of search procedures were being instituted and the answer from Fuller Gutz, the local sheriff, was "Yeah, we checked all the bars, bakeries, and all-you-kin-eats in the county, and tha's whar he'd be iffen he war still h'yar. But I thinks he jes took hiseff a lil' excursion 'til thangs cools down a tad." He then concluded "Maybe Zekey Bob took a test drive in one of them thar Yew Eyeff Ohs!"



POSSESSED BY THE SPIRIT OF ELVIS ...

MAN GOES ON 45- DAY FRIED-PEANUT-BUTTER SANDWICH EATING BINGE,



BY WALTER SLEAZACT

AND GAINS 62 POUNDS!!!

-Las Cruces, New Mexico- Juan Moore Meels, 36, says that a spirit claiming to be that of the late Elvis Presley took over his body, causing him to consume vast quantities of fattening foods which packed 62 pounds on him during the eating spree!

''My first mistake was playing withthat Ouiji Board by

myself. I should never even touched the thing! It started out quite innocently, just moving the thing around. Then one day it started moving quite violently. I asked who was there, and the planchette spelled out E-L-V-I-S. So of course I asked if it were THE Elvis, and it said well, what do you think, Elvis is everyone's name here?''

Meels' Ouiji sessions with Elvis seemed nothing out of the ordinary at first until one day two weeks later, 'Elvis' asked, 'what do you think of my size a few years prior to my transition to the Other Side?' 'I said that I thought he never looked

better and wished that I could look that good myself. 'I can fix it so you can do that', he says to me, 'would you like that?' And I said sure, and that was when he suddenly entered my body, taking it over. First thing I knew, we were at a discount canned goods warehouse buying case after case of peanut butter and cooking oil. Then we went to a bakery outlet and bought many loaves of white bread. Also we picked up many bunches of bananas.

We came home, nearly wrecking the car and began making all these fried peanut butter sandwiches! I couldn't believe I was doing this but I seemed to have no will of my own. Every frying pan in my house was going full blast on the stove, along with the stovetop griddle and a couple of electric frying pans on the side.

While I was being made to eat the first batch, I was setting up the second. By the time I had eaten four batches, which was a total of 70 sandwiches, I was shouting Elvis! Let me stop, I'm full! He just said you know the old saying, be careful of what you wish for, you just may get it!

He tried to laugh that Elvis laugh, but it was then that I realized that it wasn't Elvis at all, but somebody else! So I asked who are you, REALLY? And he answered why I'm Henry VIII, impudent fool, and I'm going to make you eat until you can't even leave the house! I was horrified, here I was, a prisoner in my

own body, not to be set free until I was a prisoner in my own house! I was only allowed to sleep 4 hours a day, the rest of the time was spent shopping for, cooking and eating fried peanut butter sandwiches. I began to gain weight rapidly, which given my eating schedule is hardly surprising.

Elvis/Henry demanded that I call him 'Sire' all the time and every time he made me eat beyond my capacity, he forced me go to the full length mirror in the bedroom closet door, curtsy and say thank you, Sire, I am truly a knave and undeserving of you beneficence and kindness.''

This went on for 5 weeks and one of Meels' neighbors was beginning to try to talk to him about the strange goings-on at his house. ''I heard more than one person's voice over there,'' said Mrs. Ima Peeper, pointing to Meals' house, ''when I knew full well there was only him in the house most of the time. After all, I'm head of the Neighborhood Watch here, oh, look there goes that hippie broad from down at the end of the block. The things I could tell you about her and those fat guys on motorcycles she hangs out with, well! Of course, I as I mentioned, it's not that I know everybody's business, it's just my duty to keep my finger on the pulse of the neighborhood!

Now, where was I, oh yes, there were two voices over there, I remember it distinctly. One of

them was Juan's and the other was deep, almost unearthly, and I couldn't make out what he was saying, so I had to turn up the booster gain on my shotgun mike, you like it, bought it from the Home Detective's Channel. You can tune into any conversation you like within a twelve-block radius with it. Not that I would DREAM of invading anyone's privacy, no, I wouldn't abuse it. Juan was saying ... now what was it exactly ... well, actually, I have ALL this on TAPE! Why I could simply play back the whole thing back for you! ' '

After an extensive search of several roomfuls of tapes, Mrs. Peeper produced a VHS cassette labeled: JMM; 5/20/941300 PM-2100 PM. The following conversation was heard:

Meels: Please let me stop eating!

Second Voice: Ha Ha Ha, never varlet, until you weigh at least half a ton!

Meels: But I've already gained 52 pounds, none of my clothes fit!

Second Voice: And 'tis a vast improvement in your person!

Meels: Look at this gut hanging out from the bottom of my T-shirt, and these tits!

Other Voice: They puts to mind o' me own Anne Bolyne, before she had her head lopped off!

Meels: Oh, that makes me feel

sick, I can't eat any more!

Second Voice: We take pity on you.....NOT! Back to the kitchen, more fried peanut butter sandwiches, slime!

The conversation ended there but sounds of clumsy walking followed by the banging of pots and pans along with sizzling noises ensued.

A few days later, Mrs. Peeper paid a call on Meels' house, ''I'm also the local Mary Kay representative. It gives me a chance to meet my neighbors a little better. After all, the infra-red filter on my video camera does me no much good when Juan had the NERVE to draw his shades on me and those night goggles aren't worth the money I paid for them!''

It was when he finally opened the door that she noticed the change in Meels' appearance, 'He had always paid such good attention to his looks up to that time. The way that T-shirt rode halfway up over his tummy was appalling! And there were food stains all over him! The whole place looked more filthy than I had observed from the photos I had taken, since you can only see so much with a 600mm, but you know, I am planning to get a much longer lens.

I knew I had to take action right away, so I called an emergency meeting of the NeighborhoodWatch, did I mention that I am head of that? Well, NONE of the

other citizens on this block could be BOTHERED to come! Can you imagine why they all slammed the door when they saw my face or hung up the phone when they heard my voice? Only myself and the special guest speaker I had invited showed up.''

The 'special' guest was Wanda B. Thinner, part-time exorcist and part-time counselor for Jennie Craig. ''Ima took me over to Juan's house and I've seen 'situations' before, but this one should get some special prize!'' Wanda began,''there were stacks and stacks of peanut butter jars, both full and empty all over the place.

He was walking around, looking normal as can be, but I wasn't that easily fooled. I knew how to get the demon to show himself. So I reached into my bag and whipped out a box of Sugar Twin and shoved it into his face and out he came! He fell onto his back and that was the opportunity I had been waiting for.

Ima and I sat on his shoulders and I dowsed his face with Evian water! He let out a mighty demon scream and called me a harlot of destruction. I then got out my copy of Calorie Counter for Name-Brand Foods and began reciting a litany of low-calorie snacks.

Juan's body began writhing in agony as the demon started losing his grip over his body. When I knew I had weakened the demon, I pulled out a small food scale and

started making the sign of the cross with it.

That was when he began to start growling and his body, with us still on it levitated up 6 feet in the air! Ima and I both hit heads on the ceiling, but we held fast, we weren't so easily dissuaded!

I kept waving the food scale, both of us were chanting eating Demon, I cast you out! He then spat peanut butter in my face in a long stream. It was chunky style and later when I washed it off, I noticed how smooth my face had become, so now I use it as an exfoliant.

So we kept chanting the command for 3 hours, still up in the air, but I knew the demon was getting weaker. Gradually, Juan's body lowered to the ground, finally he let out a humongous sigh and his face went back toit's normal expression. That's when I knew that we had won."

Today, Juan Moore Meels appears to have suffered no ill effects from his occult experience, except for the added 62 pounds he gained. In fact, since May, he has packed on an additional 86 pounds. When asked what would account for the additional weight, Meels replied saucily "None of Thy fuckin" business, scurrilous knave!"

BOO BUBBA EN THE PIE - EATIN CONTEST ET THE COUNTY FARE

by Beau Biff Burlap

hyar is
the troo storie of
how my cuzin
Boo Bubba traned
fer and won the Pie
Eatin Contest. We wuz all
us Burlaps (and dispite
roomers ta the contairy, they
aint so many of us, not more'n 75
er so end the town's popplashun has
ta be well over a cupul hunert, so thar!)
sittin round after a reel big Sundae dinner
fealin fat en we wuz disgussin the upcomin
Cownty Fare.

Thet lead to a discripshum of the varyus avents en the contest to be held. Wen the convursashum terned to the pie-eatin contest en the

fact thet thar wood be a Five-hunert doller prize, the youngest Burlap (thet was til Granny Burlap hed hur new baby, BoBo Beau, parshully named efter me and parshully efter thet no-eccownt-in-ahurry-fer-it-buttla-uses-a-rubburskunk-of-a-boyfrend of hurs) perkt up considabul.

Write then, as 1

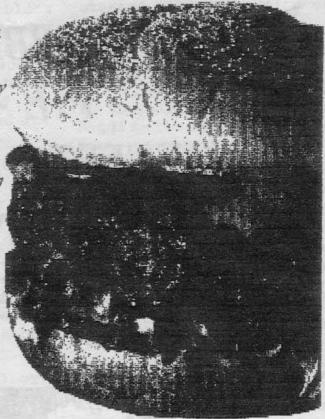
wreckalls is wen he gots the idea en his haid he wuz gone ta wen thet thar contest. It could seed it en his purty lil blew-green eyes. He didunt say nothin bout it et thet particuller moment, butt parently he storted mappen it out en his haid, cuz next dey he come upta me en sayed hey Beau, I'm gonna inner thet pie-eatin contest, and then he puts his arm round me on cownt 1 allus bin his favorite of the famuly and hes allus doin stuf like thet, en thayen he sayes te me / wants yer special essistents en partiklur nollidge of eatin skils ta trane me fer it!

Now even the I knowd that Boo Bubba could hold his own with the rest of the Burlaps et the tabul, they wuz some mightie large menfokes with appytights they traned vecrownd by the look of em, en they innerd thet event evur yeer. We had our wark cutout fer us, en it wur the Jolly Green Giants Taylor whut cut it! So I sayed sure, ahl helps ya.

Now, a peekyulyer thang hapind. Zekey Bob wuz thar wen Boo Bubba made his reekwest of me, and I should menshun thet the too of tham don't getsa long real good. Til Boo Bubba wuz born. Zekey Bob wur the babie of the famuly, en he got all the etenshun. So netchully he raysentud Boo Bubba, speshully sints theys razambuls won ta othur jes like too pees en a pod!

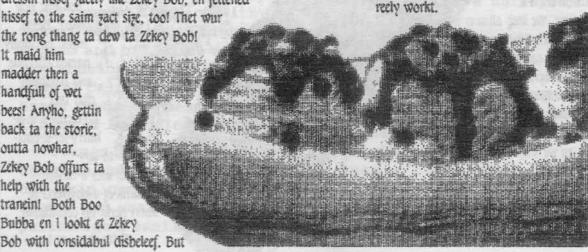
Boo Bubba ventooly retalyaded by dressin hissef zactly like Zekey Bob, en fettened hissef to the saim zact size, too! Thet wur

It maid him madder then a handfull of wet bees! Anyho, gettin back ta the storie, outta nowhar, Zekey Bob offurs ta help with the tranein! Both Boo Bubba en 1 lookt et Zekey Bob with considabul disbeleef. But

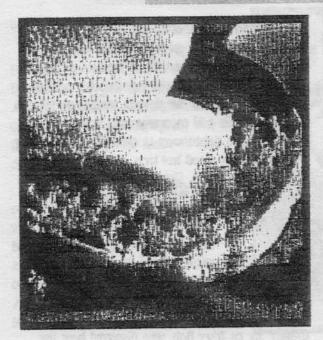


we figgerd thet meybee he wur ternin over a new leef.

Sose we got started thet very dey. Granny got en the akt, too, since all the treez wur hevy with froot et thet time of the yeer, en es she sayed, not evin all us Burlaps ken eats whats uppin tham treez, en sints it jes gose to waist eech yeer we maghts well make use of it. Sose she violernteard ta makes all the pies. I'll sey this fer Granny, evun en a advancd stait of pragnency, she



THE OINQUIRER



Yew nevur seen sech a lotta pies like Granny wur Mildewed Peers tham pies wur comin offen a convayur belt! All kinds, too. So theyr we wuz, Granny makin the pies, me and Zekey Bob feedin em ta Boo Bubba whoo wur the recipyantof all this affert. Es the deys woar on, we gredully hed ta increes the amount of pies thet Boo Bubba ait, sose he cude kepes up with tham biggur eaturs.

Ferst we let him eat em by hissef, then we held up the slyces wen he cammints ta eatin a tad slow, addin a lil forse the mo he poked up. Then come the dey wen we axtuly hed ta force pie down Boo Bubba's thoat, sints Contest Day wur but three weaks awey. Venchoolly we hedda tye Boo Bubba down.

chainge in Zekey Bob's attytood. He commints ta take a spechul innerest en the fedin ectivitys, en startud gettin this meanmad spreshun on his face. It wur like he gon do somthin avil ta Boo Bubba. The necks weak as we hed ta step up the fedin, en we hed ta forse moore pie enta Boo Bubba, we come ta the end of a nuthur forse-fedin seshun.

Boo Bubba

beged us ta push him a lil farthur. Thet wur wen Zekey Bob sayed oh anythang yew sez, deerust Boo Bubba en a voyce thet wood maik all the sorgum, molasis and honie en the antar South seam like a vinagur and lamon cocktale! Afer I new it, Zekey Bob with a pie en eech hend en slammd the farst one enta Boo Bubba's mouth with a forse thet seamed entarly unnessury!

Then he slem-dunct the secund won afer Boo Bubba finished the farst. Boo Bubba's eyes bugged out like a frietund hoarse! Zekey Bob pict uppa THURD pie with his raght hend wen I grebbed holt his arm and sayed now hold on hear, boy, yew aint doin Boo Bubba no favers thet wey! En he get thes ennocint look on his face like the mos favrit angel ta the Burlap of Subdevishun of Heaven en says ta me, wayull, Beau, he SAYED he wonted to be forsed. I war jes dune what he sayed.

Meenwhal po Boo Bubba wur gagin on to much pie, sose Granny hed ta purform the Hymnlick Manure on him, en kinciderin hur condishun it wur a difcult pocedyer, whilst I chaist a laffin Zekey Bob out the howse with a brume!

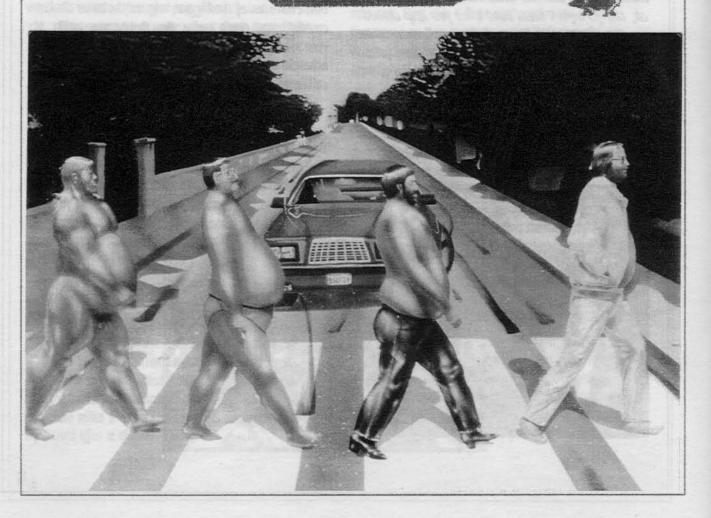
Ventyooly Boo Bubba recovurred and got his appytight back, but doo ta this ensidant, we had lost almost 12 minutz of fedein tahm! Fartunutly, it increesd Boo Bubba's kaypazitee, sew it defected Zekey Bob's lil plan ferrevanje! The deys floo by like a terbocharged hamster on a runnin wheal en it come the last weak afer the Fare. Sose I ventchooly took ta strapin Boo Bubba down all the time en hukein uppa big funel ta his mouth, ennthang ta gets more pie down his thoat.

Eftur I begun ta do this ta Boo Bubba, he seamd ta get kinda axcitud. Granny come en won dey with anuthur trey of nooly baked pies, en she cuden halp notiss by the pominent buldge in Boo Bubba'a pants, he wur 'showin sum pole', so to speek. She sayed wayull, sheyutt, looks like our lilest is bacomin

a mayuni

THE OINQUIRER

then all the Burlaps put tagethur possibly cude et pie en funt of him. Evum aftur they wur one Sundae Dinner, he kep sayin ta me, Beau, 1 jes gone, en we unlasht him, furst thang he GOTS ta have more fude! Sose we stopped off et eated up all the rimaneing pies, evun the the Kernal and blue bout fifty bucks ta tide ones his epponunts hed parshully finushed. hungrie Boo Bubba, the Eatin Macheen ovur til Theyen he ambulled off ta the pie bakin dinner. Anyho, he hed urned it en it wur his contest en startud munchin on the intries. money. En 1 specks thet We hedda fine him en shoo him cheascake only provoked outta thar reel fast!! As it wur, Boo Bubbas appytight, he managed ta consoom Mizz so it jes bacfarred Prickley's First Prize on thet stoopid, Winnin Intry. silly, sour ole Fresh Peaches Zekey Bob. en Creem who stivull Embrosya a la clames he Rum Baaaah sees alyens Baaaah, Good thank from time ta they give hur the timelli ribbun afer Boo Bubba hapind on hur pie! Evun tho he hed et more"





by Todd

Edited by Doña

As we look down on him through roof of the Fattervan we see a whole lot of that dark haired, tan & hairy muscle-bound stud Fattening Dan, let's drop in for a visit, if we can, and chew the fat in the latest episode of Fattening Dan.

BOB: Good God, Dan! You're huge! Just how big are you now?

DAN: I think I crush the scale at about 255 lbs.

BOB: Move over so we can get the camera past all of you through a corner or something of this 4' x 6' sunroof, if you get any bigger you're going to need a bigger van! Look at you! It looks like someone stuck an airhose up your butt and blew you up to 60 lbs. PSI!

DAN: Thanks, I *love* it when you start to turn me on with that *blow-up talk*, just don't get me so excited I wreck the car.



DAN: A couple lbs of liver, 14 egg whites with 2 yolks scrambled, cottage cheese, nonfat, of course, and a nice big 48 OZ, super-high protein and amino

packed protein drink, with Met R-x and milk egg protein, additional aminos and nonfat milk, with 1 ice cube. And of course for dessert my usual endless buffet of vitamin and supplement pills to wash down with that delicious shake, I can feel

THE OINQUIRER

delicious shake, I can feel myself growing bigger just thinking about it!

BOB: Speaking of growing bigger Dan, I just can't get over your size! So can you roll up the driver's side window and still drive?

DAN: Barely, (as he rolls down the driver's side window with great effort, due to his great size) but I have to turn my shoulders (grunt!) sideways like this and recline the seat down to give me enough room to put my arm back on the window sill and then I have to look through my shoulder, which blocks most of my view, even in the rearview mirror!

BOB: Okay, Dan, get to the point, turn around and drive before we run into something. God, you're SOOOO big!

DAN: Thanks! Gives me a hard-on just looking at it, if I don't say myself.

BOB: Dan, I just noticed you're nude, and YOU'RE.....VACUUM PUMPING YOURSELF!!! I was looking for a while and couldn't see any shorts, when the window rolled down and being on the freeway and... oh my God! Pumping that huge cock of yours, aren't you worried about being pulled over?

DAN: Well, yes, but I'm careful, the side windows are tinted and the left driver's window is blocked by big ole me, and you said yourself you had to *look* for a while to see if...

BOB: Dan--- is it because of the size of your dick you go nude?

DAN: Well, *shit yes*! I enjoy the sun and being nude, and I've almost outgrown all my shorts and it's not comfortable while pumping, so I snap on these white shorts when I need to.

BOB: How big are you now, after pumping your dick?

DAN: I'll drive, you measure, Okay? Don't worry, they can't see anything but you leaning over to measure my crotch... so what is it?

BOB: Well, it fills up the ole pumper, lessee--16''long -pumped- by--Dan, it's a 4 1/2'' damn tube pumped in diameter! Does it go down much out of the tube?

DAN: A few inches in length only, but when it gets hard grows right back to maximum size.

BOB: God Dan, it must weigh a ton!

DAN: Yes, it does! That's half the fun! So put your eyes and tongue back in your head and let's move along on the agenda--while I finish eating.

BOB: Yeah sure---so tell us, where the hell are we and where are we going?

DAN: Well, there's the fantabulous Wheel Inn on I-10 with the dinosaurs—did you know you can go in some of them look out the teeth? And one has a souvenir store inside it.

BOB: Dan, you can't fit in them anymore...

DAN: Possibly right but you can--Anyway, we are going to Palm Springs to visit a cute couple of newlyweds who want to guess what? GET FATTER!!!

BOB: YEAH!!!

DAN: Then mix in a few heavy-duty workouts at Golds's Gym Palm Springs----then--my fantasy come true--the Encourage-ment-Cream-of-the-Crop-Blubber-Stars-Reunion-Stuffing-Party ---starring if they could make it----bigger and better Ray Kaiser......

BOB: YEAH!

DAN: Big Mike!

BOB: YEAH!

DAN: Those fat lovebirds from Tuscon,

Dick and Mike!

BOB: YEAH!

DAN: And a whole bunch more people I forgot, I have it written down (fumbling around the Fattervan's interior) somewhere

....

Bob: Forget it, Dan. So, are we well stocked with the latest "weapons?"

DAN: Yes I am---I've got enough blubber-bursting goodies to feed China, or Shelley Winters twice----I've got your favorites --- those lypo pump shots, they're non-habit forming, just like potato chips, betcha can't have just one!

BOB: Explain to those viewers who are new what lypo pumpshots are.

DAN: Well--a lypo-pump shot is basically putting fat cells back into the body, you can only inject a small amount of fat at a time so it can get to the blood vessels, and stay alive--so through scientific research and a little experimentation by yours truly we discovered it's not the amount of fat cells injected it's the size of the fat injection which is unlimited, and if the fat cells are so starved prior to removal, to be greatly reduced in size, you can inject more of them in one size injection. And once in the body they will grow back to normal size very rapidly, which is known as the fat thermostat theory. The fat cells maintain the thermostat of the person they were removed from and if fed properly-- they will grow back and a little bigger than they were before, so-- we have a wonderful source of starved cells from any "obesity clinic"

which is nationwide, and all Lypo injections are clean and disease-free prior to injection.

BOB: What is the maximum amount that can be injected?

DAN: We don't know, it really depends on the person -if the injection doesn't take it is simply absorbed and eliminated from the body. And here's the excitingpart---our lypo injections have fat thermostat ratio layers of 8-10 and up to 25, or 25 times the size or each cell is what each fat cell will become, so if you inject or lypo-pump someone with 1 pound of fat cells with a 25 fat ratio, that 1 pound of fat will very soon grow to 25 lbs of fat.

BOB: Wow!

DAN: We are also working with scientists to see what happens if we alter the thermostat or ratio -- in the lab and can it be unlimited, or grow indefinitely larger cells. Well right, now we only have the use of cells with set thermostats and they are removed from severely obese people who under go a strict medical weight reduction. ----, say women who go from 800 lbs down to 140 lbs and get the rest their remaining fat sucked out of them, we end up with 20 lbs of fat cells that will grow back to be 800 lbs of fat. One of the problems the AMA has with this is that the higher the fat ratio, the more food and fatty oils the fat cells will demand to grow and the body will immediately absorb fat and transfer it into these cells as rapidly as it can get it into the body, resulting in the body growing too fast for the skin to stretch and resulting in problems. The patient has also to be guarded and sometimes restrained, because the fat cells seem to take over the brain by forcing "feed me" signals until they're fed enough to grow to the maximum size, resulting in the patient losing all control of his appetite suppression, resulting

in a possible nonstop eating frenzy and out-of-control eating, and craving the fattiest foods, especially hydrogenated oils and lards --pre-digested protein, et cetera, can be absorbed immediately --- However the skin of the patient has to be constantly massaged with a special skin expansion oil, so the fat cells have room to grow in. We have 100 gallons of our patented blend expansion oil, just in case of an emergency or a really big stuffing party. So here we are at our first destination ---

(they have pulled up to the television studios of Palm Springs' channel 69, KGAYN, and enter Studio 4, where there are bleachers. It's almost like the audience in Tool Time, except here it's all bears and they're all encouragers or gainers.)

DAN: Here's our background of our clients -Tom and Bill- (a picture appears on a large screen onstage) they are both hairy bears. Tom-24, a soon-to-be-ex-bodybuilder, 5' 8''' and 220 lbs---

BOB: Whoa!

DAN: He's pretty *big* and already sports a nice round small belly, prior to any lypopumping. He says he used to shave his chest and back for contests.

AUDIENCE: Booooooooo!

DAN: But since he's moved in 4 weeks ago with Bill he's grown back his beard and some chest hair.

AUDIENCE: Yaaaaay!

DAN: He says he is turned by Bill's big belly and has no limit to how fat he gets.

AUDIENCE: Ooooooooh!

DAN: Well you know the rules -the client sets the proportions, but we set the limits!

AUDIENCE: Yaaaaaaaaaaaaay!

DAN: Now Bill is 32, a homeowner and likes having the privacy to do *ANYTHING* he wants in his own home with that bear of his...

AUDIENCE: 0000000H!!!

DAN: That nice hairy body...

AUDIENCE: MMMMMM!!

DAN: He's 5' 9''' 290 lbs and wants to work out to build himself up with Tom so he can carry much more weight.

BOB: Bill's going to have to work out really fast! You'll need it soon!

DAN: He also says he has no limits how big he gets....

AUDIENCE: 00000000H!

DAN: As long as he has Tom to get as big or bigger than him.

AUDIENCE: 0000000H!

DAN: Just so that Tom porks out! You've to go outdo this mountain of love pudding here Bill calls his beer belly!

AUDIENCE: MMMMMMMMMMM!!!

DAN: So, let's see what those two guys look like today after they privately, with me, designed their mates proportions on the computer! Now they have been undergoing lypo pumping injections for the last two weeks, getting an average of 3 lbs per day, and undergoing a program better know as belly stretching, so they can consume enough food to achieve the best results, now as far as fat calories they've been on a maintenance program meaning lower fat and calories, high protein, so their new fat cells can get nutrient-stocked and stored prior to their growing phase. (Tom enters) Here he is!

BOB: Wow! He's really massed up with

expansion, look at that smile and that bounce! He's ready to go!!

DAN: God, Bill, should you be a body designer? Good muscle to fat proportion. Tom's gut is big and round already and has good fat deposits in his butt, legs, thighs and arms and those love handles, are those art or what, let's talk to Tom and see what he says!

TOM: Get me *fatter*, man! Ha Ha! I am soooo hungry! They feed us until I feel like I'm going to bust constantly, but I'm still hungry! Feed me!

DAN: Uh oh, better tie that one down so he doesn't run after a (whispering) D-O-N-U-T truck or something. Easy Tom, down boy! Good! (Dan pats Tom's gut affectionately) We'll be starting soon. Here's the stats, Tom--start weight 220, contest weight 266 lbs! Here's Bill! (Bill enters) Hurry up, Bill before Tom eats the seat! Wow, Tom still has some catching up to do-- check out that belly! And those tits like volley balls--nice fat arms--butt--legs, but most weight in upper body, Tom says he'll, build the legs himself! Okay Tom, you do the sweating.

BILL: I'm so fucking hungry!

DAN: Here's the stats-tie him down, too. Let's start --Bill's stats--290 start343 contest!!! The contestants are now in their feeding harnesses -- and are hung in "competition style" feeding position which is, of course, belly down towards the floor, slant 45° angle of body-we chose 45° so we can watch the fun! And notice the X-pand-O oil is continually being applied to the contestants, each contestant having 3 to later on 5 masseurs -- to massage their skin and blubber as it grows.

BOB: So it comes in evenly and has enough

area to grow into without making stretch marks, right Dan? Dan: Yes--if I didn't invent X-pand-O oil 15 years ago I too would be a walking stretch mark, right Bob?

Bob: right!

DAN: and there's the bell and feeding tubes are full--yes, good! Cinch those big boners right in time --they both look they're trying to blow a load right now!

BOB: I don't know why we hung' em from the ceiling. We could have stood 'em up on these *big fuckin* 'boners.

DAN: Ha! you're right!

TOM: Dan, these feeding tubes are incredible -- I can't talk, breathe, even eat when not being tube fed.

DAN: But the real beauty is the balloon near the end lodges safely below the lungs above the stomach so the tube won't come out, meaning no more contestants overfed enough to throw up all over the place, the tube stays in -- the food stays in and when I add a little food grade X-pand-O oil to that fattening shake that being pumped into you, you guys will stretch out like balloons until I say you've had enough! With no mess!

BOB: Dan, what is in that shake today?

DAN: Today in our "fat vat" I've whipped up the most blubber bursting, fat fluffing, lard loaded, carb and calorie crammed and protein poppin' recipe ever, and these guys want to get big! We've added triple X-pand-O oil in a a hydrogenated coconut oil base. For that extra puffy blubber look to add probably an extra 25% puffy bloated balloon look to their overall size increase.

BOB: They seem to look bigger already.

DAN: Yes, you can see it worked already on

Bill, even his own fat is puffing up and taking on a light-than-air-look. But wait, there goes Tom, he's really started to balloon — look at that competitive smile on his face as he looks at himself literally ballooning fatter and fatter before his eyes! Well, he's nearing the 375 pound mark. Let's get naked and oily and get into the competition, shall we Bob — dibs on Tom!! Ha Ha! I won! Actually, we'll trade off..... deal?

BOB: Deal! So the contestants are really getting fat now --- Holy shit, Dan!

DAN: Jeez, Bob, that's toilet talk! Tone it down for our *Christian* viewers....listen to the moans and groans of ecstasy while the masseurs work their tits and massage those enormous throbbing, rods.

BOB: These guys are beauty in Blubber Heaven. They are both stuck in non-stop orgasm and have been since they started, look at them both squirming out of control with pleasure.

DAN: Well, this is a record, I've never seen two guys blow up so fat so fast and continue to balloon so beautifully fat and puffy I just love all this wonderful fluffy blubber! And look in 45 minutes, Tom's ballooned already 150 lbs and Bill is a little behind at 123 lbs. Can the audience guess what our fat ratio was today?

(The Audience pushes buttons in front of their seats to make their individual guesses as to the fat ratio is. Figures are tabulated by computer, figures change on the screen, stopping at25!!!)

DAN: 25??? Well, audience, YOU'RE RIGHT!!!

BOB: Yes and guess what that means?

DAN: Right Bob Yes! Tell them, Don Lardo, just what they've won for guessing

RIGHT!!!

DON LARDO (an announcer from the old school, doesn't just announce, really it's much more like singing, or possibly reciting Shakespeare): Our audience gets to take home Fattening Dan the Home Game. Yes, you too can have fun with Fattening Dan and they also get The Belly Barrow Knit Slacks.... Does that huge, sexy belly weigh more than you? Well, sport that ballooning gut in style with the Belly Balloon suspenders to accentuate your gargantuan proportions and the Belly Barrow Wheel is made from the same materials and standards as the landing gear from a 747, engineered to carry 5 tons and still wheel easy. Back to you, Dan....

DAN: Well, it looks like Tom's going to need one of those wheels real soon ----look at him grow!

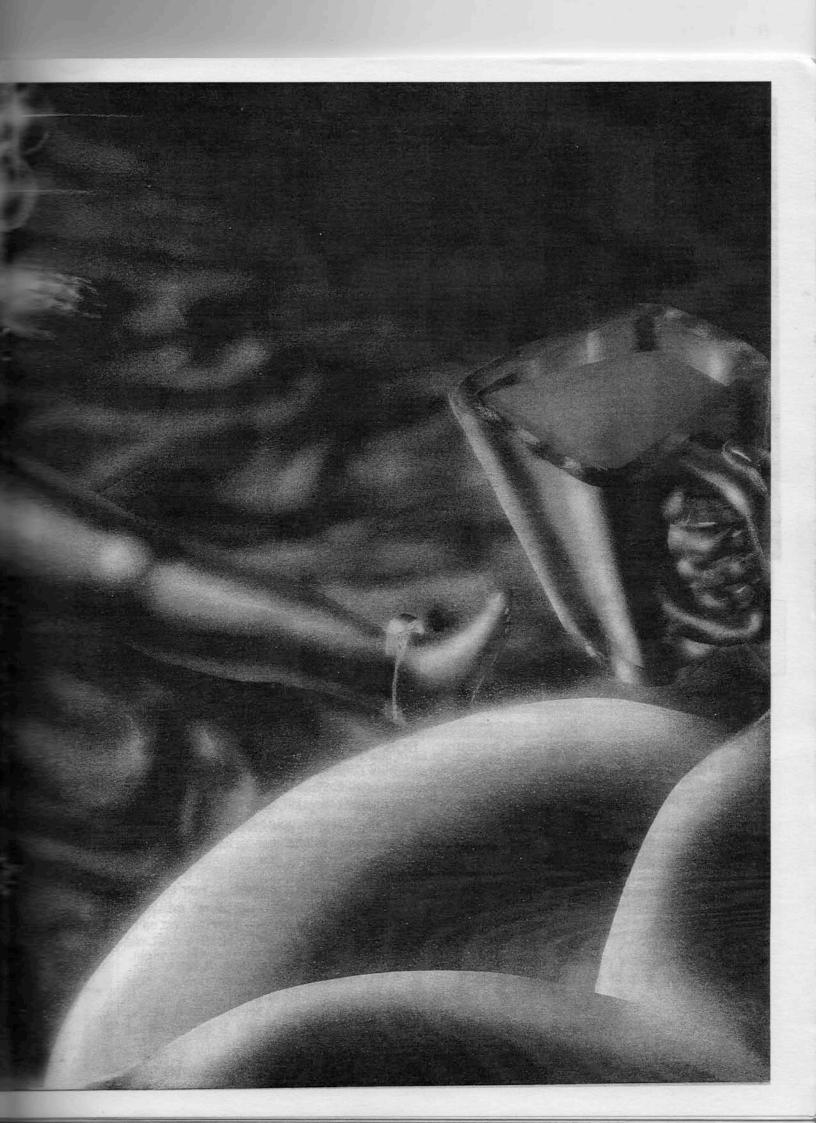
BOB: And Dan, that X-pand-O oil is amazing. See that additional skin seem to appear out of nowhere to house all that burgeoning blubber. Tom and Bill are both going to need as much as they can. Tom is up to a whopping 466 lbs and Bill is still ahead at 470 lbs.

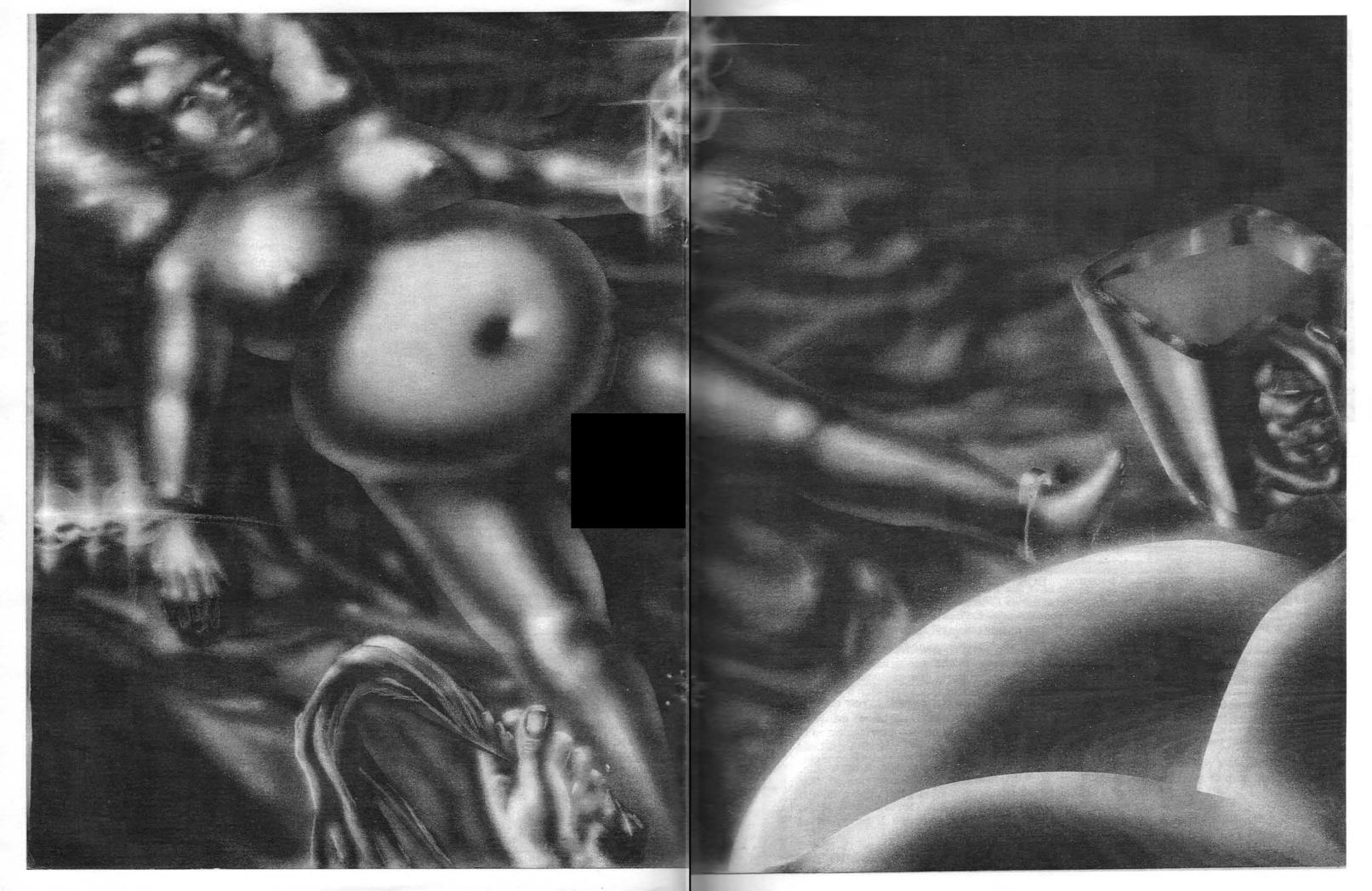
AUDIENCE: Yaaaaaay!

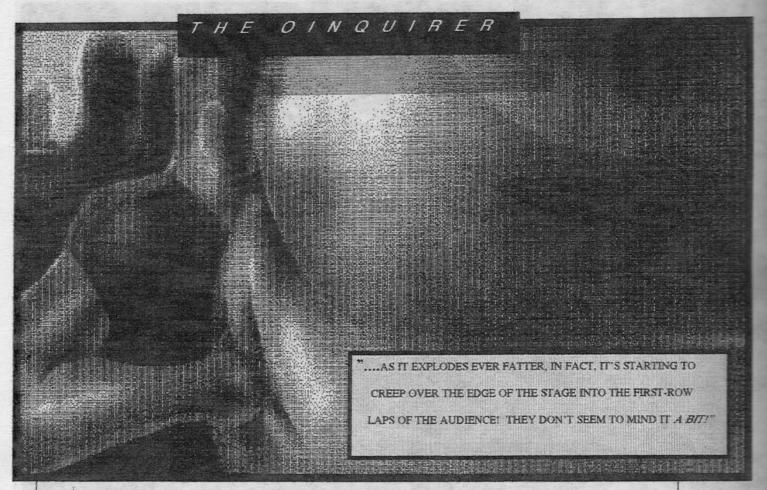
DAN: And Tom and Bill, I want you to look into each other's eyes when you find out approximately how fat your fat cells are set to grow --- you were both averaged to 44.5 lbs of new fat x 25 equals an average of 1,1250 lbs of new blubber! Or more! Yes! And since the audience guessed the fat ratio our lovely nurses (stop PLAYING WITH YOURSELF ON CAMERA, Bob) will pump you up, like it or not. Boys, you're going to get it! Another 10 lbs each of ratio 25, or 250 more blubberous lbs of fun.

BOB: Pork those bellies, girls!!!









mixer. From Dan's pounding thrusts, Tom's thrusting Bill at Dan in extreme passion as he screams oh YES!

TOM: Fuck all this hot fuckin' BLUBBER! Fuck, I'm so fat and getting fatter! Fuck it hard! oh YES!

BOB: Their blubber is bouncing like an earthquake shaking 8.5 on the Reichter scale as it explodes ever fatter, in fact, it's starting to creep over the edge of the stage into the first-row laps of the audience! They don't seem to mind it a bit!

FRONT ROW OF AUDIENCE: (rubbing their furry faces in the rapidly approaching fat) MMMMMMMMMM!

SECOND ROW OF AUDIENCE: HMMMPHHHH!!!

BILL: But stop man, I'm going to explode, I'm too fat!

TOM: you should see! You're so fat I'm going to come!

BILL: I'm too fat and I can't help but coming!

BOB: Dan screams out an orgasm from his fucking!

Tom: That huge rod is splitting my gut open.

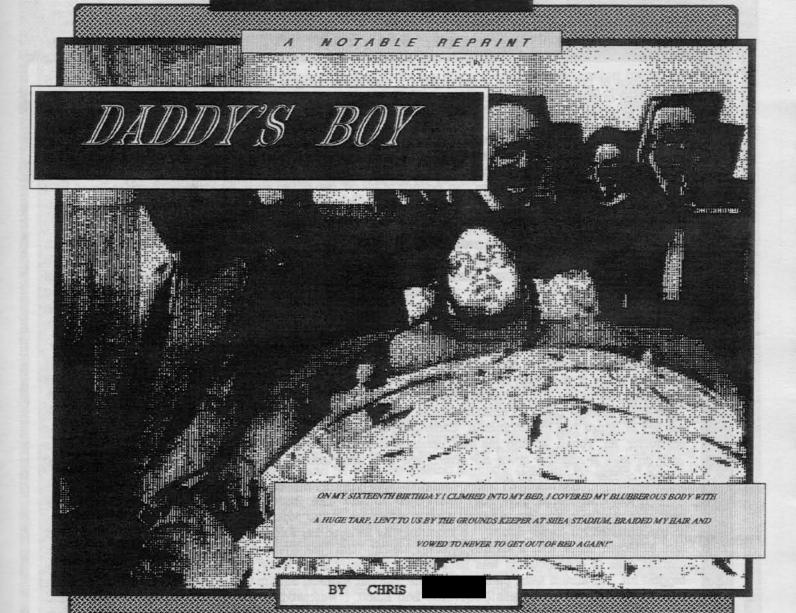
DAN: Stop! Tom, I'm coming!

BOB: The vibrations from the blubberous fucking sounds like a jet landing in fresh snow as they all scream out a huge interminable orgasm. Boy, are they messy! And what do our contestants win for being on the show tonight?

DON LARDO: Why, a years supply of Slim-Fast, the dieter's treat, a year's membership at Jenny Craig and a gross of Acu-Trim!

BOB: Thanks for being with us. Good night.





It was now the mid-1970's and I was to all intents and purposes an undeniable blimp. I was huge. Adolescence had unleashed an insatiable appetite that raged inside me day in and out. I could not stop eating, and family and friends pondered the curious transformation of cute kid into monstrous freak. What was happening to me? What was going wrong?

I could come up with plenty of excuses, but I know there was only one real cause: Daddy. There were some obvious lingering, emotional scars from our disaster on the *Andrea Doria*, but my new compulsion with eating was a direct result of fifteen years of total domination...fifteen years on a tight leash... having to act and appear precisely as Daddy prescribed. Getting fat was the only way I knew to disobey Daddy. It was the only tool at hand that I could use to crush the mold that I was being forced to fit into. Getting fat enabled me to develop my own personality, to be my own man, to form my own image... even if that image was starting to look an awful lot like Fatty Arbuckle.

Oddly enough, Daddy did not seem unsympathetic to the plague of obesity I was afflicted with. He only referred to me as Barrel Bottom and Blubber Butt when we were in public, refraining from using nicknames around the house, and I thought that was kind of him. He posted WARNING: FAT BOY LIVES HERE signs outside the Hut so that little children wouldn't be frightened if they caught sight of me when they walked by, and I thought that was

considerate of him. He opened a McDonald's in the north wing of the Hut, and he presented me with a huge stack of coupons that allowed me to eat there for free, and I thought that was pretty darn nice of the guy. All in all, he seemed to go out of his way to try to make life slightly easier for me around the house.

He still wanted to dress me like him but by now all my clothes were manufactured by Goodyear. It seemed Daddy just didn't want to admit that I had a problem. "He's just a growing boy," he would say. "There's nothing wrong with putting a little meat on his bones! It was the understatement of the decade. For breakfast I usually ate three to four pounds of bacon, two dozen eggs, six loaves of Wonder Bread, and at least fifty Pop-Tarts. The remainder of the day's consumption would escalate frighteningly from there. I was putting more than just a little meat on my bones.

By the time I was sixteen years old. I had ballooned to an alarming eight-hundred and fifty-five pounds, and Daddy was not only forced to hire a crane to carry me to and from school but he was now forced to admit that I had a real weight problem. It was a wonderful era, and yet I was a miserable kid leading a miserable existence. After all, it was the mid-seventies and if only I could have stopped eating for a second, maybe I could have taken part in the excitement of my generation, a generation eager to come of age and grasp the reins of power. My classmate's faces were all etched with the anticipation of an electric, new era, but alas, my face remained etched with hunger and stained by blueberry pie.

This was the time in Manhattan when the streets were filled with the magical music seemed to set after the pulse of the great metropolis. The enchanting strains of Queen's "Bohemenian Rhapsody," the compelling demands of the Starland Band's "Afternoon Delight," and the haunting echoes of Paper Lace's "The Night Chicago Died". all emanated from the old Philco. At Herbert, the high school chorus performed a medley of Jethro Tull hits including "Cross-Eyed Mary" and "Locomotive Breath." I can still remember our conductor, Mr. Yohan, adding his own personal touch when he rehearsed us. "Okay, let's have sopranos only on snot is running down his nose... and then altos and tenors strong on 'greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes', okay? From the top!"

It was a wonderful time, but I didn't think so back then. Back then all I cared about was where my next club sandwich was coming from. Daddy picked up on the popular new music craze and for a year or so concentrated his career entirely on recording. As he aged his voice took on a raspy quality that enabled him to record tunes with a slightly Motown feeling. "Old Pink Eyes", as Daddy was now called due to a chronic case of conjunctivitis was back on top of the charts. "Ricky Don't Lose That Number" was his biggest hit. The album went platinum, and he sold out Madison Square Garden three nights in a row. As a whole new generation of fans discovered Bob Elliott, I wallowed in his shadow, eating constantly and sinking deeper and deeper into the quicksand of his career, which now engulfed me and choked my every breath.

"Fame can be yours, too, my son, ummmmmmmmm" Old Uncle Sid's words had moved into a three-bedroom apartment in my brain and had left their illegible signature on a lifelong lease with my soul. Ironically I wanted fame more now than ever. All Uncle Sid could do was smile and say, 'Someday, kid, maybe when you drop a few pounds". I wanted to be a superstar. I wanted to be recognized on the street, to be chased by hordes of screaming teenage girls, to imitated by Fred Travelena on The Copy Cats. I wanted to be interviewed on 60 Minutes. I wanted to be a judge on Dance Fever, and I wanted them to film a made-for-TV movie starring Shaun Cassidy as me. I wanted to be immortalized in the famous Manhattan Wax Museum, to have my own star on the Broadway Walk of Fame, and put my paw prints in the wet concrete outside Szechuan Palace on Eighty-Ninth and Columbus. I wanted to train the lions on Circus of the Stars. I wanted my own line of polyester sport-coats, and I wanted to do commercials for Coca-Cola and Jell-O Pudding Pops. Most of all, I wanted to surpass Daddy, to be bigger and better than the great Bob Elliott.

My grades plummeted drastically. The only things I excelled at were gaining weight and acne. Each day after school when the giant crane dropped me home, I would retreat into the basement of the Hut and play in my fantasy talk-show world, bantering witty jabs back and forth with a life-size cardboard cutout of

Johnny Carson. Upstairs, Daddy diligently prepared for the starring role of the upcoming movie *Rollerball*, a futuristic adventure about a deadly sport played on roller skates. The part had been written for Daddy. It was the role of a lifetime, his *Don Corleone*, his *Mildred Pierce*. It was the role he would ultimately win the Academy Award for *(Best Knee Pads)*. As I would listen to him upstairs, preparing desperately trying to master the skates, wheeling madly down a corridor and smashing into a wall screaming, "Damn it", I would think to myself, "Perhaps there is justice in this world, after all".

The additional eight hundred or so pounds I'd gained in my adolescence contributed to an ever-increasing insecurity about the outside world, and I began to withdraw from everyone and everything around me: family, friends, pets, servants, flowers, bugs, even single-celled life-forms. In fact, once I remember Daddy bounding into my room holding something in his cupped palms. "Hey, Chris, I've got a handful of single-celled life-forms' he announced, "You want some?" I screamed and told him, "Keep the damn things away from me!", and then I waddled away as fast as my elephant legs would carry me, leaving Daddy a little more than just baffled: "Gee, I wonder what crawled up his flue?"

I wanted to be alone. I wanted to fade away, to curl up and disappear, perhaps to even die, to eat myself to death.....to eat and eat and eat until I exploded into a thousand points of light. On my sixteenth birthday I climbed into my bed. I covered my blubberous body with a huge tarp, lent to us by the grounds keeper at Shea Stadium, braided my hair, and vowed never, ever to get out of bed again! That was my plan. I would stay in bed forever or until whatever was going to happen... happened.

The entire Elliott Clan was embarrassed. At first Daddy didn't take me seriously. "Hey, Chris," he said teasingly, "if you get out of bed, I'll buy you a Dunkin' Donuts franchise!" But all his valiant efforts were met with failure. My mind was made up. I would not budge. As time wore on, I think the severity of my situation sunk with Daddy, but still the whole thing never threw him the way I was hoping it would. I think he liked knowing where I was at all times. He liked the fact that I was no longer challenging him, that I was no longer a threat to him, and he was also making a bundle charging six bucks a pop to family friends who were curious to view him amazing eight-hundred-pound Elephant Boy.

All my needs were seen to. Each day the servants arrived with the tons of food I required, tutors from Herbert kept me up-to-date with my classes, and the fellas from the car wash bathed me. I passed the time watching my stories on TV, embroidering pillows with happy faces or slogans like "Keep on Truckin". and reading the works of the great spiritual leaders of the world. I became spiritually "enlightened", and I was convinced that Mahaer Baba had been reincarnated as Francesco Rinaldi from the spaghetti-sauce commercials. And the longer I stayed in bed, the more famous I became.

I was a sort of local celebrity, GIANT BOY SCARES THE HELL OUT OF US! proclaimed a tabloid, and in the text it read, '..... women are known to shriek and faint at the mere sight of him, for he is that hideous!" I didn't mind such exaggerations, because I was becoming a star. So in bed I stayed. I stayed there for two straight years. The more publicity I generated, the larger the curious crowds grew outside the Hut, and eventually Daddy opened his freak exhibit to the public. I gave six shows daily and enjoyed the attention. I didn't realize it, but I was subconsciously checking out, and subconsciously trying to get under Daddy's skin and really rattle him, but I don't think I ever succeeded.

One person who realized I was 'on my way out the door' was funnyman Dick Gregory. Mr. Gregory had been a longtime friend of the Elliott Clan, and when he saw the condition I was in, he immediately prescribed his Bahamian Diet. In just four months I lost enough weight to be able to roll over on my side without the help of the pulley system we had installed. I couldn't thank him enough. Before I knew, I was up and around and able to face the outside world. To this day I know Daddy was irked that he was not the one to cure me of my obesity, that someone else had succeeded where he had failed, though those were one to cure me of my obesity, that someone else had succeeded where he had failed, though those were his problems. I just thanked God for Dick Gregory. If it had not been for him, I would not be here today, nor his problems. I just thanked God for Dick Gregory. If it had not been for him, I would not be here today, nor would I have written Daddy's Boy. A Son's Shocking Account Of Life With A Famous Father and My Search For Elvis. So I feel that the entire literary community owes a big "Thank You, Dick!" to Mr. Dick Gregory.

The pounds dropped off and I continued to slim down, and gradually a new Chris Elliott emerged. I was becoming beautiful beyond compare. My weight leveled off at one hundred and fifty pounds, and there, before me in the mirror, stood a six-foot-two, eighteen-year-old Adonis with a mane of thick, wheat-colored hair, dreamy blue eyes and a chin just like Mike Douglas'. Daddy was completely intimidated by 'the new me'. He was quite surprised that I had emerged from my shell of blubber such a 'looker', and he avoided me at all costs. He hid from me in the Hut, and the only time we were together, at dinner he insisted on crossing his eyes so he wouldn't to look at me straight. It was obvious he was jealous of my beauty. (By the way, did I say my chin was like Mike Douglas's? Sorry, I meant Kirk Douglas.)

Daddy's relationship with me had changed. He was envious of the wide-open future ahead of me. and full of regrets for the heavy past he dragged behind him. Finally Daddy would have to bear witness to my own solo achievement. I couldn't wait to see his face when I received my diploma. It would be a moment of triumph that even he could not steal. All my classmates remarked on how beautiful I looked and I thanked them politely. As we readied ourselves, I canvassed the crowd. I could see my mother, and I could see my brothers, but I could not see Daddy. Occasionally a proud parent would pop a flashbulb, give a thumb-up, or blow a kiss, and I kept waiting for Daddy to Jump out and Say cheese!" but he never did. I couldn't help thinking that after experiencing such a horrible and shocking upbringing, perhaps the graduation would be a vindication of sorts. Perhaps afterward Daddy and I might deal with each other on equal turf. Perhaps after graduation Daddy would embrace me, not just as an extension of himself but as another human being; and perhaps after graduation he would give me the passbook to a six-million dollar trust fund. About three quarters of the way up the street Old Uncle Sid broke through the crowd, rushed up to me and shoved a big brown envelope into my hands. "Your Daddy wanted you to have this, ummmmmmmmmm," he said breathlessly. "and by the way, you are looking very handsome. ummmmmmmm." And then he was consumed by the crowd. As we marched on toward the platform I opened the note attached to the envelope and read it.

Dear Daddy's Boy,

Sorry old chum, but I cannot make it to your graduation from high school.

Believe me, I know how important this day is in your life. I know how exciting the prospect of entering the world must be for you, and I realize how much you wanted me there to experience this moment with you, but alas, I'm due to get those annoying hairs on the back of my neck trimmed, and Jerry the Barber claims he can't move my appointment! Such is luck, eh?

As always, Fondly, Your Father,

Bob

P.S. Please accept the enclosed delicious Tom Carvel Ice Cream Cake, as a token of my congratulations on this,, your graduation day!

