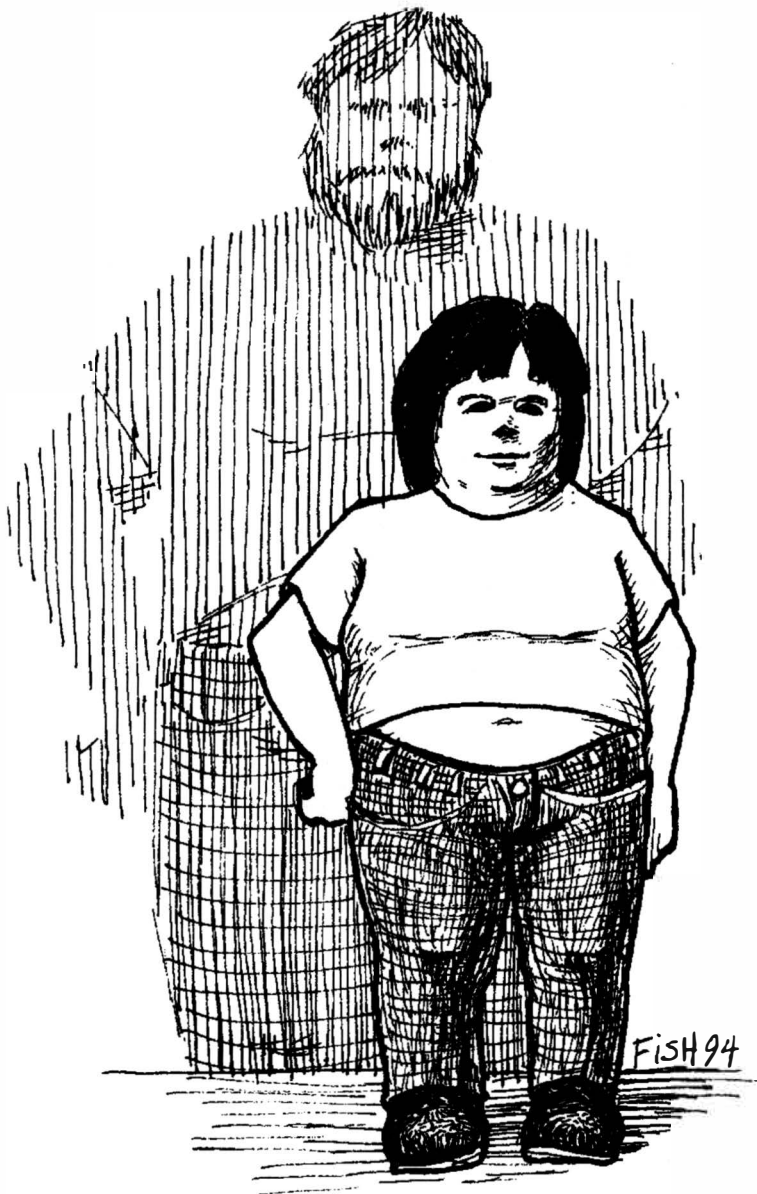


# Lies I Choose Not to Believe

by Oso

**M**y grandfather always said everybody loves a fat man but nobody loves a fat woman. Even as a young child I remember his taunts: fatty—little pig—fatso. These words came at me from one of the biggest men I had ever seen. His great big belly/strong arms/suave smile. He was a smooth-



talking big fat ladies' man and I wanted to be just like him. I loved his round cheeks that smelled of after shave. I loved the way his white t-shirts hugged his big belly, his pants low, so even more white t-shirt could be seen and felt. He looked good and he knew it. He strolled down the street with a confidence that said everybody knew it. I wanted all of that to also be mine. But despite my white t-shirts hugging my belly with pants worn low and a walk of sheer confidence, he still did not like this lady-killer look on his 10-year-old granddaughter. What was it? I thought. Why is he so disapproving? Are my pants not low enough, my stomach not big enough? No, it is that my balls are not big enough. It is that I am not a big boy proud of my size and strength.

Every once in a while I think of my grandfather and all his unsettling words of what he thought was wisdom, and I know now as I knew then that he was wrong. Plenty of people have loved and lusted this Fat Girl. ✨