

Fat Girls on the Big Island

Once upon a time, there were three fat girls. The blond one was hardly fat at all; she was ripe and warm to the touch. The dark one was small and round all over; she was compact and cool. And the third girl: she was practically a giant—towering, expansive, always overflowing. These women worked hard in the world, they lived fat in the land of the lean, and they became very tired.

The three girls decided to take a trip to a place where they could rest in water and shed some skin. They went to the Big Island, appropriately enough; the island of Hawaii. Hawaii is the biggest mountain in the world, rising from the middle of the biggest ocean, and home of the Goddess Pele, who lives in the hot heart of Kilauea volcano.

The fat girls stepped out of the plane into the palm of Pele, and felt hot light pour over their heads like lava. They saw black rock, sharp points of a lava, pillows of pahoehoe. Pele, from her caldera on the other side of the island, was busy pouring new lava across old, turning ocean into steam, and building the perfect island. Busy though she was, she knew some substantial women had arrived, and warmed the wind to welcome them.

They wanted to get naked, those fat girls. They felt the urge to stand up, bare bellies and breasts to the wind from the west. They looked for the first nude beach they could find, and found a perfect spot.

Two of them lolled in the full tropical sun, towels spread over the salt and pepper sand. They squished ripe avocado into each other's faces and hair. The avocado was huge, the size of a melon, an ambassador for big islands everywhere. Big enough for a head to toe massage. The sun worshippers ate slices of hot avocado spread on hot bread, the sun baking everything to custard.

The narrow strip of beach slanted down from bow-legged bushes to the black lava reef. The third fat girl, the big one, sat in the patchy shade under the green fringe, a 99 cent woven beach mat wedged between the branches above her head to further block the sun. Her white skin was covered with whiter sunscreen. She wasn't a baker, she was a broiler. Her friends glistened, oily with avocado and sweat, out of reach just down the beach. She looked out of her vegetal cave at those browner babes, and somewhere in the upper right hand corner of her brain, she began the list.

Her friends were: thinner than her, shorter than her, had nicer breasts than her, smoother skin, less stretch marks. They were more confident than her, more attractive by any standards, more accept-

able, sexier. They had less body hair, less bumpy dimpled fat zones, less belly rolls. Their hair was curlier. The blonde one was blonder. The dark one was darker. Added together they probably weighed less than she did. And, of course, they could tan.

Now Pele had sent out her emissaries, her scouts, to check out these plump morsels. The green sea turtles loved the blond one, sleek-shelled and always secretly laughing like they were. The sweet plumaria blossoms fell at the feet of the lush dark one, sprang from the trees in hopes of pleasing her. Smitten, they sang their opinions through the air and water.

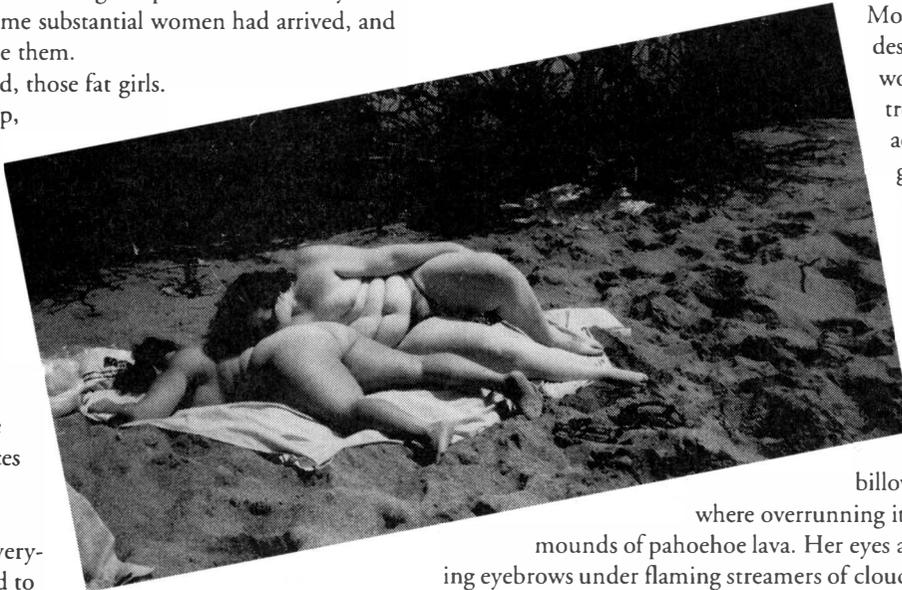
Then the big white girl hiding under the bushes from the sun was seen by the eyes of Pele. The fat avocados reported back in green oil language about her size and strength, the mango added something about the tang of her cunt juice. Humpback whales jumped out of the water about a mile offshore to get a better look, and sang a song to the goddess about her broad white flanks and cheeks. Sharp rocks of a lava trembled and tinkled, tumbled over themselves in anticipation of the big girl's step.

Mother Pele is the big goddess. She knows a big woman when she feels the tread of broad long feet across her body. She grows them big and brown all around her, in her image, big women with strong thighs and black eyes. She gathers them to her and ripens her fruits. She spreads wide across the fat blue waves. Her

billowing belly is everywhere overrunning itself in folds and mounds of pahoehoe lava. Her eyes appear at sunset, glowing eyebrows under flaming streamers of cloud hair. She looks out for her own.

The goddess parted her legs a little to shift the sand so that the big woman could be more comfortable. She blew a warm breath up from sea wave lips, up the long legs and between the huge thighs to tickle the hair there. The woman laid back, gave up on her list, closed her eyes. She saw flicking geometric hallucinations sparked by sun and shade.

The list in her brain fluttered in the ocean air, then curled up and began to smoke. The edges charred, and little flame mouths ate into the words. Ashes flew up and danced. She sighed, an exhale of vapor, of lists burning away, of fat waves washing over hot cunts and rocks, steaming. While her friends, bold and unaware, burned red, the sun sneaked around the leaves and licked the biggest girl's fat white belly, leaving little freckles of tan like sand. ✨



by Christine